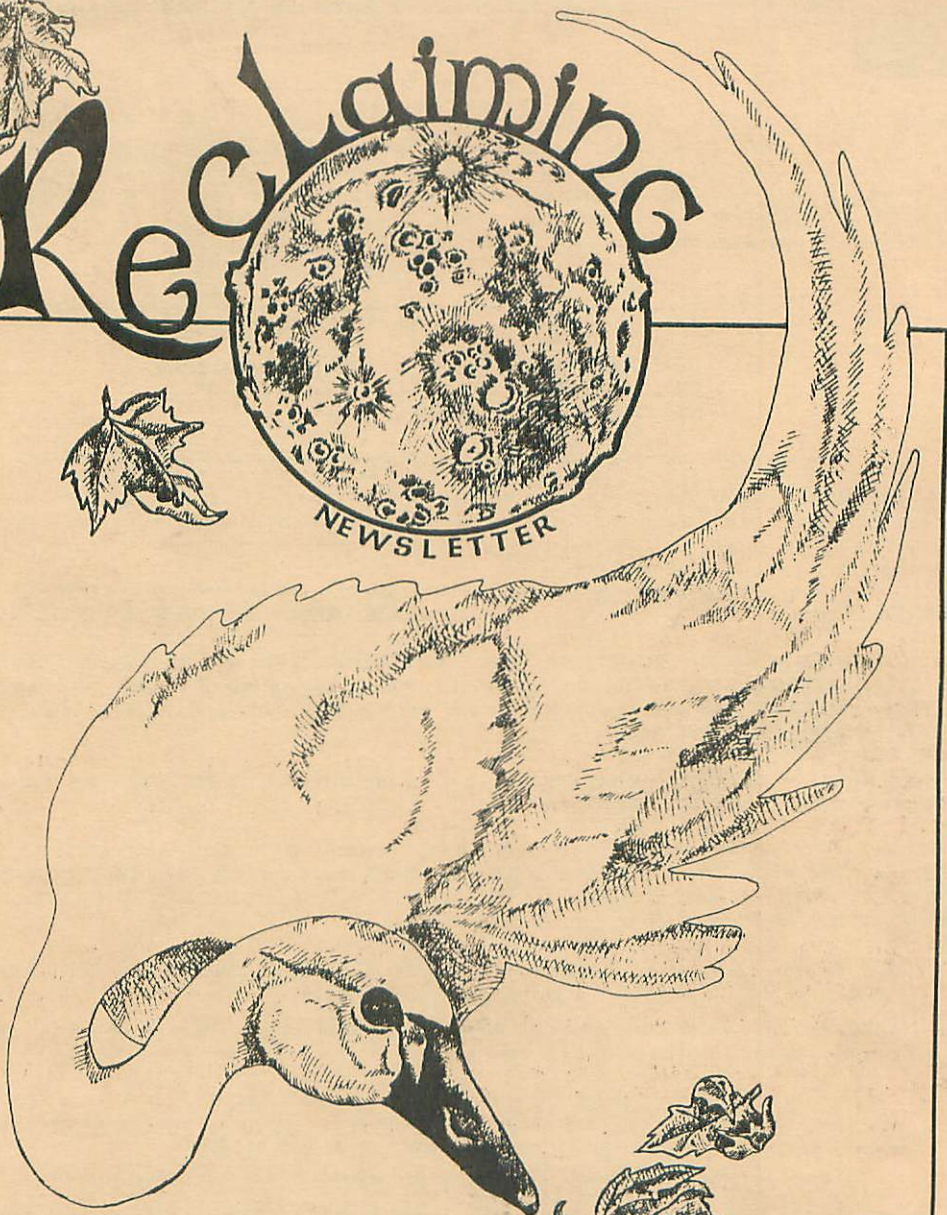




Reclaiming



NEWSLETTER



AUTUMN 1987

NUMBER 28

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R. DORN

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 RECLAIMING Newsletter now costs a dollar if you get it at a store or an event. The Newsletter runs at a deficit, and we're trying to cover a higher percentage of our expenses. Additional contributions are welcome.

SUBMISSIONS

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 Winter newsletter deadline is October 31. Send material to RECLAIMING Newsletter, P.O. Box 14404, San Francisco, CA 94114.

While we are pleased to print letters or articles on ethics issues in general, we will not print personal charges and countercharges.

Help! Help! Help! Help! Help!

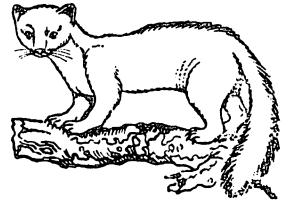
We need help getting the newsletter out -- layout, collating, administration. If you would like to help, please call Rick Dragonstongue at 731-2159.

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 821-3336 for transfer. If the Goddess blesses you with good health, please share and give the gift of life. And many thanks to our donors.

This issue was prepared by Pleiades, Rose, Roy, Vibra, Kat, Robin D., Rick D., Anne, Mary, and the collators.

THE

SUBSCRIBERS
BLESSED BE



Fall 1987

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Cover and various original graphics by Robin Dorn

The opinions expressed in the articles and advertisements in this Newsletter belong to the individual authors and advertisers and do not necessarily reflect the attitudes or opinions of the newsletter staff or other Reclaiming members. (Some of us actually dislike some of the stuff we print.)

INVOCATION FOR CHOICE

by Deborah L. Perry

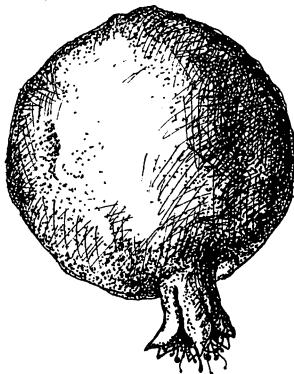
Sit and center and settle within
If solitary, clasp your hands to form connection.
If a circle, reach out and, holding palm to palm, unite.

Breathe, Breathe, Breathe.
Slowly close your eyes.
Breathe, Breathe, Breathe
And remember.

Remember back.
Remember between.
Remember before.
Remember the story, the legend, the myth.
Remember.
Remember and listen.
Remember when time was our time
And there was **CHOICE**.

She Who Chooses
And She who is chosen.
Persephone, Demeter, Hecate.
Maiden, Mother, Crone.
Demeter, Hecate, Persephone,
Mother, Crone, Maiden.
Hecate, Persephone, Demeter,
Crone, Maiden, Mother.
She who is chosen
And She who Chooses.

Breathe, Breathe, Breathe.
Listen and remember.
Breathe, Breathe, Breathe.



In the time before beginning were The Daughter and The Mother and The Wise One -- Persephone and Demeter and Hecate -- those who were birth and life and death. All things paid homage to the Three: She of Death, She of Life and She of Decisions.

Persephone, The Daughter, cherished the dead: those between life and life. She anointed with blood and fed with pomegranate those She chose for birth. Those who traveled from Her womb to live. From dark-womb night to light-filled day, they traveled. the creatures, the created ones, the women and the men.

They came to Demeter, The Mother. They fed upon the food She gave: Her fruits, Her grain, Her flesh. She chose to nourish them. When time had passed and their time had ceased, Demeter released them from Her arms.

And so they began their final journey: the road to Hecate, The Crone. Her home was at passage, the place of the crossroads. There Hecate chose to send them onward to the womb, to death. Once more they were reborn, over and over, around and around in time.

In the time when beginning had past and was forgotten, Hecate was seen by men as a withered hag; Demeter a burdened woman; Persephone a thoughtless child. Gone was the Triune, the decision-makers, arbiters of the fates of all living kind and kin.

She who chose to give life, men termed a careless teenager. She who chose to sustain life, men described as a frantic housewife. She who chose to send life to death to rebirth, men condemned as a senile witch.

The daughter was raped. She was dragged against her will into the place of death where she was forced to bring forth life. She had no choice. The mother raged and wept and roamed the world. Bereft, she had to bargain with her food for the safety of her child. She had no choice. The crone was ignored. She knew, she saw, she spoke of reality and the truth of events. Hers was wisdom garnered from experience, but she fell silent. She had no choice.

When time no longer wheeled in cycles with all nature, when time became defined by lines and rules of law and order, men tried to make the choices. It was the choice of men to tell this story in this way in the time when their beginnings were forgotten. but the women did not forget. They knew Persephone, Demeter, Hecate. The women were birth and life and death themselves. They remembered and they chose.



Breathe, Breathe, Breathe.
Remember and Create.
Breathe, Breathe, Breathe.
Remember and Become.

Become She Who is chosen
By She Who Chooses.
You are Persephone.
You are Demeter.
You Are Hecate.
You, the chosen,
Are now She Who Chooses.

Remember and
Breathe, Breathe, Breathe
and release.
Unclasp your hands.
Stretch your spine.
Open your eyes.
Return.
But always remember and choose.



-Deborah L. Perry
11-3-85

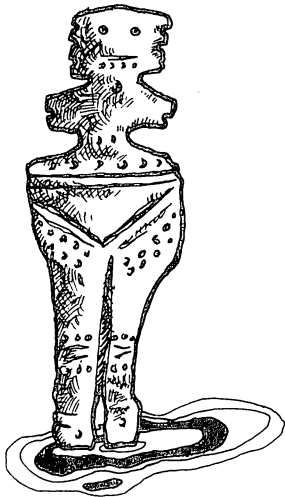
Channeled regarding a Proposition on the Election Ballot, Bristol, Connecticut, November 5, 1985: "Should the decision of the Supreme Court regarding abortion be overturned?"

You are the one, waiting, at the border of our bonds,
The sacrificial King, blade of stone buried in the
Shadows of your skin, that holds his blood,

A flood of rusted sunlight falling onto darkened
Seas, for those who die into the spiral sky to
Mend the tortured veil of Earth.

The moon pulls at the membrane of your unborn love.
The Queen within, with bloodstained thighs,
Renews our bond to the wailing wind,

Her voice a storm, rolling off the breaking sea
To form your diamond moment on this shifting shore.
We are her birth.



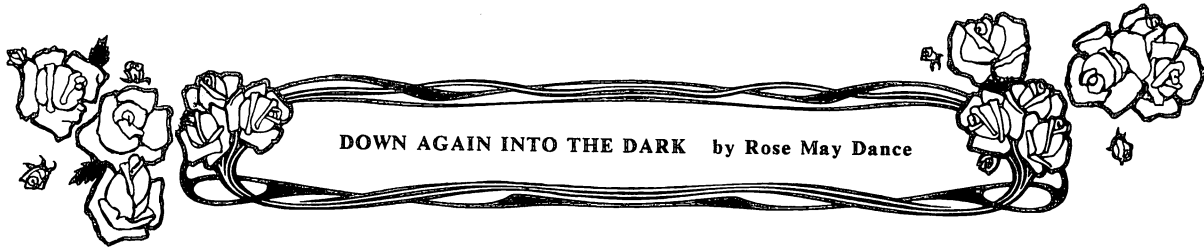
Roy King

The bits of bone, of heart,
of nerve the fusion forged
coals of stars honed to
senses open to the infinite
are seared to blunt nubs on
these fluorescent pyres
trapped by city heat
moth to flame
along familiar streets
on just
another supernova afternoon

In the night waves of wind stir the grass along the water's edge
Silent stone stands guard around your dreams, wherein
The wooden hearts of trees tell of earth and sky
Before the breath of fire, before time

Faded aeons echo into darkness
Lost animals still move within
The changeling surface of your skin

Again you walk the unseen maze
Fall through the unknown door
Backward through the belly of the world
To swim again, blind worm, the salt sea core
Before the birth of time, before fire



DOWN AGAIN INTO THE DARK by Rose May Dance

I spent my Lammas holiday at a beach, participating in holiday ritual with friends. We said farewell to Summer Light, and prepared ourselves for the yearly journey down into darkness, as we formed the body of the dead god in the sand, and placed objects atop him, letting go of parts of ourselves in order to be equal to the task of bringing in our own harvests. We had, in meditation, looked at our fears, and the weeds in our souls' gardens, and had resolved to let go of that which encumbered us.

We sang Raven Moonshadow's song to Lugh, the Sun King:

"Oh tell me why? (oh tell me why?)
Oh tell me why? (oh tell me why?)
Tell me why must the clouds come
to darken the sky?"

It was a glorious summer day, one of the five we've had this year in San Francisco, and perhaps the only one a number of us had spent at a beach. Many of us, in our sharing as we placed objects on Lugh's body, had admitted monumental fears about the clouds which seem to be approaching, as we await the Harmonic Convergence and begin to realize the plague proportions of AIDS. And so, as we raised a cone of power over Lugh, the refrain "tell me why" became louder and more fervent. Why are we going through all this, and why must the summer end?

I had been low of energy at this ritual, perhaps weighed down by my own fears. Given those fears, screaming "Why?" at the sky was the first thing in the ritual that made any real sense or gave me relief. We raised the power up, Why Why Why? WHY? WHY?

I write this two days past Lamas, knowing I am preparing an issue of this paper for the Fall Equinox time, and I look forward into those mysteries of going into the Dark now.

One has to be very careful if one performs rituals, especially on the Holidays. The Powers once contacted exert an influence on one's life that is impossible to escape, however hard one tries to numb one's self or hide. At the Spring Equinox ritual, I was very busy being a priestess and keeping an eye on everything that was going on. I

had helped plan the ritual, and knew that selected people were going to be passing out eggs and repeating certain phrases to the participants, who were dancing and chanting to the drum, deep in trance in the underworld with Kore, readying to emerge as Persephone. I knew the score, the lines. Nevertheless, I was surprised when my friend Karen appeared before me, masked and veiled as a Goddess, presented me with a glowingly rose colored egg, and whispered, "What lies at the heart of the Mystery?"

I reached out and took the egg in wordless wonder, as it grew huge and hot, incandescent in my hands. I plunged, dancing deep into my self for quite a while.

I believe this was an gateway for me. Later that week, I met with Starhawk to plan a Women's Mysteries Workshop for Rowe, Massachusetts. She asked me, "What do you want to get out of the work?" I shrugged my shoulders, wanting to get on with the planning. She told me she finds a workshop goes better for her if she can make it work for her. I found myself rebellious. I said that if we were doing Women's Mysteries around the Demeter-Persephone theme, about Demeter finding her lost daughter, it was dangerous turf for me to do deep work around strangers, because I have deep pain about my own loss of my daughter, whom I put up for adoption when she was born in the early 70s. I said, I don't want to get in to all of that right now, I'm not ready. But it rolled over in my mind, and by the time I was at Rowe, in early May, I knew the subject of loss was opening for me.

It was opening for me about my daughter, who was already "lost", and about my friends, who are ill with AIDS. When we did the rituals at Rowe, Star and I led the women in a journey into the Underworld with Kore. As the women descended, as Kore, I became the Goddess Demeter, crying and searching for her daughter. I ran around the room, crying and calling "Kore, Kore" and I began my search for my daughter. I went very deep during the workshop, and I returned home determined to work on this issue. I have made some progress. But dealing with such deep pain and loss involves remembering, and re-experiencing the events that happened long ago. Working through my pain,



unearthing that which had been buried, has given me some low times. I think I have not yet found what lies at the heart of this mystery.

The mysteries of death are even more unfathomable. I work on a health project which entails interviewing and testing for AIDS antibodies with intravenous drug users, and providing education about needle hygiene, safer sex, and the AIDS virus. It is disheartening to see the conditions of the poor, and easy to see how disease will be spread by people who do not have easy access to good health and hygiene. So I am face to face with the Plague quite often. Worse, I have seven gay friends who have AIDS or ARC, and am very involved in the daily ups and downs of two of these friends. Finding my center and being a priestess and healer when I am dealing with my job or my friends is almost impossible. I have a vision of dancing with Death and journeying through this darkness bringing healing, spirit and comfort. But it is not happening. I am still spinning into the darkness, Persephone dropping into the vortex of the unknown. Fear and Horror outweigh hope most of the time. I scream, "Why?"

More destruction: at the Lamas ritual there was much talk of the Harmonic Convergence, and how on the 17th of August the Mayan and Aztec calendars end, the "Doors of Hell" close, and we must go through 5 to 7 years of purification through fire, before the "Doors of Heaven" open. Furthermore, I am told that lots of planets are lining up in interesting trines, that Jupiter could exert a dangerous influence, and that we all must meditate because only the strong will survive. I do not pretend to know much more about all this, but I certainly have heard a lot of talk and many dire predictions. These predictions are supported by the predictors citing the brink of war on which we teeter. I have heard about great fears of darkness, and how we must purge ourselves of all that is dark. Eliminating the dark is absurd to me and to my cronies. Since we honor the dark, it is worrisome to hear talk of purging the darkness. I hope that whatever meditation people do around the Harmonic Convergence involves balancing both Light and Dark; we need to meditate together not just on the 17th of August, but for a long long time. It is terrifying to think of a purification by fire upon this earth. I read the newspapers, watch the tv, hear the lies and see the destructive patterns,

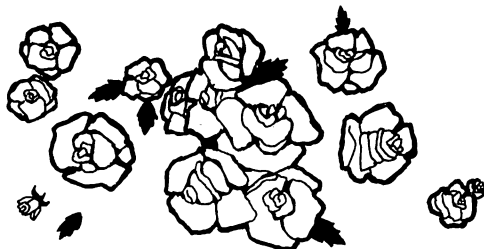
and sometimes it seems more effective to scream "Why?" at the sky than to do the nuts and bolts work.

Yet I know my political work is a good stance against my despair for the planet. I have not figured out how to dance with my personal fears and loss, nor how to dance with Death as it strikes plague in the homes of my community and family, but I have learned, with a lot of help from my friends, what I can do with my fears of war and the end of the world. In June, hundreds of us gathered at Port Chicago Naval Weapons Depot to protest the shipment of arms to Central America. Some of us performed ritual action on one day, weaving and reweaving webs across a roadway entrance to the base. I returned the next day to participate mass civil disobedience and arrest, and felt the power one can feel at large actions where many people are saying No! to the spiral of destruction. We returned numerous times in the following week. I felt good about the strong action, and I felt good about working for peace with my community of friends, forging strong bonds of resistance. I look forward, likewise, to our October march to Lockheed in the Santa Cruz Mountains to shut down the Trident II D 5 missile Test Facility. It definitely feels better to be taking action than to be moping. But it does not take away fear of annihilation.

I suppose the other bastion against despair is relationships, family, love. Relationships, however, take a beating when one is wrestling the darkness around the other mysteries. The mystery of love is elusive and maddening. The egg handed me in the underworld is hot, burns my fingers, sears my consciousness.


And all the fears I mention are the shell on this egg: fear of plumbing my own depths, fear of finding my daughter, fear of the plague of AIDS, fear of war and the fiery destruction of the world, fear of loneliness and of lack of love. And I placed those fears on the body of the dead god. And I cried why. And now I look toward a ritual returning to the dark at the Autumnal Equinox. Will I find nourishment in the Underworld?

So hard to face the dark again, to go into the night of the year another time. The questions and challenges I have, we have, only seem to deepen, to spiral inward. But there must be a way to dance in the dark, the dance of Death. I pull the cloak of love, family, community, political action, healing, spiritual practice, around me. I drop deep, searching. What lies at the heart of the Mysteries?



HANNAH'S HOUSEHOLD HINTS

-- Hannah Clancy




Well, hello again. I want to tell you that I really appreciate all the letters you send me, but I just cannot answer the ones without money. Also, they all say the same thing, which is, Hannah, how can I clean my house, except for one last week which said, Hannah, how can I clean my chakras.

Now, first of all, you need to understand that it doesn't really matter if your chakras are dirty.

I know that all sorts of people have been telling you it does, and that you need to clean your chakras in order to lead a balanced and healthy life, but this is Just Not True. Just go into a quiet room and ask yourself, if I were leading a balanced and healthy life would I be listening to people tell me to clean parts of my body that I can't even see, and that my mother doesn't know are there? The answer to that question should let you know real quick just exactly what it is you need to clean up in your life.

My slogan is, when in doubt, clean the carpet. Because maybe other visible and non-visible things are dirty in your house, but the carpet probably really is, and if you clean that, then you've done enough for the day and you can go sit out in the back yard and watch the next-door neighbors.

Now, the second thing is, there is a Holy Sacred Law of Housecleaning, which is: you can't clean anything without getting something else dirty. When you go around just indiscriminately cleaning your chakras, where is it that you think all that junk goes? There it is, wandering around the Holy Sacred Atmosphere that surrounds the earth, and eating up the ozone. I know that everybody thinks that it's the hairspray that's eating up the ozone, but it's not. My little



hairspray can never did one tenth of the harm that all you fanatics cleaning your chakras over and over all day long did, and I probably look better, too.

And That's Not All! When are you people going to stop with this glitter thing? Can't I go anywhere? And where is my money!

Hello, I am feeling a bit better. Where was I? Oh, yes. Cleaning your chakras is a Holy Sacred and Secret rite that should only be done in privacy, and therefore does not really come under the auspices of this column. Thank you. Should you have any more questions, please address them to my lawyer. He is currently hiding out by pretending to be a taxi-driver, but I Have His Number, and do not mind telling you that if you write to Hannah's Lawyer at Reclaiming they will find him real quick.

On to other subjects: do not forget that the Holy Sacred Season of Death is nearly upon us, and you know very well that it used to make you Aunt Jennie crazy when she came over to your house and the cat litter was decorating the kitchen floor. I know you like to think that Aunt Jennie has become a Different Person and More Understanding now that she is Dead, but probably not. She was probably understanding enough to begin with and you should just clean the cat litter off the floor before she comes over. Even dead aunts like to eat in a clean kitchen.

I think that is all for now. I am sorry I yelled at you earlier, but I just couldn't help it. Please remember that I love and care for you all, except for some of you, you know who you are.

Love, Hannah



MASS ACTION TO STOP THE NEW MISSILES: TAKING IT TO THE STREETS

The Alliance to Stop First Strike and other groups around the US have set the stage for late October for a dramatic event to protest the impending Missile Crisis, one that will rival the missile crisis of 1962. Even an agreement between Gorbachev and Reagan on medium-range missiles will not alter one fundamental fact: production of 3500 ultra-accurate Trident II missiles, coupled with deployment of the Star Wars shield, will give the US the ability to start and win a nuclear war. In other words, Trident II + SDI = First-Strike.

We are asking all concerned citizens to join us for part or all of the March to Stop First Strike, which will travel from Port Chicago to the Lockheed Test Facility in Santa Cruz. We will leave from Port Chicago on Friday night, October 16, and arrive in San Francisco on Monday morning, October 19. After a second kickoff from the steps of a bank investing in these weapons, we will march down the Peninsula.

Highlights of the march will be the night of the 19th, when we invoke the Mighty Dead in Colma; the afternoon of the 21st, when we take action at the offices of Congressman Tom Lantos (Dem.) of San Mateo, who has repeatedly voted for the Freeze and the Trident II; the afternoon of the 23rd, when

we visit Congressman Norm Minetta (Dem.) of San Jose and expose his similar voting record; arrival at the mass rally in Silicon Valley at noon on Saturday the 24th; and up into the Santa Cruz mountains to shut down the Lockheed Test Facility on the morning of the 26th.

The direct action will be an autonomous, affinity group action, designed to shut down the Trident II test facility in Santa Cruz for at least one day and hopefully more... There is one main entrance, with one main road the last half mile stretch; a road blockade may be very effective. Similarly, hiking into the Test Facility from neighboring Big Basin forest will enable us to disrupt activities inside the test area.

We are expecting hundreds, and hope for thousands, to participate in the direct action and march. Affinity groups and clusters will be essential to our success. The first affinity group spokescouncil for the action will take place in September. Try to keep your calendars open (or at least flexible) for this gathering; it will be a good opportunity for affinity group and cluster formation, and aspiring cartographers are welcome to bring their compasses.

-Stop First Strike, San Francisco

MARCH TO STOP FIRST STRIKE:

- 10/16, Friday evening: leave Port Chicago
- 10/19, Monday evening: arrive San Francisco
- 10/19, Monday night: invoke dead at Colma
- 10/21, Wednesday: offices of Tom Lantos,
San Mateo
- 10/23, Friday: offices of Norm Minetta,
San Jose
- 10/24, Saturday noon: Silicon Valley mass
rally
- 10/26, Monday: Lockheed Test Facility

Affinity group spokescouncil will meet in September.





HONEYWELL INVADES THE BLACK HILLS

-- Luis Kemnitzer



Honeywell, well known as a major contributor to the arms race, has quietly bought land in the southern Black Hills for a major facility for testing "conventional" ammunition. The facility it is using now, Elk River in Minnesota, is no longer usable because the ground water, soil, and environment there is so polluted that federal, state, and local authorities have complained.

The state of South Dakota, priding itself on having the best business climate in the United States (no corporate income tax, no personal income tax, no franchise tax, minimal licensing regulations, and the bare federal minimum environmental protection policy), invited Honeywell to relocate in South Dakota and helped them find this site. Since all the other places Honeywell looked had zoning regulations and were suspicious of Honeywell's influence on the environment, Honeywell was happy to discover that Fall River County, where they plan to move, has no zoning regulations at all.

The site chosen is Hell Canyon, a pristine semi-wilderness area southwest of Hot Springs, and a watershed tributary to the Cheyenne River. Before their plans were well known, Honeywell had staked out 6200 acres and bought most of the private land in the area. (Some local landowners have refused to sell out, and Honeywell spokesmen brag that they'll get these when they go on the market.) However, access to the facility is possible only through National Forest Service land, and a little over 1,000 acres in several parcels within the proposed facility also belong to the NFS. Honeywell's plans became public when they proposed a land swap, and Indians and local ranchers started organizing resistance to the move. Pressure from Indians and ranchers brought hearings in Hot Springs on May 23, chaired by Senator Tom Daschle (D), and at Oglala Lakota College in Kyle on May 28.

The hearings in Hot Springs were attended by about 200 white ranchers and townspeople.

Honeywell's representative stressed the economic advantages of the move, but finally admitted that they would have one employee the first year, five the third year, and twenty in about ten years, and that about \$650,000 worth of contracts would be issued. Ranchers were concerned about fire danger, the destruction of virgin forest, the effect of noise and construction on the game, including elk, deer, golden eagle, and mountain lion, and the danger of radioactive shell fragments and other toxic waste polluting the environment. They also pointed to the abundance of petroglyphs, mortars, habitation sites, flint quarries, and other archeological sites that were in danger, and noted that Flint Hill, a site on the National Registry of archeological sites, had already been severely disturbed by a road right through it. The Hot Springs Chamber of Commerce presented a resolution that was adopted unanimously that supported Honeywell, and when Senator Daschle asked for a straw vote, the response was 81 for and 53 against Honeywell's move. No count of undecided was taken. The division of townspeople against ranchers and Indians is reflected in the signs in the store windows that "Hot Springs welcomes Honeywell."

The hearings in Kyle, on Pine Ridge Reservation, were attended by a smaller group of Indians and some outside supporters. Here, in addition to the environmental dangers, the sacredness of the area was stressed. In Lakota, Hell Canyon is known as Tayamni Sinte, or "three-tailed ruminant," and is the site of the origin of one of the seven sacred rites of the Lakota, "Calling Back the Blood of the Land to the Heart," according to Charlotte Black Elk, one of the leaders of the opposition. An analogy was made with Gethsemane or Mount Sinai, and a person asked what the Christians would say if somebody proposed to desecrate these sites with warlike facilities.

On July 6 I spoke with a representative of Keep the Hills Attractive, who announced that

the organization had renamed themselves CIA -- Cowboys and Indians Alliance.

On June 30, Attorney Andrew Reid filed a civil suit in U.S. District Court in Pierre, S.D., on behalf of the CIA and several other parties: Bruce Murdock, a rancher who had previously filed a mining claim on NFS land within the "Honeywell parcel" in order to keep open access; Charlotte Black Elk and her grandmother Emma Plenty Wolf Hollow Horn; Ellen Trevarton, whose land adjoins the "Honeywell parcel;" Cindy Reed; and Mark Lamphere. The suit is filed against Honeywell and several agencies of the Federal government (U.S. Forest Service, Bureau of Land Management, Nuclear Regulatory Commission, Department of Defense, and Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms) and of the State of South Dakota (Department of Water and Natural Resources, Department of Mining and Environment, Department of Commerce, and Highway Patrol).

The forty-three page complaint contains forty points, alleging violations of the National Environmental Policy Act, Endangered Species Act, Bald Eagle Protection Act, Hazardous material Transportation Act, Archeological Resources Protection Act, American Indian Religious Freedom Act, and Act Regarding Use of Radioactive Materials, among others. Hearings are expected in the next few weeks.

In preparation for filing this suit, use of the Freedom of Information Act uncovered the fact that although the State of South Dakota and Honeywell both have said that the state has given no material aid to Honeywell, as long ago as November 1986 the state has been putting pressure on the U.S. Forest Service to give land to Honeywell, even offering to buy the land from the Forest Service for Honeywell. Internal Forest Service letters record a meeting with Dave Anderson, head of the South Dakota Economic Development Office, in which he said these things.

On June 13, the Rapid City Journal reported that Senator Tom Daschle (D-S.D.) has expressed concern that letters released through the Freedom of Information Act contradict statements made by Honeywell and the U.S. Forest Service that no formal proceedings had

been started to swap land in the Hell Canyon area. Written proposals would require environmental impact studies and public hearings, and apparently Honeywell and the Forest Service had kept their negotiations secret so that the trade could take place before the effects of munitions testing on the area would be revealed.

Also, the CIA has been working with the Oglala Sioux Tribe (the tribal government of Pine Ridge Reservation, the closest tribal entity to Hell Canyon), and on July 15 the Tribal council unanimously passed a resolution opposing Honeywell's facility in Hell Canyon and started work on an amicus curiae brief in the CIA suit.

On July 16, more than 50 members of the Grey Eagles, an organization of Lakota Elders, traveled to Hell Canyon in 100-degree heat to visit some of the petroglyphs, erect a burial scaffold and a sweat lodge, and hold prayer services on the Forest Service parcel. By the 20th, the Forest Service had called in the sheriff to tear down the sacred structures. The Grey Eagles are also considering filing a suit of their own.

The revelation that the land swap with the USFS would more than double the 6,200 acres it is already controlling raises questions about just what Honeywell intends to do there.

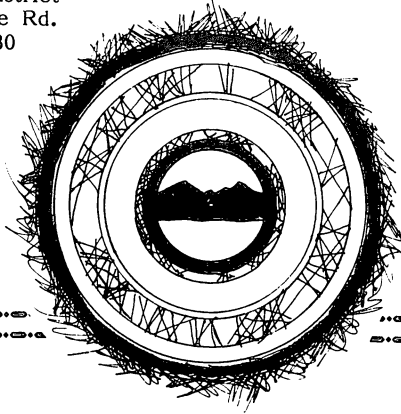
No environmental impact statement has been prepared for this move, and according to Honeywell's representative none is required. In all of the representative's smooth talk, the message is clear: We will do what we have to do when we're forced to do it, and if you feel damaged, sue us. Indians and ranchers are doing what they can to save this sacred and beautiful place, but they face powerful forces: Honeywell, the state of South Dakota, and the business interests of Hot Springs and western South Dakota.

If you are interested in helping to protect Hell Canyon, you can write:

COWBOYS AND INDIANS ALLIANCE
Box 997
Hot Springs, SD 57747

You can also write and ask the Forest Service why they are letting Honeywell deny access to public lands without even doing an environmental impact statement:

Frank Cross
Custer Ranger District
330 Mt. Rushmore Rd.
Custer, SD 57730



You can also let the following people know of your displeasure:

Governor George Mikkelson
State Capitol Bldg.
Pierre, SD 57501

Susan Edwards
Dept. of Tourism
Pierre, SD 57501

Hot Springs Chamber of Commerce
603 N. River St.
Hot Springs, SD 57747

Ode to the Islip Garbage Barge

O scow so spurn'd
by humankind
sore remnant
of greed defined
as need--
& glut as
vision

your baleful
pride
mocking our
blind rejections
veins of land
& sea
wasted with
chemical
junk in
vainglorious
celebration
on the spike
of progress,
& gore--
of war
strewn
plastic
detritus
untwisting the
sacred coil of
our seeds;
wilt thou be
plucked out
of the
turn
& return
of cycles
ever
lasting?

for who
will have
ye
o floating cesspool?

wilt thou
forever
spend your
days &
nights
as phantom
ship,
with your all-too-real
manifest
biding our time
to every
promised
port
of cull,
but finding
no refuge
for your
refuse? so that
time & again
down
to sea you
bravely bear
your dreaded
baneful burden
our unwanted bloat
through the
dismal sordid
sea of
self-denial

running soar
August 8, 1987

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LETTER

(Response to "A Message on Nuclear Safety")

We can be grateful for the message from the "brother in the craft" for further exposing for us the shamefully dangerous conditions under which nuclear facilities in the U.S. are run; but I am bothered by the extremely narrow compass of both the concerns he raises and his proposals for action. I have no doubt that, as he points out, nuclear industry in the U.S. and elsewhere is run in a slipshod way, with scant attention given to what the brother refers to as human factors, such as control plant layout, hours worked without sleep by operators, and planned procedures for emergencies. Yet to imply, as he clearly does, that if these issues of operator safety would be addressed by the nuclear industry, the "principal cause" of both the Three Mile Island and Chernobyl disasters would have been eliminated is, I believe, dangerously simplistic.

To be sure, the nuclear industry (in both the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.) itself points its finger at operator error for the two well-known runaway facilities, but management has always blamed its workers for any accidents, and many of us think that the nuclear industry in particular purposely has blamed human error in order to deflect public awareness from the harsh reality that the industry is rife with faulty equipment (e.g., the progressive embrittlement of reactor vessels in many facilities); with widespread lack of concern for safety and health issues (e.g., the flouting of previous rules concerning the necessity for approved evacuation plans); and with plainly genocidal results from its operation (e.g., the effects on malformed birth among American Indians, Australian aborigines, and Namibian blacks on whose land most of the world's uranium is mined.)

To single out for blame the issue of "human

factor engineering" in the nuclear industry without saying a single word about the idiocy and criminality of yearly generating millions of tons of radioactive waste, some of which will need to be isolated (as if it were even remotely possible!) from the air, water, land, and biosphere for 200,000 years or longer is, I believe, not only a lose perspective, but to muddy the waters of the nuclear debate. To be sure, the more we can protect our communities against any of the large number of potential disasters the industry threatens all of us with, the better; but we should not harbor illusions, and the nuclear industry itself (including the production and deployment of nuclear weapons) must be our ultimate target.

Further, in our campaign against nuclear madness, I suggest we bear in mind that appeals to Congress, necessary though they are, are calls for help from the very people who find nuclear weapons an acceptable way to run "our" world; and that the problem we are asked to address them on-- lack of attention to issues of health and safety by the NRC-- is precisely the issue that an earlier Congress faced when similar complaints were lodged against its predecessor, the Atomic Energy Commission. And Congress' response then was merely to dissolve one pro-industry regulatory body only to establish yet another, the NRC. I see no signs that the present Congress is any more able or willing to effect real changes than it was in 1974, when the NRC was founded. And while I would not advocate completely ignoring the road of legislative remedies, it is clear that political pressure must be continually applied through direct action; and I would argue that direct action should be our primary focus against this clear and present danger against our and our children's lives.

Running Soar



LETTER

(Response to Feral Faun)

Feral Faun, my reaction to your letter was a deep rage. After thinking about it, I've figured out why.

Your semantic tricks are outrageous. You say Rick Dragonstongue is laying down imperatives for all pagans. Yet at the end of your letter you say feminism (meaning feminists, I presume) "has to" do this and that. If you think by talking about 'feminism' it's all abstract, stop fooling yourself. You are telling women (feminists) to obey you, and that is nothing but plain old bullshit patriarchy.

The whole point of feminism is that I decide for myself and no man can tell me what to do.

Comparing feminists to Nazis and Stalinists is a bit overdrawn. I've never even heard of one feminist death squad. You really aren't in any immediate danger.

Although your tale of walking into a feminist bookstore and getting "sneers and dirty looks" may be heart breaking to some, I am not moved. Men have always exercised the privilege of commenting on women's bodies when we are visible to them.

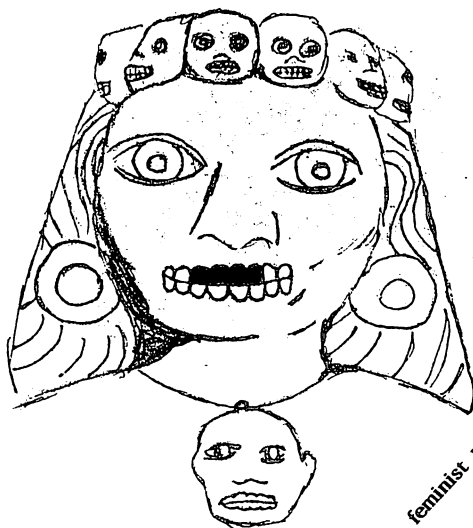
As a matter of fact, I don't have a problem recognizing that men "have been as screwed over as women" by patriarchy, so long as you understand I don't give a fuck.

The balance you long for will not come about as long as you or any man feels/thinks he has the right to tell me or any woman what to do. I want to close with some words from the group Sweet Honey In The Rock: "I'm a woman who speaks in a voice and I must be heard. At times I can be quite difficult -- I bow to no man's word."

Just sign me

KGB

"a monstrous feminist"



feminist monsters living in Omaha --- KGB



LETTER

(Response to Feral Faun)

During a recent trip to Seattle, Starhawk remarked in a public lecture that if a person has been really good, ". . . you get to come back [reincarnate] as a witch." Alas, that bit of self-congratulation is undercut by the less glowing reality of community and craft: witches, as a group, are no better persons than those to whom we might like to contrast ourselves (Christians, for example).

Feral Faun's letter in the summer Newsletter is one example of attitudes and energies that show our commonality with the rest of the dominant culture. I realize that F. Faun does not label himself a witch, or, for that matter, a "pagan," but I think that many of us recognize in his tone and the content of his remarks familiar messages that emanate from various quarters within the community of Old Religion. His letter, written in response to a prior article by Rick Dragonstongue, sets the tone even before getting into the salutation ("dogmatic, guilt-tripping pagans"). [Actually, the typist -- in this case Rick DT himself-- chose the parenthetical subtitle as an indicator of the contents of the letter. --DT] His letter is replete with unintended ironies -- while criticizing Rick D. for suggesting that goddess energy is more needed now than is god energy, F. Faun does not hesitate to inform us that "most men need images of gentle, playful, androgynous men." Who are you, anyway, to tell us men what "most" of us need? That sounds an awful lot like the very attitude and approach you criticize in Rick D.'s words.

How ironic it is that, while excoriating Rick D. for his "dogmatism," F. Faun does not himself hesitate to swing a heavy club. Despite professed preference for "gentle, joyful" manliness, his letter compares "dominant" feminism with Naziism and Stalinism, and characterizes Rick D.'s letter as "bullshit." With such "playful, gentle" energy, who need Naziism or Stalinism?

Listen to F. Faun's words: ". . . we need to create 'this nice world' now by living it on a

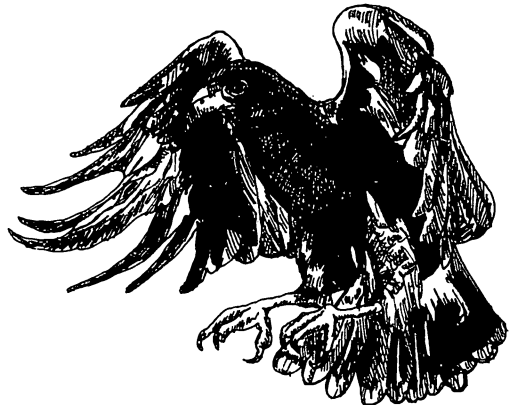
day-to-day basis. Paradise is here now, it is only the negativity of people like Rick that keeps us from realizing it." Tell me, Mr. Faun -- does trashing other people and slandering the mainstream women's movement fit in anywhere with "living it now"? Do you see anything "negative" in characterizing other people's honest reflections as "bullshit"? Hmmm? Rather than blaming others for the absence of the nice world you say you want, why not look at the energy you are transmitting? It is easy to be cruel with words. Macho is as macho says. Are you sure goddess energy wouldn't take the edge off your razor tongue, Mr. Faun?

You are, I feel, doing us a favor by not identifying yourself as a "pagan," for if you did, those outside the Old Religion who came into contact with you might think, from your example, that if people are really mean-spirited, they get to reincarnate as "pagans."

The brittle heart births bitter gods.

Blessed be,

Snapdragon





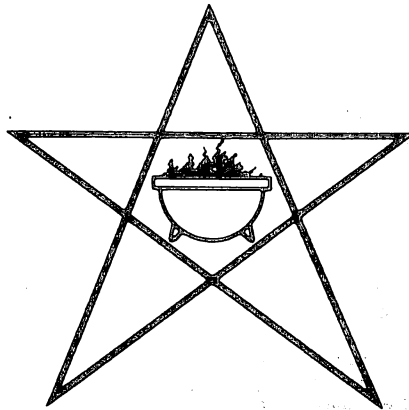
CHANTS
Ritual Music

a cassette tape from the Reclaiming community

A 40-minute tape of chants and songs from various sources, which are frequently used in Reclaiming rituals. The tape is intended as a teaching tool, and a worksheet is included. We hope that you will sing these chants and songs, use them in ritual, and teach them to others. Proceeds from the sale of this tape help to support the work of the Reclaiming Collective.

TO ORDER: Send check or money order in U.S. currency to RECLAIMING TAPE, P.O. Box 14404, San Francisco, CA 94114.

Price: \$10.00 each, including postage (add \$3.00 each for overseas mailing)



Side 1

The Beginning of the Earth
Touching Her Deep
Air I Am
Rise with the Fire
Snake Woman
 Isis Astarte
 We Are an Old People
 I Am a Strong Woman
We Are the Flow (orig. melody)
Silver Shining Wheel
Where There's Fear There Is
 Power
Hecate Ceredwen

Side 2

Return to the Mother
Born of Water
Air Moves Us
Water and Stone
We All Come from the Goddess/
 Hoof and Horn
Kore Chant
We Are the Flow (folk melody)
Sun King
We Are Alive



Reclaiming

Classes

IT MAKES CENSE by Raven Moonshadow

A three-session class. This will be a practical, hands-on workshop in the making of incense, oils, bath salts, floor washes, and potpourri. We will explore the historical, magickal, personal and imaginative correspondence aromas, culminating in the making of incense within sacred space. **Three Tuesday evenings, October 6, 13, 20.** \$30-40 sliding scale. Students keep the incense they make. For details and registration Raven at 334-MOON.

BREATH AND BODY FOR WOMEN by Cybele

*****This class is planned as part II of a 3-class cycle taught by Cybele and others (part I was a women's Pentacle). This class may be open to other women or it may be offered as a freestanding entity. This should be clear by late September.*****

This class focuses on air and earth issues and processes, including breathwork and movement for invocation and raising/shaping energy; thinking/speaking/writing; varied grounding and binding practices; and work with your hands. Prerequisite: Elements of Magic or equivalent experience/study. **Six Wednesdays beginning October 28** (possible week off for Thanksgiving), \$45-90 sliding scale. Call Cybele (863-8294) for registration and location.

ELEMENTS OF MAGIC FOR WOMEN AND MEN by Kat Whiskers and Raven Moonshadow

With the art of magic, we deepen our vision and focus our will, empowering ourselves to act in the world. In this class we begin the practice of magic and Goddess spirituality by working with the elements of magic: earth, air, fire, water, and spirit. Techniques will include visualization, sensing and projecting energy, chanting, trance, creating magical space, and structuring rituals. **Beginning first week of November, details to be arranged.** Call Raven (334-MOON) for registration and location. \$45-90 sliding scale.

PENTACLE FOR MEN by Rick Dragonstongue and Rose May Dance

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). Prerequisite: Elements of Magic or equivalent experience/study. **Six Tuesdays beginning November 10.** Call Rick, 731-2159, for registration and location. \$45-90 sliding scale.

BOOK PARTY!

Truth or Dare: Encounters with Power, Authority and Mystery, Starhawk's new book, is here! Come celebrate on **Sunday, November 29, 6:30 pm** on, at the Women's Building, 18th St. and Valencia, San Francisco. Starhawk will read from her new book and sign any copies you buy, and the evening will climax in ritual with the Reclaiming community and the Black Cat Band. (At least this is Starhawk's fantasy of what will happen. For a reality check, call the Reclaiming Events Line, 849-0877.) \$3-10 sliding scale, benefit for Reclaiming.

and

Events

Special workshop

Saturday, December 5

THE LIGHT OF THE FULL MOON: for women and men, with Rose, Raven, Dragonstongue, and other Reclaiming teachers

In this afternoon and evening workshop we will work with the power of the full moon to bring to fruition our projects and dreams. We will start around mid-day in large and small groups, culminating with a full moon ritual in the evening. Bring pot-luck dinner and a snack to share. Open to people who have taken a Reclaiming class or have comparable experience working in circle with others. Call Rose, 821-3336, for registration and location. \$25-70 sliding scale.

THE DARK MOON IN THE DARK OF THE YEAR: A Ritual Workshop for Men, with Raven Moonshadow and Rick Dragonstongue
Sunday, December 20

Two days before the winter solstice, in the dark of the moon in the darkest time of the year, we will gather with other men to explore our losses, fears, and anger, and to prepare for the return of the light. From the depths of winter we turn toward the power of love that grows within and around us. For details, location, and registration, call Rick (731-2159) or Raven (334-MOON). Sliding scale.

RECLAIMING CLASSES IN SANTA CRUZ

We've received some wonderful calls, but planning is going more slowly than we hoped. There's a good possibility of an **Elements of Magic** class for women and men offered in Ben Lomond over two weekends in October or November; we're trying to arrange a more advanced class for women at the same time. Please call the Events Line ((415) 849-0877) or Rick Dragonstongue ((415) 731-2159) in late September or early October for more details.

SPIRAL DANCE RITUAL

Reclaiming will **not** do a large Spiral Dance ritual at Samhain this year.

Reclaiming expects to do a large Spiral Dance ritual at Samhain in **1988**. It is never too soon to mark your calendars. Saturday, October 29, 1988 is the most likely date.



For other classes, events, and updates, call the RECLAIMING Events line, 849-0877.

To receive the RECLAIMING NEWSLETTER at home, fill out the form on the back cover of the newsletter, or send \$4-15 (sliding scale) for one year to Reclaiming, P.O. Box 14404, San Francisco, CA 94114.

STARHAWK'S TRAVEL TIPS, WEATHER REPORT, GENERAL RANTING
AND THOUGHTS ON THE CULT OF PERSONALITY FROM
THE PERSONALITY'S POINT OF VIEW

by Starhawk

6-17-87

It's my birthday. I'm sitting in a bakery in Oslo waiting for a friend. It's pouring rain, as it has been for the last month-and-a-half, except for a few glorious days in Denmark. Everyone blames the weather on Chernobyl, pollution, and the decimation of the Amazon rain forests, myself not least. So much for weather.

Now let me proceed to respond to almost everything in the last newsletter (except the poetry):

On Rose's Rant -- The Airplane Game:

The Game is not limited to the Bay Area but has reared its ugly pyramid-shaped head elsewhere. The worst thing about it is that it destroys communities which have been built on trust -- feminist, New Age, alternative, whatever. How can you trust your own buddies when they've bilked you out of large sums of money? Or when you see them ready and eager to make their big bucks in a scheme that inevitably must rip off large numbers of people? Even if you believe their intentions are good, that they believe it's not a rip-off, you've got to lose trust in their judgment and common sense.

There's also something quint-essentially American about it. It's our national belief that there must be something really simple and painless we can do that will make everything better for everybody and make us rich in the process and other people are just too stupid, un-enlightened, or stuck in bad *atti-tudes to have figured it out. And as long as the losers are somewhat removed from us, we don't have to care. It's their fault: for not believing, for choosing their karma or their parents or their whatever, for not being like us! Hey folks -- this is the old Protestant Doctrine of the Elect served up in New Age trappings. And we know where that gets us. The one good thing about the Airplane Game is that it proves people of all genders, races, educational levels and social classes can unite in the pursuit of a common goal and be equally blind and greedy.

On the Cult of Personality: (In which Starhawk asks herself various soul-searching questions and conducts a fearless moral inventory of Soul-searching Question #1: DID I ASK FOR THIS?)

To be honest, maybe I did. Certainly when I was young, I wanted to be famous. All the time I was a stoned teenaged hippy, I had secret fantasies of being interviewed on talk shows, fantasies which alternated with those of devoting my life to caring for my paraplegic, dope-dealing lover. I wasn't very clear on what I wanted to be famous for -- I just wanted to be important, for a mixed bag of motives. I wanted to be famous because growing up in this culture that's one of the things you do want and because I thought it would make me thin and glamorous and then I would have glamorous affairs with men (I wasn't yet considering women) who knew how to order wine as well as the comparative merits of weed and because I have a mother who used to watch the Oscars and sigh "Maybe someday I'll see your name up there" and because I thought then I could finally Show All Those People who thought I was so fucked up and because I'm really sort of a shy person and I thought that if everybody already knew who I was I wouldn't have to expend so much effort to think up small talk at parties.

On my 21st birthday, exactly 15 years ago today, my mother gave me an electric typewriter. I sat down at it and a feeling of doom overcame me. I knew I was going to spend years and years there. I was going to be a writer. I wrote a novel, and then another novel, which required a lot of self discipline, a quality not highly rated in the circles in which I travelled. The novels I wrote never got published (a fact for which I am devoutly grateful today, although it was devastating at the time.) Let's skip lightly over the succeeding seven years, which I experienced at the time as a nearly unbroken string of rejections and failures. (Actually, of course, I was learning my craft -- and Craft -- paying my dues, developing my own spirituality and learning what it was I actually had to say to the world.) We'll skip over the three or four years in which various drafts of The Spiral Dance were rejected by major and minor publishers all over North America. Let's just say that by the time The Spiral Dance finally came out, I had a lot of built-up charge around the issue of success.

The thing is, I wanted success as a writer. (In my own mind, that meant fiction. I saw The Spiral Dance as a sort of digression from my main



calling.) I never expected, or desired, to be a Great Spiritual Leader, nor did I ever imagine myself qualified for that.

#2 Do I like it?

I'd be a liar to say no. Whatever the problems of success, they are preferable to the problems of failure. No doubts on that score.

Of course, I didn't instantly become famous with the publication of The Spiral Dance. (Here I should say that fame is, of course, relative. 99.99% of the people in this world don't know, or care, who I am or what I've done, or if they did know, would be actively hostile or dangerous. The thing is, the small percentage who do just happen to be the ones who are interested in the same things I am and want to hang out in the same groups.) At first, what I became was A Curiosity. Another weird person to interview for 45 seconds every Halloween. This was somewhat preferable to being an out-and-out unpublished failed author, one of thousands -- but not much.

But, The Spiral Dance continued to sell, slowly but steadily, and people actually used the book. This was, at first, astounding to me, even though I had written it with that in mind. It was, in fact the real success, and gave the most satisfying sense of importance: that I had created a tool that people actually used, made theirs. I wrote another novel (also unpublished) and then Dreaming the Dark. I did a lot of political work, becoming more and more steeped in consensus process, ideals of shared leadership and collectivity and empowerment, and did my best to live what I believed. (With a little help from my friends, who are fond of saying things like "Starhawk, if you really mean what you say in your books, you'd shut up.)

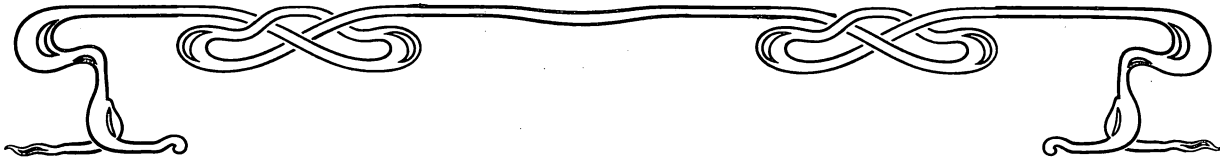
Somewhere along the way, I crossed some subtle dividing line I wasn't aware of at the time. Only in hindsight is it clear that something has shifted. A rabbi told my mother that I was famous. ("Why didn't you tell me you were famous?" My mother complained. "Why do I have to hear it from somebody else? I felt so hurt, so left out." "I didn't know," I said. "Besides, would you have believed me?" "No," she said thoughtfully, "You're right. It had to come from the rabbinate.") I began to get more and more invitations to speak, to keynote

conferences. Publishers were badgering me for a new book. People were writing me fan letters and gazing at me adoringly and going out of their way to be nice. (Not, of course, members of this collective). As you might imagine, many aspects of this are extremely gratifying, and I'd be dishonest to say they weren't.

#3. So What's the Problem?

Here's one example: About two years ago I was present at the birth of a friend's child. She gave birth in a hospital, and I was impressed at how attentive, warm, supportive and friendly the staff were. A few months ago, she told me that the reason they were so nice is that they were impressed that I was there. So what's wrong with that? Sounds great, doesn't it, just what we all fantasize. but imagine those sorts of interactions repeated, again and again. Consider what it means to have people defer to you without knowing that this is what's going on (because you're not walking around all day long thinking of yourself as this impressive, important person. You're just sort of ambling along through your life like anyone else.) Consider what it means when people stop acting real towards you, but you don't know they aren't because you don't see them in any other way, and the problem becomes clear: you can go through life never knowing what's really going on, and not knowing that you don't know -- a pretty fatal state of affairs for someone interested in having human relationships from time to time.

Or consider the Nevada Women's Peace Camp, (which Rose wrote about in the last newsletter). I was asked to go. I wanted to badly but I had a previous commitment (and one of my methods for staying sane is to hold to my commitments even when something enticing comes up.) But in retrospect, I realize that it's much better that I didn't go. The women who did were quite capable of creating rituals to meet their needs without me, and had I gone to "do" the ritual I was asked to do, would the women who participated have been there for the sake of the ritual, or for the sake of some connection/interaction with a well-known, famous person? Or imagine if we had tried to collectively plan a ritual, with women deferring to me without my knowing it. Would that have been empowering for them? Or for me? Would they have gone away with a sense of our collective power to create the



ritual and the spirituality and the culture we need, or would they have gone away thinking, "Wow, Starhawk sure knows how to give great ritual!" (Or perhaps, "That Starhawk's not all she's cracked up to be -- her rituals suck!") The point is, I am not the point. It doesn't matter to me whether more people think I'm great or important or fabulous or disappointing or whatever. I really have more than enough of that kind of appreciation and power. I've been lucky. I've got what I wanted. I'm satisfied. Thank you, world! Enough, already.

It doesn't mean I want to go back to being unknown and unappreciated. It means my goals and desires have changed. New levels of frustration have arisen. I don't want less power -- I want more power -- but the power I want now is so vast and real that it's not something I can get alone. I want things to really change. Fast. Before it all goes down the tubes. And that has nothing to do with people thinking I'm great -- it has to do with people taking their own power and all of us taking action together to realize the dreams and visions we cannot dream alone.

So, the paradox. Has the work I've been doing reached the point where my very success is interfering with my own goals? And if so:

#4 What to Do?

I suppose I could:

A. Retire -- Must I really consider my working life over at 36?

B. Die -- An even less attractive option. There is something about being idolized and idealized, however, that makes you feel you really should be dead already, safely ensconced in a grave where you won't inadvertently do something to blow your image, leaving people free to name things after you, misquote you, and sell off your relics without interference. (Speaking of which, put those fingernail clippings down, Rose, and keep your greedy fingers out of my wastebasket.)

C. Have a baby. A more attractive option. But what do I say if someday the kid asks "Why was I born, Mommie?" "I had you so I could escape from a dilemma by creating a new dilemma."

D. Commit some extreme political act that would send me to jail for a long, long time. Somehow, I suspect this would only further the cult of personality.

E. Expatriate. (My housemates would kill me, bringing us back to option B and its attendant drawbacks. Besides, I don't want to.)

F. Look on this as just another of the Goddess's little challenges and find some creative way of transforming the energy.

(Reader response is invited. Sappy letters will not be printed or acknowledged.)

I can't help thinking there's something basically wrong with my thinking on this, but can't figure out what.
--Starhawk

Postscript (one month later:)

As I said, I think there's a flaw in my thinking, and now I see what it is. In Norway, I went up to Samiland in the far North and stayed with a woman whose father is their tribal shaman, and is training her to follow him. "But whether I become a shaman or not depends upon whether I will have the strength," she told me. "My father says, 'I can show you things, but I cannot give you my power. I can sing for you, but I cannot give you my ear or my voice.'"

And so I realized in what way I've been confused. I've believed that it was my task to empower people, and so of course I was inevitably getting in my own way, because that is an impossible task. No one can give power to someone else. And really, all I need to do is show some things and create interesting situations in which opportunities to gain power-from-within arise. That's not hard to do, because such opportunities are always around us. People may focus on me, or someone else, or nothing else, but that has little to do with whether or not they actually empower themselves. I can't make them do it, nor can I keep them from it.

This still leaves unanswered questions, but it's not really such a big deal. In fact, it's all rather silly, isn't it? Love, Starhawk

[In the last issue of the Reclaiming Newsletter we inadvertently omitted the last paragraph of Jess Shoup's article on "Green Pagan Politics". We're very sorry. What follows is the omitted paragraph and numbers for contacting the Greens.]

Green Pagan Politics (conclusion)

-- Jess Shoup

T.S. Eliot in "The Hollow Men" wrote

This is the way the world ends,
This is the way the world ends,
This is the way the world ends,
Not with a bang, but a whimper.



Well, take your choice. With a bang, as in nuclear bombs. With the 20th century equivalent of the Black Plague, AIDS. Or with Mother Earth doing a rollover to get rid of the most troublesome species of all, us. Or maybe, just maybe, we can gather the energy and the numbers to save the planet and the good guys will win.



Come help us.

- | | |
|----------------------------|--|
| East Bay Green Alliance: | Greg 537-8203, Jess 654-4904 |
| San Francisco Greens: | Don & Joan 556-0291, Robin 221-1620 |
| Berkeley Greens: | Andy 527-5796, Jerry 525-7035 |
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INCEST

to GHK (1903-1979)

NO!NO!NO!DADDY!DON'T!DO!THAT!TO!ME!

In dead dreams you haunt
The ruins of my sexuality

I have set my skin on fire
To burn your hold on me away
But still I shake
In your feverish grip

I have numbed my blood to ice
To freeze you from my heart
But your pain still twists
Its poison through my veins

I have severed self from self
To keep from you, my keeper
But you remain the wedge
Driven through my brain

How much deeper could I dig the grave
To bury what you killed in me?

...I remember sad, sick Sunday mornings
in the church of the forgiving son
and of the jealous father
and how I cursed your sacraments of guilt...

... and driven mad on midnight hot rod roads
120mph was suicide on twisting
highway 49 to Liberty, N.C.
...did I survive or only fail to die?

On dogwood mornings, in sunlit spring
I have bargained for release
But always in the winter night
I contain your unity
Of trust and sex and killing rage

I became a silent prison of my rage
And the burning walls that held it in

...I remember, mixed with front yard baseball games
the fishing trips in your old car
the smiling dogs and rabbit hunts and shotgun smells...
my razor dreams of blood your blood
draining in a field of broken grain...

The bridge of lies is broken over a roaring gorge of rage

And I have left your bonded world
A thousand shadow miles behind
And still I dread your wretched need
In my lovers that I always leave...
...I always leave

...I feel your awkward touch
as I turn away...
...always away
...away...away
...turn in a hundred new directions
scattered fragments, that remain...

Eaten hollow by all I could not feel
And done with tears, I have turned to stone
And stood on a foreign shore, alone

And now, will I stalk you into hell
And in my battle form, a tortured beast
Confront your dried and empty shell
And with my claws rip us separate
flesh from flesh
And sear your shriveled soul to silent ash
and fling it at the sun?

And then will I at last be free?
The faceless boy you never let me be

Roy King



BOOK REVIEW

by Leslie Giles O'Bergin

ASTROLOGY FOR YOURSELF, A WORKBOOK FOR PERSONAL TRANSFORMATION by Douglas Bloch & Demetra George (Wingbow Press, 1987, \$14.95)



A simple, non-sexist, choice-oriented beginner's manual on natal (birth) astrology has been on my wish list for years. Despite the many good books available about astrology these days, access without resorting to classes (not always available or affordable) or a professional consultation (also expensive and not always available) has been a challenge. What I like most about this book is that it is a complete package to get you started, beginning with order forms for your personal birth chart from the computer service I consider the best in the US, and finishing up with a fine bibliography for further study. I've begun recommending that people with no prior knowledge of astrology who call me for a consultation work through the programmed text (reactions have been that it is easy to use...) and order their own chart, before coming in to discuss specific questions they may have or which ever of my opinions about their chart they may find useful. I firmly believe that personal empowerment is the most powerful tool astrology has to offer, and **ASTROLOGY FOR YOURSELF** is both basic ("What is astrology?") and complex (I learned a few new things about myself...after more than ten years of study).

To me, the foundation of all magic is self-knowledge and study towards a realistic self-appraisal. One of the most important things we can learn from the study of astrology is our own personal orientation towards being alive, what moves us, what we yearn for, how we might better meet our goals for ourselves and Mother Earth. From there, we are able to move toward an understanding of others as different from ourselves, that there are many ways of being, and that we have choices about how to live with that knowledge.

I suppose that part of why I fell in love with this book so immediately, is that it deals well with topics I always struggle to communicate when I'm teaching someone about my approach to astrology. Certainly it does not reproduce my personal metaphors, nor do I even try in a consultation to

cover all the special topics it encompasses, but I felt a kinship with the feel of it. A good example is the authors' use of lists of attributes "skillfully" and "unskillfully" applied to a particular sign or planetary placement. Another is the regular occurrence of a space for journal entries at the end of exercises. Over and over again, the reader's attention is returned to the personal, and the awareness of choice.

There are also two especially exciting areas I haven't seen well handled in print, the Asteroids, and the Lunation cycle. The asteroids, named for Goddesses Ceres, Pallas, Vesta and Juno, are new feminine archetypes, and add potent insight into a birth chart for women and men, especially in conjunction with an optional chapter on the eleven new asteroids which have come into use in the past ten years. (I should mention that the authors' previous book, **ASTEROID GODDESSES**, is a good tool for further exploration.) The Lunation Cycle, understanding moon phases in relation to a personal chart, is also deeply tied to the habits of Witches. There's an ingenious section on exploring this, complete with cut-out diagrams for constructing your very own moon phase wheel.

There may be something I don't like about this book, but so far, I haven't discovered it. The book does cover aspects, transits, nodes of the Moon, the Part of Fortune, retrogrades, relationships and a variety of specific applications in a competent manner. I recommend it highly, and hope many people will begin using it, both as a personal and a classroom tool.

ASTROLOGY FOR YOURSELF can be ordered from either Demetra George (P.O. Box 405, Waldport, Oregon 97394) or Douglas Bloch (4226 NE 23rd Ave, Portland, Oregon 97211) for \$14.95 plus \$1.50 postage for the first book, and \$.50 postage for each additional book ordered at the same time. They also offer a 20% discount on orders of five or more. (Perfect for circles who may wish to go through the book together.)





REVIEW OF WELCOME TO ANNWFN,
a tape by Deborah and Rick Hamouris and friends



-- reviewed by Larry Dekker

In Welcome to Annwfn, Deborah and Rick Hamouris and an assortment of friends create a compelling yet easily embraceable collection of contemporary Pagan music. Here are a group of people with a distinctly unitive vision of themselves in context with their spiritual home. From the first glance at the mushroom shaped, spaceship-like abode photographed for the cover of this cassette, one begins to sense that the community these folks are welcoming us to is indeed a rich and vital part of an ageless mythology.

Their material seems to be divided into two styles. The first are a collection of Pagan pop songs, some complete with the at this point almost obligatory, neo-Celtic "here we go to the Renaissance Faire" timbre. Usually not a lover of this almost stock form, I must admit that in this context it is used to their benefit. Whether celebrating an aspect of the goddess ("Crone Song") or their home base ("Welcome to Annwfn") or its founder ("The Faerie Shaman") or the natural cycles of the god ("Anthem to the Sun" and "The Harvest"), these songs are delivered with the conviction that can only come as a result of deeply experiencing what they're singing about. In particular, "Bringing in the May" is a stand-out, a joyful embrace of new life. Each time I hear this one I go away from it feeling good. Still, I'd like to hear a version of this one with a driving rock and roll band behind it. Trust me on this one, folks. It would work. (After all, it's practically the 21st Century, not the 10th . . .)

The second style of music on this tape is, for me, the most powerful. This is the percussion/chant form. These people really understand the power of repetition in effecting trance induction and invocation. "We are a Circle," with its almost gospel-like flavor (yes -- gospel), and the four-lined "Horned One", with its powerful round, are great examples of the mastery these people have achieved through years of singing outdoors with fires blazing and the full moon hanging overhead.

The inference is clear. These chants would make a great addition to any ritual. And these folks know it.

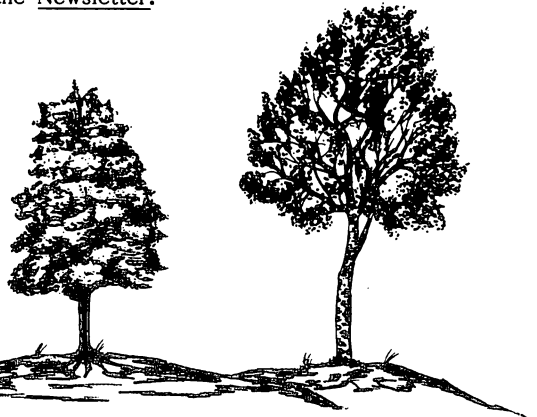
For me, the best aspect of Welcome to Annwfn isn't in one song or chant. It is in the fact the goddess and god are celebrated with equal fervor by both male and female voices. It is so refreshing to see the god treated not as the "eternal subjugator" but as an indispensable part of natural process -- more specifically, an integral piece of the spiritual puzzle. I see this as a gentle reminder that the god and goddess are not mutually exclusive, but natural complements forming a whole.

Deborah and Rick Hamouris and friends have done an outstanding job sharing with us the visions with which they've been blessed in their magic forest. For the future, my message to them, as well as to other pagan musicians, is don't be afraid to turn it up!

For a copy of Welcome to Annwfn, send \$10.00 to Forever Forests, P.O.B. 212, Redwood Valley, CA 95470.

* * * * *

Larry Dekker is interested in reviewing other Pagan tapes for the Reclaiming Newsletter. If you have a tape you would like to see reviewed, send a review copy to Larry care of the Newsletter.



**THE "WHO SHOULD PRACTICE SAFE SEX" QUIZ
BY MOI**

In the bewildering age of AIDS and safe sex, how do you know if you are one of those folks who should practice safe sex? Moi has designed this simple, little quiz to help you decide once and for all if you fall into a risk group.

This quiz can be self-administered. However, if you are crazy enough, have your mother, your current lover(s), or your best friend ask you the following questions. Remember, this is only a quiz and is designed to help you determine whether or not you are now or have been in a risk group for AIDS. (Note: Am I imagining this or is it really true that some people think it's way cool to be "at risk"?) This is a new and strange phenomena to me, as we are all at risk by virtue of the existence of the ever-changing AIDS virus. However, there are certainly those of us who are more at risk than others. With that in mind, tally up the points for each of the questions, and then check the guide at the end of the quiz to determine your risk category. All questions are to be answered within the time-frame of the last seven years. Here's how to keep score:

"NO" = 00
"YES" = 10
"DK*/MAYBE" = 50

1. Have you had P/V or P/A (penal/vaginal or penal/anal) sex without a rubber?
2. Have you ever had sex with a new partner?
3. Have you ever had sex with a person?
4. Have you or one of your partners ever had sex with more than one person at a time?
5. Have you ever had sex with someone else who at one time or another had had sex with another person?
6. Have you ever had sex with someone who has had sex with a new partner?
7. Have you ever had sex with someone who has never had sex?
8. Have you ever had sex with someone who had never had sex except with another person?
9. Have you ever had sex with someone who had had sex with someone when the rubber broke?
10. Have you ever had sex with someone whose has had a blood transfusion?
11. Have you ever had sex with someone whose previous lover had had a blood transfusion?
12. Have you ever had sex with someone who has a blood clotting disorder and has received

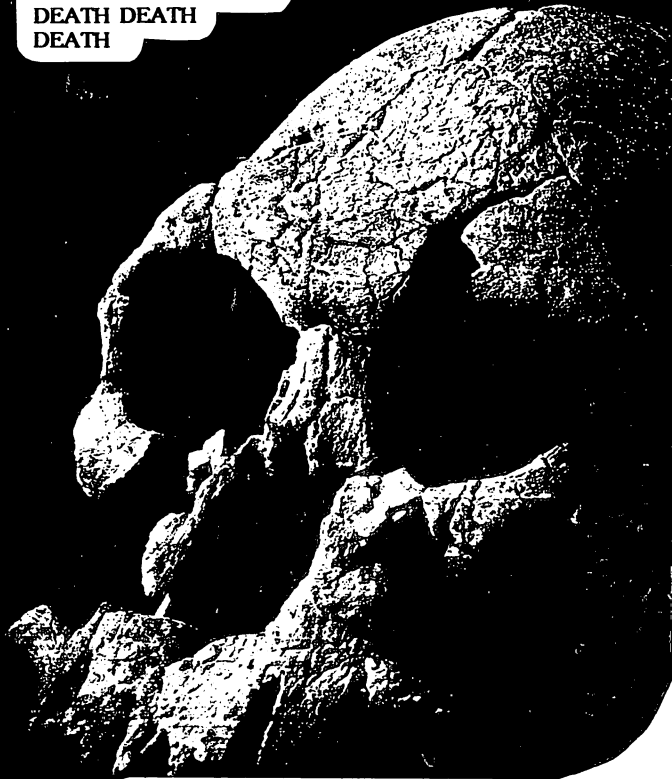
13. Have you ever had sex with someone who has sex with someone who has had sex with someone who has a blood clotting disorder?
14. Have you ever had sex with someone who ever had a needle stuck in them whether recreationally or medically?

Don't bother to try to add up your score. Moi is really just trying to get you to realize the almost impossibility of determining risk factors.

Two new and unrelated cases of lesbian transmission without either partner reporting any history of intravenous drug use or male partners have just been documented in New York. Health officials aren't even talking about these two cases because they are completely stymied. I have never felt like an alarmist about AIDS because I know people don't have to get AIDS once they are given the information to protect themselves. However, what do we do now when the one group that was thought to be almost "immune" are being exposed to the virus? These two cases could simply be an unwillingness on the victims' part to report behaviors (iv drug use or sex with men) that are hidden or unacceptable in their communities, or they could actually fall under the category of "no known risk." However, what that leaves all of us with is an ever-greater sense of community and responsibility. What I mean by that is if we all adopt and consistently practice safer sex by making it the community norm, we can rest assure that we are protecting ourselves and our lovers and friends. This does not mean, by any stretch of the imagination, that we all have to practice the same sex? Goddess forbid! As a community, we can take on the joys, challenges, and rewards of safer sex. When we are asked to do something sexually that we feel puts us at risk, we then have the responsibility to be like Nancy Reagan and "Just Say No!" With love and lust teach that lover a safer way to experience that practice or suggest another even funner one. If it comes to our attention as we pass lovers around (we do that, you know) that one particular person still insists on taking unnecessary risks, lets bring the power of our magic and our community to bear by publicly flogging and bad-mouthing him or her. Our lives are at stake!

*DK==DON'T KNOW

DEATH DEATH DEATH
DEATH DEATH
DEATH



Death, the delivery boy, always rings twice, then knocks, loudly if necessary, and stands waiting just outside the door, shy and quiet, with his gift, the mystic rose.

Skulls piled on skulls, blind eye holes mocking sight, empty brain holes pantomime the empty night. Is not death so very much like life?

Death moves in the life-like world, erect and majestic, driving his old black Rolls, polished and shining and purring like a pussy-cat. And do we not all follow, from what seems a safe distance, spellbound, always follow through the streets that seem to lead so far but always turn, always curve and circle, always circle, always, always, circle back.

How the ego-shrouded skulls, appropriately polished and arranged, line the niches of history, and clog the ditches of time, preventing proper drainage.

In the better part of town, Death, the silent visitor, approaches from behind the table, dressed in the costume of a servant, and pours another cup of tea all round, to ward off drowsiness, and stimulate the after-dinner chatter. And when the gentlemen have exhausted themselves in boasting, and the ladies have thoroughly swallowed their pride, Death rises with them and rolls back their linen and fluffs their feather pillows and fills their heads with dreams of obedient children and rising profits. Then Death tiptoes downstairs, turns off the alarm, and unlatches the gate to let the murderers in.

Operator, could you please put me through to Death. Thanks. Oh, yes, I'll pay for the call, yes. No, I don't have the number. I'm sorry, what? Oh, "D - E - A -", yes, that's right. Thanks. You got it. Great! It's ringing? Oh. Still ringing -- oh, hello? Yes, hello, ah, I, ah, Mr. Death, I, ah, don't know if you remember me, Sir, but I met you once, I think, at a funeral, and, ah, I just wanted to ask you, ah if you could tell me one thing -- Hello? Are you there? Hello? Operator! I think I've been cut off. What? There was no answer? Then who was I talking to?

Listen Death, old buddy, after sundown in the afterlife, do we finally get a good night's sleep?

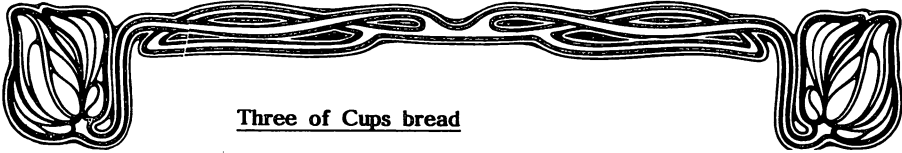
Dear Death,

I just love a good mystery. Thanks for everything.

RECIPE -- THREE OF CUPS BREAD

-- Susan Mermaid

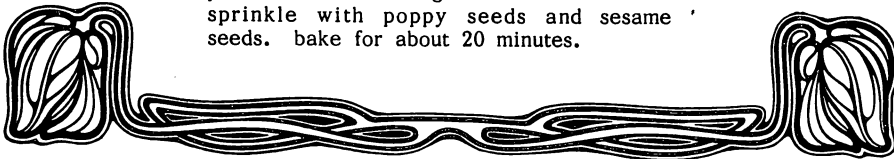
How wonder-full was the Summer Solstice ritual at the beach! My favorite part was swimming, skyclad, in the ocean to cleanse before the ritual. Afterwards, at the feast, many enjoyed the bread that I brought, so here is the recipe:



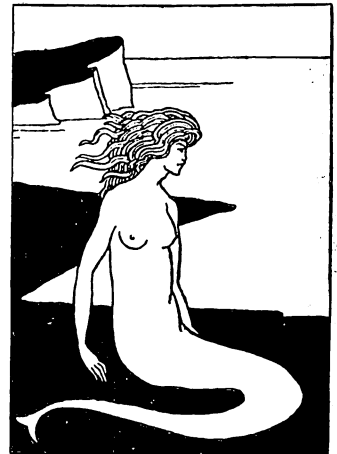
Three of Cups bread

preheat oven to 350 or 375 degrees
1 cup milk (can use powdered milk)
1 cup corn meal
1 cup rye flour (or wheat flour or rice
flour)
2 eggs (but can use one)
a couple of spoons of baking powder
a little honey

pour batter into a greased loaf dish and
sprinkle with poppy seeds and sesame
seeds. bake for about 20 minutes.



Be creative! Try adding raw corn from the cob, spinach leaves (for cornbread Florentine), lots of honey, or ? Happy three of cups to you. Blessed be.





STARHAWK'S FALL SCHEDULE

It's still in flux.

Tentatively,

September 18-20	Victoria, B.C.
September 25-27	Esalen, Big Sur, CA
October 23	Denver, Colorado Midwives Alliance of North America
To be determined	Seattle, Washington (An evening of ritual & rock & roll, with Charlie Murphy and Jami Sieber)
November 11	Bloomington, Indiana
November 13-15	Washington, D.C.
November 20-22	Denver, Colorado
November 29	SAN FRANCISCO Book release party
December 4-6	New York, NY

For more information, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Jodi Sager, P.O. Box 9725, Berkeley, CA 94709. (415) 528-9433. (Note: This number is for scheduling inquiries only; Jodi will not take messages for Starhawk. Write a letter.

NEWSLETTER WELCOMES CONTRIBUTIONS

No, you don't have to know somebody to be published in the Reclaiming Newsletter.

We welcome contributions -- articles, poems, graphics -- related to pagan, feminist, political, antinuclear, and ecological issues. We don't publish everything we receive, but carefully written articles relevant to our issues tend to get in. Poems don't make it as often. Decisions may seem arbitrary at times (we do give priority to submissions from folks in our community).

We really do like to hear from new voices.

ANNOUNCEMENT: Any WITCHES or PAGANS out there who have any experience with secular authorities around the subject of **Death** and specifically **the disposal of human remains?** Two witches more or less associated with Reclaiming (**Vibra** and **Macha**) are attempting to work out a legal precedent so that WITCHES who want it can have an option for more direct involvement in putting our departed ones to rest--or in some cases reclaiming the sacred bones of our ancestors. In addition, we want something legal so that we can carry out the wishes of those who pass to the **Other World** in a timely manner (i.e., before serious decomposition sets in) without hassle from secular authorities. Please send thoughts and especially direct experiences to **M. Nightmare, P.O. Box 194, San Anselmo, CA 94960. Blessings!**

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The Fourth World Assembly, an England-based group, is having a symposium at Fort Mason September 27 to October 1, 1987. Presents and participants from around the world and the USA are seeking lodging for those nights.

The Fourth World is a group which is helping develop human-scale solutions to the global crises. Inspired by Schmacher-type ideals (Small is Beautiful), these folk have developed and implemented small scale, co-operative alternatives in education, business, politics, and the economy.

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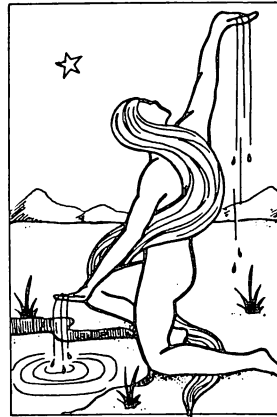


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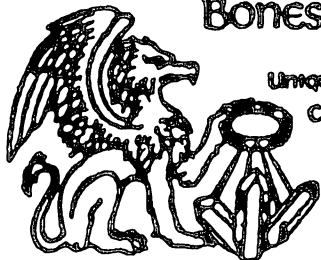
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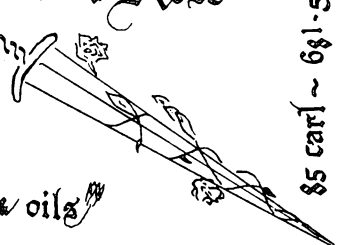
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Reclaiming is a collective of San Francisco Bay Area women and men working to unify spirit and politics. Our vision is rooted in the religion and magic of the Goddess--the Immanent Life Force. We see our work as teaching and making magic--the art of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

The RECLAIMING Newsletter now costs a dollar if you get it at a store or an event. The Newsletter runs at a deficit, and we're trying to cover a higher percentage of our expenses. Additional contributions are welcome.



SUBSCRIPTION RATES Going Up: Starting next quarter, we will be raising our subscription rates in order to come closer to meeting our costs. New rates will be \$6-25 sliding scale for one year; \$12-50 for for two years; \$2.00 for sample copy by mail. For foreign mailing, please add \$4.00 per year to cover costs. We will continue to provide free one-year subscriptions to people who cannot afford to pay.

Sliding scale: We use a sliding scale to keep costs low for people with minimal income. We hope people with larger incomes will place themselves higher on the scale to help us in this. Please place yourself where you feel comfortable on the scale, or maybe a little higher.

Canadian subscribers: we would appreciate payments in U.S. funds, as it is difficult and costly for us to cash your personal checks or use your personal cash.

Be sure to tell us **HOW MANY YEARS** the money you send is supposed to cover (sliding scales for one year and two years overlap). If you don't say, we will assume any amount up to \$15.00 is for **one** year.

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