

NEWSPAPER
REVOLUTIONARY



1984
WINTER

#17

Rev. King

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 Spring Newsletter deadline is February 15. Send material to RECLAIMING, P.O. Box 14404, SF., 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. WE NEED ART!!!!!!

This issue was put together by Rose May Dance, Roy, and Dragonstongue.

BLOOD BANK

The Reclaiming Blood Bank needs your help. Please donate through the Irwin Memorial Bloodbank, the Reclaiming Account, 1913. We recently gave 3 pints of blood to Dennis, who underwent his 16th surgery for his legs (you may remember him as the person whose wheelchair was stolen when he stashed it in the bushes for a ritual, and who has never used a wheelchair since!)

Victor Anderson is undergoing medical procedures that will require blood and we would like to donate to him all he needs, and so we need to build up the bank and make sure we have enough for, Goddess forbid, other medical emergencies in our community. If we could get 30 donations by Brigid we'd be looking good. Bless you, any questions call Rose at 641-5836.

EVENTS LINE

We are without an events line at the moment, and hope to have a new one as soon as our Roddy finds a new home. (Do any of you have an extra phone line to donate to us for a while?) When we get a new number it will be listed as Reclaiming, and probably be in Oakland or Berkeley.

LITTLE DEMONS AT DIABLO CANYON

THE DEVIL* IS OUR FRIEND:

For several years now friends of the Abalone Alliance and opponents of the Diablo Canyon Nuclear Power Plant have been going to that magnificent spot on the California Coast that has been decimated by PG&E to weave their magic and to protect the earth there. Well, all that sacred, magical power IS WORKING! The Abalone Alliance is happy to announce that since the start of Full-power, the nuke has been plagued with many "unusual events" (an official NRC term) that has necessitated turning Diablo off at least 4 times!!!! Seems little demons are at work there doing their best to insure the Diablo never goes 100%. The Abalone Alliance wishes to thank all you witches, goblins, dragons, crows, slithering snakes--all you "little folk" for sending and leaving your magic at Diablo. DON'T STOP! Please keep remembering to weave webs of silken protection around the land there and to call in the spirits that live there when you do your meditations/magic. It seems that with some concentrated effort we could lift the evil power right out of there.

Try this for your next "Tree of Life" meditation:

Ground and Center, then send your roots which are full of your love & power down along the coast. You can either "fly" over the ocean, slither along under the dark, moist earth, or swim with the creatures of the Mother Ocean--whichever is your element. You'll know when you have arrived at Diablo, the land will pulsate as it is full of life, and perhaps tremble because it is so threatened. Visualize yourself hovering over the reactors....pick them up and fill your roots with the power of nuclear energy....take all that power out of the roots and bring it back to the center of the earth where it belongs....you are rendering the nukes powerless--lifeless--useless--devoid--void. Then come back to Diablo and talk from your heart to the spirits of the Chumash who live there. Ask them to surround the reactors with coyote energy, the darling little demons, who love to play tricks.....Gently pick up the Canyon and rock it at your breastcooogreenand wrap it in silken webs of protectionexchange energy with the landyou will get back all that you givebring all that earth energy back up to your body and "distribute: in the usual manner. Blessed Be.

-More

* we know that any time we see "devil" in a place name we can be sure it is a power spot full of spirits, which the Fathers have named "devil" to keep their sheep in the fold and away from the magical places. --rmd.

FOOD FOR PEOPLE WITH AIDS

People with AIDS are in need of canned or packaged goods. Drop off food at
AIDS Foundation The International David Society
54 Tenth Street 2340 Market St.

Community Thrift Store The MotherLode
625 Valencia St. 1002 Post St.

The Endup
401 6th St.



For more information on the food bank, call 864-4376

Dear friends,

In a few short weeks, I will be going to Nicaragua. I am writing to let you know what I'll be doing and to ask for your support.

I have wanted to go to Nicaragua for a long time. For the past ten years, I have been working to unite the spiritual and the political in my writings, teaching, and actions. Nicaragua is a country where the revolution is firmly based in a spiritual tradition of radical Christianity. As a pagan and a Jew, I necessarily have both strong curiosity and many questions.

For the past two years, a group called Witness for Peace has been sending groups of North Americans to be a nonviolent peace witness on the border between Nicaragua and Honduras. Most of the groups have been Christian, but this December they are sending a Jewish group, and I will be joining them. We will be in Nicaragua for two weeks, starting December 11.

Our group will have several purposes. We will be able to see the country and glimpse the workings of the revolution for ourselves. We will be living and working with ordinary people, and hope to learn something of the reality of their lives, and the changes revolution has brought. We will have a chance to meet with the Jewish community in Managua and learn what it is truly like to be living as Jews in a country where revolution and Christianity have been so strongly intertwined. Earlier this year, a B'nai Brith group charged the Sandinistas with anti-Semitism. Later, a New Jewish Agenda group went to Nicaragua and refuted the charges. We will be able to investigate the truth of those charges for ourselves.

We will also spend some time at the border, where the people of Nicaragua face daily the threat of raids, kidnappings, torture and murder by the C.I.A.-backed contras. We will have a chance to meet with and talk with the people and bring back first-hand information about the real effects of the C.I.A.'s so-called 'covert' war. Although it is possible that we will be running some personal risk, the previous twenty-four groups sent by Witness for Peace have all returned safely. The contras do not want to arouse the public outcry that would follow incidents that involved North Americans.

Nevertheless, my decision to join the Witness has not been taken lightly. The U.S. today is preparing a new holocaust in Central America. As someone who comes from the same blood as the victims of the Nazis, as someone who identifies deeply with the nine million victims of the Witch burners, as someone committed to act to preserve and protect the earth, I cannot just stand by passively and let a new atrocity happen. I must take whatever action I can.

And so I am asking you, too, for support. Witness for Peace of course needs money. It costs over \$1000 to send one person to Nicaragua. Although I personally have been blessed with prosperity this year and can pay my own way, many others cannot. The administration of the program is also costly. Any donation you can give will be appreciated. Checks should be sent to Witness for Peace, 515 Broadway, Santa Cruz, CA 95060.

But more important even than money is action. We cannot all go to Nicaragua, but each of us can do something to prevent the 'covert' war from escalating into a full-blown invasion. I am asking you to take whatever form of action is right for you—writing to your Congressperson, participating in a demonstration, signing the A.F.S.C. Pledge of Resistance, learning more about the situation in Central America and raising it in discussions with friends and colleagues.

I am also asking for spiritual support. I will be in Nicaragua on the Winter Solstice. I want to ask you to focus part of your solstice ritual on raising power for the rebirth of peace in Latin America, and the rebirth of our commitment to stop the many forms of destruction perpetrated by our own government. I leave the form of the ritual to you, but as a common image I suggest we focus on the rising sun, and use the time of sunrise—different for each different place that we are—to create a tide of power that can roll over the earth like a wave.

Let me end this with a piece of a letter from my friend Kaki, who is down in Nicaragua now with the long-term Witness for Peace team. She writes:

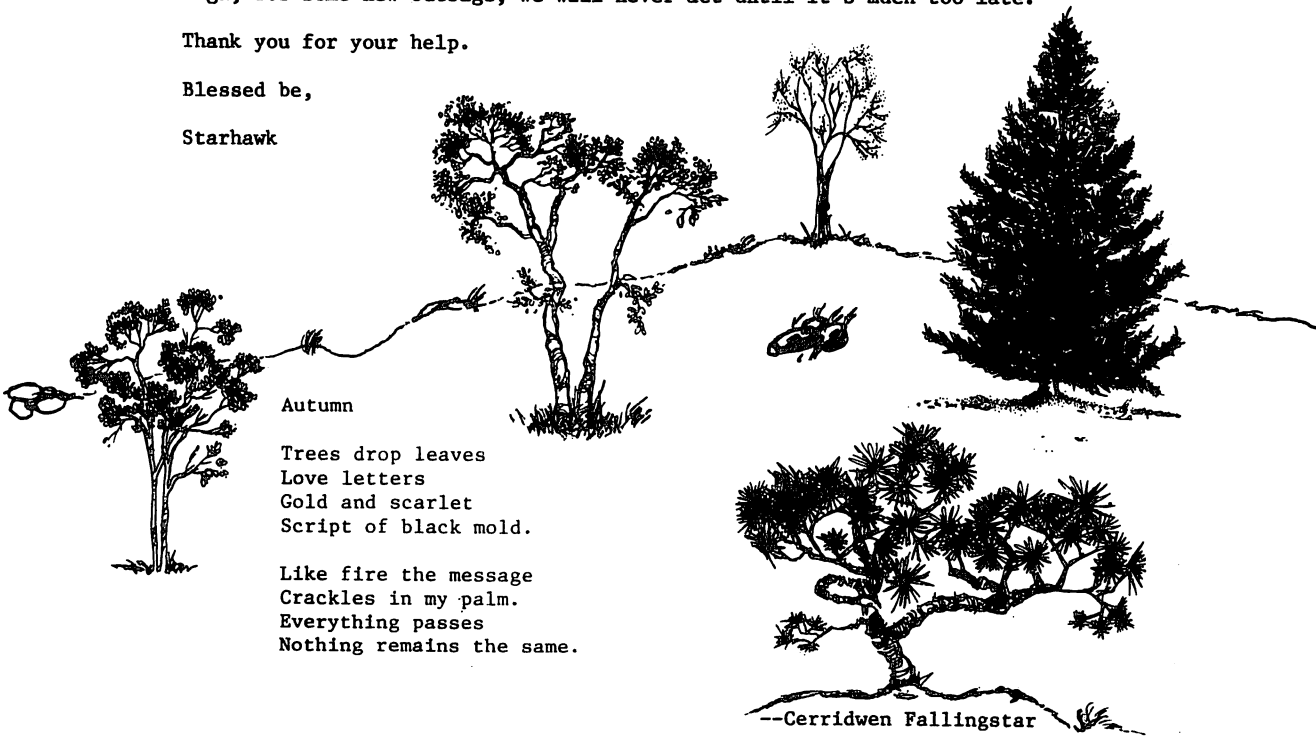
"The United States government has never stopped invading Nicaragua, and as of 1979 it began a subtle but very extensive war that has been steadily building ever since. Nicaragua is losing upwards of 2,000 lives every year to this war, both civilians and combatants. The U.S. may never have to commit its own troops; it may continue to recruit mercenaries like those killed earlier this month in Santa Clara, or it may use surrogate troops like those of Honduras to bolster the Contras.

"What I'm saying is, whatever you can imagine yourselves doing in opposition to an 'all-out U.S. invasion,' do it now! Please, please do it now. If we wait for some sign, for some new outrage, we will never act until it's much too late."

Thank you for your help.

Blessed be,

Starhawk



Autumn

Trees drop leaves
Love letters
Gold and scarlet
Script of black mold.

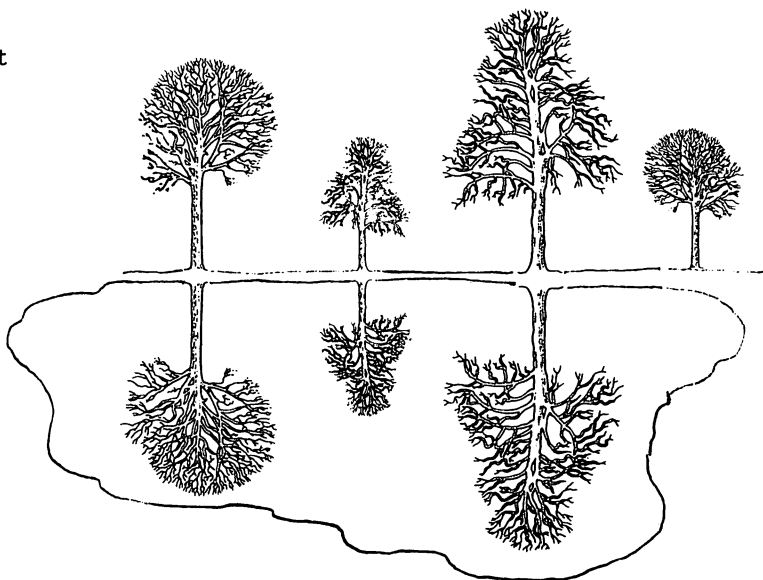
Like fire the message
Crackles in my palm.
Everything passes
Nothing remains the same.

--Cerridwen Fallingstar

"...fuck it fuck it hate this shit
 hate this life as giant tit
 sick of milk & shit & blood
 sick of cleaning sick of crud
 sick of sickness, sick of sick
 can't escape when in the thick
 fast & furious cross & creepy
 tired & hoarse & always sleepy...

...swollen flightless in the dark
 what a life pulled out of spark
 Clytemnestra sings of bees
 stings & honey fruit & trees
 corn is high elephants glance
 across the orchard faeries dance
 dance the cobra hate and fear
 spitting venom, thou art here...

...never call I
 to the flowing sky
 womb is wound,
 and of that wound I die



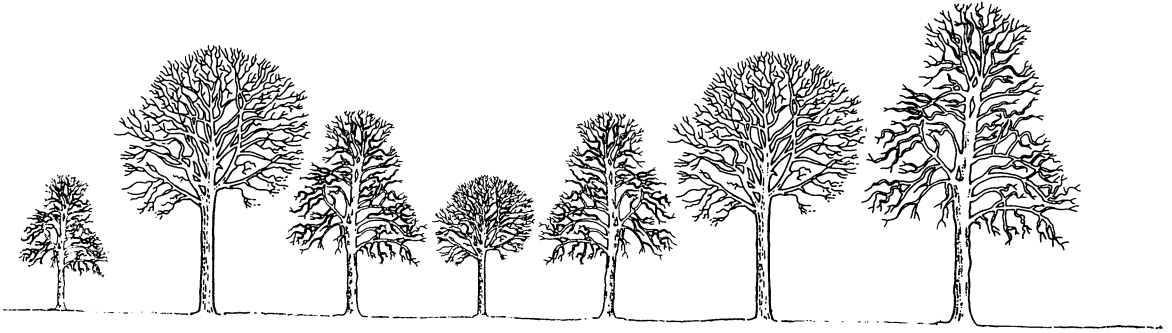
If I'm lucky, I get an hour or two in which to work. I lock the door, sit down. Back to the book, my spirits rise like helium. I rub my hands together white flames, centering, I can do anything . . . "Mommy! Mommy! Mommy! Mommy!" The two year old screaming, scrabbling against the door, throwing his entire weight against the door . . . where was I? Where did I leave off last, let's see . . . I read the last paragraph I wrote over and over, trying to block out my child's sobs. He needs me. He's so sad without me. I'm selfish, wanting to work, wanting to work at something that doesn't even earn money, not real work, self-indulgent work . . .

That's when I do mess writing, fingerpainting with words, slop it all around, don't bother to make sense, the less sense the better, Deena Metzger says. But sometimes the results are startlingly lucid, things I don't even want to admit that I think spewing out on the page. Sometimes it starts to rhyme and won't stop, who to blame, the Sisters Grimm? They say that people bitten by cobras prophecy in verse before they die, that Priestesses at Delphi, Egypt, Anatolia ingested small amounts of the poison for the trip into the visions and the voice which, with luck, they survived. And one other thing about cobra poison; they say it acts as a truth serum.

And that is the best I can wish for, that there be a method to my madness, some thread of coherency or clarity in the craze of sleep deprivation, hormones and isolation the last two years have been.

Nuclear accident well describes our current social order. In all the books on child-rearing, the assumption is that it is possible to raise a healthy, whole being in a nuclear family.

This is a lie. In the best nuclear family in the world, you raise a child who knows that only one, maybe two adults are there to care for him, to protect him, against a world which is indisputably hostile, one in which he may not even know the names of the people who live nearby. A family where each additional child born means less love,



because there are only two, exhausted, finite people to give it. A family where his parents' exhaustion make it clear that he is more a burden than a joy.

"But it's natural to hit your kids" a father said at a parents meeting. "How else can you get them to understand?" How indeed could a child ever comprehend this culture without early lessons in violence? No fear. The frustration of parenting in isolation almost guarantees the child will be hit. I haven't hit my child yet. I yell and scream, sometimes throw things. I fantasize slamming him against the wall, breaking him in half, abandoning him, stealing my life back. And I know that with every one of those fantasies I shut him down psychically, wall him up inside himself where he doesn't dare know what the people he loves are thinking. Because I am thinking of all the ways I could destroy him and be free.

When childless, I imagined that Mothers were simply different, that they had some special valve in the heart that enabled them to pour out limitless, unconditional love 24 hours a day.

But we don't.

Being a parent is a fine training ground for developing reserves of patience, compassion and endurance. And yet we are each still one finite being, trying--and failing--to provide all the nurturance a child would naturally derive from a tribe, a clan, an extended family.

'Tis the season to look at the shadow. This is mine. In a recent game of Truth or Dare, someone suggested I say what I was most ashamed of, what I wish no one knew. Sometimes, in desperation and exhaustion, I hate my child. That is what I am most ashamed of. And I want everyone to know. Because looking at the shadow is a path into the light. And at this season where night is longest we celebrate the hidden seeds, the solitary candle, the tiniest beginning of light. We celebrate with the metaphor of birth, the emergence of new life.

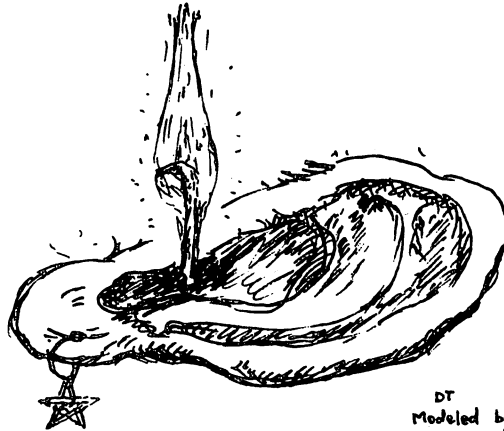
I ask everyone reading this to go beyond metaphor this Solstice. Do something real, concrete, for a mother and child. There is no more potent way to create new culture than by nourishing the people who are to live in it. The children you know need many parents to grow stronger and clearer than you were allowed to grow. When you give to a child, you allow the child within you to flourish and heal. During this winter, this time of hibernation, separateness, keeping indoors and within, remember that we are weaving, strand upon strand, community, family, hand upon hand. Hand upon hand and heart within heart, moving through pain that keeps us apart; Tribe-Hearth in balance, below and above, where separation occurs in the context of love.

HANNAH'S HOUSEHOLD HINTS by Hannah Clancy

Well hello again here I am and I must say it has been so nice to hear from so many of you who want to know all about how to help clean up your house because it is just too big a job for so many of you and you can't find the Pine-Sol not to mention how hard it is to be a witch and all your special little problems that come to you because you are so busy in the between the world place that you never notice this one so now I will tell you everything I thought up so far! Mostly we need to help our Bookkeeper Maimie who writes that she has collected a roomful of ear wax under the mistaken notion that she ought to make Holy Candles out of it and how should she make candles well Maimie I must tell you first of all that life is just too short to make candles out of earwax unless you think you really want to do that in which case you go down to the Library and get a book on candle making and set up in your kitchen and make Holy Candles for all the Great Holidays of our Holy Year to give to all your hapless friends in which case do not come over to Avalon on the Solstice thank you very much but really what you need to do is sell it. Go over to the nice general store and get jelly jars and fill them right up to the top with ear wax and then give attractive pagan pictures on the top and label them Auntie Maimie's Pagan Salve For Sad People along with some details about how you are a real true Witch no kidding and put an ad in the back of one of those national glossy magazines but not the Doll Reader as they are a Sacred Resource and sell the stuff but be sure to ask \$9.95 a jar as this is a Sacred Holy Number guaranteed to pull people in. This will take you several months and then I will explain to you how to get the residue out of the carpet.

So thank you very much. I am so happy to help all of you and now we can all struggle to improve our household's appearance as this is a Sacred Job and Bunny, next time I will help you as I am working on channelling a spell to help you get rid of the Holy Sacred Spiders that live over your bed but in the meantime when you see one you can just say Holy Great Mother thou art one in Death and Life and smash it.

Love, Hannah Clancy



DT
Modeled by
Roy King

"Worrying about what happens when you die is like worrying about what happens to your lap when you stand up."

-- Zen Koan

Humans like to externalize things, make them concrete. We get sick as a way of recognizing that we need to change. Then we goof up the message--"My stomach hurts! My head hurts! How do I need to change?" So we have global dis-ease, and we're sure it's terminal. We are all dying. Not one of us is going to survive. Every single being on the planet is going to die.

And, of course, every single being on the planet is going to be reborn. It always works that way. There is no destruction without creation. Death of a planet is as much a myth as death of the self. All us evolved people, seriously into our past lives and psychic communion with the dead, involved in religions which celebrate death and rebirth as an eternal round are still buying the lie that Final Ultimate Inescapable and Total Death exists! . . . in the form of nuclear holocaust.

As I said before, my belief is that yes, we are all going to die in the Great Purification we have begun. By die, of course, I mean change.

Die means change.

And there's more than one way to skin a serpent. Serpents who shed voluntarily survive the process. They don't like it, but they do survive.

But it's not the same snake.

And, of course, it's exactly the same snake.

But it's not the same snake.

And, of course . . .

There are lots of ways to die. Some of us will choose to do it on the physical plane. (All of us will choose this eventually.) Others will choose to sacrifice our egos--our who we are now--and survive the Great Transformation in some altared form.

Something not many people know is that during the part of birth called transition most women think they are dying. (So do the babies being born.) Physical pain has nothing to do with the sensation; death and birth are not always painful. Pain comes with its own lessons. I was lucky my friends told me about this before I gave birth, so when I passed into that neither-here-nor-there, betwixt-and-between space usually veiled from us, I did not fear it. I remember thinking, 'Yes, this is just like dying--the same gate, the same threshold.'

A few days ago, my sister gave birth. I knew the moment her cervix had opened completely; the spirit world flooded the hospital labor room. My dead father was there so strongly it seems absurd to say 'dead'. My changed father, my father now in the spirit world was there, as powerfully and palpably as anyone else in the room. And Heather, the child not quite born, was there so strongly that I spoke to her by name, no longer able to keep up the pretense that we did not know exactly who was coming to be with us.

Another birth analogy; contraction creates expansion. The uterus contracts over and over and over--over a period of minutes, hours or days--and the rhythmic clench of that muscle opens the cervix from the size of a broom straw to the size of a baby's head. Transition, the state I describe above, takes place just before the path is completely clear and new life can be pushed into the world. It is at this juncture that women often freak out, think they're dying, say they cannot go on, or even forget that they are in the process of having a baby.

Suppose that with every contraction we feel, every numbing out, every spasm of pain and disappointment, every shutting down in despair--suppose that every contracted state we experience is helping to open us wider than we ever dreamed possible. Look at a diagram of the cervix widening during labor. It's impossible, just as impossible as the hope that we could move from our present agony to a time of awareness, connectedness and peace.

Suppose that we are in transition.

How can we take care of each other during this process? "You have to make a mother for the baby," the folk wisdom says. So we must mother each other, with compassion and courage and joy. "Yes it's painful. Yes it hurts. I know. Keep breathing. Stay on top of it. Breathe, use your breath, look in my eyes. I love you. It's all right baby, you can come out now, we all love you. We'll be so happy to see you. Look in my eyes. Breathe. Good. Look in my eyes."

Something new is about to be born. And we are all making it so.

RECLAIMING APPRENTICESHIP PROGRAM

SUMMER '85

Celebrate the Goddess amid the redwoods and tidepools of the beautiful Mendocino Coast of California. Study magic and ritual-making in the Wiccan tradition and learn tools and skills to take back to your own communities. Our goal is empowerment and our methods are nonhierarchical and experiential.

Two one-week sessions. Take either or both.

Beginning and advanced programs. Open to women and men.

Session 1 Saturday, August 10--Friday, August 16

Session 2 Sunday, August 18--Saturday, August 24

At Jughandle Farm Nature Preserve near Caspar, California.

\$225--\$375 sliding scale, includes food and lodging. (Costs may vary slightly.)

Limited childcare for ages 3 and up.

Reclaiming is a feminist collective of San Francisco Bay Area women and men working to unify spirit and politics. Our vision is rooted in the religion and magic of the Goddess--the Immanent Life Force. We see our work as teaching and making magic--the art of empowering ourselves and each other. In our work, we train our voices, bodies, energy, intuition, and minds. We use the skills we learn to deepen our strength, both as individuals and as community, to voice our concerns about the world in which we live and bring to birth a vision of a new culture.

For information, write Reclaiming: Apprenticeship, P.O. Box 14404, San Francisco, CA 94110

Drugs and alcohol discouraged.

WINTER'S CHILD --

the first new moon after Samhain

for Cerridwen and Zach

Across the long dark valley
a single quivering flame
 almost lost
across the wind-swept night,

in doorway or lantern-glass,
comfort or fright,
speak to me,

 child
of the flickering light.

Many-named and nameless,
waiting, taking, done,
touch me now, sing to me
many songs, and one.

First sharp-edged smile
of the growing moon
 brilliant
in the fading light,

mother's smile of evening's child,
first moon of the year,
speak to me,

 sister
of the coming fear.

Many-named and nameless,
waiting, taking, done,
touch me now, sing to me
many lives, and one.

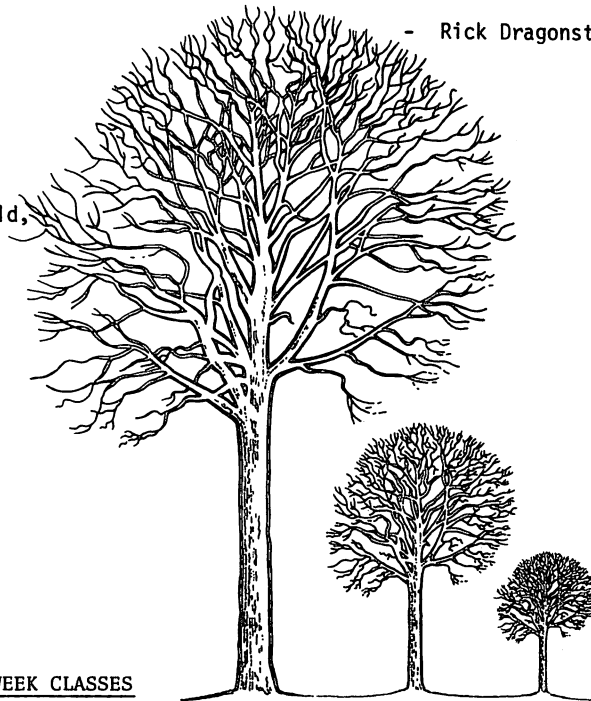
Shadow of ranging hills
under darkening skies,
 mother flesh,
ancient soul of night,

world beneath dreams,
world beneath light,
sing to me,

 giver
and taker of sight.

Many-named and nameless,
waiting, taking, done,
touch me now, sing to me
many songs, and one.

- Rick Dragonstongue



RECLAIMING'S SLIDING SCALE FOR 6-WEEK CLASSES

In order for Reclaiming to offer affordable classes to people on all income levels, it is important that students pay a fair share of costs. In placing yourself on the following simple sliding scale, please take into account factors not included such as children and other dependents supported by your income.

Income	Fee for 6 sessions
0-\$8,000	\$45
\$8-12,000	\$55
\$12-15,000	\$65
\$15-18,000	\$80
\$18,000 up	\$100

RECLAIMING

CLASSES

ELEMENTS OF MAGIC FOR WOMEN Rose and Anda

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, structuring rituals, and sisterhood. Beginning 6-week course, starting Monday, March 18, 7:30 P.M., 1st class in SF Bernal Hts, Call Anda at 658-2279 or Rose at 641-5836. Limited to 12 students. \$45-90 sliding scale.

PENTACLE FOR WOMEN, a one-day workshop with Carol and Cybele

Using our magical skills, moving and shaping energy, transforming ourselves through trance to explore the five points of our inner pentacle: Sex (primal energy), Self, Passion, Pride (self-esteem), and Power (effectiveness in the worlds). This will be held on a weekend date in February. Call Carol, 641-5836, or Cybele, 863-8294, for registration, date, time, and place. Sliding scale \$15-30.

FIRE Cybele and Rose

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, opening our awareness and working with healing power. This class open to people with knowledge of magical ABCs--if you have not taken a Reclaiming class before, check with teachers about admission. 4-week class starting Thursday, February 7, call Rose, 641-5836, or Cybele 863-8294. \$35-65 sliding scale.

BURNING TIMES AND THE WAR AGAINST THE EARTH David Kubrin

David Kubrin will bring together three stories: (1) the execution of up to nine million witches, largely women and poor people, in Europe during the early modern period; (2) the rise of science, the strange dialectic of its relation with magic, and the triumph of mechanical science in the scientific revolution of the 17th century; and (3) the growth of extractive industries, especially mining, in England. Kubrin will argue that the rise of capitalism in 16th and 17th century England brought with it a conscious declaration and waging of war against the Earth, and will examine the construction of an ideology to mask and justify that war. Friday, February 8, place to be determined, Call 824-8566 afternoons and nights. \$2.50 donation.



MATRIX presents BRIGID RITUAL Benefit for LAG

AND EVENTS

SPIRIT AND POLITICAL LIFE Starhawk and Michael Rossman in dialogue

Friday, January 11, 1985. a benefit for Livermore Action Group

*12-1 pm: "New Horizons", hosted by Will Noffke on KPFA 94.1 FM.

*8 pm: Shared Visions, 2512 San Pablo, Berkeley, CA. Admission \$5.
A very special dialogue moderated by Barbara Stack.

The persona of the political activist in America has long been enriched by the visions, philosophies, methodologies, and energies of spiritual practice. During the past twenty years we have seen the new age movers and shakers come into maturity in the cultural sector, in grassroots movements, and gradually, into the mainstream of political life. Starhawk and Michael Rossman are now emerging as potent guides on the long road toward new social configurations and world peace. Compelling writers and animated speakers, the two will explore their very human political visions for the first time in this extraordinary public meeting.

Michael Rossman, author of ON LEARNING AND SOCIAL CHANGE, and NEW AGE BLUES, was a leader of the 1964 Berkeley Free Speech Movement, and prominent New Left organizer. He became a leading figure in the higher education reform movement of the late 1960s, and continues to work in education and to write social critique. He is involved in "new consciousness" studies and in the human potential movement's orbit. Rossman visited Nicaragua in January of 1984.

Starhawk is a writer, lecturer, counselor, and political activist, nonviolence trainer and witch. Her rituals have given form to power in anti-nuclear actions throughout the United States, and her books, THE SPIRAL DANCE: A REBIRTH OF THE ANCIENT RELIGION OF THE GREAT GODDESS and DREAMING THE DARK: MAGIC, SEX & POLITICS, have inspired new forms of political action world-wide. She will tour Nicaragua during December, 1984.

Ariadne invites you to the Goddess event of the decade,
"VISIONS OF THE PAST, MEMORIES OF THE FUTURE" Sunday, February 10

Hundreds of women will gather to explore our spirituality, the Goddess Within. The Patriarchy will never be the same. Facilitators: Ariadne, Cerridwen Fallingstar, Hallie Iglehart, Leslie Mahler, Starhawk, Luisa Teish!

Registration fee including vegetarian lunch: \$55 postmarked by February 3, check payable to Ariadne, 484 Lake Park, Ste. 260, Oakland 94610. \$70 at door. For details and location call 835-8608.

call 824-8566 mornings for details!!!!!!!!!!!!





THOUGHTS ON METAPHORS & POLITICAL STRATEGY

There are those who want to set fire to the world,
We are in danger.
There is only time to work slowly,
There is no time not to live.

"Time to Love", song by Jamie Siebert, words by Deena Metzger

On slimmest of pretexts, Reagan on election eve visibly moves towards war footing-- a message sent to the Russians, a chance to play the game of chicken and force the commies to back down first, reliving the glory of Kennedy's missile crisis, the glory of creating history. Perhaps also a chance to smoke out the left, see who will come & what we will do, establishing the lines early: vs. the Nicaraguans, the Salvadoreans, the Chileans (Pinochet called a State of Siege on the eve of Reagan's re-election), & the domestic opposition. Reported in Herb Caen: at 2 a.m. election night on a nearly empty street a copcar announcing through its loudspeaker that Reagan had been re-elected, martial law had been declared, & that the streets had to be immediately cleared, & driving away laughing, laughing

Laughing. How do we mobilize & what kind of strategy do we pursue? We have learned a lot from the days of Vietnam, but have we all learned the same lessons, have we learned the right lessons? The movement in the 60s (& 70s) played a vital role in ending that war, especially once the movement was inside the man's army, when he no longer had a loyal fighting force. But it took time, a long time, & even at that time there were those who were impatient, who though we weren't accomplishing anything. This time, despite that lesson that the slowly escalating tactics of the left in the 60s did help make it impossible for the ruling classes to pacify the Vietnamese, to steal their history from them, I suspect that impatience will be even stronger -- the feeling that we aren't doing enough, the need to go further, to see rising militance, divorced from strategic considerations, as an end in itself, to let our rage be translated immediately into re-actions without mediating or focusing it with the help of a sense of our own history & a realization that ours is, must be, a prolonged struggle. That our task of necessity involves not just opposing the President with the forces we can currently muster against his war plans, but also with those who will come to be on our side (or side s, for let us have no illusions that unity will be easy to reach) in six months, a year, five years.

Understand that the fight for history is on a terrain that is highly symbolic, that at critical times the symbolism becomes the most important aspect of the fight-- for example the US & Vietnamese arguing for the first two years of the Paris negotiations whether the negotiating table should be rectangular or circular. Nor were those negotiations silly, as many thought at the time, for in the rectangle or the circle are contained, metaphorically, the political realities each side was fighting for. When earlier the antiwar movement besieged the Pentagon on October 21, 1967, it was purely theater, but when GIs slowly began refusing orders & then following their own, that theater was enacted upon a global stage-- with the actors & actresses now inside the sinews of the Pentagon's many tentacled monster.

Pagans especially, attuned to symbols & knowing how metaphor is a roadmap through the many levels of reality, can help create the symbols & the history the emerging antiwar movement is bringing to life in a determined but playful chorus of opposition & resistance. We know how everything we do creates our world &-- without pandering to the inanities of the media--can recognize that the streets are our theater, just as the map of the world is that of the Pentagon-- & that with our feet & voices & wills we reconsecrate the land that the industrial & military machinery of capitalism (for starters) has defiled with its steel & concrete, with its war on all of life.

At this point Reagan is fighting at a symbolic level, signalling to the Russians, the Nicaraguans, & the American people how far he is willing to go over trifles. But he won't go in, not now, I believe. It is a trial run, a testing out of the machinery, as well, perhaps, a chance to play the game Nixon tried (& failed at): in showing what a madman he is, trying to intimidate the enemy; it didn't work against the Vietnamese, & it can't work now.

So too we should realize our actions will be trial runs. Tactics should be chosen with an eye & ear for the (potential) long struggle ahead of us. If for many of us who went through the 60s it is obvious what the crimes of imperialism are & where our duty lies, we must realize that there are a lot of people who now feel glad that their president is "standing up" for America & that ours is a country no longer willing to put up with humiliation. Out of similar feelings of restored national pride, as well as a myth of a lost war because of a "stab in the back" by disloyal civilians, did Hitler build his Nazi movement. Regan is no Hitler, nor is the Republic Party fascist, but we should not fool ourselves: the seeds for a fascist movement in the US are certainly present. Whether they grow or not is partially up to us, to how we act in the coming months & years.

Of the many ways in which the media debase politics in the swampland that is our culture, one of the most perverse is the way it devours & grows tired of what we do. The first two times administration buildings were taken over at college campuses in the 60s it made an impact, by the fourth it was old hat & barely mentioned. It is a mistake to choose what we do with an eye on the 7 o'clock news, but we should be aware how our actions are theater which bombard the culture, & how fickle is that culture, how very short its attention span.

Now & in the coming months I think we should move strongly, but with some degree of restraint, that we not try to make one determined, apocalyptic, all-or-nothing militant show of our opposition, trying to demonstrate that the President won't get away with his plans; rather, in symbolic ways, we should foreshadow, should test out, the coming months, years, decade if need be, of our opposition, that we pace ourselves for a resistance to imperialism's war plans for Central America that will begin small but grow huge-- for Nicaragua is not Grenada & as in Vietnam a public that will support a foreign adventure in its early days of glory & exaggerated claims will soon learn to see through the lies of the government & will start to join us. Not that our opposition should be based on the fact that the war "won't work", but we should realize that a lot of people will come over to our side initially precisely for those reasons, & even as we insist that there are more important reasons to oppose the war, to oppose it with every fiber of our being, we should welcome them into our ranks. We should try to maintain an openness, a realization that ultimately every form of opposition to the Vietnam war helped widen the crack between the people & the government. None of us, now or in the future, have a monopoly on correct strategy or tactics.

Weaving our webs, we link causes, spin issue to issue, constituency to constituency, bind our will to survive to our love of beauty. And political differences which on a verbal level at a given time may appear to be irreconcilable, on the symbolic plane may well be bridged. At the Three Mile Island Memorial March in 1980 we ended with a huge paper mache model of a cooling tower being torn apart by ropes pulled by the four directions, symbolizing our determination to destroy nuclear power without trying at that time and place to pick any of the several strategies being discussed in the movement for how to do it. We can use ritual to create & strengthen our strategy: planned & spontaneous, at actions, in the jails afterwards, or for empowerment prior to demonstrations, rituals can be used to search for images of an inchoate strategy, to play with the dialectics of building a successful opposition to Reagan's machinery of war & the threat to all of us & to the very Earth his plans hold.

David Kubrin
Matrix affinity group

(an earlier version of this was written right after the Weinberger demonstration & distributed at Workshops Creating Direct Democracy, at the Farm, Nov. 10)

Yet another 'Reclamation' to brighten your Yule season. When the department store muzak begins to get to you this December, try singing this to the tune of "Hark the Herald Angels Sing".



Hark the Nature Spirits Sing

Hark the Nature Spirits sing,
Goddess lives in everything.

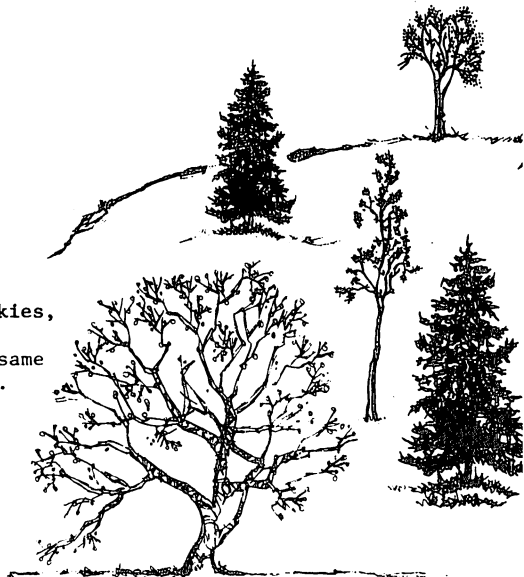
Peaceful hearts, and bodies wild
God and Mother reconciled.

Joyful all ye creatures rise
From the deeps, the earth, the skies,

Rocks and plants and beasts the same
All sprung from Her living flame.

Hark! the Nature Spirits sing
Goddess lives in everything.

--Cerridwen Fallingstar



JELLO TRANCE

I was recently having a hard time with the residue of my relationship with my mother, the way I had been brought up. An important issue, for me, was the issue of boundaries. My mother had no sense of boundaries with me, still was invading my boundaries, and I was letting myself get over-run by people, was too wide open, and in turn habitually climbed all over other people's "space". I also was suffering from a pretty bad self-image even though I knew what my strong points were. I was in a bad depression, was ill with bronchial trouble and stressed out about money.

I asked my therapist for suggestions on what to do, how to stop being a victim, how to grow up.

He sent me into a trance-state to find the answer to these questions.

As soon as I arrived in my special trance place I saw a large purple monster coming for me. I recognized it immediately. It was the same monster that had frightened me badly in a fever dream when I was a child, sick with bronchial trouble. The monster was blobby and changed form rapidly, sat on me to smother me. I began to call for my mother, as I had the first time I saw the monster. But when Mother appeared I realized it was foolish to ask her for help, since she seemed just as harmful to me as the monster, in fact she seemed to be part of the monster. I began to beat the monster back with fists and knives, and sometimes I seemed to be fighting my mother too.

My therapist brought me up out of trance before I got any resolution. We talked about the trance and I sort of slipped back into it. I saw that the trance had to do with my mother's and my boundary problem, and I congratulated myself for not wanting to make myself helpless to someone who was harming me, but I wanted a "how" -- I wanted to know what to do to stop being a victim, a helpless baby. I felt the "how" must have something to do with my knife, my athalme. The therapist suggested I make a monster out of jello -- nice and blobby and purple, and play with it and my knife.

So I asked my coven, Sea Hags, to give me time at our next meeting, and I prepared a Jello Monster, using red and blue food coloring and 16 packets of Knox in a big kettle. I slid the jello out of the kettle onto a tray, and it began to undulate, which looked very promising to me. My coven cast a circle and asked for the powers to help us in our work, and I took a baby doll, blessed it and named it with my name, "blessed be thou creature of art, thou art no longer a poppet but a living child and I name thee Hermine", and blessed my sacred knife. I lay down next to these tools and the jello blob, and my coveners put me in a very deep trance.

I had asked them to tell me I could move and talk during this trance, I had asked them to participate in the trance by saying things to me, goading me, doing whatever they wanted. I arrived at a place of power and observed the four directions. Then my coveners told me I was in the center in a big bed and far off I saw something coming toward me.

I saw it was the monster and I began to scream and shake, calling and calling for my mother. She did not come. I felt the monster was on top of me and I began to choke and cough. The Sea Hags asked me what the monster's name was, and I got the name "Placenta". I got up and leaned over into the jello, and put my face into it. Then I rose up and began to pound and smash it with my fists, crying and shouting. I grabbed my athalme and stabbed at the monster, but this was unsatisfactory because the knife hit the metal tray under the jello and there was no feeling that I had penetrated or hurt the monster. So I returned to pounding it, and it broke apart and scattered all over. I took my knife and carefully put the jello back onto the tray, and parted it in the middle with my athalme. I made a big lozenge, cunt shape in the center of the jello and neatly fit all the jello on the tray.

The Sea Hags reached over and messed up the jello, scattering it on the floor and throwing it at me, taunting me, "Hermine, you've made a mess!" "Hermine you're always such a mess" "Hermine, clean it up!" Every time I tried to get the jello monster back on the plate, they threw it at me some more. The globs of blackish purple jello reminded me of all the soft bloody stuff that comes out of you after you have a baby. It was somewhat disgusting to me. The Sea Hags, who were being my mother, would not leave me alone. They started to physically attack me, pushing and pinching me. I threatened them with my athalme, and still they would not shut up. I looked my covener Ratsnake and wondered "My God am I going to have to kill her to win this trance?" I thought "police arrest witches in weird therapeutic murder" and other such. I wrapped the jello and tray up in the table cloth they sat on and thrust it at Ratsnake, screaming at her to take it out of the room, and demanding that all my coveners --my mother--leave the room. I screamed and shook and coughed so much that I pissed all over myself. Still they would not shut up.

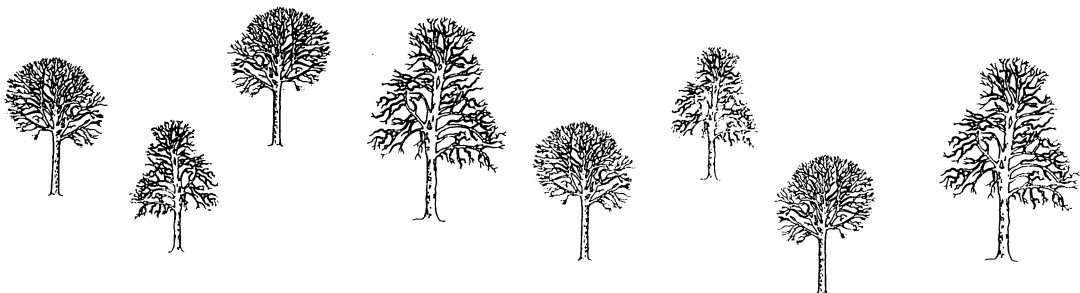
Suddenly I lay on the floor and took my athalme and drew around the outlines of my body. I heard The Sea Hags go "Ah!", and I breathed easy. I asked "If there are any of my coveners, my real friends, in the room could they please come brush up my energy?" They did, except for Ratsnake who gets a little carried away. She brought a cord and tried to strangle me, but I cut the cord and made her back off and become helpful.

My covener Spider took my feet and said, "whose feet are these?" "Mine, Hermine's" I said. "Whose legs are these?" "Mine" and so on up the body, although I had to stop at the neck and beat off Ratsnake again when she tried a final choke-hold. I took hold of the baby doll and placed her inside my shirt and comforted her. I heard my coveners make baby complaints: "Who will take care of me? I'm afraid I will never be happy. I'm afraid you won't give me enough" and I soothed the baby, told her, "Well, I'm sorry you feel that way you just have a good cry, you'll be all right, everybody feels that way sometime", careful to not make myself any promises I couldn't keep.

Finally I got up and took the jello monster to the trash, and put it in on top of all the garbage, laughing and cackling because it all looked so disgusting. I brought the garbage can in and made the Sea Hags look at it. Then I asked them to bring me up out of trance, and I showered, and we feasted.

Since that time I have had some amazing breakthroughs about my lovelife, about my mother--understanding and forgiving her, sending her healing, about my money trip, and I am not running myself down very much. I am doing better about discharging my responsibilities, and have not posed as a victim once! I use the mental image of cutting a boundary around myself with my knife when I am in intense situations that would usually make me lose it.

I am a witch because I get to work with tools. --Hermine Fleet



Innocence

-1-

The lamb frolicking in the meadow
Unconscious of predators.
The girl picking flowers
Asking to be devoured,
To be fleeced.

Dreams of opening doors
To find the kindly old man with the switchblade
The beautiful woman with the gun.
Dreams of locking the door too late.
Dreams of dying.

At best the stubborn wild weed
Bright colors to be rooted out
Making room for growth that could be used.

-2-

Destroy or be destroyed
Kill or be killed.
After the ark
Everything came in twos.
Innocence the victim
Always partnered with violation.

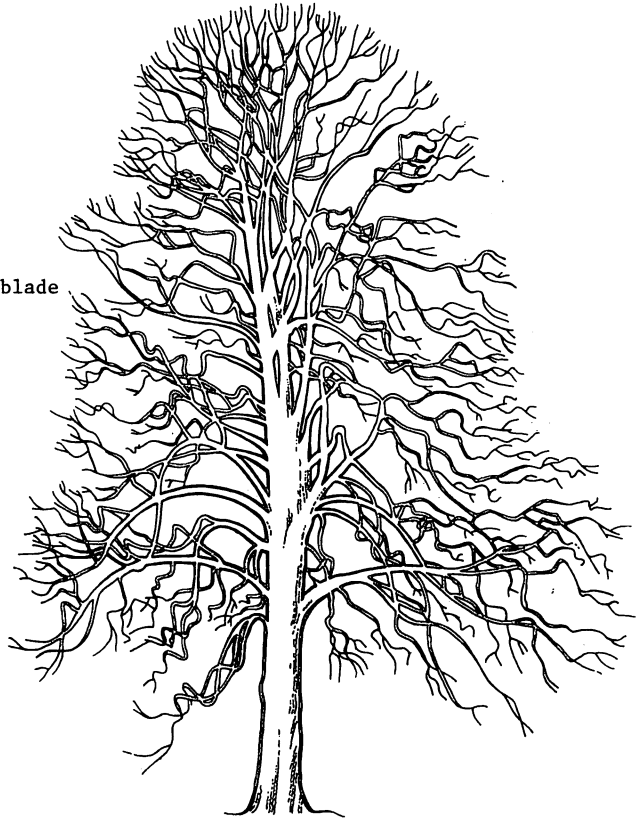
-3-

Forced by the God of the Underworld
I yielded.
Opening farther than he could force me
Opening to a fall of pure bright sky.

-4-

There is a new maiden
Roving within me.
She carries a bow
And wears no armor.

When she walks
She walks only.
When she eats
She lives in her tongue.
When she makes love
She thinks of nothing;
Her skin dissolves
Into arcs of colored fire.



Innocence like the stubborn web of root
Pushing green and joyous toward the light.

Innocence rolling like thunder
The harsh sweet ruthless laughter of the rain.

--Cerridwen Fallingstar
Full Moon 9-8-84

WHY I'M WORKING WITH RECLAIMING

As I find myself spending a larger and larger portion of my free time doing magical work or working with Reclaiming, I naturally wonder about my motives and goals - about what I'm getting from Craft work and what I hope to get. I have attempted to answer my own questions, and I hope this very personal account will help other people to understand both Reclaiming and themselves. I'd love to see similar essays by other people.

First, I should make it clear that I'm in Reclaiming because it feels right to me. Not necessarily good all the time, but right. I can also justify much of what I've been doing with moderately rational arguments, but I've long been convinced that despite rationalizations, people ultimately base major decisions on feelings or intuitions anyway, so we might as well be honest about it.

Why it feels right is harder to say. Through Reclaiming, or with other people I've met through the Craft, I've been able to express and accept parts of myself that have seldom seen the light of day in the past. I get to perform - to stand up in front of people and do impressive things. I get to listen - to trances, invocations, check-ins, songs. I get to teach - to share my enthusiasm, to pass along what I learn. I draw and sing and write songs and essays, all with themes related to the Craft. I have a growing network of Crafty friends who share many of my concerns and with whom I share a variety of projects: classes, rituals, workshops, circles, a newsletter, meetings. I've never in my life shared so much time, effort, and creativity with a group - no matter how loosely defined - and I like that sharing.

All of this activity is centered around beliefs and feelings that are shared, more or less, by most of these people I work with. In fact, we share an ideology, although that word sounds awfully intellectual; much of what we share is pleasure in doing rather than in thinking. Nevertheless, the ideology does a lot for me in making sense of the activities and personal relationships.

For instance, the part of the Craft that's most important to me is feminist. Of course, what people mean by "feminism" varies. Personally, I think that our culture is about to destroy itself unless we can adopt a set of attitudes or values that I most often see embodied in women: empathy, emotional openness, love of peace, nurturance. Feminist imagery also flows nicely into ecological concerns (our modern version of a romantic Love of Nature) - the earth is our Mother; we must work with nature instead of trying to dominate her; wombs are important. My personal and vague version of anarchy has to do with the need to substitute a personal and intuitive sense of rightness for sets of "moral" laws and mass-media-generated values that deny and try to hide the ecological, economic, psychological, biological, and spiritual facts of life. We all experience these facts of life - either consciously, which makes us recognize and resent political and media heroes as liars; or unconsciously, which makes us resent ourselves for not paying attention to our bodies and for not being Mary Tyler Moore and/or Ronald Reagan.

Another part of my ideology is belief in the possibility of personal transformation. Through ritual, through trances and spells, through working with each other, we learn about and change ourselves. Witchcraft is applied psychology; we use symbolic actions, words, and objects to express and speak to our deep, unconscious selves. We aspire to magically speak for and affect the world around us as well.

However, I'm dubious about our success rate with the world in general, except maybe when it comes to getting Squat to intercede in the matter of parking spaces. (Oh Squat, I believe! I believe! I believe! Don't ever think I doubt you!)

Yes, I believe in "supernatural powers," especially in certain sorts of telepathy and psychic reading. I'm afraid, though, that we do a lot of wishful thinking; just thinking something doesn't make it so. On the other hand, I'm certain that visualizing what we want helps us to get it, and there are only two things in the world that feel as good to me as the sharing of energy and awareness that occurs in hot magical circles (and occasionally in other deeply felt group efforts, such as improvised music or building a house with friends.) (The other two things that feel this good to me are intensely shared sex and basking in a sense of personal accomplishment.)

I believe that everything is connected in ways we can understand only partially, and I think that sometimes our magical efforts succeed in altering those connections to more nearly correspond with what we will.

These beliefs, the people who share them, and the work we do together are the core of my experience of Reclaiming and the Craft. In addition, my personal psychological growth has been helped along by Craft work. As it happens, the transformation I most needed when I came to Reclaiming was to accept my own feminine nature; witches - both men and women - supported me in this. More recently, I've been trying to accept my masculine nature, which is still harder for me; I'd have even more trouble without the help of feminist ideology of the sort I defined (sort of) earlier. Given the troubles caused by such stereotypically masculine concepts as property, territoriality, aggression, competition, domination, and denial of vulnerability and tenderness, I'm not surprised that numerous people besides myself have felt they finally found a home when they found the feminist Craft. Many of us were so disillusioned before then that we no longer believed such a home could exist.

The Craft provides a vital framework for expressing basic human values which have been repressed and denied by technological civilization. We are still developing that framework, still trying to recover a balance in which masculine energy is only a part of our reality. And, at least for me, that framework is not just an intellectual construct, but a mix of ideology and activity, of ideas and fun, of political concerns and personal issues. I like what I'm doing with Reclaiming and I like why I'm doing it; that's a combination I've encountered only rarely in this life.

Rick Dragonstongue

****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.

Please send PAYMENT with COPY!

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

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.

The Wanderer

Where have you been today, you who go wandering?
Have you seen where my people still work in the sun?
Have you seen their proud city, hills, ocean, bay, and islands;
hillsides all golden as the work day is done?

I've seen the sad city, high heels and grim offices;
crowds underground where the trains screech and roar;
papers and lunatics blown through the cold canyons;
or there's glare on your windshield and nothing much more.

Then call to my people.

I doubt they'll be listening.

Tell them to gather.

They'll be watching TV.

Teach them the names of the gods and the goddesses.

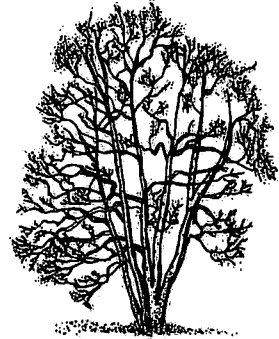
They're angry and scared, and
why should they trust me?

The wanderer went out and called to the people,
and told them of jealousy, madness, and war,
seduction for profit, and death-willed destruction,
the hills in a blinding flash to bloom nevermore.

When he had spoken, the trees and the grasses
that dance in the sun stopped in sadness a while;
then gently the wind set them singing their songs again,
singing, Soon all may end, so we'll dance for this while.

Where have you been today, you who go wandering?
Have you seen where my people still work in the sun?
Have you seen their proud city, hills, ocean, bay, and islands;
hillsides all golden as the work day is done?

- Rick Dragonstongue



~~~~~  
Noe Valley Poetry Series presents Cerridwen Fallingstar's Poetry and Prose of Magic  
Feb 24th., 7:30pm, Noe Valley Ministry, 1021 Sanchez St., San Francisco \$3.00  
~~~~~

Considering Ritual

Reclaiming has been discussing ritual, what makes good ritual--what works
and what does not. We are interested in meeting, beginning perhaps early in Jan-
uary, to study and discuss ritual-making. People who have taken Reclaiming
classes, Reclaiming collective members, and people in Reclaiming-connected
covens or circles who are interested, please call Arachne or Robin, 346-5257.

~~~~~  
**GAY MALE PAGANS NEEDED** to form or join a coven, please call if interested,  
emphasis on reclaiming both the Goddess and the God, KURT 753-6709.  
~~~~~

Korythalia is an initiatory school devoted to Faery Tradition Witchcraft. We offer an intensive and carefully structured training in the magical arts, including meditation, purification, internal balancing, alchemical androgyny, guided fantasy, energy work, the use of magical tools, operative magic, and ritual. Our training is focussed on the Faery Tradition, and utilizes techniques drawn from many mystical schools. Classes meet weekly, and there is a fee of \$30 per month.

In addition, there is an ongoing training circle, open by invitation to more advanced students, in which pre-initiatory training occurs. There is no fee for the training circle, for the women's circle now forming, or for initiation.

Classes are taught primarily by Caradoc ap Cador, who has been a student of Victor Anderson since 1971, and a Faery initiate for 10 years. An introductory two-month class will begin in January. For information, call 386-3138.



tools of magick

UMA'S OCCULT SHOP 668-3132
1915 PAGE ST. SF, CA. 94117
Classes in Magickal Techniques.
Tarot Readings Tarot Cards, Books,
Incense, Jewelry, Amulets,
Talismans, Herbs, Oils and more!
Occult Arts and Crafts
accepted on consignment.



**THE
JOURNEY TAPES™**
"music based relaxation ..."

- music to soothe
- tools for teachers
- parables for growth
- faith in beauty
- affirmations in love

Write or call for Free Catalog

P.O. Box 261668 P
San Diego, California 92126
(619) 578-1948

LURAMEDIA

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 is a collective of San Francisco Bay Area women and men working to unify spirit and politics. Our vision is rooted in the religion and magic of the Goddess—the Immanent Life Force. We see our work as teaching and making magic—the art of empowering ourselves and each other.

In our classes, workshops, public rituals, and individual counseling, we train our voices, bodies, energy, intuition, and minds. We use the skills we learn to deepen our strength, both as individuals and as community, to voice our concerns about the world in which we live and to bring to birth a vision of a new culture.

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

BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
San Francisco, CA
Permit No. 13025

