

RECLAIMING

NEWSLETTER



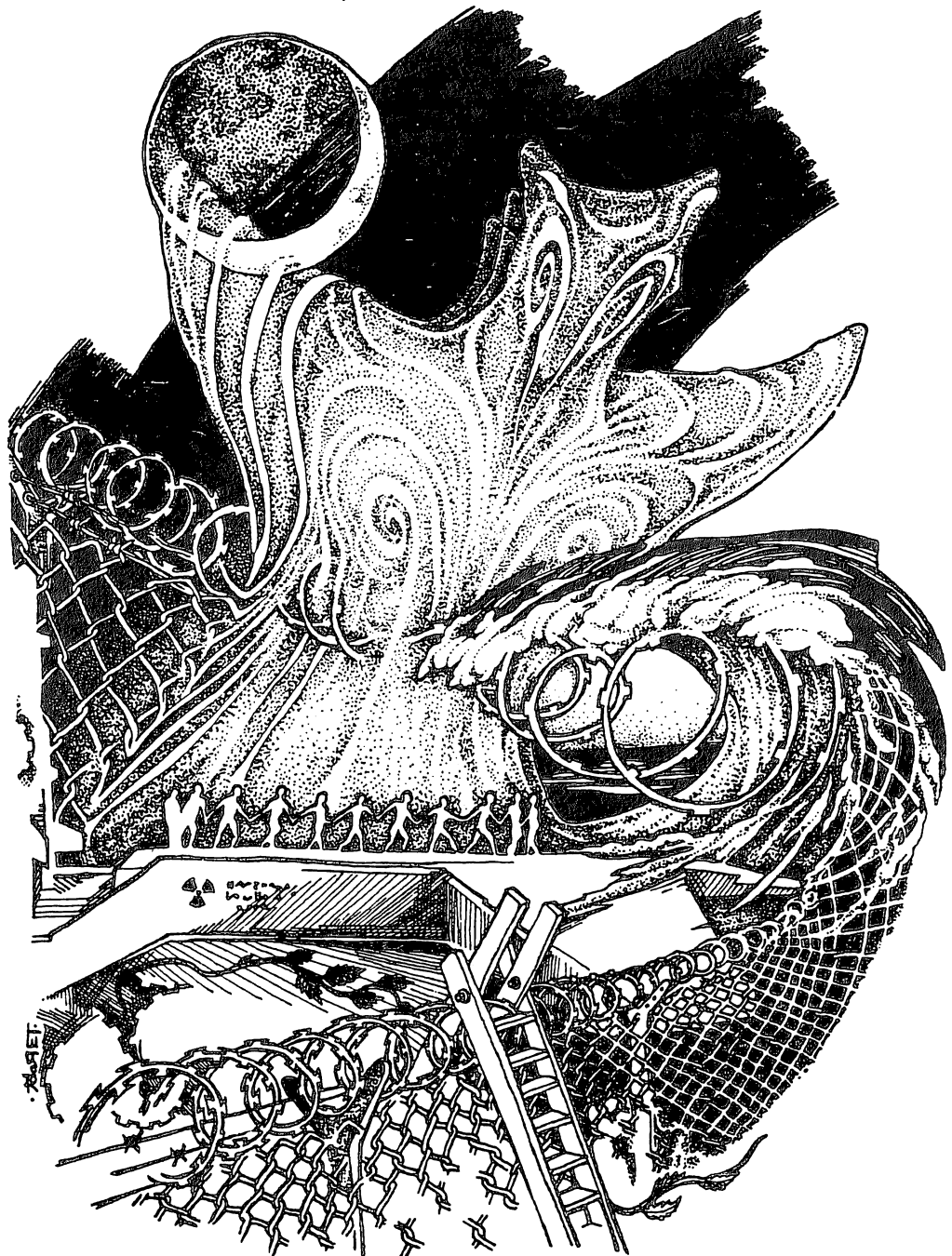
WINTER 1987

NUMBER 29

\$1.00

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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 **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 Spring newsletter deadline is January 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.

Ann Hill, Leslie O, Pleiades, Rick Dragonstongue, Robin Dorn, Rose May Dance, Roy King and Vibra put this issue together. Then they had to take a nap.

THE

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BLESSED BE



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Cover and various original graphics by Bob Thawley

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.)



POEMS by Richard Hawk

My beloved friend, Richard Hawk died of AIDS on September 9, 1987. He left a fine volume of poetry. His ashes, lit by my vigils, sit on my altar, and I am waiting to hear, waiting to heal. -- Rose May Dance

Winter Solstice

Hear Casandra as she shouts at Solstice
her voice faint against the howling wind
drunk with truth she reels
singing of Love that transcends a world insane
with vengeance that should die but remains unchanged.

So let another year of the world be born
and the prophecy once more be told
new times are but the times of old
and the stars that are mine
will be yours in good time.

San Francisco

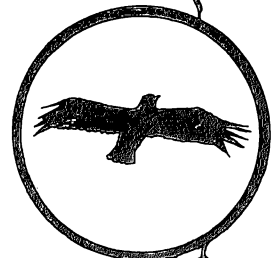
Great shining city
who opened it's arms
like some giant Mother Teresa
and held us in care and love
though we lay poor and dying of AIDS
while others throw children from their schools
and in horror tried to lock us away

Dionysus

Dionysus in stone relief,
your smooth marble cracked by wars
and your limbs stolen on Spartan shoulders
to be locked away in museums,
come dance again among our revelries

Mother Earth

No more will I leave your silence
to hear sweet chants in ashrams,
for even endless mantras
cannot calm me like these hymns
of wind and river's roar.
No candle could ever radiate
the blinding light of Sun,
or words of wisdom uplift
like your peaks that thrust me into galaxies.





LESBIAN AND GAY FREEDOM MARCH AND ACTION, OCTOBER '87
by Starhawk



"Your gloves don't match your shoes!"

This stirring chant rang out over the steps of the Supreme Court building as lines of police in plastic gloves prepared to arrest us. The action was the culmination of several days of lesbian and gay activism that turned Washington gay in every sense of the word: crowds of people singing on the subway escalators and cheering each other in the stations, strangers laughing and talking, long-lost friends, lovers, and ex-lovers meeting by chance in the crowds. The March was bigger than any of the media reported, possibly 700,000 people, and about 800 people were arrested in the Supreme Court action.

The dead were also with us. I carried the ashes of Rose's good friend Richard Hauk, who had died a month earlier of AIDS. Many people carried signs with the names of friends or lovers: one contingent in the march had made balloons printed with the name and photograph of their beloved dead. During the action, one affinity group, made up of men wearing tee-shirts imprinted with photographs of their dead lovers, told stories of their lovers as they were arrested. Many people with AIDS marched, and many also took part in the direct action. I was moved by their courage: putting their bodies in the hands of the homophobic police meant putting their lives on the line, for real. In all, the tone of the action was one of deep seriousness in response to the suffering around us, and high hilarity befitting a movement to liberate the erotic. The action was blessedly free of self-righteousness and lacked the pious overtones of noble martyrdom that often infect the peace movement.

Together with my fairy friend Peter Soderberg, I led a pre-action ritual

on the Capitol lawn. It was informal, spontaneous, and appropriately chaotic but I believe it was effective at creating a sense of empowerment. We danced a spiral dance, sang, wove webs of yarn which were later taken up the Supreme Court steps and into jail, and called the dead to be with us: those who had died of AIDS, the heras and heroes who inspire us. We also called the living: those who need healing, and those who need our protection.

The most powerful ritual of the weekend, however, was the Names Project. The huge quilt they created, of rectangles of cloth embellished with the names of those who have died of AIDS, became a sacred space, a graveyard on the Mall. It was enormous: we walked through it on pathways, looking for the names of those we knew and cared for. All day long as the March gathered at the rally site, people would wander through the quilt in small groups or alone, some crying, some stopping at the squares dedicated to friends or lovers to remember, to perform their own personal, spontaneous rituals, to leave offerings or scatter flowers. Pandora and I scattered Richard's ashes on his square and sat and cried together for a long time. Then we wandered about, to admire how each individual's personality appeared so strongly through their square: one had a teddy bear sewn to it, another was all done in leather, still another had sequins and lace, others had poems or paintings. The huge scale of the quilt was a graphic statement of the huge scale of the problem: and the individual care with which each square was sewn made us remember that each of these deaths had been a real person, with friends, relatives and lovers, and with unique gifts that now were gone. It was one of the most powerful examples of political ritual I've ever seen.



Circle of Kin

We stand on the land
Our toes in the grass
Our voices twine with the wind
Our wills are unleashed, our senses aroused
Our hearts are whole once again
Once again
Our strength is as one once again
Once again
One with the land once again
Once again
One once again with the wind
With the wind
One is our circle of kin

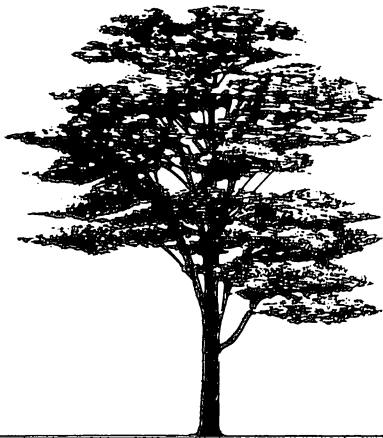


Roy
King

Freedom

From sunken fields of time's deceased regrets
We stumble, numbed, but for the weapon of our mind
Against forgotten ghosts, our mirrored fear
That binds us to the cadence of a mime,
And blinds us to the open, swirling skies.

Freedom fights, from birth, the hidden voices
Canting word-worn rites of vacant choices,
Sheds withered skin of circumstantial chance,
Twisting through the self-creating maze,
Emerging, fluid, formless, awakened in the dance.





It is people at the edge who say
things at the edge: winter is toward knowing.
William S. Ford
"Sayings from the northern ice"



Winter in the city, that foul god. We are all standing unprotected, heads bent against the wind-driven rain that pummels our shoulders, soaks our hair, drips its cold fingers of water down our poor necks. Cars hiss by, their drivers uncaring of our misery; overhead, planes lift unseen patrician faces and drop them softly in Honolulu, Palm Springs, Puerto Vallarta. The world is divided, I think as we crowd into the packed M car, with its wet wool smell and steamy windows -- the world is divided into those who must face winter, live in it, and those who continually, effortlessly, escape it.

And yet I have no real wish to escape it; I take some perverse pride in exposing myself to the elements, in undergoing the rituals of a long purple poncho, a red umbrella with a wood handle crowned by a strange purple-streaked stone, a gray wool scarf, sturdy leather boots. The simple, reliable virtues of the clothing of the winter traveller -- like travelling with old friends, trustworthy companions. I grasp the rail like a silver staff, and think of my home, so little lived-in in summer -- a warm house feels warmer, a welcoming friend or lover more welcome, a hot mug of tea or chocolate or coffee even more delectable, coming out of a day where the sun is a pale gray disk in a gunmetal gray sky that mirrored the ugliest concrete chill of urban mass architecture.

The train slips underground, and I look, as I always do, at our reflections in the windows turned to mirrors. For me it is an existential moment, to be obliterated soon by harsh lights and the squeal of brakes; but for these few seconds, I stare at myself surrounded by tired faces, bodies stiff and stifling in warm clothes now turned oppressive in

the heat of the car. Winter, a time of going under, going in, for gazing at the brief reflection of our lives, for crystal vision. This pale light is a mockery of the sun, it makes me want us all, somehow, to fight this inner death, this exhausting, pointless sleep of commuting and working, where working is so often pointless or even nasty, so often dehumanizing or even crippling, so often for other people's purposes. To do these jobs day in and day out -- how could anyone survive if s/he didn't turn off the critical mind, the creative faculties, from 9 to 5? And when you do something that often -- my body feels the train slow, next station soon -- do you begin to forget how to turn the critical mind, the dreaming mind, back on?

Car stopped in the tunnel. Mental winter. Cold, bitter, numbing, wet without being fertile, the water sloughed off pavement and cars into sewers. Days like newspapers, grainy, smudged, depressing. The newspapers in the car hide faces, like Noh theatre masks -- masks that say US sinks Iranian gunboat. Over there, above the rumpled suit: head of Salvadoran rights group slain as he drops daughters off at school. The masks of winter -- death, and rape, and war, and acquired immune deficiency syndrome -- worn with the same ironic bored tired manner that one reads, votes, waits in line for the cars that take us underground. A woman shifts her paper, and for a moment, startled, I see the modern mask of Kali, nuclear winter, a plutonium snowman with an erratic cobalt grin.

Still stopped down here, and my vision recedes ... or does it slowly edge past? all this outer death and travail. It feels like going inside, inside the chest to the heart, but somehow, eyes closed, inside seems

large, a huge dome of night sky --
and lines from William Stafford echo
in that vastness --

At the mouth of the long sack we
fall in forever
storms brighten the spikes of stars

It's easier to imagine winter: that
long sack, the free fall past the
bright spikes of stars: death. My
eyes fix my eyes in the window --
what kind of fall? Screaming?
Hopeless? Soft as a leaf the winter
wind picks off a naked limb?
Somehow, imagining our end point,
finding the speck of light reflected
in the pupil of our eye, wrapping
ourselves in a cloak of darkness and
mystery against the pale light of the
car -- somehow, this brings great
joy. A winter storm sweeps the stars
and sky and land in my mind, sweeps
away the incongruous clutter of bank
deposits and comparison shopping and
Muni schedules, leaving the
essential, the long walk -- can it be
a dance? -- toward our end. And in
this winterscape, this cold clean
state of mind, this simple
acceptance, we can do essential work:
forge a tool we need to survive; find
a dance to celebrate the simple
wildness of living at all; conjure
and meet the guide we need to
negotiate the bright storms and
spikey stars of this century with our
faculties and our spirit intact.

The car lurches forward, and the
smile that creeps across my face is a
secret one, not erratic at all.

Soon the lights will come on, and
I'll step out; but before this
happens, they appear, as they always
do. The original peoples. Somehow,
I always think of this -- how the
native americans survived winters on
the prairies or in new england,
living softly on the land. I pull my
sweater tighter as I imagine them in

longhouses and other shelters,
keeping warm, telling stories, making
love, dreaming of spring and the hunt
and the golden arms of the sun. And
invariably, over the shoulders of
these ghostly tribes, stare the
doomed, the unavenged -- the
Naragansett indians, images from an
old book hidden in the corner of my
kindergarten room, with a red leather
cover and fine engravings. After the
Bible, it was my first book -- about
how another Prince, Prince Phillip,
convinced the tribes of Massachusetts
and Rhode Island to resist. And then
I read the page my child's mind
comprehended with a simple terror I
can only approximate now -- how the
Naragansetts were driven in winter,
men and women and children like the
child I was, out out onto the bitter
beaches of Rhode Island, to die of
hunger and exposure and despair.
their faces crowd in on the glass,
asking -- what does it mean to die in
winter, hour by hour, the spirit
perhaps before the body, pointlessly,
at the point of some cruel logic of
greed for the land, all the land?

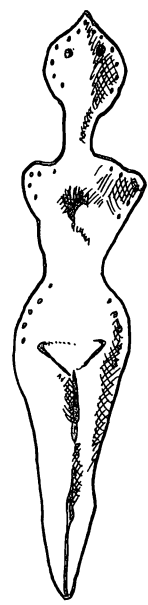
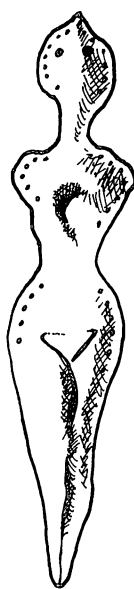
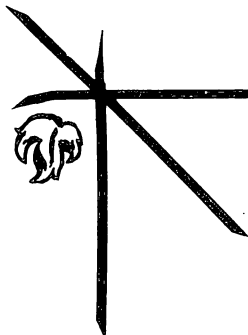
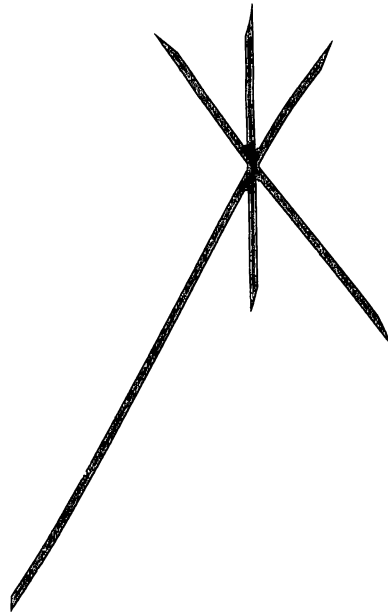
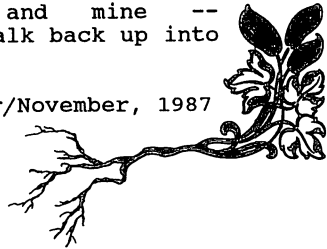
Perhaps it is only the desire of a
white man, but I see these faces and
they are not without peace. They
hold out to me, a child, open hands,
palms up, as if to say, we who are at
the edge say things at the edge:
winter is toward knowing. You must
face your death, and the death of the
god, in this season; but you must
also face the death of the spirit,
the death that has undone so many
still alive. When you go to your
rituals of winter, and face the
longest dark and chant your echoes of
the ghost dance, "we are born again,
we shall live again" -- then you and
we shall be near one another. But
when you are within that great dark,
that cold, do not forget those who
have been driven from the hearth;
taste, if you dare, the death that is
in life, the spirits twisted daily



under the footsteps of the numb and
the uncaring. Build that fire of joy
and life for us; and when you dance
your dance of ecstasy and rebirth,
dance it for the imagined, the
looked-forward-to joy of a world
where death in winter shall be as a
leaf, and we shall all float gently
down to the mother.

The harsh lights come on, and our
faces -- theirs and mine --
disappear. Time to walk back up into
the world.

October/November, 1987





THE P.M.S. CONSPIRACY
by Felicity Artemis Flowers
(Circle of Aradia Publications, 1986)

This is a simple and evocative booklet, that provides a hunger for more on this subject. The eighteen pages within its red cover will bring power to those whose hands were meant to hold it, to those women whose blood will now no longer pass without honoring at each moon.

The book begins, "There was a time when the color red was sacred because it was the color of womb blood". Think now of the line of English kings, having conquered the native matriarchy, standing in their red coronation robes rapt in patriarchal cooptation!

The essay briefly chronicles the passage of women from the ancient matriarchies to their repression, on into the present. We see that Pre-Menstrual Syndrome (P.M.S.) is only a scientific analysis of our menstrual cycles. Although women worked to have P.M.S. recognized as a real phenomenon, it has also become further bane to our existence, pathologizing states in our cycles such as "bloating", "mood swings", and hypersensitivity. By accepting these terms we are feeding negative images of our physiology, and reinforcing them. Doctors then prescribe drugs to help us become facile, tempered workers again.

But Flowers asks us to reach into our inner nature and capture our power. She points out, "It was women who created the first calendar according to the lunar reflection of their own cycles. Thus it was women who first captured the concept of measurable time, mathematics, agriculture, science, etc." As in a chant, again and again she renames P.M.S. more appropriately to "Propagating Menstrual Shame", "Patriarchal Murder of the Sacred", and "Policing Menstrual Sisters" to punctuate her points.

After evoking a women's alternative vision of themselves, Flowers suggests that we create a place where we honor our blood, and can grow sensitive and life-affirming. On such retreats ancient women freed their power and brought their vision and insight back into the community. We come to see how the patriarchy teaches and forces us to deny our renewal. It feels like a brave act to, as Flowers proposes, set aside one day a month for rest, ritual, and reflection on the day of heaviest menstrual flow.

This book will leave you with a renewed spirit within your body.

[Copies of this booklet may be ordered from Circle of Aradia Publications, 4111 Lincoln Blvd. #211, Marina del Rey, CA 90292, for \$3.25 plus \$1.00 for tax, postage, and handling.]





A PLACE FOR ALL GODS:

Why we can balance deities, each in our own way
by Daniel Solnit

Thank you, Rowan, Sean, Rick, (et al.) for your strong, insightful, heartfelt words!

I believe that our Mythologies are more than the words and images with which we describe ourselves and our world; it is our experience of the divine, the language from which we speak those words, the colors with which we print those images. Like water, consciousness takes the shape of its vessel; unless we can work on this deep level, where our thoughts and beliefs are shaped, we cannot create lasting change. Our patriarchal culture is so rooted in misogyny and homophobia that it lacks the words and images to envision a future without these (and other) oppressions. I am inspired by the courage and creativity with which the Pagan community fills this gap.

The way these patterns move in me shapes all my relationships -- to lovers, friends, strangers, myself. I recognized part of me in Sean's anecdote (cloak of visibility) about the (presumably straight) man who thought the blurring of straight/gay identities in his Reclaiming class was "great". I've only recently begun to question/discard my own straight-identification, and such blurring helps me get out of my rigid traditional gender-role. Thank you, Sean, for showing me how oppressive and invalidating this same invisibility can be to gay men.

This dynamic seems to operate in other privileged/oppressed relationships as well, including male/female: while an androgynous deity, or co-equal God and Goddess may help me to reclaim lost or suppressed parts of myself, they can also rob a woman of the identity, power, and self-respect she finds in the Goddess. Some women I know have chosen to de-emphasize or do without male deities, which to them represent centuries of denial of any divinity in women; this is healing and appropriate, and deserves respect and support.

As a man, though, reclaiming the Goddess within me has only been half my journey; I cannot love or respect women or the feminine until I love and respect what is male in me as well. Where are the Gods? Oh, we have the "Horned One, lover/son", but for me -- and I suspect for many of us -- this image of lovers who are also mother and son looks suspiciously like the unequal, addictive pattern described in every self-help bestseller in the stores.

Like Rowan, I want a partner who is an equal, whole, complete person. So more specifically: WHERE IS THE FATHER? (a not uncommon question in men's groups these days...). Yahweh is "no way" -- he's the same abusive, authoritarian, distant, emotionally repressed father image so many of us have worked to heal ourselves from. As a man, I need to separate personal power from cultural privilege, anger from abuse, passion from possession.

For me there is a Father -- the divine source who creates us from his body and his breath, who nourishes and sustains us with his maleness; his is a male nurturing -- not more or less than the Great Mother's -- just a different flavor. His is the strength and power I feel when protecting my children, defending all life -- with my own, if necessary. And his also is the courage I need to allow my children to fall, and pick themselves up again; his is the wisdom to know when to protect, and when to let go. This is new to me; I'd like to hear from others about how they are reclaiming all the Gods -- especially father gods. Blessed Be!

P.S. -- A great book: Phallos: Sacred Images of the Masculine, by Eugene Monick, Inner City Books, 1987.

GODZOOKS!

(Did anybody think it couldn't happen here?)

--by Vibra

There is much to be said about the gods and the God. Possibly there is even more to be said about how men feel about the gods, and what men think about the God, and what the Goddess and goddesses do and don't do for men in their struggle to make sense out of their lives in our culture.

I, however, do not want to say anything just now about these topics.

I just want to mention a feeling. It's a feeling that --in spite of the fact that I am a generally verbal, articulate, confident person -- I feel hesitant to express. It's a familiar feeling, and not a good one.

I mean the feeling that I sometimes have in meetings of women and men. We come together for some shared purpose, and we are all excited about that purpose, and we are interested in each other's ideas, and I feel charged up. That's the beginning. And then I notice, or some other woman notices, that it has happened again. Sometimes we speak of it in the meeting, sometimes we talk to each other about it afterwards, just as often we say nothing.

What has happened is that the men in

the group -- friends, comrades, lovers -- are talking a lot more than the women. They are spearheading plans. They are volunteering to do a lot of things. Somehow their concerns become the meeting's focus. In short, they dominate the meeting.

No particular word that I can think of describes how I feel when that happens. "Disempowered" exaggerates it, "weary" is too thin, "resentful" suggests passivity. It is not a high-pitched feeling, because it is too settled in. At the same time, it does make me want to scream a bit. It is connected to a sense of danger.

Whatever its name, that same feeling has been rising in me as I've followed the vigorous exchange of articles in the last 2 or 3 or 4 Reclaiming Newsletters about the gods and so forth. And finally, as the newsletter cell was going over submissions for this issue, I recognized it and expressed it. Other women members of the cell acknowledged it too.

Well, I know this newsletter is not a meeting. It's not even like a meeting, I suppose.

Still, I've got that feeling.



LETTER

(Ed. note: we edited out parts of this letter which responded personally to people who answered F.F.'s previous letter to head off a continuing personal exchange.)

Hello, Reclaiming,

Whew! A person can sure be verbally burnt at the stake for daring to express a heretical viewpoint even in a pagan periodical!

. . . my spiritual perspective centers around the recognition of the divinity of all beings, which is the realization of paradise. This is a radical, monistic heretical tradition that manifested many times in Europe, usually in connection with social uprisings. Generally, these heresies were non-hierarchical, practised gender equality, saw all forms of non-coercive sexual pleasure as expressions of divinity and defended paradise with vehemence and occasionally with violence (though this last was proven futile). In 17th century England, they were known as Ranters, because of their frequent diatribes against anyone or anything that denied their divinity, their freedom or their paradise. Following in the spirit of this tradition, I do rant. It's a good, honest way of releasing anger. But I apologize for those times when my rants become a condemnation of an individual. No individual should be condemned; all ideologies, theories or movements that condemn individuals (and judging an individual as being part of this or that group is condemning them) should be condemned without condemning their adherents and that includes so-called "liberation" movements that condemn individuals for not adhering to their perspective.

Heretically,

--Ferel Faun



-- cybele

if i could trust in the goddess enough to hold. . . what shape bind
daughter, sharp to the sinking mast
sinking in a dance with gravity, i acquiesce
stones squared in a local quarry the owl turning slowly
overhead spreading night with her wings
the pinch of need

i walk amongst the squared stones feeling my back
hurt steadily, laying a foundation like a pulse in my mind
where
do you pull me?
down

soft on the young one's throat
beauty
eludes

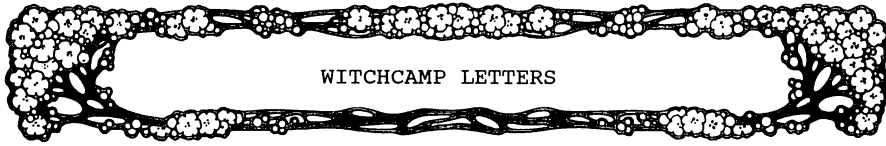
the black space within the head square
and whirling
full with the force of myth

i stand in my life enraged
ears full of sounds unsung
collared with doubt

return: if i could trust in the goddess enough to hold. . .
me in her arms feathered, bright with scales and
blindingly human
the wince in the pinch of need
drumming the surface of the lake
migration calling
a query
in the sharp air of the north
stealing into the stronghold

what is bound shall be unbound
my life clatters at your feet
a shiny disc of copper
the hiss in venus' smile





8-26-87 St. Paul, MN
Dear Reclaiming Newsletter People:

Witch Camp 87 was fabulous. A modern day Avalon set amidst the misty mountains on a deep clear lake in British Columbia totally removed from the distracting details of our crazy day to day culture. Magic was definitely afoot. We journeyed to the depths of our souls and the beginning/end of time and returned enriched, nurtured and empowered. Imagine a man wearing only a black leather jacket and a wolf mask invoking the God to the percussive sounds of 90 witches. Imagine an anxious circle sending energy out to one of their own who was lost in the mountains overnight and finding her. Imagine more belly laughs in a day than you experience in a month. Imagine the heartfelt pain and heartfelt joy. It was a great way to move into the Harmonic Convergence.

To a man, it offered particular challenges. I was one of 5 males out of 85 participants. As the males and females journeyed through the week together, the level of sexual tension grew thick. Through a combination of deep trances, sharing the day to day living, good support groups, wild dancing, swimming and an outrageous song performed on top of a dining table, the tension started to dissolve and healing occurred. Granted, a lifetime of pain will not

disappear in a week but genuine barriers were broken and glimmerings of trust restored. I challenge the men in this community to attend a Witch Camp whether you're gay, het or bi, confused, wondering, or certain. The 5 of us became brothers. We were men needing friends. We discovered our power and our ability to nurture. Many women thanked us for being there, for offering them positive role models of men, banging on drums and adding a little bass to the soprano tone of Witch Camp. It was a rare opportunity to do some deep healing and have a great time. Blessed Be, Paul Eaves



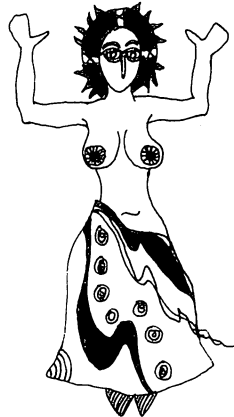
Portland, OR

10-19-87

Hello Everybody--

I loved Witch Camp (Ben Lomond) and have been suffering acute withdrawal symptoms ever since I left.... I learned a tremendous amount. The various drum trances were the most spectacular, especially the Stages of Life and the Water trance. Some of the other classes or exercises were just as valuable. I was especially interested in the energy visualization we (Elements) did with Raven, and wished we had had more time to talk about it afterwards. I still have questions. I also would have like to have more time to learn about herbs and spells, or maybe just hear about them when I'm not using my hands to make a pentacle or a mojo bag, so I could write them down.

Probably the best thing, for a relative beginner like me, was to experience ritual after ritual, so that the routine got really familiar. It's like learning a foreign language -- repetition is what does it. After I got back I was asked to join a small women's circle -- they've been doing rituals together for a few months now, mostly going step-by-step through Spiral Dance, book in hand -- and when I went to the Fall Equinox celebration, I was really surprised to find that I was the most expert person in the group, thanks to Witch Camp!



The best thing, though was the people. I felt as if I'd found my people -- that is, the ones who are like me, with whom I belong. I remember sitting with my affinity group, or with everyone, and thinking, "I'm really happy." It was amazing. And then at the end, when we did the spiral dance out on the grass and lined up to have our picture taken, I felt so close to everyone that I didn't want it to end; I didn't want to go home. Thank you all: Starhawk, Raven, Rose, Kat, Rick, Roddy, Arachne, Leslie -- everyone who made it happen. I know it was a lot of work for you, but I hope you'll do it again next year -- somehow I'll scrape up the money to come again.

Love, Lauren McGraw

FUTURE

INTENSIVES

There is the possibility of a 1988 Vancouver Summer Intensive. For information please write to Patricia Hogan, 1937 West Second Avenue, Vancouver, B.C. V6J1J2, Canada.

The next Northern California Summer Intensive will probably be in 1989, and will be announced in this newsletter.

RECLAIMING



CLASSES

PENTACLE FOR MEN by Rick Dragonstongue and Rose May Dance

It looks like it's finally happening! We've accumulated enough interested men, and will be starting in the first week of January on a Thursday. Description: 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 Thursdays beginning January 7.** Call Rick, 731-2159, for registration and location. \$45-90 sliding scale.

rites of Passage for Women by Pandora and Cybele

The Rites of Passage focuses on dreams, myths, and language, using traditional and non-traditional tales and techniques to create a personal rite of passage. Through story telling, trance, release work, and dreams we receive our challenges, meet our helpers, work through our blocks, and emerge renewed, reborn. This class ends with a ritual created by students. Prerequisites: Elements and Pentacle/further study. This class is the third of a 3-part series and has an ongoing core group. **Six Thursdays beginning January 7.** Call Cybele at 863-8294 before Dec. 28 to register.

FIRE: Former students please contact Cybele or Rose.

WORKSHOP: ABORTION AND FEMINIST SPIRITUALITY, a weekend or series with Julia and Vibra

We intend to create a space for women who have had one or more abortions to deal with the spiritual aspects of that experience. We reject the dichotomy of current abortion politics that requires women to choose between the belief that either: pregnancy is a miracle, the fetus' life is sacred, and therefore abortion is wrong, or: pregnancy is merely a physical event, the fetus is just a mass of tissue, and therefore abortion is insignificant. As feminists and pagans we believe that women are literally a gateway between worlds, and that abortion is a responsible exercise of the sacred power of choice. In this group we will use Wiccan practices and feminist process. We hope for each group to be small, not more than eight. **4-week series, Sat. or Sun. mornings, start early Feb. or weekend workshop in March.** Small materials charge (\$3-\$5); additional payment by barter, money or other means optional. Call us if you want this workshop but can't make weekend morning. Julia (648-6089) or Vibra (221-7142). Let us know if child care is a problem.



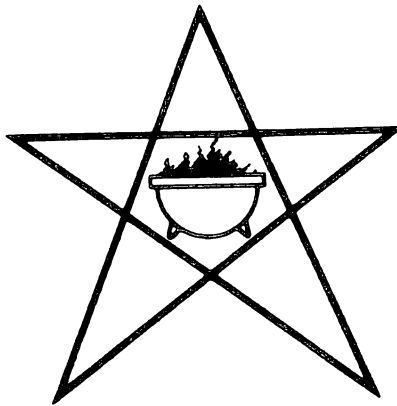
CHANTS
Ritual Music

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



STOP FIRST STRIKE REPORT by Rose

This is a brief report on the Stop First Strike March and Civil Disobedience against Lockheed, makers of spring-bolt mechanisms for the Trident 2 D-5 Missile.

The March started on October 18 at Hunters Point Shipyard in San Francisco, where the pop-up mechanism for the missile is tested. About 50 of us mounted a hill above the point where we could see the big crane which holds the launch pad. I used, for the first time, the Sacred Pipe given to me by my medicine brother, Little Wolf, and asked the Powers to bless the March and the Action, to keep the Air free from the missiles, asked the Fire to not work against us, asked that the Water be free from Nuclear missiles, and that the Earth might prosper in peace.

The next night the March had reached Colma, where a number of cemeteries are located, so Raven took us to Cypress Lawn Cemetery for a ritual. There were five of us local Witches, and five marchers, and we did an amazing spontaneous ritual among the graves, asking the Mighty Dead for their help in averting nuclear war and First Strike.

On Saturday, October 24 the March ended with a Rally at Shoreline Park, and the action moved to a peace camp

in the Santa Cruz Mountains, where we prepared for civil disobedience. Monday the 26th we proceeded to the gates of the Lockheed Missile Facility in Bonny Doon. We were several hundred strong. Lockheed closed the plant that day, and the next, as we continued our presence there. On Wednesday we came back as strong as Monday, despite the pouring rain, and despite Lockheed's assurances that the plant would be closed that day too. We suspected they would try to open, and they did, around 9:30 a.m. But we sat down in the rainy road, singing and testifying, and it took them a good long time to arrest us.

We were held most of the day, in the rain, on the Lockheed property, and finally processed into jail late that afternoon. Many of the over 100 people arrested served a little under 2 days, were arraigned, and released with time served. Most of the arrestees were experiencing their first civil disobedience arrest. The action continued through the following Monday, with more arrests and a continued presence at Lockheed.

It was an empowering experience to know that Lockheed had to close down two days, and to know that the direct action arm of the peace movement is growing.



Suspended
the waters flow around me
Enveloping my body
in liquid security
Echoing my form
Breathing waves that
pattern out
to eternity

-- Laura Kemp

MORE FUN WITH SAFER SEX SAYS DICK AND JANE

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH MOI THAT TAKES PLACE 20 MINUTES INTO THE FUTURE

"See Jane put the condom on Dick with her mouth without Dick knowing."

"See Dick put a rubber dam on Jane's orifices without Jane missing a stroke."

"Watch them smear water-based lubricant all over each other."

"We think `Safe Sex is Great Sex`,", says Dick and Jane.

"I don't have to deal with Dick's cum all over the sheets and me. I just throw that little bag of his love juices into my cauldron for my next ritual. Of course, I am careful not to spill any, just in case."

This exclusive interview by Moi with our childhood role models took place 20 minutes into the future at the First West Coast Conference on Pagan Sexuality. Over 2000 concerned and horny Pagans organized this gathering to deal with the rising rate of AIDS in their communities. For years Pagans seemed to believe that they were somehow magically immune to this deadly disease, and, as such, failed to take basic steps to protect themselves. Concerned that the epidemic may get a foothold and give many pagans the opportunity to find out what life on the next plane is all about, the children of the earth met and made a commitment to embrace Safer Sex. Vows to this effect were made and proclaimed in public by all present!

Today we can find our hero and heroine, Dick and Jane, touring the country espousing the three E's of Safer Sex: Empowerment, Enhancement, and Enchantment. "Have you checked your

Pagan Sexuality lately?," queried the dynamic duo. "Do you forgo that condom when your partner whines and complains that s/he doesn't like them and has never slept with anyone else since 1946," asks Jane. "And if you do use condoms, are you still rubbing oil all over her genitals?" wonders Dick. These are but a few of the elementary topics that were the focus of a discussion entitled "Condoms--A Part of Every Witches Bag of Tricks." Witches of every sex and gender gathered around a fourteen foot cucumber and raced to see who could get a condom on it the fastest without using their hands. The winner by a mile was Special Guest, Max Headroom, living up to his name--he had enough "headroom" to get that cuke

In an exclusive interview, Max admitted to being a practicing Pagan and Safer Sex Devotee. "C-C-C-C-Catch the C-C-C-C- Condom Wave," he cried. Max said he started practicing Safer Sex about six years ago when he noticed that our government was "feeding us a bunch of c-c-c-crap," claiming that AIDS was a homosexual d-d-d-d-disease.

"H-H-H-Homosexual, h-h-h-heterosexual, p-p-p-p-pansexual, o-o-o-o-o-omnisexual, we're all s-s-s-s-sexuals. We can all get A-A-A-AIDS. You won't c-c-c-catch me without my r-r-r-r-rubbers. No, mam, I never leave my video screen without them, rain or s-s-shine."



HANNAH CLANCY MISSING!

We have not heard from Hannah this quarter. Rumor is: 1) she's dead again; 2) she said yes to drugs; 3) she's touring with the dead; and 4) her house is such a mess that she can't get out of bed. Anyone knowing her whereabouts should contact her lawyer, c/o this newsletter, so he can submit a bill to her, or to her estate, as the case may be.





WITCHCRAFT IS PANTHEISM, NOT MONOTHEISM



by Susie O'Shea

Hail to Sean McShee for his Summer 1987 article denouncing the institutionalization of bitheistic duality. I too have noted the trend toward limited views of the deities. People are often heard speaking of "The Goddess". Many new books and articles in the past fifteen years have spoken of "The Goddess of Many Names". Some go so far as to state that all Goddesses are just aspects of the "one Goddess". Many converts to Witchcraft within the past two decades have learned much of their Craft from these sources, and thus believe that Witchcraft is female-oriented monotheism.

The tendency toward monotheism is understandable. Most of the authors are converts from monotheistic patriarchal religions. All of us grew up in patriarchal culture which taught us the intellectual superiority of monotheism. In school we were taught that ancient cave-dwellers were silly savages who worshiped the whole of Nature. They were so stupid and superstitious as to worship every tree and rock. They saw a spiritual side to everything. But about 5,000 B.C. somewhere in the Middle East, "man" got smart! He realized there was only one God -- The-One-Big-Sky-He-God. We are indoctrinated and programmed in school to accept this belief in the One-He-God as a major achievement in the development of human intellect. Atheists have taken this logic to its ultimate conclusion, that is, if the fewer gods one has, the smarter one is, then to have no gods at all makes one the smartest. Atheists can feel smugly superior, and feel sorry for those of lesser intellect who have need of delusions.

Many people, while rejecting the maleness of the divine, still cling to the patriarchal belief in the singularity of the divine. We are

programmed from birth to accept the oneness of "God". But "There is one God/Goddess" is not a statement of unity, but the foundation of all religious bigotry. The implied second half of the statement is: "and the one God/Goddess is mine and all other Gods are wrong." The results of such thinking fill the Bible. Leviticus 20:27, "A man also or a woman that has a familiar spirit, or that is a wizard, shall surely be put to death..." No empty words these. Massive exterminations took place in the days of Moses and during the reigns of the rulers who followed. So much so that in David's time, when Saul wanted to consult a Witch for divination, he had difficulty finding one (Samuel 28:4-25). Kings II 10:1-36 recounts one of many massacres of Ba'al worshipers. Ba'al was not one God but a pantheon of the old Gods and Goddesses of the Middle East. Samuel I 15:1-35 tells of the brutal, merciless slaughter of all the men, women, children and even animals of Amalek. All were murdered for the crime of believing differently. Religious bigotry did not begin with the medieval Witch-burnings, but with the birth of monotheism. Oh, yes, there was fear of strangers, and wariness of their different ways, always. But never before monotheism were bigotry and intolerance institutionalized as virtues.

Witchcraft has never been monotheistic. Witchcraft has traditionally been pantheistic. Pantheism has a dual definition: 1) Belief in no gods except the essence of the universe; 2) Belief in all gods.

Pantheists recognize the oneness of the cosmos but would never attempt to define the wholeness of the Beauty, Love, Wisdom, Truth, Peace, Joy that is beyond human description.





When I look at you, you mirror me. I know and you know that the greater truth is that we are one. But still we have no problem seeing that I have a separate body and a separate personality. We can see that we are one, and that we are two.

And so it is with the Gods and Goddesses of old. They are all one. They are the forces of Nature which weave together the cosmos. But they are also distinct forces, energies that can be your personal friends and allies whom we can know intimately. When we invoke Demeter we get a different energy than when we invoke Diana. But you don't know that if you go to the Bay Area circles that chant, "Demeter-Ana-Hecate-Diana..." And one is not an aspect of the other, but each is whole unto Herself -- complete, omnipotent, omnipresent, all-knowing.

I was furious to read in Spiral Dance that Brigid was an aspect of the Irish Goddess. I am Irish! And Brigid is not an aspect of anything else. Everything else is an aspect of Her. She is Fire, she is the Fire of the Sun, the Fire of the Moon and the Fire in the Center of the Earth. She is the Fire of all the Stars. She is the combustion taking place in every cell of your body and in every cell of every living thing. She is illumination. She is inspiration. She is all transformation. She is the Cosmos.

All the Gods of Witchcraft are omnipotent. They are not limited to specific powers or aspects. The patriarchal polytheism of the Greeks and Romans introduced exclusivity. There were a set of accepted Gods, and no others could be worshiped. And each God had a specific sphere of influence. But the omnipotent old Gods, the deities of pantheism, tend to appear in specific valences so we may come to know them intimately.

Certain forms, symbols and colors come to be associated with a particular Goddess, not because she is limited to that expression, but so we may recognize Her and more easily make a connection with Her. We do not need to summon Her. All the Gods and Goddesses are omnipresent. In truth, we are summoning our awareness to tune in to the frequencies of their vibrations. When we read about the old Goddesses and Gods, their powers do overlap, as they weave together their energies to create the cosmos. Some scholars are so confused by this overlapping that they conclude it is all One-Big-She God.

There is a better way to clear up the confusion than to rely on patriarchal, morally-bankrupt monotheism. By calling upon the Gods and Goddesses one at a time, we come to know each individual deity. For one meditation or one ritual, I invite you to invoke only one Goddess or God. Discover the power of that deity.. Pull up her force from the Earth through your roots. Draw her down through your crown. Breathe in her essence. Become personally acquainted with that distinct power. See what it is like to fill your body with that energy. Allow yourself to share consciousness with this Goddess. Then write an article for the Reclaiming Newsletter and tell me what She is like.

The Gods and Goddesses are real and alive. They are not mere imaginings and symbols with the collective unconscious. The guardians of this planet have not changed from the beginning of time, and will always be. They are omnipotent, omnipresent, all-knowing ninth-dimensional beings who love and care for you whether you worship them or not. But oh, what a wondrous feeling, to worship them. They do love you forever. Blessed Be!





FAREWELL

-- by Esther Frances

How can we make dying and saying farewell human in our death-loving, death-denying, and death-profiting culture? How can we get around the laws and social expectations that have turned one of our most intimate experiences into an impersonal business venture?

Let me tell you about my father's dying and our saying farewell.

My father died on December 30, 1985, at the dark of the year. He was 88 years old. I had moved back to my hometown, Hamilton, IL, only 5 months before -- just long enough to celebrate a birthday, Thanksgiving, and Christmas with him, to tease him into leaving the house to see the golden autumn, to wash his feet and legs, and to learn to love him again. During this same time, I had talked with my mother about some ideas I had as alternatives to traditional funerals.

My father had a heart attack as he settled in his big chair after supper. I was a couple miles away and had to be informed by telephone. By the time I arrived, the ambulance had come and the EMT's were performing CPR (much to my dismay). But I knelt at his side and held his still soft and warm hand. I could feel no pulse. I knew he was dying.

The ambulance, of course, took him to the hospital. I decided at that point to attend to my mother and my brother. We waited for an hour or so before "they" came and spoke the "official" word that my father had died. Then there were countless decisions. The University hospital would not honor the "deeded body" agreement my father had signed. We chose, as an alternative, direct cremation (practically unheard of

around here). We called the town's only mortician and he bowed and scraped as he explained how hard he would have to work to comply with our wishes.

Then came the question of the "funeral service". My brother suggested a neighbor, who happened to be a preacher -- fundamentalist, to be sure, but a neighbor. (My father never went to church in my lifetime except for a few early years when he could call himself a Unitarian.) I volunteered to organize and direct the "memorial" service (after all, I was once a minister) and my mother and brother agreed to give me the responsibility.

We called the descendants and set a time --3:00 on Friday. On the next day, my mother and I scouted the town for a meeting room, large enough, but not too "churchy". We settled on a basement room in the Methodist Church.

Brother and nephew helped me arrange the chairs in the room. I brought framed pictures from my father's home as reminders of visions precious to him. For music we played a recording of an organ composition that I had written with the help of the piano my father had bought me. There were just a few flowers.

I stood before the assembled family and friends in skirt and sweater and low-heeled shoes. I told them that we would share memories of my father as a way of telling each other that his life had mattered because he had made a difference in each of our lives. Then I told stories of my father's life up until the time I was born. These were stories I had heard as a child and had re-heard in the last months of his life. When I reached the point in the narrative



when Dad moved to Hamilton and I was born, I asked others to share their memories.

I had no idea what the response would be because none of us had ever experienced such a ritual before. But, it worked! Friends and neighbors and co-workers of my father spoke and remembered. Even my mother and brothers spoke! When the time seemed right, I asked the oldest great-grand-daughter to read a poem that my father had frequently quoted. Then, in deference to those who believe in prayer, I provided a time for silence. At the close I invited people to stay a little longer and speak to each other and hug each other. They did!

The food and drink came later for the family as they gathered at my brother's house to tell more stories and look at slides of my father taken by my mother for over 30 years.

We still had ashes in a little black box. My mother put them away in her filing cabinet until June, when the family would gather again.

Early one morning, at the time of the Summer Solstice and the full moon, my mother, two brothers, and I scattered the ashes in the yard of the family home -- in an area my father had long ago leveled to be the "playground" for his children and grandchildren.

All of this I led as a priestess, before I knew anything at all about Reclaiming or their kind of rituals. I helped it take place in a very conservative, small, Midwestern town. It was not all as I would like it to have been, but it was much better than it might have been.

THE FIRST DAY

by Anne Hill

Look-
gently part the folds,
see the mystery which lies there-
the promise of new life
in one so very young.
Gratitude rises in my throat,
but whom do I thank? to whom
do I offer my blessing?
To this as-yet-unnamed one,
or the Goddess herself?
I think they are the same.
This little one's eyes hold the names
of a thousand sacred things, and
she sees in me things
I have never seen in myself.
Outside, dawn slowly colors the sky
as I lie here,
staring into the eyes
of this unasked-for gift,
this child of mystery,
this little one who has danced
so joyously
out of my body.

8/14/87





-- Dragonstongue

My friends joked about it: "What are you doing for the Harmonica Virgins?"

"Doing? I didn't even know they needed help!"

But most of us did something.

I didn't read one essay or book to get ready, except for articles that showed up in the newspapers. I'm always very skeptical about ancient systems of knowledge (as opposed to archetypal or intuitive wisdom); I figure that if the systems worked, they'd have been used and would have spread.

But everybody was talking about the Cosmetic Harmonica Virgins, and I started to like how the talk felt. We were supposed to meditate, to help channel energy between the earth and the cosmos, filtering it through our love and good intentions, focussing on known power spots or places that felt important to us. One friend suggested going up on Mt. Tamalpais to meditate at dawn. Somebody else planned to drive up to Mt. Shasta. Nobody knew what anybody else was planning. There were rumors of a large ritual, but it never solidified.

So Gray Eagle and I agreed on Mt. Tam at dawn. We mentioned it to a few other people, but nobody jumped at the chance.

Out in the fog in the middle of the Golden Gate Bridge at 5 o'clock on Sunday morning, a crowd of people were sitting on the walkway, facing east, as if they'd been there all night, waiting for dawn.

There seemed to be a lot of headlights climbing the mountain. The parking lots at the Mountain Home Inn were already full. Further along, people were parked along the shoulders below the Pan Toll ranger station, parked where I had never seen cars before. A ranger or policeman stopped us just below the West Peak, still at least a mile short of where we were heading. He said there were

already too many cars up on the mountain.

In the steadily increasing light we drove back down to the parking lot at the cutoff to the Bolinas-Fairfax Road, then walked out on one of the grass-covered southern ridges.

There were hundreds of people out there.

On the various ridges, we could see individuals, small groups, circles of 40 or more. A few groups seemed to have leaders, but most didn't. People chatted and meditated. At dawn there was silence, then the sounds of conch shell trumpets, drums, flutes. We meditated again when we figured it was dawn over Hawaii. A procession with drums and bells went by.

After a while we left, deciding to take a drive. We visited the restored Miwok village at Point Reyes, sat and watched seals at Bodega Bay, and found some magical tools in a redwood grove along the Russian River. On Monday we were back up on the mountain for sunset, and ran into some of the same people we had seen Sunday morning.

I ended up feeling very good about the Harmonica Virgins.

Whether or not the particular days picked for the celebration were significant, I believe we are at a turning point in human history, and it was encouraging that so many people were looking for an excuse to run some energy for the benefit of the earth. I was encouraged that so many people turned out for what was so obviously, if not explicitly, a Pagan ritual. (You should have heard the grumblings about a Christian who showed up with a loudspeaker and tried to co-opt the energy.) A few lessons:

1. People will turn out to "meditate" or "run energy" who might not be comfortable with a "religious" event.
2. Asking people to go to power spots





probably increased interest and attendance. Lots of people love Mount Tamalpais, and part of the joy of the day was the opportunity to honor the mountain together. Generalized earth-awareness is not enough; we must build our spiritual connections with specific places.

3. Many people long for some kind of cosmic change for the better.

4. Many people are ready to organize their own rituals. They don't need leaders to be present or a lot of specific instructions to

create an event. A broad sense of purpose and broad guideliness probably work better.

Of course, shared purpose needs to be turned into practical action. But the Harmonic Convergence has certainly helped to reinforce awareness of our global ecological crisis and of the need for spiritual changes, and that changed awareness is what will finally lead to political action. Like most demonstrations, the Harmonic Convergence "raised consciousness."

And it felt like very good magic.



"REMEMBER FRIEND . . .

A few days after this past Samhain, while on a visit to my childhood home in North Carolina, I discovered an old country cemetery with engraved stone markers going back to the early 18th century, most with family names of friends I grew up with, some with names from my own family. Many of the inscriptions were too worn by wind and rain to read. Many other markers were just rough granite or quartz field stones and were never carved at all. On one gravestone, of a woman who died rather young in 1758, the following poem was barely legible. Although it was probably written with Christian implications in mind, it seems to me to be of universal significance.

"Remember friend, as you pass by
As you are now, so once was I
As I am now, so you will be
Prepare yourself to follow me"

Reading this opened the doors between the worlds as effectively for me as the ritual might have that I missed by not being in San Francisco for Samhain. It also seemed to somehow dissolve the difference I usually feel between "we" who share my spiritual viewpoint and "they" who do not. It seems that what we share with each other as people, both living and dead, far outweighs any possible differences.

Blessed Be,
Roy



THE RECLAIMING COLLECTIVE COUGHS:

The State of Our Collective

by Roddy and Rose



We're going through some difficulties, and could use help from our friends. Also, there may be some confusion about who we are and what we do, so this seems like an appropriate time to deal with that, too.

A number of our members are having hard times in their personal lives. As a result, they are feeling pretty burned out.

We could use your support and healing. We have talked about asking folks in the community who would like to support us to do a ritual for us and our work. If that happens, it'll be announced on the Events Line (415-849-0877).

The collective itself is quite small, about a dozen people. Perhaps another dozen work closely with us on activities such as teaching or the newsletter, but aren't in the collective itself. Farther out, of course, there is a whole community, which has helped us put on the Spiral Dances and produce the CHANTS tape.

The dozen of us in the collective are spread pretty thin. We don't have any grants supporting us, or even an office, and many of us are doing a larger piece of the work than we feel comfortable with. Membership has reached a sort of equilibrium, with new people coming in as others leave. At the moment we are urgently looking for a professional bookkeeper to help with our finances.

There are a number of ongoing administrative tasks -- for example:
* mail --(getting, distributing, answering);



* newsletter distribution -- (taking it to stores, maintaining the subscription list, soliciting ads);

* Events Line -- (collecting announcements, sending out sample newsletters, answering questions).

Finances are generally pretty tight these days. Our money comes from:

* classes, which pay 13% of their net to the collective;

* benefits, like the Spiral Dance (but we didn't do one this year), special workshops (one coming in December), or Starhawk's book party;

* tape sales, which are going well, but so far we need to put profits back into making more tapes;

* newsletter subscriptions and ads, which cover materials and printing, but not labor;

* donations, which are tax-deductible if sent to COG earmarked for us.

Our regular expenses include:

* newsletter production and mailing;

* labor -- we pay ourselves \$6/hr excluding meetings and rituals;

* phone, mail, etc.

* materials for public rituals.

We're a working group and a service organization, so the tasks aren't always glamorous. Work "cells" meet as needed, but the collective generally meets just four times a year. So we aren't much of a social network.

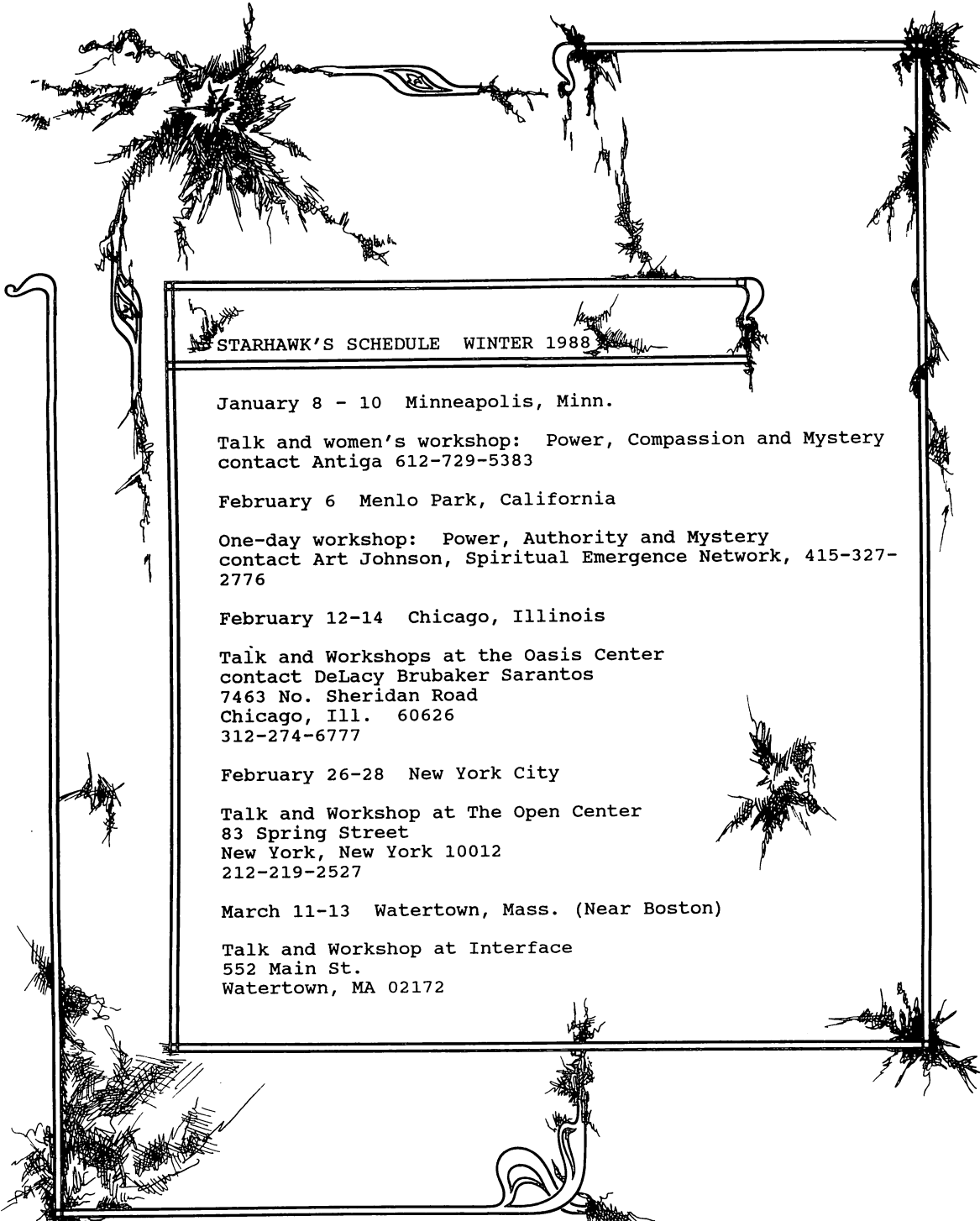
But maybe someone out there would like to join in?

PUBLIC NOTICE

from Roy King

Over the years many Reclaiming people have made known their wishes for mortuary arrangements. One member expressed her desire to be cremated and distributed at the various gates of Livermore Lab as her final hex on the nuclear weapons industry, and perhaps because that is where she has spent so much time and had so much fun. Another has asked to be carried into the wilderness and unceremoniously delivered nude and ripe to the vultures. Yet another wants to be planted in a garden, that her remains may feed the plants growing above her, and likewise the insects and animals feeding on the plants and on each other, and so on up the food chain to her surviving friends. Yuk!

Well, it came to me recently in a sacred vision that I must be disposed of in intergalactic space, or at the very least beyond the orbit of Pluto. Cremation, of course, will be necessary to reduce bulk, but, please, all remains must go, even the big chunks. Now I realize this is a somewhat troublesome task, so I hereby authorize the Reclaiming Collective to auction off all my Japanese camera junk and neo-pagan bric-a-brac to finance my final voyage into oblivion. Now I don't want to spend eternity floating around out there in some NASA contraption, but must be ejected out into the holy black womb of Mother Emptiness to scatter like the background radiation from the big bang through the stars and galaxies, so that as the years pass, people all up and down Haight Street will look up into the night sky and remember me and say, wow, man, he may be dead, but, wow, he is still really far out, man, I mean, like, really far out.



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January 8 - 10 Minneapolis, Minn.

Talk and women's workshop: Power, Compassion and Mystery
contact Antiga 612-729-5383

February 6 Menlo Park, California

One-day workshop: Power, Authority and Mystery
contact Art Johnson, Spiritual Emergence Network, 415-327-2776

February 12-14 Chicago, Illinois

Talk and Workshops at the Oasis Center
contact DeLacy Brubaker Sarantos
7463 No. Sheridan Road
Chicago, Ill. 60626
312-274-6777

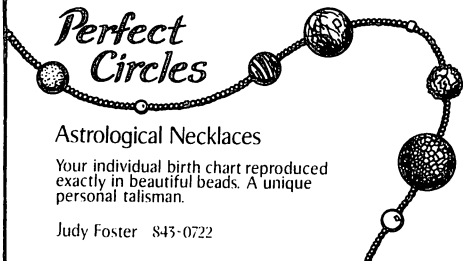
February 26-28 New York City

Talk and Workshop at The Open Center
83 Spring Street
New York, New York 10012
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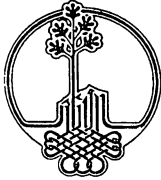
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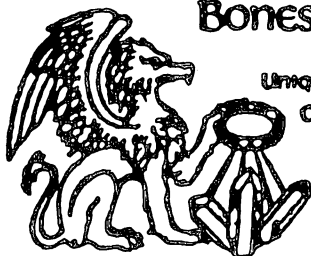
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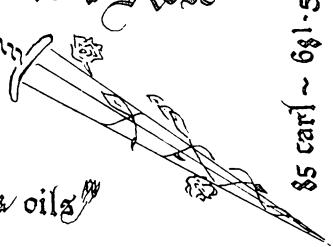
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