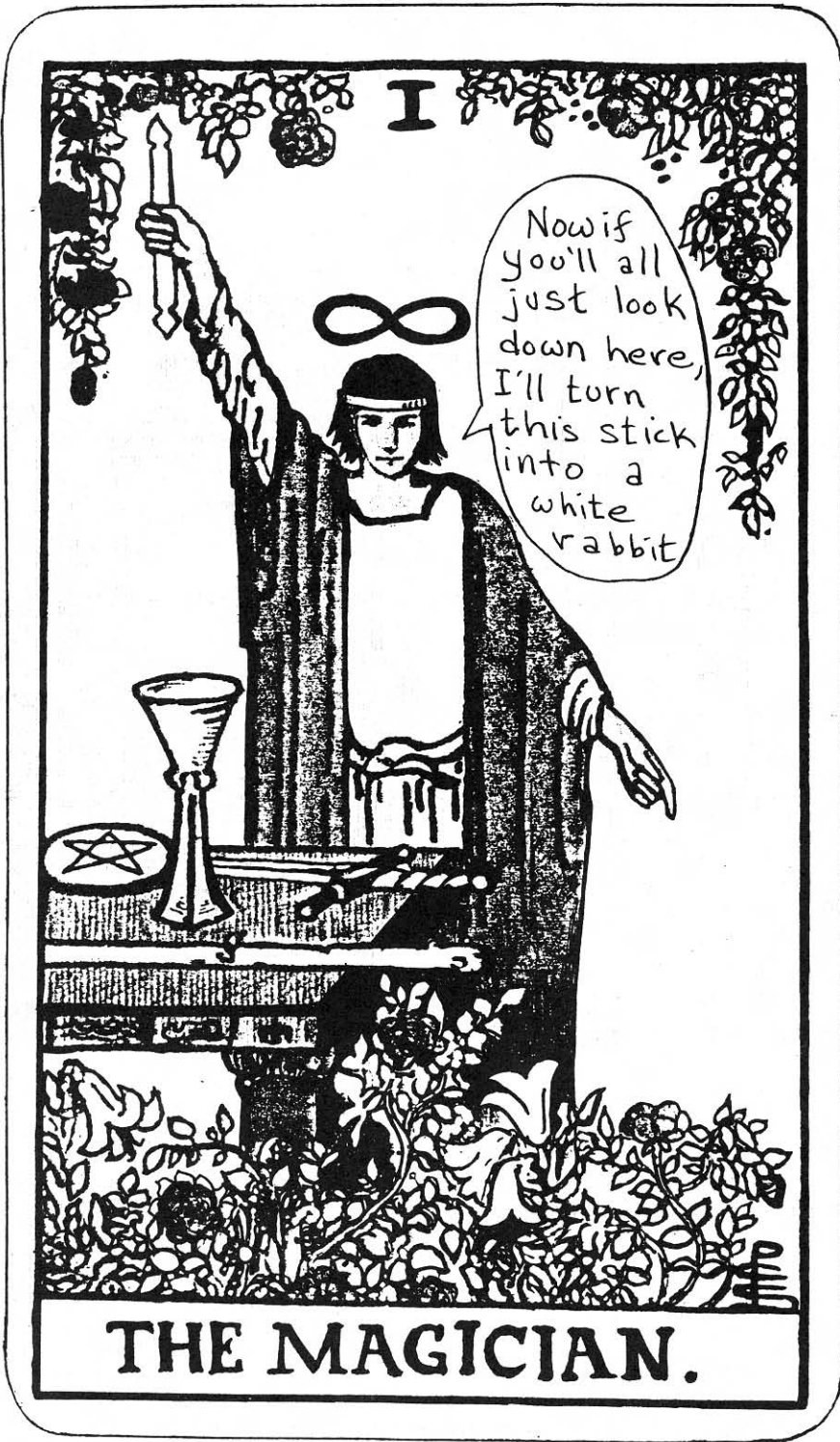


RECLAIMING SPRING

NEWSLETTER • 1986  
No. 22



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**Events Line - 849-0877**

This phone recording, listed under Reclaiming in Berkeley, carries announcements which come up too late to be put in the newsletter; it's also a phone number to contact us (but be aware we can't always reply quickly). If you have news of interest, please pass it on. We appreciate comments. Messages can be left on the machine or sent to the P.O. box; remember to say where we can reach you with questions, and allow plenty of time.

- The Recording Faerie

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

The opinions expressed in the articles and advertisements in this Newsletter belong to the individual authors and do not necessarily reflect the attitudes or opinions of the newsletter staff or other Reclaiming members.

**SUBMISSIONS**

*Don't send graffiti!!* **PLEASE SEND US YOUR GRAPHICS!**

The Newsletter staff encourages more non-Reclaiming people to submit articles, paragraphs, or graphics related to political, pagan, or spiritual issues and happenings. Please understand that due to limited space we cannot print (and anyway might not want to print) everything submitted.

Submissions, whether we print them or not, eventually find their way into our cauldron, so please keep copies for yourself.

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 a 3 3/4" column, justified preferred). We will not take responsibility for chasing down late material.

The spring newsletter deadline is May 15. Send material to **RECLAIMING, Newsletter, P.O. Box 14404, San Francisco, CA 94114.**

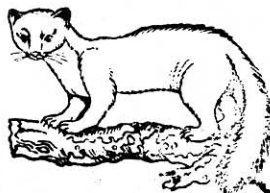
**HELP! WE NEED YOUR BLOOD!** If you can donate blood into Reclaiming's account (#1913) at Irwin Memorial Blood Bank (567-6400 for information/appointment), please do so. If you or a loved one need blood for surgery, etc., contact Rose at 641-5836 for transfer. If the Goddess blesses you with good health, please share and give the gift of life. And many thanks to our donors.

Among other sweet fragrances of spring, there are those that waft off of the flowers of personhood who typed and laid out this issue: Leslie O'Bergin, Rick Dragonstongue, Robin K., Vibra, Rose, and Roy. May you sniff with pleasure.



THE

SUBSCRIBERS  
BLESSED BE



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FOR BEGINNERS: CHARGING AN OBJECT WITH A WAND  
-- By Rose May Dance ©

As Witches, we learn to shape and shift energy. The firey stuff which we can draw through our bodies from the earth's center, the different quality energies from above and around us, can be projected out the hands (among other places) directly, or through a wand. A wand is nice to use because it is often a piece of tree. Through it run pathways that are physically like the pathways in our own bodies, and the wand's shape can mold and thrust energy drawn through it into a graceful powerful line.

**MATERIALS:** altar, a candle, a wand, a libation and perhaps a snack (but plain water is always fine) and the object to be empowered.

Perhaps there is a charm, stone, or other object I wish to imbue with power toward a certain purpose: finding a home, learning to be more accepting, establishing self-confidence, attracting what I need, etc.

Having cast a circle of power around me, appealing for the presence of Earth, Air, Fire, and Water, and having called upon the help of the Goddess and God, I consecrate the object in whatever ritual way I like (just making it up as I go along), and I include plenty of visualization of what I want -- how it will be when I have achieved my desire.

I place the object on my altar or on the floor in front of my altar, in a featured position, and I have everything arranged beautifully.

Younger Self plays with her toys and sets the stage. I light a candle directly behind the object so I can use the flame to aid my focus, and I am ready to begin.

I stand facing this altar and begin to breathe.

I open myself and energy flows up from the center of the earth.

It comes up my roots which are lacing the ground beneath me up on the pattern extended on my breath, and my mind's eye

As I breathe in and out  
up and down

And up the nerve-like tendrilling pathways into my feet

Branching in on my toes and instep.  
Breathing up into my ankles,  
swirling round my calves

Up full into my knees which bend  
and stretch and rock

And warm up my thighs and up full  
and strong in my genitals

My cunt throbbing

As my belly fills with breath

The energy dances in my center wide  
and strong

I fill with power and expand

my heart

my lungs

my back

And stretch as my heart sings with  
power

And my mouth opens taking air  
to my belly

to the ground

As the magic rises up my throat  
to eyes

and mind

and I see -- know my purpose

And the power comes to the top of  
my head

And I straighten

and stretch

And power comes down again  
into my head  
and to my mouth  
As I begin to breathe out.  
It breathes through my heart  
and down my arms,  
Branching down the veins  
and muscle, sinew and bone  
nerves tingling  
fingers branching  
Reaching, and taking the wand.  
Feeling the energy of hand and wand  
as they meet, exchange greeting  
Feeling the energy of the wood  
the same pathways  
that flow through my hand,  
my arm  
the wood, the waterflow,  
the solidity

I point the wand to the ground  
Breathing energy up and down from  
the ground, above, around  
And breathing with the wand  
into the ground.

And I raise the wand above my head  
And feel the power above me  
with my wand  
which breathes with my hands and  
arm and center and my roots.

And I move and breathe  
with the wand  
And recall my purpose,  
As I gaze at the candle  
at my altar  
at the object

And I use my vision  
making magic  
creating my desire  
As I breathe and draw up the wand  
And point it toward the object  
perhaps touch the object with  
the wand

And I breathe and point  
and hone my vision,  
Hone and shape the energy  
And then I pull power in  
and let it go  
through the wand  
charging, charging,  
fire illuminating  
charging

And I ground  
through the wand  
into the object  
And into the ground

As I breathe down  
into the wand  
into the ground  
Breathe down  
Fall down  
Breathe down.  
Relax.  
Ground.  
Sigh.

I kiss the object, love it.  
Love myself.  
Bind the spell  
"Now let the power pass from me  
To where it was begun"  
(as I imagine tying the knots)  
"Chant the spell and be it done  
As I so will. So mote it be."

Pour libation, eat, make love, or  
celebrate as I like.

Open the circle, thanking the  
Earth, Air, Fire, Water,  
Goddess and God.  
Thanking everyone  
And thank you,  
beautiful wand  
Creature of Fire.



Blessed Be.

[Ed's note: Reclaiming has in the  
works a Workbook which will contain  
exercises such as this one --  
watch for details of our progress.]

Hi folks,

If I finish and mail this off, I'll be thrilled. I've been in a truly smothering writers slump for so long that it is rare I get anything done. But...here goes.

Your winter issue has an article about your September meeting which excites me. I am pleased by the voices of diversity and thrilled that some of my own feelings are matched in so far away a place. Maybe I'm ok?

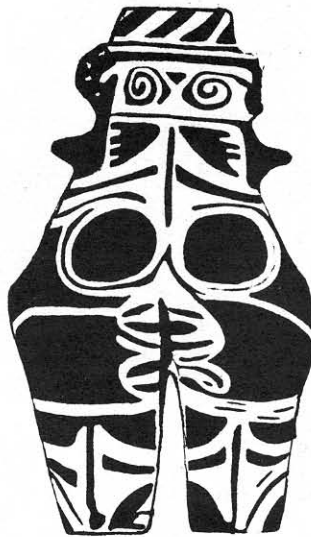
I felt like laughing with the part about the role of men and male energies. It's so funny because, you see, along with my writing block has come a mailing block. I did not subscribe to Reclaiming, my husband did -- in my name. He assumed his male energy would not be appreciated even as a subscriber! I hope he read every line of that article.

The concept of the All-that-is superceding gender dieties struck a cord for me. I suspect that what we are doing is relating to real Powers when we relate to gender di-

eties but in the sense that we are painting the Source the colors of our gut-level windows. When I feel "All-that-Is" I trance into a meditational flow. It is far from something I communicate with since It is me in a sense -- an overwhelming sense which makes my problems of life and growth and development mere momentary entertainment. But when I want to deal with this life, this incarnational Dance, the way I relate to "Gods" is in human terms and that often boils down to gender-identification. I don't usually deal with the "male" side but when I do, the insights are helpful, the magic useful. If I don't deal with a God as much as a Goddess, it is due to my own needs, not the validity or lack thereof of anything in the male side of my being. I'm still dealing with old pain.

Thank you all for being there and saying things to wake us up.

Blessed Be,  
Penny  
Charlemont, MA





Inward Drum

Turning from day's tired scream  
from torn factions of space  
against flat agonies of light

Curving unseen  
around the stillpoint  
Stalking the silent fire

Lifting on columns of breath  
Turning through diamond time  
Sailing, on tunneled sound  
the perfect air  
All the storm's power  
poised  
a delicate instant  
in balance  
with eternity

Night becomes motionless  
Hidden sight touches my eyes  
that see across to stars

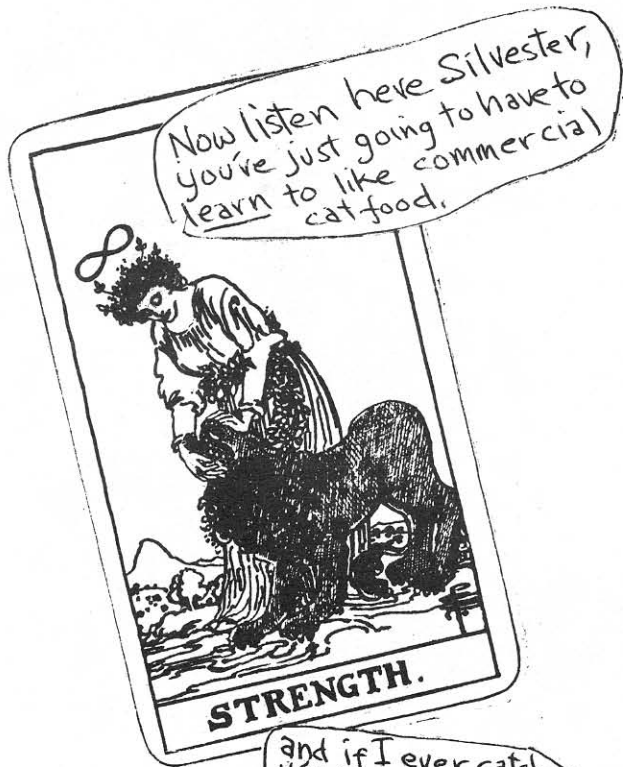
Awakening in a sea of awful joy  
Unknowing in a terrible miracle

Roy King

after life  
to have come  
where day and dark  
have mated  
and are one

to have loved the moon openly  
in her endless night  
and turning from the road at noon  
wondered at the light  
behind the cryptic sun

formed in unremembered seasons  
i return  
having heard the silent wind  
and drunk  
with mystic trees  
from starry streams  
and learned the arts of hunger  
and release



cards by Waite.  
captions by King

## REVIEW

The Secrets of the Tarot: Origins, History and Symbolism by Barbara G. Walker.  
Harper and Row, San Francisco, 1984.

Reviewed by Robin Kreger

I found The Secrets of the Tarot an absorbing introduction to various religious philosophies that influenced European thought before Christianity and continued to remain popular, though heretical, long after Christianity waxed to secular power. Walker introduces the Major Arcana as pages of a "book" to instruct in religious thought for people who do not read. Each card-page is a stage in a journey to spiritual growth. In her explanations Walker often mentions alternative names for the cards that have appeared on some ancient tarot decks, often linking cards to Goddesses and Gods of the Pagan religion. She gives oodles of lore about how Pagan celebrations became "carnivals" and "pageants" in which deities were often made humorous or clownish in order to pass under the noses of the Church "Fathers." She often traces the theme on each card back to Gnostic or Tantric roots.

This is where my difficulty with the book arises. The section on each card is small and packed with information. Unfortunately, schools of thought are included with little attempt to prioritize or to give background on what **else** that school might espouse. For example, Stoic thought is cited as influencing the symbolism on at least one card. No further explanation is given about stoic beliefs or their emphasis on asceticism. Many other religions and philosophies that I am not familiar with are included in snippet form as well. I wonder about those that I know less about than the Stoics. I especially worry because there seems to be no attempt to separate more patriarchal or blatantly sexist religions from the more matrifocal religious philosophies.

While in general her book asserts the Tarot as the book of a Goddess-centered religion, Walker seems most influenced by Tantric and

Gnostic thought, which may or may not be the religions of the Tarot's origins. She seems to include religions that, while they may worship a Goddess (in addition to God), may also be sexist and injurious to women. The most glaring example of her own sexism is that the person she sees taking this spiritual journey laid out by the tarot is clearly male. She makes no attempt to include females as spiritual seekers, even though she explains that many of the cards reveal women as the spiritual leaders of the pre-Christian communities.

Despite my misgivings, this book did get me thinking. It is a well-researched detailing of meanings of Tarot symbols in their context of world religious philosophy. She has a large bibliography and I am drawn to find out more about the philosophies she describes, especially because they have obviously influenced heavily the version of the Craft I would like to become adept in. This book does not seem as useful to beginners in the Tarot. Walker makes very little attempt to tie the symbolic/religious meanings of the cards directly to their use as forces in an individual's life or card reading. Similarly, she gives only sketchy explanations of spreads and their use. In general, her writing seems more "thought" than "channeled;" she seldom seems to deeply understand the philosophies she explains. It is a fascinating history of the Tarot, however, putting its symbolism in its world-wide context. For someone like me who finds myself dissatisfied with every deck I pick up, and prefers to unearth the thoughts behind the symbols **before** they were changed by such ceremonialists as the Golden Dawn boys, this book is an invaluable tool. It is also enjoyable reading chock full of myths and lore (not at all "stodgy philosophy"). Robin says check it out.







"ENERGY FOLLOWS ATTENTION"

-- Cybele

Magically, we know that our intention -- focussed attention -- is key to our work. Directed attention can move energy through a burning candle, creating a psychic blueprint for manifestation.

I want to talk about the role of attention and awareness in the process of embodiment, and its relation to rhythm and timing. I will draw on my experiences working within a coven and solo, presenting some ideas that help me understand and work **BODILY** with myself and within a group. These concepts came to me through the Lomi School where I trained as a bodyworker last spring, particularly from my teachers Richard Heckler and Wendy Palmer.




In working magic we

- 1) begin where we are,
- 2) work with the larger focus present.

It is the second of these foundations that drew me into Witchcraft initially -- I had a deep longing to acknowledge and celebrate seasonal changes and lunar phases with others; connecting inner change with outer change, a desire for harmonious rhythm in community. I found that "beginning where we are" presupposes self-awareness. My circle became a mirror in which I saw pieces of myself reflected again and again. I got self-awareness whether I liked it or not.

Often I did not like it as I was forced to confront my neurotic stuck patterns, my "conditioned tendency" over and over. Ugh. My outsiderliness surfaced, supported by a strong paranoia; bodily I found that while I internally listed the difference-betweens, they're-better-thans, and I-don't-belongs, I began contracting my chest, throwing my head forward while tightening my jaw and eyes. Becoming aware of these reactions let me begin to create antidotes for them by consciously softening my chest, breathing more deeply and relaxing my neck, jaw and eyes. As I do this I hear my contracted, paranoid thoughts soften and begin to drop away. Listening to and working with my bodily sensations has proved more effective than having a shouting match with my mind.

Bringing this somatic awareness into time and issues of timing can be accomplished by using this organic map: Awakening, Increasing, Containing, and Completing. As Pagans we're used to paying attention to these cyclic phases while tracking lunar changes and moving with the Wheel of the Year. They also work as a tool for enhancing bodily and behavioral self-awareness. I'm going to use teaching a magic class as an example of my process moving through these phases and show how I work with my conditioned tendency to balance myself.



Awakening my energy is generally easy for me. The new moon always feels exciting to me. As we begin to plan the class I get all fired up -- I talk fast, wave my arms around, interrupt, joke and laugh. It feels great. What I say to myself is that I'm excited about the content of the forthcoming class. This is true but more basically I get off on the creative volley of ideas that happens in the initial stages of planning.

The increasing energy begins to get wobbly for me, literally. I lose contact with my feet, getting unbalanced and ungrounded. In the waxing energy I get carried away by the ideas. My conditioned tendency is to squeeze my ribcage in on itself like an accordion. This is an unconscious effort to slow down and ground. However I've already been swept off my feet so this chest squeezing makes me topheavy. It also becomes hard to breathe, which makes me claustrophobic and anxious. As the increased energy waxes into fullness and really calls for containment -- limiting decisions -- I can get to feeling quite overwhelmed. The image I get is of blowing up a balloon -- suddenly it's bigger than I am and rolls over and starts to crush me. If I don't notice this process soon enough I end up feeling collapsed in my torso as my mind still rages, I then become irritable and snap at people in an attempt to make some breathing space for myself.

Containment without a base is burdening rather than supportive. Squeezing my chest together in an attempt to contain all the energy rushing through me only worsens the situation. If I ground by paying

attention to the sensations in my pelvis, legs, and feet, I can become contained enough to move through the steps of planning and teaching the class more effectively and good-naturedly.

Completion follows containment as the dark moon follows the full. With completion my conditioned tendency is to hang on or abruptly cut the cord and disappear. Now I like getting swept away -- but I hate letting go of the rush. As a result, the classes I co-teach tend to run overtime and I end up feeling drained. This is ironic because I chose to do rituals in the first place because I could "let go" within the safety of the circle.

In sacred space it is both safe and Kosher to blend and merge with the group, the Elementals and the God/Dess. This "letting go" is really a matter of containment within the circle. When it comes to the letting go of completion, which involves separation -- I hang on like a snapping turtle. This is a distortion in my sense of timing. As a teacher I will eventually be startled by an external awareness of the time and realize we need to stop. My sensation is of slamming back into myself. I hike my shoulders around my ears, clench all over and bark rather abruptly. Inside I feel feeble and fearful so I overcompensate and get butch about it. When I stay grounded and contained within myself during class I can feel the need to wind down and can orchestrate the ending of class more gracefully. Admittedly, completion is a part of the cycle that I know little about doing in a sane and healthy way. Free and complete exhalation is the strongest tool I have to work with here.





Looking at life patterns in terms of this four-phased rhythm of excitement can be useful in many areas -- relationships, health, work, sexuality, and creativity. For example, I have found a lot out about my shadow in this way. Through this awareness I'm beginning to live in a more cooperative and unified relationship with her. For all my raving against "white-lighters" and "light-sided blissninnies" I realized I was pushing the dark in me away, forever fleeing from my shadow, or trying to fix her. Lately, I am working with accepting her -- paranoid, fearful, irritable, dreamy, ungrounded spirit that she is, I am.

The attention I've put into refining my somatic awareness has brought more energy to my bodily life. I have more sensations than

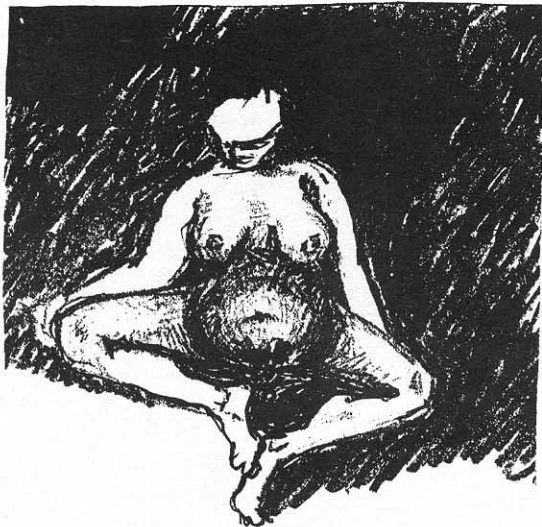
I used to, which makes me feel more alive. The attention I put into becoming aware of my conditioned tendency brings energy to my intuition. The heightened awareness of paranoia has a grain of truth in it. If I work to stay embodied and consciously create antidotes for the worst of the physical/emotional/mental contractions of the paranoia, what is true of the intuition will linger with me. (Gifts from compost!)

When I was in Arcathea Coven I learned a lovely song which has this phrase in it:

"Find the way to freedom

Buried in the ground."

In the earth of sensation I am finding freedom, buried in the ground of my body. I wish that these concepts and energetic maps bring you closer to yourself and free you.



For further information about the process of embodiment, check out Richard Heckler's book THE ANATOMY OF CHANGE.

"We need to listen to our body more sincerely and with greater attention. Instead of avoiding or rationalizing our feelings and sensations, we need to hear them as information that can guide and heal us. These points of discomfort are doorways that we can use to begin living in our body.... When we begin to open to and live in our body, whether through pain or joy, a whole new universe of alternatives becomes available to us."

THE ANATOMY OF CHANGE, East/West Approches to Body/Mind Therapy by Richard Strozzi Heckler. (Shambhala, 1984)

## HANNAH'S HOUSEHOLD HINTS

-- by Hannah Clancy

Well it seems to me that a whole lot of you lovely people have forgot all about the holy sacred principle taught to you by your grandmothers all about how now it is spring and it is time to clean your house. Right this second there are millions of people sitting in that big movie house in Purgatory and not only are they being humiliated by having to listen to what they said to their dearly best beloved friends at breakfast but also the miracle of the holy mother's magic photography makes it Very Clear that the dining room floor hasn't been washed.

Now do you want to watch that movie? No, you do not. I know that usually I open this column with a little story or even at least a greeting, because it is a terrible shock to people's nervous systems to start hearing about household hints when they aren't prepared, but I am just so upset I could spit. And does anybody write to me and ask, Hannah, now really, what am I to do? No, they do not. I have got only one phone call in the last three months, from some earnest pagan seeking help with daily life, and that was from some dear soul whose back stairs had fallen off.

Now I can understand that missing back stairs can cause a terrible household problem, especially when the dogs slip out of the little parachutes when they go out, but I want you all to understand that if your back stairs have fallen off, it is Just Too Late.

\*\*\*\*\*

Well I must say I am feeling much better now. I went and had some nice breakfast which was made for me including coffee and I want

to tell you all that I have been very busy but I never forget all the wonderful dear pagans who are all working so hard in their lives to admire the goddess and make a nice place for her in their homes, and as you know I have often told you that sometimes the only household hint I can give you is to move but some of my holy sacred readers did that last week and frankly, I can't see that any of their houses are any cleaner, either where they stayed, which is the control group, or where they went, the experiment, so I will have to admit that it is maybe not so good a hint. Because I can see now that part of the mess is not the floor, which stays behind, but the boxes, which don't, and I would tell you to throw things out but you can't, I know, because everything you own is probably sacred to the great mother in one of her disguises.

So my new hint which I have just thought up is to pull all the furniture out on the lawn and then hose the house down. But be sure to turn off all the magical electric power or you will be watching the movies in Purgatory sooner than you planned.

Will the lady who cleaned her bathtub with sandpaper please stop writing me, because I can't find a copy of that column around here but I am Sure she misread it and also it is Not My Fault. Will that nice boy who said he would be my lawyer please give a call, as some of my mail has piled up.

I am very glad it is spring and now we are having a new start, and don't forget I love you all and drop me a line and ask questions, any of you, except for that lady, as I said.

Love, Hannah



the sacrificed

i entered the darkness  
a messenger, a warrior  
i screamed for reprieve  
an outcast, a captive  
my death was for you  
have you forgotten ?

i was turned in a thicket  
wound in my entrails

held from the air  
i breathed the black water

impaled, i died begging  
for death to come quicker

i saw my blue heart  
cut out of my body

in hot oil i swam  
my belly exploding

i was torn by the teeth  
of starving, caged creatures

i stood in the fire  
blood hissing, bone cracking  
i swallowed the flames  
and choked on the stench

i died for  
victory, for  
truth, for  
the seasons, for  
purity, for  
the gods, i died for  
all reasons

i hung from the tree  
in rage, unforgiving

broke slow on the rack  
in the pit of a dungeon

i was drawn in four quarters  
in pain unendurable

i died in the winter  
of pox, in the stockade

i entered the ovens  
broken, unseeing

i die in your prison  
my homeland a wreckage

i die in the napalm  
the nerve gas, the A-bomb

you touch my death daily  
have you forgotten ?

i rise up, from ages  
from earth, worn and bitter  
an obscene human specter  
i walk your lost highway

i haunt your dead power  
your frail dream, your sad comfort  
by your fear of my spirit  
i curse your dead life

by the need of my killing  
my curse is your shadow  
no life in your living  
'til you walk through my darkness

'til you seek and embrace me  
you live in my death  
'til you answer my silence  
you are dead in your life



ACT OF FAITH

"You wouldn't have liked being here in 1692."

--Caption on Salem Witch Museum brochure

In the gift shop, they sell  
relics of the holocaust.  
Cute, blond witches stir  
cauldrons on T-shirts;  
bottles of "Haunted Air"  
fetch a buck and two bits.  
The cards I buy to send  
(an in-joke for friends)  
say Salem is Witch City--  
but add that, these days,  
no one takes it seriously.

The houses still stand,  
like old ships in drydock:  
big brick four-masters  
with a chimney at each corner,  
railing for a captain's walk  
where old men paced  
the windy roof,  
watching the harbor empty  
and fill again with fishing boats,  
while Mandarin vases  
glowed like concubines  
in closed rooms below.

This one, marked  
"Witch House" on my map,  
was really the judge's--  
a wooden dungeon  
with windows  
to let out the darkness,  
where they sentenced  
one man to be crushed,

slowly, by stones,  
until he confessed  
or chose Christian death.

In the churchyard,  
judges and victims  
turn back to living  
earth. The stones  
are dead from words  
carved into them.  
This is the same way  
they mark graves  
from wars that shaped  
the world's history.  
Only the names  
have been changed.

I'm safe, since  
no one believes in me  
here. At sunset  
I go to sit on the pier.  
This stone at least  
is unmarked, save  
by wind and water.  
Or so I thought--  
but looking closer  
I find that someone  
not long ago  
left me their name,  
a date, and traced  
on the concrete  
a five-pointed star.

--Eric Tanafon

# R

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# lasses



## RITUAL AS A TOOL FOR FREEDOM: An Evening of Talk and Ritual -- by Starhawk

An evening of Talk and Ritual with Starhawk, drawing on work from her forthcoming book, TRUTH OR DARE: ENCOUNTERS WITH POWER, AUTHORITY, AND MYSTERY. Friday, May 9th, 8:00. Call Events Line -- 849-0877 for location. Sliding scale \$4 - \$7.



## RITUAL WORKSHOP WITH STARHAWK AND RICK DRAGONSTONGUE

A workshop is being planned for the first or second week of May. Call Events Line -- 849-0877 for subject matter, date, place, and sliding scale.



## ELEMENTS OF MAGIC FOR WOMEN AND MEN

by KayKat and Rick Dragonstongue

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

We begin the practice of magic and Goddess spirituality by working with the elements of magic: earth, air, fire, water and spirit. Techniques include: visualization, sensing and projecting energy, chanting, trance, creating magical space, and structuring rituals. Beginning 6-week course, starting Wednesday, May 21. Sliding scale \$45-90. Call Rick -- 731-2159 to register.



## WOMAN DANCE by Melusine

I would like to offer a workshop and a series of classes of Middle Eastern, North African and Shamanistic dances. (Men are welcome also -- but women may have exclusive classes if they prefer.) These classes will entail the history, ritual and actual practice of Pagan and ancient customs of the Middle East -- including the Ouled Nail, the Tuareg Coedra, and Turkish dance. Themes include trance, childbirth, women's mysteries, prophecy, Goddess worship and plain old fashioned fun. It is not strenuous; all ages and bodies can benefit and are welcome. I can provide music, instruction, demonstration, etc, but I do not have space. Call Melusine 845-1159 for fees, dates, and offer of space, or further information.



and



Events



**\* \* \* NO RECLAIMING APPRENTICESHIP PROGRAM THIS YEAR! \* \* \***

Reclaiming has decided not to have an apprenticeship program ("Witch Camp") this year. Starhawk's finishing a new book and offering lectures and workshops around the country; Rose and others are working on a "work book" that will include lesson plans and exercises from our classes; Vibra, Bone, Robin, Arachne, and others are working on a tape of chants; Raven, Kat, DT, Bone, Sean, and others are teaching ongoing classes. And we had a wonderful Spiral Dance at Samhain, but it left many of us tired just when we might have been planning for witch camp.

Many of us feel inclined to hold another witch camp in 1987, but we probably won't decide for certain until this fall. In the mean time, we offer apologies to anyone whom we've encouraged to count on a program this year--especially to those of you who responded to the notice in **Woman of Power**.

And remember, we're good but not great; all you really need is three sleeping bags and a couple of friends; roll your own.



**NO MORE FREEBIES! NO MORE FREEBIES!**

Starting with the next issue, Reclaiming will charge \$1.00 for newsletters available at stores, unless we get a sudden increase in local subscriptions. We regret doing this, but despite all the notices in the last issue, subscriptions have not increased significantly, and we need to have the newsletter come closer to supporting itself. If you really can't afford this, let us know.



## A WRONG RITE

Robin Kreger

No one ever talks about why  
women cry  
at weddings

They say  
"Oh, it's because I'm so happy"  
or they say  
"Oh, I'm losing a daughter"

and everyone smiles  
thinking the women  
are so sentimental  
and so silly

to cry  
at weddings

no one ever notices  
the dark  
in every light

the death  
in every birth

and hope and loss are linked

"this is a happy event,"  
it is so strange  
that women should cry

but they do cry

perhaps the mother mourns  
the child who dies  
as the woman  
is birthed

She remembers the  
closing of a door  
that was her own wedding

her final goodbye  
to knee skinings and  
being read to  
and soothed goodnight

the mother remembers  
having herself stood  
before that altar

mother and daughter  
telescoping into one

as each face,  
blankly virgin, the  
life ahead of dirt and  
blood and reading  
and soothing

perhaps the women know,  
as only they can, what  
darkness lies  
ahead at weddings

but without words  
to say that  
with ("this is a  
happy occasion")

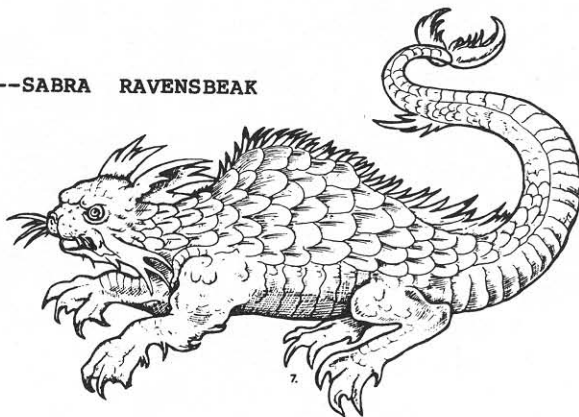
they can only cry  
when at weddings.







PRAIRIE FAIRIES --SABRA RAVENSBEAK



The Prairie Fairies came into existence in the summer of 1983 as an affinity group of six women and our supporters (both women and men). We "crossed the line" (committed civil disobedience) on August 6 at Offutt Air Force Base near Omaha, as part of the largest demonstration ever held there. Ever since, we keep busy being "offensive and undignified" -- according to the local christian peace activists -- in our insatiable desire to express our contempt for the established patriarchal order.

Like the prairies native to this area, we are both firmly rooted in the earth and moved by our needs, desires, and reactions to our environment. After many hassles and discussions we are at present working with the local christian and non-radical peace movement when it pleases us. Speaking for myself, I don't feel like I'm really protesting if I can't be who I truly am: a wild heathen with a Bad Attitude.

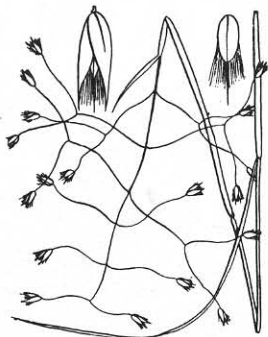
Inspired by the KGB, we have come up with a potent substance called Fairie Dust, and we go around in small groups "dusting" various places. Our targets include the Chamber (pot) of Commerce, FBI, Federal Marshals, and various reaction-

ary businesses. Some of us find satisfaction in spitting on military hardware and places where generals live.

Another favorite pastime is harassing "important" white men who come to Omaha. Al Haig came on Oct. 31, 1985, and was greeted by a few dedicated Prairie Fairies in full Halloween regalia. When Henry Kissinger came to town a whole new organization came into being. The Water Buffalo Brigade is a group dedicated to the memory of animals, plants, and people destroyed by Henry the K's bombing of Cambodia, as well as his other atrocities.

Another offshoot of the Prairie Fairies, the Big Girls, planned our latest action at Offutt AFB. Since praying and doing civil disobedience haven't had much of an effect, we are trying a new approach: we have parties on our side of the line and invite the "boys" to join us. Our question to them is: "We know you're ready to kill ... but are you ready to Party?"

We would like to connect with other pagans who are doing similar stuff, to exchange ideas, energy, and support.





## THE STORY OF OSIRIS



A non-standard version  
created by **Dragonstongue**  
from various sources.



Geb and Nut, the ancient ones, had a daughter, Isis, except that some say Isis was the mother of everything. And Geb and Nut had two sons. The oldest, dark-skinned and handsome Osiris, was made ruler of Egypt, and married Isis. Every day he walked through the twelve parts of his land, and birds sang at the brightness of his passing, and the fields of grain grew tall and quivered and danced, and the reeds sang his name along with the name of Isis. And people said Osiris was the light of the sun, and even flowers turned to look as he went by.

And the people also loved the second son, Set, although Set was light-skinned and covered with coarse red hair like the wild ass of the desert. And, in fact, Set had long ears and a harsh voice that people laughed at. When he walked through the lands sometimes he would help carry the grain from the fields, or would let people ride his back from place to place, for he was strong. But he would always complain bitterly about the work he did, and his complaints became a legend, and although the people loved Set, they laughed whenever he opened his mouth, and sometimes, when he was most like an ass, they beat him.

And so Set grew bitter, and decided to kill his brother. And so he lay in ambush in the heat of the day when all the people were resting in the cool of their homes. In the afternoon Set came up behind Osiris and stabbed him in the heart with a knife. Then Set threw the body into a casket and pushed it out to float down the Nile, to be carried far out to sea.

And the land grew hotter, because when Osiris was murdered the sun stopped in the sky. Beneath the unmoving sun the land grew dry. Unripe grain turned brown before it ripened, leaves withered on the trees, and even the reeds fell over on the hardened mud. The birds stopped singing, or croaked horribly through their parched throats.

The people began to curse the sun, and cried out to their mother Isis, "Isis! Mother! We're dying! We're dying!"

And Isis came to see what was the matter, and heard that Set had murdered Osiris. Then Isis began to cry, and the water of her tears brought some relief to the land. She found a barge to carry her down the river, and she searched for many days, through many lands. But at last Isis found the casket, and brought it back to Egypt, and hid it in some reeds for safekeeping.

But Set heard of his brother's return, and sought out the casket, and cut Osiris' body into fourteen pieces, and, laughing loudly, carried them across all the lands of Egypt, leaving a piece here and a piece there, so Osiris could not be found.

Then Isis went weeping through the land, searching for the pieces of Osiris. And still the sun was stopped, and people were fainting, and they thanked Isis for her tears. At last Isis found thirteen of the pieces of Osiris, all but his cock, and carried the pieces to the underworld. There she arranged the pieces and bound them all together with cloth and ointments, and Isis made a new phallus of clay for her brother/husband Osiris. Isis breathed on Osiris, and spread her arms over him like wings, and cried out, "Rise, Osiris! Rise, my son!!" And in that dark place he rose like a new man, and there he lay in the dark with mother Isis. And in due time Isis gave birth to the boy Horus. And Osiris chose to stay in the dark lands, to welcome all travellers. But Isis took Horus to Egypt, and hid him in the reeds, against the day when he should grow strong.

And when the boy Horus was a little grown, Isis told him what Set had done. Horus set out at once, searching the twelve lands of Egypt, looking for his uncle Set. And Horus found Set, and stabbed him with a blade, and chopped his body to pieces and scattered



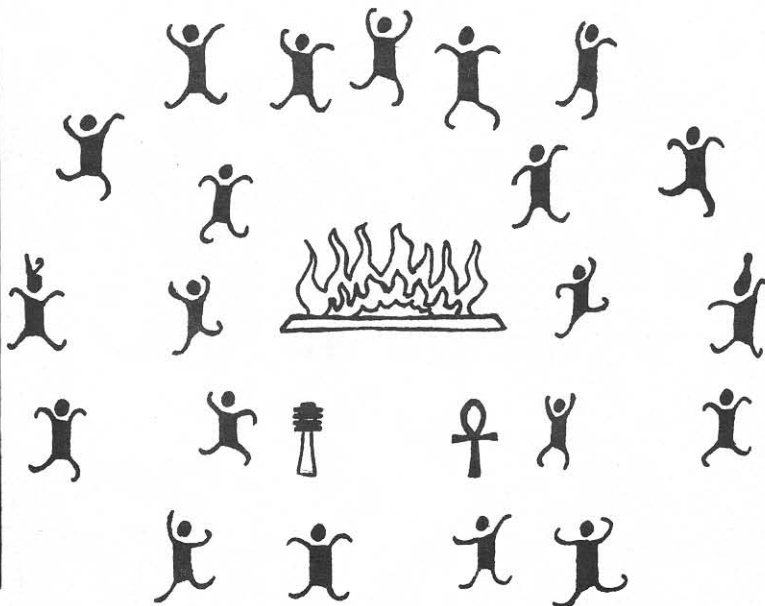
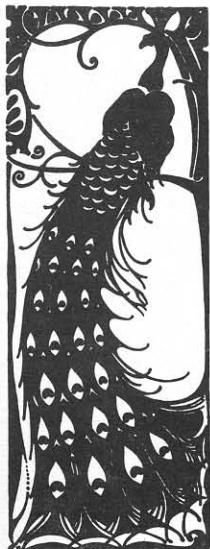
them, and took Set's genitals and sprinkled their blood across the land. Where Set's blood touched the ground, new grain sprouted, and the trees were heavy with fruit.

The sun moved again in the sky, and night followed day, and the land grew fertile. Each morning Horus walked through the land, and the grain grew tall and nodded and

danced, and even the flowers turned to watch as he walked by. And people said Horus was the light of the rising sun, and they called him Osiris-Born-Again, the child of Isis and Osiris. And Osiris, in the other world, is remembered as the blessing of darkness, the blessing of death. And Set's blood makes the land fertile, feeds the crops; and people thank him for his trouble, and sometimes laugh.

---

**Invocation:** Mother, hear your children call, and send us Osiris, brother of Isis, who rises and lies with his sister and makes a child. And Harpocrates-Horus, son of Isis, born out of death -- come, star of morning, lend us your dawn-light! And Set, the ass in each of us! Be here now!



FATHER AS THRESHOLD GUARDIAN

Loom up,  
Take me to freedom,  
Our kind cannot be made slaves.  
You pull me through courage  
I am born knowing the  
    way which you  
    show me.  
Our worship of horses  
    will cause us to  
    travel far.  
Another threshold my dearest,  
    which one is this,  
    there have been so  
    many.  
The Way has been  
    with us long,  
    it seems it was  
    always.  
I stand in the center  
    the rays going  
    out from me,  
I journey south,  
    where I perform  
    acts of incest  
    with my father  
    and human sacrifice.  
(How evil our people)  
We floated to Asia,  
    our peapod was green  
    and vertigo,  
Our pleasure was to run  
    naked with the horses, but you  
    took me too far and  
    were lost from me.  
I am returning North now  
    to speak with silence,  
The red of sunset  
    too unbearably red.







## MOTHER AS THRESHOLD GUARDIAN

Entered in grace,  
a passage of agony.  
You bathe me in mirrors  
which pass through my skin without  
entering,  
your insanity writhes like a petulant snake,  
you are ravishing at night like  
    velvetine black  
    waxy waxed air.  
You descend from the Spanish Queen,  
    my father  
a servant in your house.  
You take me under  
but I do not come.  
You bury me so that worms  
crawl over my skin but do not touch me.  
You make me to live,  
and yet I die,  
    oh petulance  
    of snakes and  
prisons of gold bars which do not hold.  
I pass through your fires  
again and again  
yet am I still to be burned.  
You say there is no power  
to be found in the hair  
yet they continue to cut yours,  
oh mighty nun of hell,  
your skin is flailed  
    slowly,  
your shackles,  
    they creak a lullabye  
        to me.  
How this empty box stares out at me,  
touchable,  
but I cannot see it.  
You lead me to waters too  
    bitter to drink,  
yet I drink my thirst,  
    yet I eat of my hunger.  
O Mother, strange Guardian  
of the dark sources,  
robbed in our cradles,  
I pass through your portal  
    but will not follow.





SOME THOUGHTS ON SHAMANISM IN THE PAGAN COMMUNITY  
by Bob Gustafson, Mohawk Nation

An oft-told story in Indian country concerns a Plains elder who traveled to Washington, DC to express a long-standing grievance with the Bureau of Indian Affairs. In an effort to butter the old man up, the BIA official took him out to dinner at an expensive restaurant and told him he could have whatever he wanted on the menu. The old man promptly ordered a steak and made quick work of it when it was served. Seeing the elder's still-hungry look, the official told him to go ahead and order another. The old man did so and ordered and ate a third as well.

In awe, the BIA official said, "Gee, chief, I sure wish I had your appetite." To which the old man, shaking his head, replied, "You've stolen our land, taken nearly everything we have, and now you even want my appetite."

This story reflects the feelings of many of us as we watch non-Indian Pagans take over our traditional ways -- vision quests and sweat lodges, for example. The current vague, and often erroneous, articles and discussions of Shamanism in the Non-Indian Pagan community are the most recent and disturbing manifestations of this takeover.

Before delving into Native traditions, be they the Way of the Longhouse, the Sun Dance, or the Kiva, non-Indian Pagans should keep in mind the following points.

First and foremost is the fact that our Warriors have fought and died as recently as the last decade to defend and preserve our old ways. That struggle continues.

Second is the fact that all of our medicine ways are tribal and intended to serve the People. Ours is not a tradition where "you do your own thing."

Third, true sharing comes only between equals -- not between oppressor and oppressed. Let there be no mistake; we are still an oppressed People in our own homeland.

Fourth, our traditional elders do not advertise in the pages of New Age or in Pagan publications. Indeed, our traditional elders are among our most militant political leaders. Many of them urge total separation from the dominant society.

Fifth, Europe was once as tribal as we continue to be. Non-Indian Pagans have their own roots to draw upon.

Sixth, some of our spiritual leaders have taken under their wings a select number of non-Indians. In my experience, these have been people who have helped us in our struggle, e.g., non-Indian medics who served inside Wounded Knee. Learning our ways is a privilege that must be earned.

Finally, keep in your minds that my ancestors presented Dutch invaders with a two-row band of wampum. The two rows were to symbolize that the two cultures were intended to live separately, but in peace, on this continent. The wampum band still exists. Peace with justice is still a dream.

Oneh.



DESCENT'S REBUTTAL

by Harriet Louisa Jones

(dedicated to William Carlos Williams)

Rend the pomegranate  
for it is whole,  
then eat of it  
for hunger  
an intense yearning  
even,  
a realization, since what we thought  
we learned twisted  
what we knew  
rent the soul  
since then divided  
by a new objectivity  
(even though it should have been abandoned.)  
No lie is entirely a lie  
since the world it opens is always a place  
formerly  
unsuspected. A  
world can be swept under  
it can be misplaced  
but no holiness can be forever  
forgotten in the myths  
of holiness  
when this rent fruit causes  
us to remember  
our love of shadow  
alive for a reason  
as the crystal in caves  
awakes us now  
to what shines  
within us.  
The descent has a love  
of shadows  
as pilgrims  
rise.  
The inward  
journey down to the  
depths  
accomplishes more  
than was previously  
thought  
or learned  
in recent time  
or recent past.  
For all we accomplish denies  
nothing to love,  
what have we lost-  
in our descent not  
recallable or reconquerable?



## ETHICS: DEALING WITH POWER OVER?

by Robin Kreger

Recently, I was given a letter in which a woman explains her pain over ethics issues which are tearing apart a Pagan community in Maryland. The letter alleges that a respected leader in that community coerced women, who came to him for instruction and guidance in the Craft, into abusive sexual relations; that he possibly misappropriated money; and that he may have lied about his background and training in the Craft (background on which he based his "credentials" as a Craft teacher). The community seems to be dealing with the last two trust issues satisfactorily, if painfully. It is the first question--that of the ethics and pain surrounding sexual relationships between Craft teachers/mentors and their students, newcomers to community and Craft, who later reveal feeling coerced or abused--that has important implications for larger Pagan society. COG (Covenant of the Goddess, a national organization of Witches) has faced similar ethics conflicts because of allegations about a (former) member who teaches young newcomers.

Discussion of this raises two big issues for me. First, it brings up my own deep pain that coercion and power-over exist. I know that, however physically strong I am, I am vulnerable to abuse and coercion. My world view is one which holds that our society's unbalanced reliance upon power-over is putting us all on the brink of catastrophe. Frustration arises, for me, when I try to reconcile these two emotions: how do I protect myself from power-over without resorting to it? I would very much like to hear how other people have confronted this in their daily lives. Where does security come from in a society without physical coercion (or the threat of physical coercion)? How can I begin to develop that security now? (I know that re-reading Dreaming the Dark should help me, but that's not the whole answer. The woman who wrote the letter took Dreaming the Dark in hand and, with a circle of women who felt violated, confronted the accused man. Two large men violently broke their circle and began interrogating the women--in effect

putting **them** on trial--accusing them of lying. Power-over and violence hurt!)

Secondly, my personal confrontations with power over become a community issue when I try to decide what my responsibility is to try to help other people to not be violated in the same way I was (or in other ways). This completely complicates the situation, because now my attempts to help others avoid pain can become coercive and power-over in themselves! The woman's letter seems to be her attempt to help others avoid being hurt by a man who has hurt her. Part of her resolution of this issue is to communicate her pain and her experience of this individual. This has problems in its own right, however, which is why I have carefully avoided mention of any names from the Maryland dispute. I have only read her self-admitted agonized rendering of the conflict. Her pain is very real to her--and believe me I'll think twice if I ever meet this guy--but her allegations can become "convictions" if they are the only side people hear. This type of communication **could** be very powerful if people were able to use her warning as one source of information when getting to know the accused man, but only if they **add** her experience of him to their own intuitive assessment of him. I fear that people are more likely to simply judge him outright. What if she is lying? Or what if she is acting on moralism or values I don't share? My ostracism of him would be abuse in itself--community ostracism acts as punishment of the one banished as much as protection for the community that shuts the person out. In my opinion, the community in Maryland alone has the information to decide, and the pain to warrant, that action. I feel comfortable with a person or close community expecting the people they deal with to not cause them pain unreasonably, and for them to refuse to deal with anyone who does. I don't feel comfortable when a person's or community's pain cause people **not directly involved** or closely associated to **also** ostracize an accused person on the basis of others'







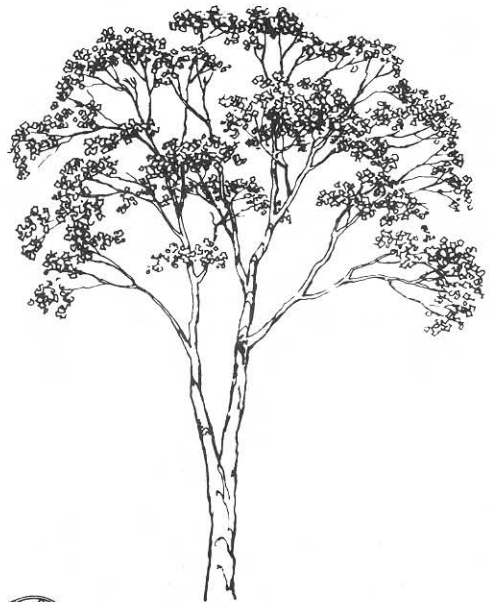
experiences of him/her alone. This, to me, seems to be power-over.

I guess I wish people would just take this kind of communication with a grain of salt. Spreading the word around as warning to others about someone who has been abusive in the past seems to be a powerful response to violation from power-over. On the other hand, I have little basis to judge the accused man. I may actually have more in common with him than his accusers. Maybe the woman is lying herself or maybe she is using the threat of ostracism as a means of coercing the accused into complying with her moral standards. I may not agree with her morals. I respect her for setting her **personal** limits, but I refuse to act solely on the basis of her point of view. What do you think? Should I have printed the name of the man? Can this type of communication work as a strategy of defense against violation, or does it automatically become coercion itself?

This all becomes even **more** complicated when I think about the position of a neophyte to the Craft, especially a young one, who may not have many resources for evaluating someone intuitively (that's part of what they hope to learn, isn't it?) or even for communicating with others who might know the teacher. In this case, the teacher's membership in a larger community serves as a tacit recommendation--as if more than one person were saying "we trust him/her." Community name adds credibility; people will take a "Reclaiming" class even though they know nothing of the teacher personally. What, then, is our responsibility in situations where more than one person complains that when they were young and new to the Craft--had few personal defenses against coercion--they felt their teacher abused them? Doesn't this act as ostracism or power-over in its own right?

To be honest, I can't imagine an unethical person acting on behalf of Reclaiming. Reclaiming is such a tight "family-like" group that it's almost impossible to get "in." This seems to be an effective way to keep dishonest people "out"--the group pools its intuitive resources and uses extreme

caution in "checking out" a prospective member. Reclaiming's process, however, doesn't seem to be operating universally in Paganism and it may not even be possible in large, more open groups (like COG). Reclaiming's **strategies** of intuition and communicating with others seem to be useful defenses, though, even in other settings. Doesn't that lead to publishing names and spreading the word--especially to people whose intuitive and communication resources are low (making an extra effort to communicate to neophytes or other people where communication might help but be more difficult)? How do we keep this from being power-over itself? Could we expect people to take things "with a grain of salt" and not jump to conclusions inappropriately? How can we defend ourselves--personally (don't forget my earlier questions!) and as a community--from power-over?





**STARHAWK'S TRAVELS, 1986 EDITION**

Starhawk will be visiting the following areas this year to offer talks and workshops. The exact dates may change; please call the contact people well in advance. Some of the events will be open only to women.

<u>Location</u>	<u>Dates</u>	<u>Contact Person</u>
Madison, WI	April 11 - 13	Kate Kaufman, (603) 251-8488
Bozeman, Montana	April 19 - 20	Margie, (406) 256-8843
Boulder CO	April 26 & 27	Crescent, (303) 443-1073
El Toro, CA	May 16 - 18	Bette Barr-Glover, (714) 859-7940
Rowe, MA	May 23 - 26	Douglas Wilson, (413) 339-4216
Bloomington, IN	May 30 & 31	Margaret Micholic, (317) 283-2310 Ruth, (317) 926-4662
Winlaw, BC	June 3 - 5	Women only. Carolyn DeMarco, (604) 226-7634 or (604) 352-7522
Vancouver, BC	June 6 - 8	Pat Hogan, (604) 732-5153
Cortes Island, BC	June 10 - 15	Women only. Martha, (604) 935-6795 or (604) 935-6465
Victoria, BC	June 15 & 16	Women only. Shirley Avril, (604) 381-1012
upstate New York	June 23 - 27	Tom Valente, Peter Reynolds, Omega Institute, (914) 338-6030
Lawrence, KS	June 28 & 29	Sue Westwind, (913) 843-4235
New Hampshire	July 3 - 5	Michael Cosmo, (603) 878-3117



#### PAGANS AND LOVERS OF MOTHER EARTH!

You can help make our community a strong base of support for Leonard Peltier and all Native American Political Prisoners!

Native American Warriors in prison --whose only "crime" is defending their People's land and traditions-- should have the support of all Pagans and Earth-Spiritualists. There are various ways you can help--fund-raising for legal defense is especially needed. Petitions on behalf of Native POW's and info on the status of prisoners are available for use in your local circle(s). To donate funds or for other info write:

(make checks payable to "Thomas Morton Alliance" but include note: "for Native American Political Prisoner Support Campaign" with donation)

THOMAS MORTON ALLIANCE  
7 Marlboro Street  
Newburyport, MA 01950

EARTH RELIGION,  
EARTHLY CONCERNS!

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#### ANNOUNCEMENT WOMYN AND WITCHCRAFT; TOWARD A DEFINITION OF DIANIC WICCA (PART 1)

A Conference for womyn who define themselves as Dianic and/or lesbian witches, will be held Sept. 19-21, 9986 at a state park in southwest Wisconsin. The purpose of this landmark gathering is to initiate discussion on the philosophy and thealogy of Dianic Witchcraft. The resulting dialogue, along with position papers used as springboards for Conference discussion, will be compiled into a book that can serve as a resource tool for womyn in search of knowledge about womyn's Witchcraft. Conference activities will include: opening panel, discussion groups, artists/craftswomyn's market day, Equinox ritual, evening cultural event.

Lodging in bunkhouses with bathrooms and hot showers. Handicapped accessible. Vegetarian meals will be served. Canoeing, hiking trails, Indian mounds nearby. Registration fee of \$100 includes all conference activities, meals and lodging. Scholarships and work-study available. To contribute position papers, facilitate discussion groups, plan/focalize ritual, or to attend the Conference write: Conference Coordinating Committee, RCG, Box 6021, Madison, WI 53716. May 1 deadline for expressions of interest in discussion group/ritual facilitation. June 1 deadline for submission of position papers. Space is limited, so register early!

## PAGAN PAMPHLETS AND OTHER INTRODUCTORY LITERATURE SOUGHT

Don Frew, the '85-'86 National Public Information Officer of Covenant of the Goddess, a 70-coven legal religious organization for established covens of Witches following a positive code of ethics, is seeking to network with other Witches and Pagans who have worked to improve public knowledge of the Pagan paths. Don would like to coordinate efforts with others in making pamphlets and other literature available to the general public. He notes that many different Pagan groups and individuals have produced such literature to provide basic information to outsiders. He is trying to collect all such items he can, with a view to coordinating energies toward production of some materials of use to, and available to, many different Pagan groups around the world.

Covenant of the Goddess recently produced a press packet to be given to members of the press who are writing news stories, documentaries, and so on. This press packet has several times already kept reporters from writing "Witchcraft" when they meant "Satanism"; it's a very handy item to give to a local talk show host who wants to have real Witches on for Halloween. COG has not copyrighted the packet, in order that reporters may quote from it, and so that other groups may adapt it if desired. The press packet is fat; a small (\$3) donation to COG will reimburse COG for a copy of the packet if you would like one. Don has copies of other materials as well.

Don is at POB 4243, Berkeley, California 94704.

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### Announcing EARTH-RITE

A Computer Bulletin Board System run by and for the Pagan Community. Please give us a call tonight at 415/651-9496. 300/1200 baud 24 hours/day. Earth Religion, the Goddess, and related topics. Bulletin Board -- Message System -- Forum -- Networking -- Resources.

### CALLING ALL PAGAN PARENTS

The PAGAN PARENTS LEAGUE exists for networking, information exchange, and mutual support among Pagans who have Children. Newsletter is by donation (suggested \$4 in postage stamps or SASEs for a year's subscription). Write to: Pagan Parents League, c/o POB 423-P Bay Shore, New York 11706.



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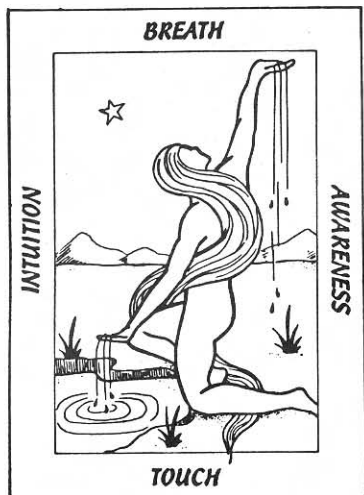
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