

RECLAIMING

NUMBER 14 • SPRING 1984

POLITICAL, FEMINIST, PAGAN NEWSLETTER



THE NEWSLETTER

The newsletter is a forum for Reclaiming feelings, opinions, facts and controversy. The publication reflects the spirit of the people involved in it and the content of the submissions. If you want it to meet your needs - PARTICIPATE! There is no official membership - the magazine is open to anyone who identifies (or disagrees) with the struggle to unify spirit and politics.

Our production group is currently coordinated by an open group that rotates responsibility. Decisions are made by the entire work group. We always need more members to report, do graphics, typing, layout, bulk mailing, etc. Feel free to come and join us or send in your contribution.

SUBMISSIONS

Anyone who submits work is responsible for getting it to the work group in time for layout. The closer to layout you come, the more camera ready the work must be (typed with a carbon ribbon in an 8" column). We will not take responsibility for chasing down late material.

The Summer deadline is Sunday, May 13. Call Events Line for editorial meeting and layout dates. Send material to Reclaiming P.O. Box 14404, San Francisco CA 94114 marked "Newsletter."

LETTERS AND GRAPHICS

We really appreciate your responses. Don't be discouraged if we don't have room to print what you write straight away or if we have to edit to make space. If you feel we have misrepresented you, please say so.

We are short on interesting graphics. If you draw or have photographs or illustrations you'd like to see included, send them to us.

PARTICIPANTS

This issue was prepared by Iris May, Roy, Gabrielle, and Rick.

CONTRIBUTORS

Sophia, Cerridwen, Roy, Gabrielle, Roberta Werdinger, Dragonstongue, Shawn Usha, Diane Adler, Craig McLaughlin, George Hersh.

EVENTS LINE

The Events Line is a phone recording to announce events which happen too late to be included in the newsletter. Some are sponsored by Reclaiming, while others come via the grapevine. The number is 547-4830. To put something on the Events Line, leave a message on our machine. Be sure to include your number.



Sophia Sparks

GROUNDING THROUGH TECHNOLOGY

As a city-witch I feel a constant need to ground my magic, to feel the powers around me as I work. I notice this most when for a change I work outside. It also helps me when people leading a Tree of Life meditation send my roots not just through some generalized sense of the earth, but through the actual place around me. Once I have a sense of the building and/or landscape I'm in, once I've passed through some semblance of that place's basic geology or natural history, I'm much better prepared to ground myself in logically distant places — caverns and buried kingdoms and other mystical organs of our Mother. To reach such depths and situations, however, I need a clear web of roots around me, reaching to objects in the room, to trees and stones and bushes, to the people forming the circle, then yesterday and today.

One useful practice is to cultivate an awareness of landmarks as we move about any place. In the Bay Area we are blessed with a beautifully obtrusive landscape, and so even unconsciously we tend to orient ourselves to points of power: Mt. Tamalpais, Angel Island and Alcatraz, north and south Bays, the ocean, the East Bay hills, Twin-Peaks/Mt. Sutro — and yes, to such manmade power points as the bridges, the Mt. Sutro broadcasting monster, and downtown San Francisco and Oakland. We can reinforce our sense of place by naming these and other local places in our rituals or as we walk, drive, and ride. We can point out special places to our friends. This is similar to being sure every so often to remember the objects in your own room, in order to stay aware of your relationships with them. Or, as Teish has said, "Some people call it 'interior decorating' but I know an altar when I see one." Some people call it "map consciousness;" I call it weaving a web.

Another sort of grounding involves awareness of the systems that support us. Physically, these systems include electric and phone lines, water and gas pipelines, and sewers, all of which run through our homes, through our neighborhoods, through our whole state. Not many San Franciscans think of the drowned Hetch Hetchy Valley, which was as spectacular as Yosemite, when they turn on the water or an electric light. Yet that drink of remarkably fresh water may have been channeled over a hundred miles through aqueducts and buried pipes. Socially, I try to remember that most manufactured items and supermarket foods reach me through the efforts of people working on assembly lines or in other jobs which promise little pleasure or fulfillment. I'm often not sure what to do about this, but I try to remember.

Of course, I'm reluctant to invite anything relating to PG&E into my ritual consciousness, but with so many of my daily activities dependent on corporate technology, I hope to stay in touch with the earth by running down the connections from each bureaucratic or concrete nightmare back to her and to basic human desires and needs. We can increase our power by acknowledging the technologies we are happy to use while banishing the profiteering mindset that is our supplier.

Evoking the power of a vacuum cleaner, for instance, may seem hopelessly consumeristic. But part of our technological tragedy comes from taking our conveniences for granted. Commercial producers want us to forget what we have and focus instead on our next purchase. By focusing on the uses and social implications of what we already have, we can learn to experience with full pleasure what gives us pleasure, and to discard what is useless or comes at too high a social, personal, or ecological price. Our dependency on and taking pleasure from and entanglement with some of the uglier aspects of American civilization are part of the darkness we must face if we are to restore balance to the world.

At least we may want to take time before a ritual to consciously disconnect from some of these unconscious power grids. If the roots of your tree of life have broken into a sewer, you certainly should be aware of it. Maybe you can handle the shit, but you ought to be sure no one has been dumping toxic chemicals upstream. Or go past technologies to the natural sources of whatever you enjoy. Thank the Sierra for drinking water and the primordial swamps for gasoline and plastic. And remember the well-intentioned people unable to see beyond material or spiritual poverty, all of whom are part of our daily ease and daily danger.

Dragon's Tongue

POEM 1

I know what feels good
And this companionship
And this shaking
And this fear
Feel good.

You, tight-ass puritan world
Will deny me
The shaking,
The possibly life-losing dare.

I take it, hah, yah!
I'll squirm my way out of
This foam rubber padded,
Delicately fed, softly bedded,
Terrifying world-wide cell.

POEM 2

Starving souls, self-starving,
afraid of colour,
afraid of soft wet warmth,
afraid of ribbons wild flying
afraid of new life.
You are still lost.
Creating grey ghost cities,
burnishing the metal,
that flashes
like mirrors
but only reflects
more death.

Gabrielle Welford

THE HIGH PRIESTESS TAKES UP RESIDENCE IN L.A.

The High Priestess sat on her throne before her City and sighed. To her right was the Pillar of Life, to her left was the Pillar of Death, and they both bored her. She was tired of looking at things so black and white, and besides her legs were cramped. Her crown hurt and her long white robe itched. And she had to sit here all day and all night, slaving over hot Holy Mystery or nursing the crescent moon. How she envied him, striding through the streets of her City and breathing its foul air, picking up cheap floozies in bars or standing still and watching the streets slowly fill up with blood. He watched it seep from the pores of the buildings and from the bodies of the slain, unknown soldiers lying in the gutter. When it reached his thighs, he turned and waded away. The stains never came off his pants.

Only he understood her. What blind fools the others were, laying sacrificial items at her feet and worshipping her for her purity and chastity. The Virgin Mary, they called her, the Great Mother. Ha° if they only knew the truth, her sleazy origins, wouldn't they be shocked - the cafes she had danced barefoot in, the topless bars with the cops cruising by outside, her street days when people had moved off of the sidewalk as she swaggered by, her abortions ... only he saw her as she was, polluted but still pure, downtrodden but still triumphant. Only he saw her clutching the Keys to the Kingdom tight in her hands through all her tumultuous years, and only he saw that she held them still. Only he truly knew her and so only he named her truly: she was the L.A. woman.



Roberta Werdinger

Cernunnos

a season he sleeps in regions of shade
a spirit sun passing through pale vacant skies
spread over the dream devoured world
where the dead search the ashes of ages of lives
for roots that were sown in springtimes long withered
fading shadows yet clinging to dust of red bone

at the darkest node of the night of long darkness
through the chill drone of hell's hollow silence
slips a voice, softly chanting ...
the spell of a virgin, who sings in an orchard
the song of a clear well, that feeds from a deep spring
encircled in hazels, awakens his thirst
turns his heart earthward, brooding on life

in rhyme with her weaving his pulse again burns
heat rising in his heart, sap rising
root into trunk toward leaf ...
his breath again swells
in fervent gusts over icy seas
steaming gales arise
breeding demon storms in the mountain skies
lightening cracks the molten night
the raging thunder's doom is spoken
the bitter north wind weeps warm rain
winter's frozen dream is broken.

reborn, the dark twin of the infant winter sun
the animal god returns from death
to wake again his primal rite
on earth, his ancient home

crossing the ridge dividing the worlds
he sees both without and within
that the stars have turned in the vast open skies
by the rhythm he serves his dance must begin

hooked horns spin in the moonlight
hooves strike sparks against stone
slick fur caresses quivering grasses
blood drums hard in the heart of wild herds
stallion sex stands throbbing
lava sperm spurts forth, seed seeking earth
his mate, opening her quickening darkness

his eerie cry splits the forest silence
waking the will of gnarled roots to gnaw deeper the rock
of delicate buds to fight for the sun
a joyful ringing in the core of the hills ...
an echoing omen haunting numb cities

his eyes are fire
tender, terrible
perilous mirrors of our desire

who dares come roam where the horned one runs
who heeds the wild god's cries
who dares to meet the god's fire eyes

FUTURE PERFECT

"It will be a great thing for the human soul when it finally stops worshipping backwards. We are pushed forward by the social forces, reluctant and stumbling, our faces over our shoulders, clutching at every relic of the past as we are forced along; still adoring whatever is behind us. We insist upon worshipping 'the God of our fathers.' Why not the God of our children?"

Charlotte Perkins Gilman, 1910

"I shot an arrow in the air,
It fell to earth I know not where."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

God, I wish I could hear the word 'future' without thinking about the Jetsons (cartoon counterparts of the Flintstones, you remember). Let's make up a new term that conjures no funny starchy mini-skirts, Darth Vaders or ray-guns. I want to unhook from the futuristic nightmare serum (1984, etc.) injected into me when I was a child.

The Native Australians talk about the Dream-time, a term that contains the 'past' but is in no way confined to it. Let's think 'dream-time' and 'vision-time' along with past and future, just to help us unhook from the linear, static time-construct we're all so comfortable with.

So. Connecting with the vision-time. Vision-time is real, it's happening right now. What we do in the 'present,' the 'right now' affects it. And what is happening there also changes our right now. We affect past, present, and future with every action taken in any of those vibratory realms. The vision-time is not never-never land shrouded in mist, unreachable, indefinable. The vision-time is happening now, we are already there. We're creating it now by the choices we make, moment to moment.

We work to create the future through political actions in the present. In doing this, we must be careful to visualize what we want for the future, not what we fear. There is great danger in powerful psychics (that's us, folks) visualizing the destruction of the world. We make--and break--our reality, moment to moment. If we see Reagan as having all the power, he has it. If we see ourselves as helpless, oppressed pawns, we become it. If we see the world flash to barrenness and ash, it is we--not the anonymous they--who have pushed the button.

No, I don't mean ignore danger, pretty things up, put on the Pollyanna mask. What I mean is, don't confuse fear with awareness. Don't confuse pain with consciousness. As Paul Williams says, "...fear is an alarm clock. The first thing you do when the alarm sounds is shut it off! Then respond to the alarm, collect yourself, take action."

Fear is not always about survival. Fear means your present is endangered. You're about to change. Whenever we fell 'booga-booga'--intense, primordial fear--it is a signal that we are about to become more powerful; about to crack a code, crack a shell, shed a skin. We use fear, and pain, as a kick in the ass to force ourselves to change. We can choose to change without those motivations. Carrots are as efficient as sticks, and healthier, and tastier. Let us move into the future joyfully, daringly, purposefully. Let us vision futures so wonderful, so magical, that we will move into them through the impetus of love.

Imagine sitting at the potter's wheel trying to throw a pot while tense with fear and anxiety, expecting the roof to cave in at any second. Now imagine casting the same vessel while feeling relaxed, centered, loving and open, having all the time in the world. You know which vessel is going to be a better work.

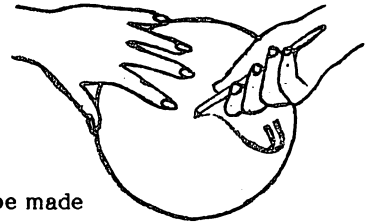
We can do more than hope for a future. We can cast ourselves into the future, be the hunter and the arrow, go with the arrow, land with the arrow, and know what the arrow knows.

The 'vision-time'--by whatever name--is already happening. Our future selves have wisdom they can share with us, if we'll let them step out of the dream-time into the narrow slot we imagine is our now. Future incarnations are as accessible as past ones. And as real. When we awaken to that part of ourselves already alive in the future, simultaneously our future selves will awaken to their memories of us and reach back with reassurance and love...

"Let us remember, our lives are but moments in the flow of eternity.
And let us also remember that eternity is but a flow of lives like ours--"

Paul Williams, Das Energi

Cerridwen Fallingstar



ENGRAVING ON WAX

THE first cut erases the guideline. Each successive cut must be made with full intention or the design will be blurred and lost.

HASTE will soften the wax until it fails to hold the track of the tool.

TOO much pressure or uneven pressure will shatter the work.

IF the repetition of the strokes is sure and steady, each stroke will cut a little deeper and a little wider in the track of its forerunner.

THE design has a deep symmetry. All of its lines must receive equal care and craft.

THE fingers of each hand must work together or the tool will chatter and mar the work.

WHEN the design is complete, the wax will be burned away. Only the pure form will remain in the clay to embrace the molten metal.

THE mold is clay and must be broken to release the casting.

THE design lives in the polished metal, the broken clay, and the burned wax. If the metal is not used and handled, corrosion will erase the design.

THE engraver treasures the uncarved block.

George Hersh
(Rev. June 5, 1981)

THE MAGIC OF ELEMENTS

For She will bring the buds in the Spring
and laugh among the flowers
In Summer's heat her kisses are sweet
She sings in leafy bowers
She cuts the cane and gathers the grain
when fruits of Fall surround her
Her bones grow old in Wintery cold
She wraps her cloak around her...



How do we know the cycle of the seasons? We look out the window, walk the dog in the city park, check the calendar. Daily newspapers report the movements of the moon and tides. Awareness of these cycles is central to the work of Witchcraft, where effectiveness depends on how harmoniously the working is attuned to the rhythms of nature. We study the lore we inherit from the Old Ones. We call on our deeper selves to inspire and guide us. We seek out each other for support and companionship on the paths of magic. Our notions of what magic is, what ritual should be, are learned from books, from each other, from our deeper selves.

Most of us came to Witchcraft needing to unlearn earlier religious exposure, needing to unhook ourselves from the "power-over" consciousness of our dominant culture. This process takes time and it has been important to learn new ways of relating to ourselves and each other. A safe private circle indoors is helpful to promote intimacy and bonding as we explore the goddess within. We gather in each other's living rooms, forming circles looking inward, toward each other, where we chant and weave charms, or trance into our deeper being, or touch each other in healing. The focus of our work may be on a grand scale like our political magic, or it may be penetrating and personal. We gain so much from this that these indoor rituals become our norm. We raise earth energy through pavement and floorboards while filling our minds with imaginative descriptions of roots, of great trees. We ground the energy through floorboards. The earth exists for us in our minds. Our magic moves through the power of memory and imagination. We cast circle after circle without much direct contact with the Earth. We worship the moon with ceilings over our heads. It is a testament to the power of our minds that our magic does work, so distanced are we from the powers we call upon to aid us.

We practice a Nature religion. Yet we seldom leave the comfort of our "swamp" (my word for the dense human population centers we live in, the thick infestation of artificial light, noise, streets and structures whose nature is to grow like a mold over the lowlands, paving over the living rock, replacing meadows and marshes with a crust of housing tracts, commercial and industrial centers that drive out wildlife, attracting rats, pigeons and flies...)--we seldom emerge from our swamp to encounter Nature full force. We worship her without truly knowing her. And while the power of imagination remains an important tool of magic, I often feel as though we are operating too much out of fantasy, too much out of our inexperienced, "well-informed" minds.

How lucky we are to be living within easy reach of the lap of the goddess--untamed mountains, hills and seacoast. We can go to meet the goddess without. It is my remedy for the imbalance I feel doing too much indoor "imagination" magic. If we are to worship the goddess, how better than to climb into her lap, take her lessons and accept her gifts with a vigorous will that's rarely conjured for our indoor rituals. We can release ourselves to trust the spirit of Nature, and we can prepare ourselves to be that free.

My way of witching has shifted up from the "swamp" toward the hills. Since last summer I've been out there twice a week or more and still have new trails to explore. Marin Headlands, Mt. Tamalpais, and north to Point Reyes--these regions are open to us like great Mama Gaia with her arms stretched wide. She is full of her own tradition, the magical synchronicity of moon and mist, shifting winds, the speech of animals and trees, the gifts of her healing herbs, the whole rolling world among the sun and stars. Day and night we can join her.

In the same way that we are willing to strip down and plunge into the sea, we can gear up to climb the sacred mountain. We can push ourselves far enough up out of the swamp to be beyond its roar, its blaze of false light, to where the wild goddess thrives. Here we can open to her and she will give balance and beauty to nourish our souls and inspire us for all we do.

For you who desire company to explore our local power-spots, I am a newly trail-wise ex-city Witch interested in having you join me. Check the Classes and Workshops listings for Magic of the Elements.

Sophia "Moondragon" Sparks



Curtain Call

I know it's just a drama
I also know I'm stuck.
You love me like my mama
I guess it's just my luck.

And love is just a comma
"Accidental birth" a clause
Within this mellow drama
Of transcendental laws.

Each 'No' Play is a trauma
Each white face just a mask.
I know it's just a drama
I know that it'll pass.

I cast the spell, conjured you up
In half-shell by the sea.
You fix me up a steaming cup
Of Constant Karma tea.

I'm not the Dolly Lama
I'm just resting in this cave.
You want some mystic Mama
It's just cosmic sex I crave.

My Kama Sutra expertise
Deflected by rejection.
Are all my wildest fantasies
Mere half-astral projection?

I know it's just a drama
I also know I'm stuck.
You love me like my mama
Who I'd also like to fuck.

And life is always funny
When from the ether viewed.
Well frankly, for my money,
The ether bunny's screwed.

I know it's just a drama
I also know it hurts.
Why can't you be my love feast
Instead of Just Desserts?

Cerridwen Fallingstar, 2-21-84

ELEMENTS OF MAGIC FOR WOMEN Pandora and Carol

With the art of magic, we deepen our vision and focus our will, empowering ourselves to act in the world.

In this class we begin the practice of magic and goddess spirituality by working with the elements of magic: earth, air, fire, water and spirit. Techniques will include: visualization, sensing and projecting energy, chanting, trance, creating magical space, and structuring rituals. Beginning 6-week course, starting Tuesday, April 3, 7:30 p.m. Call Pandora at 641-5836 for registration and location. \$45-90 sliding scale.

ELEMENTS OF MAGIC FOR MEN AND WOMEN Dragonstongue and Sophia

Description same as above. Beginning 6-week course starting Wednesday, April 4, 7:30 p.m. Call Sophia at 461-9220 or Dragonstongue at 566-8716 for registration and location. \$45-90 sliding scale.

FIRE Rose May Dance and one or more student teachers

Together we explore our auric bodies and learn to heal and rearrange ourselves, perhaps moving these abilities outward. Learning to sense, project, and dampen energy. An experimental class for people with a knowledge of magical ABC's. If you have not taken Reclaiming classes before, call to discuss with Rose about admissions. Three week class starting Tuesday, June 5. Call Rose at 641-5836 for registration and location. \$30-60 sliding scale.

THE PENTACLE FOR MEN Feather Singing and Rose May Dance

An exploration of the five points of our inner pentacle: Sex (primal energy), Self, Passion, Pride (self esteem), and Power (effectiveness in the world). Deepening our skills in moving and shaping energy, transforming ourselves in trance, building trust and caring for each other. Understanding the stages of men's lives and transforming male energy. Intermediate. Prerequisite: Elements of Magic. 6 Mondays beginning March 12, 7:30 p.m., ends April 16. Call Feather 548-3342 or Rose 641-5836 for registration and location.

UNSTUCK IN TIME Cerridwen Fallingstar

Learn to shed like a snake--and rise like a phoenix. Become unstuck in time through reincarnational experience. Experiencing other life spaces can reawaken old skills; explain and heal blocks in your creative abilities; give insight into relationships. Together we shall create a safe space to explore the "past" and create the "future." Six classes offered Thursdays beginning April 12. Call Cerridwen at 461-9220 for information on time, place and suggested reading. This is an advanced class--previous experience with Reclaiming classes and trance required.



CREATING PUBLIC RITUAL Starhawk and David Kubrin.

When does theater become revolution, politics become ritual, and magic spark social change? In this six-week course in ritual making for open groups and large gatherings, we'll explore the territory where drama, art, magic and politics meet. We'll focus on learning to direct and channel energy in large groups, on creating common vision among strangers, and on seeing ritual as a community-building force, as well as all the nitty-gritty details and logistics of pulling it off. The culmination of the class will be a public Summer Solstice Ritual we create collectively with the Reclaiming Community. Students must have taken the Elements class or equivalent.

6 Thursdays, May 10 to June 14, San Francisco.

MAGIC OF THE ELEMENTS Sophia Sparks

A 6-session experience encountering the natural magic of the wild. Two preparatory sessions indoors for personal and practical readiness, followed by two day hikes and two night hikes to ritual sites somewhere on the supple flanks of Mount Tamalpais and nearby regions. Learn to extend your senses, raise your animal vigor, and engage the charms of the untamed world. Wednesday, May 16, and Wednesday, May 23. Other dates TBA. Call Sophia 461-9220.

THE RESOURCE POOL: Reclaiming teachers will be available to teach or to advise ongoing or newly formed groups. Your group can make a contract with one or several of our teachers for a class series or for specific sessions that meet your particular needs. Contact Rose at 641-5836. We will travel.

CLASS COSTS

In order to keep our collective alive, we have raised our sliding scale to \$45-\$90 for six session classes. We hope to devise a guide for placement on the scale according to income and dependents; meanwhile, please try to place yourself as accurately as possible. We ask that students send a deposit to teachers when registering for classes, and keep payments current as classes progress.

Our barter policy (2 or 3 hours work per series) officially still stands, although it isn't working, and we usually fail to get barter payments.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

From 11/83 to 2/84

Classes, Workshops, Teachers		Newsletter*		Miscellaneous	
In	Out	In	Out	In	Out
\$875.00	\$600.00	\$94.00	\$344.40	\$5.19	\$7.10

The apprenticeship in August brought approximately \$1,175.00 — our balance at present is approximately \$1,750.00

* This includes bulk mail permit, printing, supplies and 22 hours labor for Gabrielle only. There this is an inaccurate view of costs since Gabrielle was the only paid for this newsletter.

THE RECLAIMING MONEY POLICY - REVISED

Our winter "inhale" was largely spent grinding out a new "collective" money policy. Through three grueling, conflict-ridden meetings, we finally consensed to share our income among all our members in proportion to work contributed, rather than paying for teaching first and everything else mostly not at all. Although we never got around to as much vision and skills sharing as we'd hoped during our hibernation, I feel that having come through the ordeal of the dollar and its off-spinning storms relatively intact, we can probably survive anything.

Since many teachers felt they could not continue to teach for less than present token rates, which now must be spread even thinner, the problem of increasing our income had to be faced. So - we are raising our sliding scale for classes to \$45 - \$90, butting back to one teacher for classes with seven people, holding no classes for under six people unless they pay high on the scale and the teacher is willing to teach at reduced rates; soliciting display ads for the newsletter, among other schemes. Scholarships may still be arranged with individual teachers.

On the less mundane side, Cerridwen developed a wonderful past (future, other) lives workshop this winter, which she'll be offering as a Reclaiming class later on, and Rose is leading a hot energy workshop, which I'm sure will lead to something interesting.

Blessed be

Roy



LETTERS

A small meeting with myself

I find it extremely difficult, virtually impossible, to talk about these issues in a meeting setting. Most of why this is so is because it's wound up like a big ball of yarn with other issues like my continuing alienation from political movements of how much my background continues to influence my life. It's like I pull on the string anywhere and everything else comes along in a big tangled knot, and I can't figure out how to unravel it. I'll try the best I can in this letter.

First about teaching. I really don't have strong objections about the need for passing along skills and knowledge. There are levels and types of energy and magic that can be taught only by experience, and our classes on the whole do that well. My concerns about charging money come from several different sources. They are a reflection of a more fundamental concern for a lack of a deeper vision, analysis and response to why our society is so self-destructive and unable to do anything sensible with technology. Hopefully this will become clearer as I explain.

I. The first concern is about people becoming full-time teachers or deriving a primary part of their income from teaching. I feel real conflicted about this. I deeply respect people feeling in the depths of their hearts that teaching magic is very important to them and is the skill and "calling" they have. I also have two strong reservations. The first, which is the least reservation, is people who are full-time teachers having a more prominent, powerful role in the pagan community. My perception is that people are aware of this problem. I think it is important that we emphasize and strengthen the role of covens as autonomous groups.

The second reservation is about how strongly I feel about the need for a society where every single person gets to be an artist, teacher, student, physical-drudgery laborer, co-parent, etc. This is one of those "working class issues" that I feel very misunderstood about and in my more paranoid moments, feel treated in a condescending, patronizing way about — like this is something I'll eventually work out and quit being so crazy about. For me the fundamental reason why our society is unable to do anything sane with technology is because the people working in the assembly lines and working in the factories and offices first of all have no legal right to control their labor and secondly in a more profound way don't have the time, resources, and culture to bring any wisdom and knowledge to these problems. This issue is becoming more and more of a focus in my life and therefore I bring it also to Reclaiming. For me, being a political pagan means that we experiment in healing in our internal collective work the external problems of the larger society. One of the problems I want to experiment healing is the split between management/labor, artists/garbage collectors, intellectuals/assembly workers.

I don't feel this issue is even perceived, much less talked about or acted on, in Reclaiming. As pagans we emulate parts of an agricultural society of many centuries ago. One of the aspects of that society was that the culture, technology, and people all worked together as a whole for health and prosperity. I believe we are all working to recreate that wholeness. I have a deep concern that full-time teaching continues patterns of highly specialized labor — particularly along divisions of mind/spirit/body — in our society that have been a major contributor to the mess we're in.

II. As I think about it, more and more of my complaints come back to a basic feeling of desparation that we aren't doing enough, making clear enough radical statements in the way we do things (not just in what we do) — not responding in a quick and fluid enough way to the crisis we're living in. I want Reclaiming to be a space for experimenting, play, and new ideas. I experience that having teachers want classes to happen regularly and depend on the income dampens and nullifies this. I am not saying there is something wrong with that, simply that it doesn't meet my needs. What I want from Reclaiming is a nurturing community for magical skills, for space to respond playfully, creatively to the desparation I feel. I want to feel part of a "critical think tank," to explore what a political/pagan culture is. I would love to respond to issues of spirituality in the left movement as a whole. For instance, Dennis Banks wrote an article criticizing European Radical tradition based on Marxism a while back, and was severely criticized and trashed in the left media. There was no response by white pagans or spiritualists of any kind.

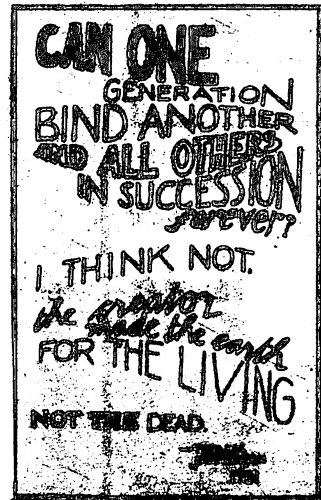
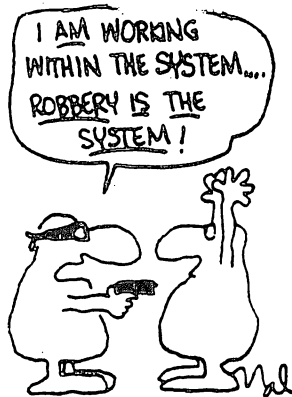
This money discussion feels like spending a whole lot of time figuring out the politically correct way to teach magical skills to people who are essentially our peers and friends. There is so much work to be done in building a culture of resistance and vision in healing our damaged Mother. Teaching magical skills to our friends is a small and very important part of that, and my blessings to the people doing that. I wish you to hear my reservations. I certainly don't want to compromise your energies, and paying you a minimal amount of money as a response to criticisms (mine or others) I find stupid. You should be paid well for your work if being paid is our decision. What bothers me is that we get in each other's way because we have different values and responses to the crisis we live in. We need to expand and listen and grow from each other. My experience for myself is that money gets in the way because people have developed an interest in maintaining that source of income. Mostly I wish Reclaiming was something else than what it is. I wish money to stay out of it except for material expenses, no money to people.

I wish it to be a community of pagans maintaining a critical, flexible, creative, playful response to the crisis we live in. I wish we would create an ongoing flow of healing, public rituals, workshops, position papers, letters and articles to other publications about pagan viewpoints on a whole range of issues. I wish this flow was spontaneous and in immediate response to events. Seriously developing the classes and perhaps newsletter into something that would pay people doesn't excite me at all and I doubt I would participate in it. It feels like solidifying something that should remain fluid. I'm also clear that I don't have the wisdom to say that doing so is wrong.

III. Conclusions.

There are other issues I could go into, for instance the possibility of making the point that spirituality should be moved out of the market/capitalist system instead of further into it which I see us doing. The simplest and clearest way I can say all this is that one of the more powerful magical skills is the ability to make believe. I want Reclaiming to be a space in my life to make believe that the revolution has happened. I feel I need that kind of space for Younger Self, Deep Self, and Talking Self to work together for radical social change.

My love and blessings, Shawn



Dear Reclaiming,

Reclaiming's quarter-year of looking inward has come to an end, and I remain enamored of what Reclaiming is and undismayed by what it isn't. I've heard several people say, "Well, we've proven we're not a community." True, at various times we all feel isolated from Reclaiming, and the kinds of support we provide each other are limited. On the other hand, after 1 1/2 years of contact with this non-community, I feel I have common interests with each "member;" I feel I can work with anyone in the group on projects of mutual interest; and I find I can count on other members for a degree of spiritual and political sensitivity which is unusual in the general population. We share enough training to do strong, participatory rituals with relatively little planning. We're not sufficiently attuned to each other to bring off large rituals with no planning. You want eggs in your beer?

We've had a few deadly dull rituals, a number of long, uncomfortable meetings, and numerous plans, proposals, and issues which no one had energy enough to follow through on. In the past year we've also taught numerous classes, conducted many more or less successful open and closed rituals, hosted an apprenticeship program, published an interesting newsletter, held a couple of retreats, established a new money policy, and engaged in extensive self-criticism. Personally, I've grown in many ways through my association with Reclaiming and feel more a part of a community than I've ever felt in my life.

I hope that in the future we can spend less time worrying about what we're not. I see Reclaiming as a network where I can find other people to share projects that interest me. I encourage all of us to pursue our own goals, sharing them when possible, but not insisting that the whole community share our priorities or expecting Reclaiming to satisfy all our spiritual, social, political, or material needs.

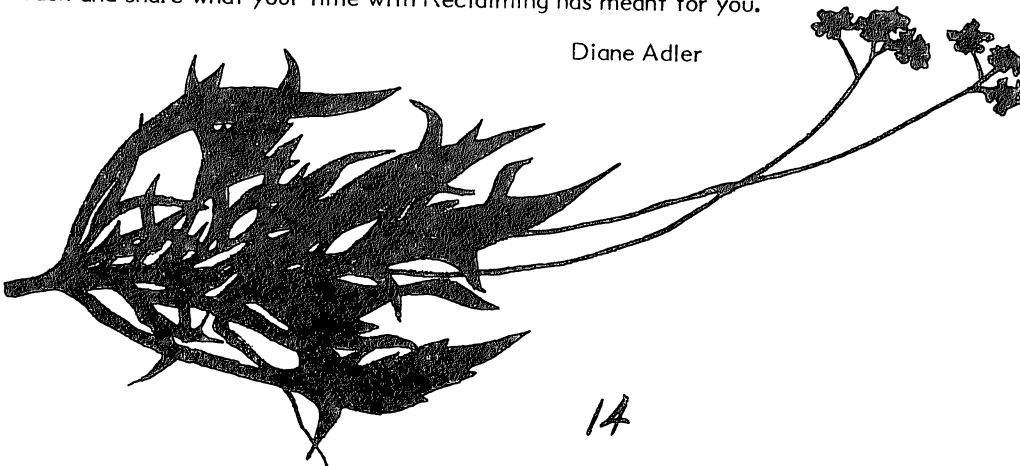
Dragonstongue

Dear Reclaiming,

I applaud your decision to take time to consider Reclaiming's direction and purpose. I hope that part of the process is inquiring what Reclaiming has meant and what Reclaiming has accomplished so far? Many people have gone through Reclaiming and are no longer involved. It has been impossible to know how Reclaiming has affected them. Would you who see yourself in this please write in and share how Reclaiming has become part of your life? Has what you learned with Reclaiming made any difference? I'd like to hear the good and the bad, the affirming and the discouraging, basically the truth.

I was one of Reclaiming's first members and I know that a lot of people have shared time with Reclaiming and then gone on in many directions. I want to know the impact that Reclaiming has had on you. Please reach back and share what your time with Reclaiming has meant for you.

Diane Adler



shining ocean
singing abyss
i have stood by day on your dissolving shore
between sunup and oblivion
and gazed in the crack where your darkness crawls
a tangible serpent through the twisted ages of our history

under blankets of hot black night
i have lain naked in your carnivorous embrace
and suckled at your raw salt breast

in pale shadows of the vein sucking moon
you have licked my senses to life
and i have eaten of your heart

drunk on the ripe agony of your desire
my sex i've poured through your thin mask of death
then danced immortal on the corpses of sharks

asleep to sounds where seas slap against stone
my flesh washed away, bones pounded to sand
i have entered your dark current of dreams
and descended with crabs your crooked circle of birth

undulating egg of our doom
i have heard you echo in the hollow of my marrow
that i have feasted on your flood
since i was grass and fish and sparrow
so now i must accept your charge
ancient mother of our blood

© Roy King
Cancer full moon, 1984



STARHAWK'S SUMMER SCHEDULE

In July of '84, I will be teaching in two weeklong summer programs through the Institute for Culture and Creation Spirituality. I will teach a five session course in Creating Ritual and a four-session seminar in Feminist Theology in each weeklong session. The program is open to both women and men, and includes Overview sessions with Matthew Fox in Creation-Centered Spirituality, and many other offerings. The context is primarily a Christian one, but I have found participants to be an open-minded and inspiring group of people.

The first session will be held at Holy Names College in Oakland, July 7-14. The second session will be held near Philadelphia July 28-August 4. For more information, contact:

I.C.C.S. SUMMER PROGRAM
HOLY NAMES COLLEGE
3500 MOUNTAIN BLVD.
OAKLAND CA 94619
415-436-0111

Also this coming summer, I will be giving a four-day workshop on Ritual and Personal Power at Hardscrabble Hill in Maine. The workshop will be for women only, and Hardscrabble Hill provides lodging or camping space and food. Fees are reasonable (in the neighborhood of \$250 altogether, with a few partial work scholarships available). For more detailed information, contact:

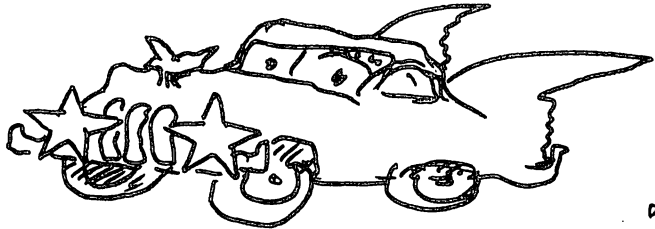
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HARDSCRABBLE HILL
BOX 130
CASTINE ROAD
ORLAND ME 04472
207-469-7112

I will be giving talks and workshops in Madison July 19-22. For information contact:

KATE KAUFMAN
1818 JENIFER ST.
MADISON WI 53704
608-241-3972

During the month of August, I will be in Europe, planning workshops in London, Amsterdam and Freiberg, Germany. More information will be available later.



DT

ANNOUNCEMENTS

ABOUT NOTICES: Notices are for any announcements of concern to the community. For services or classes that charge money, please include \$5.00 for 1-5 lines, and \$10.00 for 6-10 lines. Other announcements are free. Thank you.

****DISPLAY ADS**** Guaranteed to please!

In order to help keep our newsletter financially afloat (and growing) we are now accepting display ads for goods, services, events, etc. We print 900 newsletters, largely distributed in the Bay Area.

1/8 page - only \$9.84
1/4 page - only \$14.95
full page - only \$59.79

1/6 page - only \$11.99
1/2 page - only \$29.98
centerfold - only \$1,000

Politically incorrect advertisers please pay double.

Final full page copy size is 6" x 7". Please provide camera ready copy of correct proportions. We can make reductions.

Garden party to weed, dig and put in a spring planting in the Reclaiming herb (& flower and vegetable) garden. Bring seedlings, seeds, food and drink to share. Saturday, March 10, 10:30 to 4:30, 2752 Harrison Street, near 24th Street, San Francisco. 824-8566.

BLOOD BANK


Reclaiming has opened an account (#1913) at Irwin Memorial Blood Bank, 270 Masonic Avenue, S.F. 567-6400. The account is always in need of more blood. One need not be a member of Reclaiming to participate in this program - either by donating or availing themselves of credits. If the Lady blesses you with good health, please share and give the gift of life.

WOMEN'S CIRCLES

Women's circles forming around money and work, creativity and grief over loss.

Call Mulberry at 849-0694.

Three Geese In Flight Books



The first book store dedicated to lovers of Faerie

New and Antiquo Books

Catalog \$2

Celtic Mythology; Arthurian Legend; Tolkien Lit.; Irish, Scottish, Cornish, Welsh, Breton Folklore; Celtic Records; Illustrated Fairy Tale Books

Shop located in Woodstock, N.Y. on Tinker St, across from Cafe Espresso
Mailing address: 68 Tinker St. Woodstock, New York 12498 (914) 679-8787

NEW COVEN COORDINATION

We're not making any promises.

Without benefit of computer or videotape, Reclaiming is once again attempting to serve as a clearinghouse for witches seeking like-minded others to work with. To work with. This is the key phrase, for being in a coven is work. Magic and excitement and ecstasy and despair and wonder and frustration, but also work.

If you're thinking that you'd like to be a part of a group that forms a new coven (and joining an existing coven is almost impossible), here are some questions for serious thought.

What is your motivation? What do you hope the circle will provide for you? An intense emotional support group? A loosely woven group that meets primarily for study? A family? How much of a commitment of time and energy are you prepared to make? Once a week? Full or new moon only? Sabbats only? Are you prepared to travel, and if so, how far? Can you provide transportation for others? Can you offer your home as an occasional meeting place?

What is your background in the craft? Have you taken classes? Who were your teachers? What tradition(s) have you studied or do you want to study? Do you wish everyone in your circle to have the same background or would you prefer a more mixed group?

Would you want your coven to be men/women/mixed? Gay/straight/mixed? Do you have preferences as to class background? Political orientation? All Jews who grew up in New York? Are these just preferences or are they prerequisites?

You might think of other issues or requirements to add to the list. After your serious thought, write out your answers, put them in an envelope with a dollar to cover postage and phone calls, and mail the whole thing to Ariadne, 1010 Walker #3, Oakland CA 94610. Be patient. You can see how many variables are involved.

We're not making any promises.

(This announcement is being repeated because THE ADDRESS DIDN'T WORK. If you sent something in, please try again at the address above.)

PALMISTRY SIMPLIFIED Anna V. Moss, a.k.a. Kooch

Learn to read palms for fun and profit. Key correspondences for the most significant aspects of palmistry will be taught. Hand and finger types, the mounts, major and minor lines will all be examined using your hands as subjects for our study. Readership techniques are also discussed. This class will be taught in two half-day workshops. Cost \$20 per session. Call Cerridwen at 461-9220 to sign up for class, time and location.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

To receive issues of the Newsletter at home, send your \$\$ subscriptions to Reclaiming, P.O. Box 14404, San Francisco CA 94114. \$3-\$10 one year; \$6-\$20 for two years; minimal income, cannot donate.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

We want to hear from you!

I am renewing because:

I am not renewing because:

RECLAIMING: A Center for
Feminist Spirituality and Counseling
P.O. Box 14404
San Francisco CA 94114

