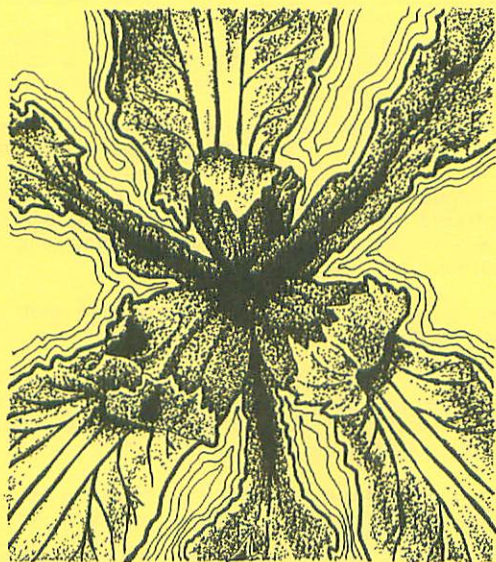


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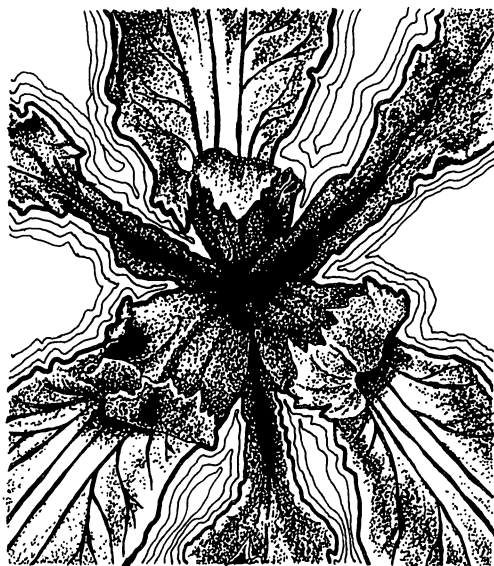
NEWSLETTER



R. Dorn

Spring 1988 ▲ Number 30 ▲ \$1.00

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NEWSLETTER



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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 Summer newsletter deadline is MAY 7. 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.

Because it looked like rain, this issue was put together by Ann, Daniel, Debra X-it, Pleiades, Raven, Rick DT, Robin D., Rose, Roy and Vibra. **NOTE:** Starting next issue there will be a \$1.00 charge to authors for each exclamation point, and \$.50 for each underlining. Parentheses free until further notice.

THE

SUBSCRIBERS
BLESSED BE



Spring 1988

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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.)



• • Dear Reclaiming,

In our common effort to preserve and respect Mother Earth, we must begin at home. Many are not aware how our unquestioning use of household products poison the earth and present direct health hazards to ourselves and those close to us.

We can make a decision to remove our support and participation from the manufacture and use of "household toxics". There are simple alternatives. We can look at our grandmothers' cleaning receipts. Look Out Hannah, here it comes!

Almost everything can be cleaned with these six simple ingredients: vinegar, soap, washing soda, baking soda, borax and ammonia -- alone or in combination.

Here are the basics

All Purpose Cleanser

Mild: 1 gal hot water
 1/4 cup sudsy ammonia
 1/4 cup vinegar
 1 Tablespoon baking soda

This solution is safe for all surfaces and can be rinsed with water. You can make a stronger batch, double everything except the water. Use gloves and do not mix with other compounds. Never mix ammonia and bleach!

Laundry

Before you convert to soap run your clothes through the washer with 1/3 cup washing soda. This will remove the detergent residue and prevent yellowing. For my laundry I use 1/3 c. washing soda and 1 to 1 1/2 c. soap dissolved in hot water, poured over clothes in washer. If your water is hard, you may add 1/4 cup vinegar during the first rinse.

Ovens

The easiest method is to warm oven, turn it off. Place 1/4 c. ammonia in a shallow pan, not aluminum, add just enough water to cover bottom of pan. Place this in warm oven, close door and let it sit overnight. This loosens baked on stuff and now scrub with baking soda. A scrubbie is helpful -- not scouring pads!!

Drains

Prevention is best here. One, don't pour grease down your drain, and use the drain basket-sieve. Once a week clean each drain with 1/4 of this mixture:

1 c. baking soda
 1 c. salt
 1/4 c. cream of tartar

Follow with a pot of hot water.

If your drains get clogged pour in

1/4 c. baking soda, followed by
 1/2 c. vinegar

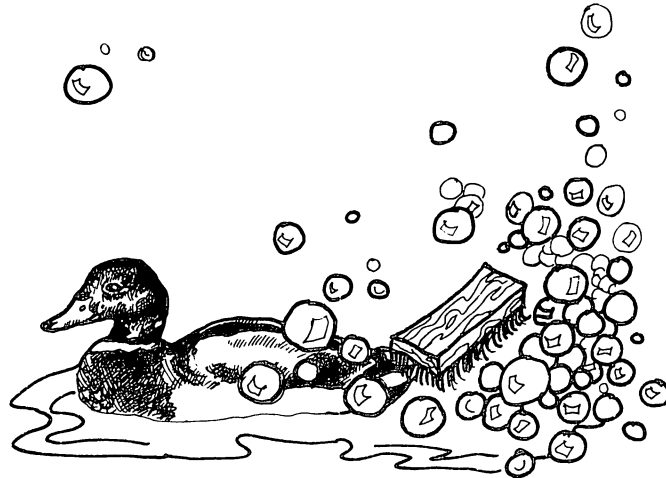
Cover drain til fizzing stops and flush with boiling water.

Tubs and Sinks

Use baking soda or mild homemade cleanser.

Dishes

Dissolve soap flakes in hot water, add a bit of vinegar for grease.



Windows, Mirrors

I use hot vinegar water. If you wish, you may make this solution:

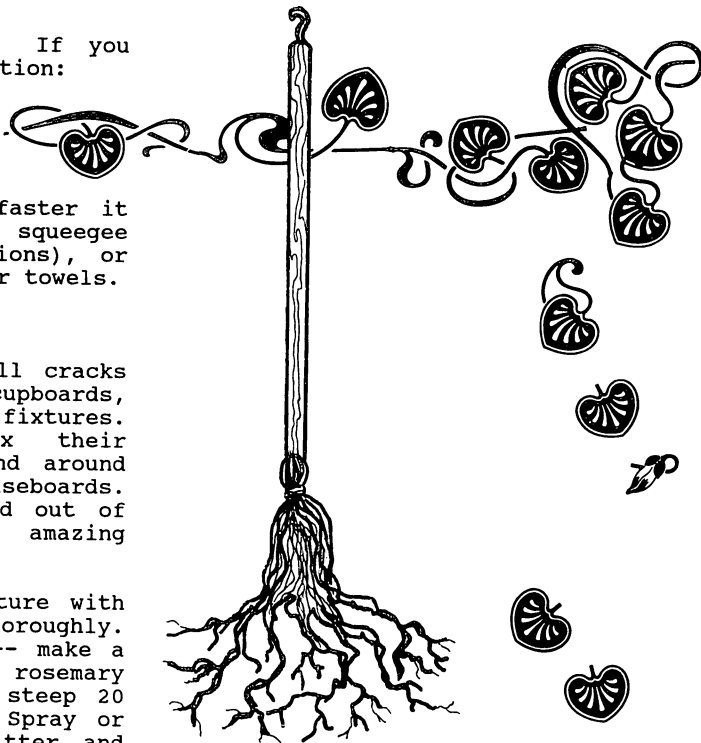
1/2 c. ammonia
1/8 c. vinegar
1 qt. warm-hot water.

The hotter the water the faster it evaporates. I use a window squeegee like they had at gas stations), or cheesecloth rather than paper towels.

Insect invaders


Cockroaches: plug all small cracks along baseboards, shelves, cupboards, pipes, sinks and bathroom fixtures. Dust lightly with borax their favorite hangouts, under and around the stove, fridge and baseboards. This, and keeping your food out of reach helps control these amazing critters.

Fleas: Wash infested creature with warm water and soap, dry thoroughly. Now use this herbal rinse -- make a tea of 1/2 c. dry or fresh rosemary in 1 qt. boiling water -- steep 20 minutes, strain and cool. Spray or sponge evenly on clean critter and allow to air dry. Do not towel dry and keep wet pet indoors til dry.



These are the basics. We can reclaim our power, our world and our health. We need to question our assumptions, make choices and live gently with integrity.

For more information contact your nearest Greenpeace office.

Blessed Be, Susanne 
Pt. Pleasant, PA

[Thanks, Susanne. Perhaps you better give a Hint to Hannah about how to make the Home Made All Purpose Cleanser smell like Pinesol. And I know she would be interested in learning alternatives to her latest Hint, paint (whitewash? distemper?). But don't bother telling her about alternatives to glitter, I'm afraid she'll discover confetti or popcorn. -- rmd]



A PARANOID HEALTH FANTASY AND PROPOSAL
to Brigid
by Running Soar



"David, what do you think of all this sickness?" my student Cajun asked me. "Everyone I know seems to be sick, or trying to get over something. And they're not getting well, a lot of them, whatever they have is just hanging on. I think it's Chernobyl", she concluded. My own 16 month old could be heard in the next room, halfway into a paroxysm of coughing, caught up in his own lingering cold.

I did not know how to respond to Cajun. I have certainly been aware for some time, year after year, of the increasingly problematic health problems I saw my friends, family, and myself suffering with, particularly in winters. Each year, so it seemed, our symptoms got worse and the illnesses hung on longer. Even the S.F. Chronicle has noticed how bad this year's illnesses are, and a spate of articles about us, its sufferers, have appeared. It certainly has made me uneasy.

Hard not to worry these days, given the terrible and unprecedented diseases ravaging our communities. AIDS, of course, is the most obvious, a kind of metadisease in its attack not on this organ or that limb, but on the disease-preventing immune system as a whole. Even more worrisome to me are the recent emergence of several other immune system diseases, such as Lupus, Epstein-Barr, and a couple of others that I have heard of that doctors claim to know little about. Why these kind of diseases? Why now?

Could Cajun be right about Chernobyl? Not, of course, as an explanation for AIDS, which has been with us for a decade or so, but as a reason for the more specific deterioration of health in the past year and a half. And, before Chernobyl, a number of other eco-disasters, each of them adding to the toxic mix of air, water, and soil

that we are all stewing in. Sperm samples taken in the U.S. almost universally reveal presences of dioxin and plutonium. We all know these and other horror stories about toxic wastes, and we watch the reports come in about various communities suffering from rashes of malformed births. As if these assaults on our bodies were not enough, extensive changes in the Earth's weather (which both in Hippocratic and traditional Chinese medicine are responsible for patterns of health and sickness) are taking place, not very surprising given the destruction of the vast acres of the Earth's rain forests, as well as the deterioration of the Earth's ozone shield. For the immediate future, these problems will intensify.

The situation could easily deteriorate at an even more alarming rate. By now the homeless and squatters form sizable, growing communities in every major city in the western world, developed and nondeveloped. (I would not be surprised if they existed in some nominally socialist countries as well.) If we assume that at least the existing western governments are powerless to deal with homelessness within any framework of property rights they find acceptable, then the homeless in their cars, and perhaps eventually their shantytowns, will only grow. But if the governments are as loathe to provide adequate potable water and sanitary facilities as they are housing, serious public health problems could break out. Major epidemics of now dormant diseases cannot be ruled out.

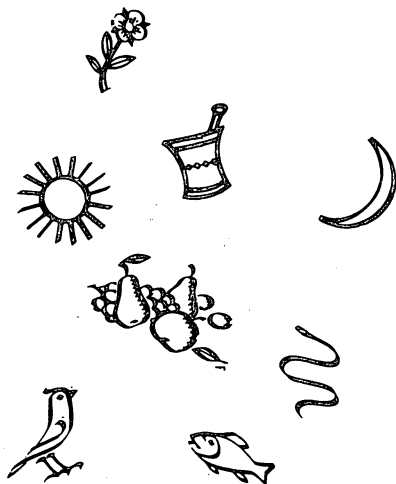
So what do we do? What can we do? Many of us will drink our filtered or bottled water, try to eat foods grown organically, and take off to the mountains from time to time to detoxify body and soul. Some of us

will work on this project or that to improve our local environments, bringing pressure to shut down a chemical facility or to stop nuclear testing, to prevent oil drilling off our coasts. And we may find ourselves tending our sick lovers, family, friends, or co-workers, using whatever massage, herbs, or magic we know.

Yet one of our major problems, I think, is our dependence on the federal government and the medical establishment to tell us just what is going on. Only once enough individual physicians report new, odd patterns of disease to the Center for Disease Control and that bureaucracy is able to spot a trend and it decides under various political pressures, publicly to acknowledge that trend, only then can we expect to be informed that some new (or old) entity is ravaging our communities. As many of us are aware, both the medical experts and the federal government have (with dioxin and radiation, for example) done their best in the past to downplay very serious threats to public health. Continuing to rely on them to protect us with vital information we need to maintain our health -- indeed, to survive -- is foolhardy, to say the least.

As in the past when the various insurgent and countercultural movements decided it was necessary to form our own institutions to provide news, food, printing, housing, or healthcare, and so created Free Clinics, the underground press, Food Conspiracies, printing co-ops, and the like, so too I think we must now begin to think how we can create our own disease warning system. We need to know what is going around, where it is active, who it is affecting -- in short how to protect ourselves, what to look for, what to avoid. And if we wait for the authorities to tell us it will probably be way too late.

Here, then, is my initial proposal, subject to modification as others criticize or add to it: The Reclaiming community reaches, through this newsletter, public rituals, workshops, and the like, thousands of people, mostly concentrated in the Bay Area and Northern California. Through the newsletter (and perhaps Starhawk's travels) we have contact with communities or individuals throughout the country and in many other parts of the world. Beginning with our local base, starting in the Fall, we set up an informal mechanism to monitor what kinds of new health problems are emerging in our community in the Bay Area. Statistical correlations or the like are beyond us, of course, and probably not very necessary anyway; but we can, in a rough way, collect stories of our illnesses, see whether they are the "same old thing", or whether we are seeing problems and patterns that are unprecedented. Collecting such information for the Bay Area would be informative. More significant would be if we could institute an exchange with other regions (each with its own weather pattern, aquafier, etc.), beginning, most probably, here in Northern California and perhaps Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia; eventually, extending to other regions of the U.S., the Continent, and internationally. If I am right that such a need exists, other communities will be moving in a similar fashion, and informal networks will emerge to fill what is felt to be a critical gap. Initially I would imagine our own health information exchange would be with other pagan communities, or at least with groups interested in alternative forms of healing, but there is no reason why those limits need last. Already there exist mechanisms where, say, the U.S. veterans used as guinea pigs in the atomic testing program report about their many health problems to a recorder, and so too do



the veterans exposed to Agent Orange in Vietnam. No doubt groups of parents near some toxic dumps are exchanging their sad stories of illness, troubled pregnancies, and births -- and this model, where information is not only collected, but disseminated in some digested form, is the better model, I would think.

Ultimately we need to weave an international network that connects as many of these victims and potential victims as possible; and from that fabric will emerge, Goddess knows, a new consciousness of just what it is we are, all of us, up against, and what we can do about it.





HANNAH'S HOUSEHOLD HINTS -- by Hannah Clancy

Well here I am and I have not ever seen so much trouble just from one little person that took a vacation. I mean, don't you think I need some time off? And there it was, Christmas, and did I have any rest? No, I did not, but every five minutes the phone was ringing here and there with people wanted to know where are you Hannah, and the answer is, I am hiding out from the glitter bomb. Because you may have thought it was a Hilarious Joke, but if you had spent three weeks in the hospital in a coma with no way to make people shut up when they came and read you inspiring pieces out of Starhawk's books, you might also be Very Worried that the Happy Holidays were going to require some Cleaning Up.

And they did, for somebody, and he Deserved it, too, but it wasn't me, and by the time I found out I was safe I was already in Arizona at that nice place, you remember the one, and I thought I would just stay. And I had a Very Nice Time, too, but now I need to send them some money. Which I am not going to ask you to send me because I did that last year and did I get anything? No, I did not.

But here it is a New Year and we are all starting something new, mostly diets, although I never do that personally because it is against my religion, and also the fatter you are when you die the longer you can endure the popcorn in Purgatory.

Oh, I almost forgot, I have a New Hint to tell you, which is: Paint. I have discovered that paint is very good for fixing all sorts of minor and major household problems. If you get that plain latex kind, you can fix all the woodwork, and if you

get the silver enamel, you can fix the plumbing. But you have to be careful; you can't just throw it in the corners, the way you do the glitter. No, you have to very carefully pour it on. I myself like to use a funnel. That's it for my hints this issue, as I have figured it out that if I give you more than one you get confused.

I have been very busy reading the newspapers lately, and I have learned a Lot, the main part of which is that there is a Very Nice Lady to whom I am Obviously Related who has several thousand dollars coming to her from some bank account she opened in California and then forgot, so if you are out there, P. Clancy, please to call me, as I am sure our grandmother Nora remembers you, and I need to go to Arizona some more.

Also I think it is very important that you should all remember that if you want to save your dead friends like that lady kept her husband for seven years, you should be very careful to buy lots of Pine-Sol. My advice is to buy several cases in different stores so nobody gets suspicious. And then after you use the Pine-Sol on your friend, you keep an open bucket in the room, as it works just like air freshener, and cheaper, too. You have to do that at least once a day, for the first year. But you do not have to buy any more clothes for your friend as just one suit will do. I am not sure why this is true but it is. This is a Very Holy Sacred thing to do with your friends, is why I tell you about it, and it is not really a Household Hint, but another kind, so do not get confused.

Love, Hannah



a review of When Society Becomes an Addict by Anne Wilson
 Shaef
 (Harper & Row, 1987)

Four years ago, while writing When Society Becomes an Addict, Shaef was interviewed on KPFA. She was the first person I ever heard give form to what many people intuitively recognized: the patterns of personal addiction, family dysfunction, and cultural/political oppression are connected in some crucial way. I've anxiously awaited this book ever since; it was worth the wait.

In her previous book, Women's Reality, Shaef had written of the currently dominant "White-Male-system" (i.e., patriarchy), and of an alternative emerging feminist system which shares much with Goddess spirituality. Shaef then realized that "unliberated" women and men serve or enable the "White-Male-system" in exactly the same way a co-dependent enables an addict; they are the same process; OUR ENTIRE CULTURE FUNCTIONS AS AN ADDICT!

Shaef: "... the primary addictions in the Addictive system are ... to powerlessness and nonliving, and all secondary addictions lead to these two primary addictions". (p. 15) Whether our addictions are substance (drugs/alcohol/nicotine/sugar/food), or processes (work, sex, religion, possessions, worry), or relationships -- the process is the same. "Addictions take the edge off, block awareness ..." "... keep us unaware of what is going on inside us." (p. 17) We do not feel our feelings or trust our intuition and experience. "We must deny our own reality and surrender our personal power ..." in order to survive. (p. 8) Our addictions also "... keep us too busy to challenge the system. They are essential to the system." (p. 17)

This is a book of Naming, in the magical sense -- with all the power which that implies. Beginning with definitions of addiction and co-

dependence that include virtually everyone, Shaef discusses many of the specific characteristics of the Addictive system: control/Power over, Competition, Dependency, Blame, Denial, Dishonesty, and so on. Her illustrative examples are funny, moving, and personal, yet the parallels to larger contexts -- organizations, the Catholic Church, or U.S. foreign policy -- are clearly presented. And Shaef goes beyond listing characteristics as she examines the processes of the Addictive System, such as Invalidation, or fabricating "personality conflicts". Many of these are dualisms, false polarities we bounce back and forth inside like a see-saw. Some are expected (Dependency and control, Hopelessness and Perfectionism) while others are surprising; all are bright with the glow of recognition ("aha!") and insight. An example:

The very concept of the male-female dualism serves to keep us stuck in the Addictive System and separate from the reality of our experience, which is that we exist on a continuum in relation to what has been termed maleness and femaleness. When we insist on being all male or all female, and on everyone else we know choosing one or the other, we deny ourselves a variety of relationships and forms of intimacy. (p. 129)

Today millions of people are involved in A.A. and numerous other 12-step and similar groups, in the Adult Children of Alcoholics (ACA) movement, and in many other forms of therapy/recovery/healing. We are recognizing our common experience and issues as addicts, co-dependents, children of dysfunctional families of all kinds, veterans with post-

traumatic stress disorder, and survivors of sexual assault, sexism, racism, and other types of abuse. As we give up our addictive behaviors and heal the wounds beneath them, we begin to think and act soberly, consciously, creatively. We not only stop co-ing the addictive machine of patriarchy, we begin to build and live what Shaef calls a "Living-Process System" with our every daily act. (Process is Sobriety is Spirituality.) We reclaim our power,

our health, our aliveness, our divinity, and we model this vision for everyone we meet. With this vision/model/process/Goddess-consciousness, we can change and heal our lives and our world -- but not until we see and understand the addictive system we currently live within. When Society Becomes an Addict names it more clearly, accurately, and powerfully than any other book I have found.

READ THIS BOOK.



THE LEY HUNTER, Landmark 100th Issue, Paul Devereux, Editor

review by Craig Stehr

"Earth Mysteries" covers a wide variety of topics, which include the alignment of ancient sites known as "leys". From the time of the Druids, and some say earlier, the location of ritual sites was meticulously selected on the basis of "power points", the exact point at which the lines or rays of cosmic electromagnetic force intersected. Ley lines are geometrically straight lines, easy to locate using simple dowsing methods, blanket the Earth in a weblike pattern, and have become the focus of considerable investigation in recent years.

The landmark 100th issue of "The Ley Hunter - the Magazine of Earth Mysteries", gives an historical look at the work that's been done. Published in Wales, the magazine deals with ancient alignments in Britain and elsewhere, and all aspects of geomancy, folklore, prehistoric and ancient sites, strange phenomena, etc.

San Franciscan [and Reclaiming member] David Kubrin wrote the article "The War Against the Earth". As an Earth First! organizer myself, it was interesting for me to learn that at the beginning of the 1600's,

the Earth was commonly thought of as "alive", as opposed to a "lump of dead matter" after the scientific revolution. During that period, woods were cut down to make the beams and buttresses for mines, and shipbuilding. As wood supply diminished, coal mining increased. The author notes that prior to the 15th century, the sinking of a new mine was accompanied by religious ceremonies, and miners "fasted, prayed, and performed various rites." As the Earth was beginning to be viewed as a source of profit, the debates over the environmental consequences of mining were taking place, as they are today.

The 100th issue has lots more in it. Everything from the contemporary administrative problems at Stonehenge, to "harmonizing" oneself with moon cycles, to an article on geomantic trows. As always with ley hunting, and dowsing generally, the search is as much fun as the excitement of significant discovery.

"The Ley Hunter
Landmark 100th Issue"
Editor: Paul Devereux
American Society of Dowsers
Danville, Vermont 05828-0024
\$6.00

As we begin to move into the season of Spring, of love and relationships beginning anew, I find myself faced with a problem that I wonder if any others out there are faced with. This problem I call the Samantha complex.

Samantha (the Witch with the twitch) from the popular television series Bewitched, found herself in love and married to a mortal, Darrin. Throughout the series these characters had the problem of blending their two worlds. The worlds of Magic and the mundane, and keeping alive the love they felt for each other.

Being a Witch myself and in search of love I find myself meeting mortals (people who don't live by magic) and trying to make something work.

Now, imagine this scene if you will. I've just met the most handsome man and after exchanging names, talking about the weather, and asking, "Do you come to this bar often?", you ask, "what do you do for a living?" The reply is, "I'm a bank teller for B of A". He in turn asks me what I do for a living? Now the problem. Do I say I'm an out-of-work cook -- which I am -- (not very exciting), or that I'm between jobs, (true but not very revealing), or do I own up to what I really do. Being a straightforward person, I reply, "I am a teacher". "A Teacher. What do you teach?" Now the ball is back in my court. Do I say a) "I teach classes in meditation, visualization and actualization", (a very white light approach), or do I say b) I teach classes in feminist spirituality", (close but not entirely true), or do I own up to what I am and say, "I teach classes in Witchcraft and Magic". Now if I answer truthfully I have opened myself up to a barrage of questions

about what a Witch is and does. Do I want this? No. I want to make love with this beautiful man (safely of course). I reply, a) "I teach classes in meditation, visualization, and actualization". Possible cop-out, but safe.

So, the evening has progressed well and we decide to go home together. The next problem is where. He doesn't have a place (room-mates or something), so I offer my place. Now my place is a Witch's home. Altars all over the place, candles burning, herbs hung to dry and books that state what I am into plainly and simply. So after a wonderful tumble together lying in bed, he asks about the decor in my apartment. I then decide that it is no use evading the truth and I say, "I'm a Witch". After a little explaining he takes it well and the next thing I know we have forgotten about making love and are in deep discussion of spirituality (something I like to talk about but am not into talking about now). We talk into the wee hours of the morning and fall asleep in each other's arms. The next morning after breakfast we exchange phone numbers and he leaves, saying he will keep in touch. Will he or won't he? Time will tell, she tells on all.

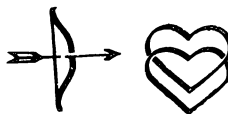
The next problem is he does call. He invites me as his date to a party with some of his close personal friends. I accept and when I arrive I'm announced, "Everybody, I'd like you to meet a friend of mine, Raven. Raven is a Witch". (This is something Darrin would never do -- he always kept Samantha's secret to himself.) Now I find myself faced with weird looks and more questions. "Oo a Witch, how interesting. Aren't men called warlocks?" Well my secret is out and I deal with it effectively. but I wonder if I were



a Christian would my date have said, "Everybody, I'd like you to meet a friend of mine, Raven. Raven is a Christian". See my point?

So this relationship develops and intensifies and there are times throughout the year when we Pagans have rituals. Rituals that I would like him to come to. Not to proselytize or turn him into a Witch but just to come and enjoy himself with my friends. He comes and is not really turned on by what I do and decides he's not into it. That's ok, but it would be nice to leap over a cauldron together or weave in and out together around the Maypole, but I find myself alone here and not with the man I am starting to love. Problem. What can I do?

I love what I do and I don't want it to interfere with my love life. But being a Witch (a minority) among a world of mortals (the majority), chances are I will meet more mortals than Witches, unless I divorce myself from the world and associate with my kind (Endora's solution). But I choose not to. I will suffer along the complex path and hope that I'm not alone out here. If there are others experiencing this complex in their lives I would like to hear from you.



Love, Raven

A QUESTIONNAIRE FOR FRIENDS, FAMILY AND YOUR PLACE OF EMPLOYMENT

by: Howard Leonard, Ph.D

[Reprinted from WITCHWORDS No. 1, Spring, 1988. Originally published in the GAY AMERICAN UNION NEWSLETTER, October, 1980. Think about it]

1. What do you think caused your heterosexuality?
2. When and how did you first decide that you were a heterosexual?
3. Is it possible that your heterosexuality is just a phase that you may grow out of?
4. Is it possible your heterosexuality stems from a neurotic fear of others of the same sex?
5. If you've never slept with a person of the same sex, is it possible that all you need is a good gay or lesbian lover?
6. To whom have you disclosed your heterosexual tendencies?
7. Why do you heterosexuals feel compelled to seduce others into your lifestyle?
8. Why do you insist on flaunting your heterosexuality? Why can't you just be what you are and keep it quiet?
9. Would you want your children to be heterosexual knowing the problems that they'd face?
10. A disproportionate majority of child molesters are heterosexual. Do you consider it safe to expose your children to heterosexual teachers?
11. With all the social support marriage receives, the divorce rate is still about 50%. Why are there so few stable relationships among heterosexuals?
12. Why do heterosexuals place so much emphasis on sex?
13. Considering the menace of hunger and overpopulation, can the human race survive if everyone were heterosexual like yourself?
14. Could you trust a heterosexual psychologist to be objective? Don't you fear that she or he might be inclined to influence you in the direction of her or his leanings?
15. There seem to be very few happy heterosexuals. Techniques have been developed which might enable you to change if you really want to. Have you considered trying aversion therapy?

RECLAIMING MYSTERY

by Kat Whiskers
2-20-88

I spit out the aftertaste of ashes
And awoken to the sacred
Sweet living dream somehow true
I me You thee
Multiple swirling blended beyond

The celebration a kaleidoscope
Of every circle we gathered to cast
Our vast beaming beings
Into the spiraling spell

A constellation expanding
Its glittering dance
Feasting on the night
Mystery becoming

So mote we be!

Sight

Bone fingers cling to stone formed before
this pulse of mind ruptured the world

Swarms of silent stars pierce the night we hold
so close around our bodies of broken love

Flesh masks, carved in pain, dissolve now
in warm storms of rain falling past
faces still searching for lost wars

Visions from our buried hearts are
rising from the grave of time,
shining in the winter sun

Sight is born with the birth of dying eyes
open through the wall of death

The ancient love that always sings
is all ways singing

Roy King



CRONE'S DAY? I Love it! except
 the word
 isn't it ca-ca? like
 slut or dame or bitch or
 chick or broad or?

Know now, my children, that once
 this word was said in sacred tones,
 The Goddess
 she was Maiden, Mother, Crone
 and like the Moon
 she grew to fullness and ran down
 to emptiness
 and the Crone sat at the end of
 motherhood
 and the beginning of
 sainthood.

she grew toward Earth again
 falling toward rebirth
 and finding truth in
 stones and trees and running deer
 and talked less
 and knew more
 was healingwise
 and kept the ritual flame
 and storied all the children
 and sat in council
 to name the chiefs.

in the Iriquois way
 the crones picked a chief who would
 love the Earth
 and promise to do
 nothing
 that would harm the children
 unto the seventh generation
 if he forgot
 they
 unpicked him.

in the way of the white man
 lusty killers
 drunk with power
 maimed the word raped the women
 killed the crones
 sent children to the mines
 sprayed poison across the earth.

oh, they tried to kill almost
 everything
 but we live
 and the word lives lives lives lives
 and we shine it
 and polish it
 and caress it
 this golden word meaning crown.
 crown of women's days
 keeper of the sacred ways
 grandmother
 cronemother
 you shall have your say!



FRAGMENT...



A Gift from Sagittarius

By Kat Whiskers

A flaming arrow sang forth on its journey into the vast darkness.

And somewhere in the heart of mystery, an old woman, blind and crippled with age, stirred from her sleep and crawled to the innermost wall of her cave. There, she groped along the floor until she found a small stone with a sharp point. With trembling hand, she then began her final task. Slowly, carefully, her hand steadying as it warmed to the work, she inscribed mysterious symbols upon the inner eye as she struggled to faithfully duplicate them on the wall that she couldn't see. Scratch, scratch, scratch. How clear these symbols were in her mind's eye, each one burning with a steady insistent blue flame until, transferred to stone by hand and stone, it faded and was replaced by yet another, and another, and another. Scratch, scratch, scratch. On and on. And nothing else mattered. All faded from memory. Only this remained: this inner flame, this arm, this hand, this sharp tool, this unseen wall. Scratch, scratch, scratch.

Finally, there was nothing. Nothing but a burned-out hollow. She waited, huddled by the wall, exhausted. There were no more blue flames, only blackness and the odor of old ashes. And her hand slowly lost feeling, became numb. Her scratching stone fell to the cave floor with a small skittering sound that she barely noticed, so far away did it seem. The numbness spread. It was a numbness of mind and spirit as well as of body. Dimly she wondered what it has meant, this overpowering experience of blue symbols that demanded her

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cooperation yet offered no hint of their purpose. And dimly, too, she wondered if human eyes would ever see them and understand. But these thoughts became distant and fell away, as had the scratching stone. And just as her mind caved inward upon itself, reverberations of great sweetness, which came from both within and without, and which seemed to sing of the world's end and the world's beginning and of the vision and promise of all things--these reverberations lifted her into their waves and she became their waves and was no more as she had been.

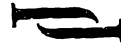
The reverberations died away. A time of silence followed, a pause during which things were as they had been, yet were not real, were as stage props abandoned. The cave floor, the walls, the scratchings, the woman's lifeless form--these could be seen in the dim light that filtered in from somewhere, perhaps from a distant entryway. Time passed. Nothing moved, nothing stirred. Lines, shadows, silence. Nothing more.

Slowly, slowly, the changes came. The floor and walls began to vibrate, to hum. The scratchings glowed with a faint blue-white light. And the old woman's body became smaller, rounder, more solid. As the humming grew louder, the entire area became compressed. The walls moved inward, the floor upward, the ceiling downward. And the symbol scratchings grew more clearly defined, more vividly blue. Indeed, their light filled the cave, bathed the space with an eerie diffuse blue that expressed both the heart of the code and the intent of the hum. And the dead woman's body was no longer identifiable as a body; it was a dark rounded mass, rather like a large rock, but perhaps not quite so hard.

Every surface, save the mass that had once been a corpse, curved smoothly inward and took on a glassy appearance that reflected the strange symbols. The light flashed and sang, creating refractions that multiplied and swirled as if charmed by a hidden choreographer. The hum grew more intense, higher in pitch, reached an unbearable peak, and finally exploded into a shower of fragmented sounds.

*** **

[What will happen next, dear reader? Where is the rest of this story? What will be the further adventures of the old woman's ex-corpse? And how will it end? ???]



I arrive at the Women's Building an hour early so that those of us who are supposed to help lead small group meditations can review the ritual with the people who planned it. The planners have already set up the central altar, with a large silver bowl for water and a blackened cauldron for flames within it, and around the altar on the floor are a ring of small candles and several large bowls of seeds and bulbs, and another ring of about twenty small bowls of water. There's an anvil in the north.

We go over the ritual and practice the songs; the two main ones are new to me, and here I'm supposed to be a "gang leader" (the evening's politicoid terminology). . . I begin to get nervous. I keep going over the meditation, trying to feel it deeply so I can come up with appropriate words without referring to the xeroxed script. I realize it's the first time I've ever tried to lead something like this where I didn't have a part in designing the basic structure and images. When I teach, even if I'm doing an exercise I've learned from someone else, I re-write it with my co-teacher(s).

About 150 people show up, some of them good friends, others familiar faces, and lots of complete strangers. We have a wide range of ages, from an infant to people in their sixties. The ritual starts with drumming and singing; we gradually form a circle. The basic images of the ritual involve calling on the fires of Brigid's forge and the waters of her well, along with the growing light of the season, to replenish and nourish our community and ourselves as we struggle to replenish and nourish and create the better world in which we want to live. The explanations, songs, grounding, and invocations all touch on these themes. As usual in this community's larger collaborative rituals, there is a nice mixture of traditional words, newly written words, and on-the-spot improvisations in the casting of the circle and invocations; everybody takes responsibility for their own part. Deborah and Raven invoke Brigid,

trading words across the altar, and then Pandora leads the dramatic call-and-group-response of "Holy well and sacred flame!" while More pounds the anvil in the north. Timothy dances in the young god to Roddy's reading of Raven's words. We all move around the circle and sing and dance to raise energy.

The fine words and dancing are thrilling . . . and what makes them especially powerful is having the whole group emotionally participating in the call-and-response and in the singing and dancing interspersed with the individual efforts. The Brigid crowd seems particularly enthusiastic, and yet this community consistently raises powerfully good energy in public rituals, using drum, dance, and song that go on long enough to get almost everyone involved. I've heard people say you can't raise good energy in a large ritual with people who don't regularly work together. We do it, and I'm proud of us . . . with a special nod to Starhawk's sense of how to confirm and guide the energy with her drum. Of course, plenty of traditional Pagan -- and Christian -- groups know all about raising energy. We who come from middle-class agnostic or other overly rationalized backgrounds still have a lot of re-learning to do.

Then it's time to break up into "gangs" (you can hear the quotation marks every time somebody uses the word). I have been a bit restrained all night, nervous about what will happen in the small group. With the other eighteen leaders, I pick up a bowl of water, a candle, and a bulb and find a spot on the floor. Will anyone join my group? I could always put the candle back and . . . a couple of friends come over, then some people I've never met (and will have trouble recognizing even later in the ritual, due to the dim lighting). We have about ten in our circle, and have to get close together so we can hear each other above the buzz of the other groups.



I ask them to say their name and whether they feel like a root, stem, or bud tonight (in line with the evening's vegetative imagery). Predictably, people also feel like other plant parts, and one person is a flight of butterflies. Then I lead us in imagining we are bulbs in the ground, our energy encapsulated, waiting, our arms wrapped tightly around us. We sense the other bulbs -- daffodil, iris, garlic -- in the bed with us, and we feel the increasing moisture in the soil. We begin to send out rootlets, our fingers entwining with the people around us, and, just as a community is rooted in a place and time and individuals are rooted in a community, we look within ourselves to see where our own power is rooted. We go around the circle saying "I am rooted in . . ." I find that I personally am rooted in working like this in small groups of strangers and friends. Some people seem strongly moved or surprised by what they find and tell us about. We have trouble hearing each other.

we look inside of ourselves to discover what would nourish us and our community. Then in turn we each take the bowl of water and ask the person on our left, "What do you thirst for?" After they say "I thirst for . . .", we say "I give you . . ." and offer them a sip of the water. I find myself thirsting for self-approval, and the man next to me gives it to me so passionately that I believe him. People thirst for a cure for AIDS and for sex without emotional complications and for other personal and communal nourishment.

And then we look inside ourselves to see what we need to break through into the sunlight, and we hold the answer within us while we use our voices to charge the water and the bulbs in the center of the circle with transforming energy. Then we pick them up and carry them to the main altar in the center of the room. All of the other groups have finished before us, and it's hard for us to hear each other and focus our energy. I pour the water into the silver bowl and we put down the candle and our bulbs and seeds and join the larger circle in a spiral dance around the cauldron, now flaming in the middle of the well of water. Eventually the spiral breaks up and people just stand and sing or dance wildly, feeding ourselves and

the well and the flame with our passionate energy.

I let go in the dancing and my clothes are soaked with sweat by the time the energy peaks and is grounded and we are all sitting quietly around the altar. Then we think about any pledges we have made to Brigid in the past, and, each in turn, as we are moved in our hearts ("and not," says Starhawk, "just because something comes into your head"), we step between seated bodies to the altar and aloud or silently pledge to Brigid what we will do in the coming year -- what we have grown into through this ritual. Some of the actions to which people pledge have personal ends, others are more clearly political. Sometimes the speaker's emotional involvement with their words is clear and moves others too; some people mumble in a monotone. After each pledge, different voices say "blessed be" or offer other encouragement. With so many people, I expect this to be boring, but after a while there is something powerful and engaging about the accumulated weight of intentions shared in sacred space. A four-month-old girl sits with her mother and gurgles and shouts through all this time; when I move close, I see that she's staring at the candles and cauldron flame and people, waving her arms, kicking her feet, giving voice to wordless enthusiasm. I am amazed that she hasn't been crying, hasn't disrupted the ritual; but then, I see more and more evidence around me that these pagan babies really have been saved.

I pledge to spend more time out in nature, which I had expected I might say, and to be alone less often, which surprises me. Later in the week at the men's Pentacle class, I will find that my sense of self and power are rooted in natural settings and that I need to devote more energy to work that engages my passion. Since just before the winter solstice, I have felt my mood and direction transformed in positive directions in rituals, and for me the Brigid ritual seems part of an intense and ongoing process. Sometimes magic works better than other times.

After we raise power one more time and open the circle, I talk and hug for a while, then go find some pizza with a friend.



CHANTS

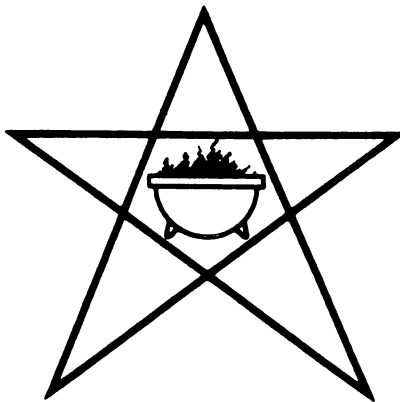
Ritual Music

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)



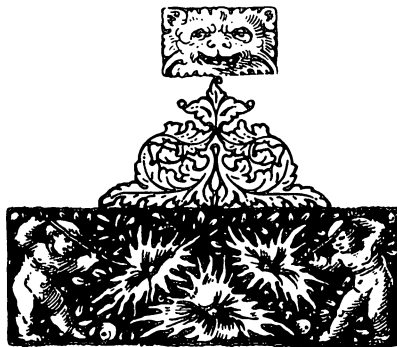
Side 1

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 RECOMMENDS

BRITISH COLUMBIA WITCH CAMP

Join Starhawk, Rose, Raven and other Reclaiming teachers (we are still not sure whether or not we will be joined by Pandora, Rick Dragonstongue, or Cybele at this printing) for a week of Magic in the woods. July 24-31, 1988. There will be an Elements (Beginning) and an Advanced track, and we will offer some Women only/Men only time and space, although it is a mixed program. For information send SASE to Patricia Hogan, 1937 W. 2nd Ave., Vancouver, BC V6J 1J2, Canada.

WOMEN'S INTENSIVE IN GERMANY by Starhawk, Deadly, Pandora M. O'Mallory, and Rose May Dance.

Beginning and Advanced Magical Training -- Witch Camp at a German Castle. July 30 - August 7. Near Heilbronn, W. Germany. Write to Rosemarie Kirschmann, Honoldweg 13, 7000 Stuttgart 1, W. Germany.



LESBIAN WICCAN WEEKEND INTENSIVE by Pandora O'Mallory and Deadly

Pandora O'Mallory and Deadly will lead a Wiccan Intensive for Lesbians over the first weekend of April (Friday evening, April 1; all day Saturday, April 2; and Sunday morning, April 3) in **Portland, Oregon**. The weekend will cover the nuts and bolts of ritual-making, along with issues pertinent to Lesbians, and will include space for discussion on the integration of twelve-step programs with Witchcraft. The cost for early registrants is \$50-\$75 sliding scale. For further information and pre-registration, contact: Sierra Lonepine Briano, 2514 SE Ankeny #2, Portland, OR 97214, (503) 234-2322, or Margaret Sears, 2434 SE Ankeny #31, Portland, OR 97214, (503) 235-4105.



RECLAIMING

CLASSES

Classes and Events

TUNE-UP FOR WOMEN by Rose May Dance

One-day workshop. Beginning level chakra and energy work. We look deep into our energy patterns -- physical, emotional, spiritual, and psychic, and examine, cleanse and heal each chakra (energy center in the body and aura, learning how to breathe and visualize the proper flow of energy for healing and psychic work. Saturday, June 4. Sliding scale \$25-70. Limited to 12 students. Call Rose 821-3336 for details.

WOMEN'S MYSTERIES by "Wind Hags" Arachne, Deadly, Rose May Dance, Pandora Minerva O'Mallory

One-day workshop for women. Together we explore women's life changes as we make ritual, contact the Goddesses most appropriate to our own needs, dance, trance, sing, go deep and beyond. Saturday, May 21. Sliding scale \$25-70. Limited to 20 students. Call Rose 821-3336 for details.

EAST BAY -- ELEMENTS OF MAGIC FOR WOMEN by Diane Baker and Rose May Dance

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, Witchcraft, and Goddess spirituality by working with the Elements of magic: Earth, Air, Fire, Water and Spirit. Techniques include: visualization, sensing and projecting energy, chanting, trance, creating magical space, spellcraft, and structuring rituals. Beginning 6-week course, 6 Thursdays, beginning Thursday, April 7, and taught in the East Bay. \$45-90 Sliding scale. For details, call Rose, 821-3336.

It Makes Cense by Raven Moonshadow

A Three-session class. This will be a practical hands-on workshop in the making of oils, bathsalts, floorwashes and potpourri. We will explore the historical, magical, personal and imaginative correspondence aromas, culminating in the making of incense within sacred space. Three Wednesday evenings, April 6, 13, 20. \$35-50 sliding scale. Students keep the scents they make. For details and registration, call Raven

PENTACLE FOR QUEERS BY Deadly and Raven Moonshadow

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 April 21. Call Raven, 334-MOON for registration and location. \$45-90 sliding scale. ☸

RITUAL TRANCE AND DREAMWORK by Pleiades and Dragonstongue

We will use words, sound, vision, and movement in a variety of ways to create magical space, change group and individual consciousness, explore past, future, inner, and outer space, and share work, and play with the meanings of trances and dreams. We will practice induction and guidance techniques as a group and in pairs. Each class will be a participatory ritual. Prerequisite: Elements of Magic and one other Reclaiming class or equivalent experience. Six Thursday evenings starting April 21. Contact Pleiades, 824-2025 for registration and location.

SES AND VENTS

rites of Passage for Queers by Pandora O'Mallory and Raven Moonshadow ♀ ♂

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 storytelling, trance, release work and dreams we receive our challenge, meet our helpers, work through our blocks and emerge renewed, reborn. This class culminates with a ritual created by the students. Prerequisites: Elements of Magic or equivalent experience/study. Six Thursdays starting June 9. Call Raven 334-MOON for registration and location. \$45-90 sliding scale.

ELEMENTS OF MAGIC FOR MEN AND WOMEN by Cybele and Raven

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, Witchcraft, and Goddess spirituality by working with the Elements of magic: Earth, Air, fire, Water and spirit. Techniques include: visualization, sensing and projecting energy, chanting, trance, creating magical space, spellcraft, and structuring rituals. Beginning 6-week course, 6 Tuesdays, beginning Tuesday, April 7. \$45-90 Sliding scale. Call Raven 334-MOON for registration and location.



WALPURGIS NIGHT RITUAL A Benefit for the Shanti Project

Reclaiming (with the Black Cat Band), in conjunction with Imagic Dance theatre will be performing a theatre/ritual piece, "Facing AIDS" as a benefit for the Shanti Project. This night, traditionally the Witches' Sabbat, deals with transforming the death of winter into the life affirming power of summer. In keeping with this theme the ritual will focus on AIDS/ARC, sickness, fear, and death, and how we can transform them, reclaiming the power of love, sex, and healing through ritual. Saturday, April 30, 8:00 PM at the San Francisco Women's Building, 3543 18th St. Donation \$5 - 10 sliding scale (no one turned away for lack of funds).

Bring food and drink and pictures of those who have passed on. Altar will be built for those who have gone before. For more info call Reclaiming events line, 849-0877. We need: Anybody out there who has experience with lighting or who has lights please call Raven, 334-MOON.

SPIRAL DANCE 1988

If you are interested in participating in the Spiral Dance, Samhain, 1988, we will need coordinators, musicians, props-people, choreographer, dancers, singers, altar-builders, organizers, drummers, costumers, lighting and sound technicians and equipment, cooks, childcare, ticket/post/program design, etc. Write Reclaiming, ATTN: Spiral Dance with your name, address #, area of interest. P.O. Box 14404, San Francisco, CA 94114. We will announce phone numbers of coordinators (go ahead, volunteer!) on our events line this summer. 849-0877.



EVENTS



WORKSHOP: ABORTION AND FEMINIST SPIRITUALITY
with Julia and Vibra

As feminists and pagans we believe women are a gateway between the worlds and that abortion is a responsible exercise of the sacred power of choice. In this workshop we will use Wiccan practices and feminist process to heal ourselves spiritually and physically. For women who have had one or more abortions. Call Julia (648-6089) or Vibra (221-7142).

Your choice: weekend workshop March 26-27, 9 am Saturday through 1 pm Sunday; or 4-week series, Saturdays 1:30-4:30, May 7, 14, 21, 28.

Fee: \$5 materials charge. (No other payment required; barter, etc. optional.)



NOTICE TO MARGARET IN SEATTLE



Please contact Julia or Vibra if you are still interested in weekend workshop. We have no phone number or address for you.



A HISTORY OF THE POPULAR HEALTH MOVEMENT IN THE U.S. by David Kubrin

In the 1820's a mass-based healing movement took root in American soil and transformed healthcare practices in the U.S. for a number of decades. Organized largely by women among rural and laboring people, the Popular Health Movement (PHM) was especially concerned over threats to women's health, e.g., among women workers in the textile mills, in keeping the practice of midwifery legal, and in instituting local women's clinics.

The PHM became very powerful, at a time of a cholera epidemic whose treatment its practitioners were superior at, according to contemporaries, with a basis in Native American herbs and sweats. From New England it spread to the rest of the country, beating back the first effort to establish a medical monopoly (the AMA) by organizing itself into countless local Friendly Botanic Societies. The PHM's involvement with the antislavery movement, and its basis, two decades earlier and with a more working class constituency and concerns, than the "official" U.S. feminist movement begun at Seneca Falls in 1848, makes its history especially interesting and instructive today.

A six session class, focusing on the rise and demise, politics, economics, and botanical basis of the PHM. Recommended reading: Witches, Midwives, and Nurses, by Ehrenreich and English. Six Tuesdays, beginning April 12, (and skipping May 5), at 7:30. Call David Kubrin, 824-8566, for information.



Reclaiming:

Although I have followed the various religio-political arguments over the past few issues with interest, small niggings kept tickling my consciousness. Paganism is above all a very personal thing. There are no dogmas, and any consensus in the form of covens, group rituals, collectives, etc. are simply the agreements of the persons involved to allow an interface of their personal belief systems. Each person has to confront her/himself and challenge her/himself on every possible level to fully realize her/his personhood. This is not easy, but it is as full of beauty and wonder as it is with pain and fear. We go forward on the wisdom of our guts and our heads; very often in the course of the journey we meet goddesses and gods both within and without. To claim monotheism, polytheism or any other ism is very limiting and not altogether honest. At any point of our individual or collective lives we may be interacting with a god, the Goddess, an internal construct, or no "godthing" at all. Life is too fluid to engrave in granite what god we are believing or not believing in from moment to moment. Agreement about belief is simply that, and arguing over which construct is the correct one for a "pagan", a "witch", or an "atheist" is as futile as arguing whether the fundamentalists or the church of Rome has the one true and only method of connecting with the one true and only god.

Which brings me to the point that Vibra made, and I feel vague, ambivalent emotions similar to those she described. Much of this epistolary freeforall has been penned by persons of the male persuasion. We who have grown up in this society have been encouraged to think in "rational", "left brain", and for lack of a better word, "male" ways. It is possible to think in spiral rather than linear logic patterns, and it is possible to be poly, pan, mono, and atheistic, all in the same personal space. Diversity is more greatly to be wished for than standardization. Arguments can be amusing, entertaining, even (yes!) enlightening, but we are doing ourselves a great disservice in pointing out "errors" and "misunderstandings" in the beliefs of others; simply because a whole bunch of us choose to call ourselves pagans or witches does not mean we are all part of a one-holy-and-apostolic religious block. Appreciating our differences and resisting the urge to pragmatize, define, proselytize or otherwise "tidy up" each others' beliefs are some things that are very important for us to remember.

Lighten up, everybody, the Goddess (or whoever else is or isn't on duty in there/out there) gives a unique and personal vision to every being in the universe!

Thalassa





November 25, 1987

Dear Reclaiming people,

I just read Starhawk's reflections on the "cult of personality" in the newsletter and had some thoughts about it.

I'm a journalist and I've written about pagans and I've interviewed and quoted Starhawk a few times (among other "famous" witches). I've been troubled by feeling like I've contributed a little, by my approach, to the whole cult of personality thing. As a feminist, I'm aware of the damage the news media did to a lot of early women's groups by requiring that there be a "leader" to put on TV, whose words and actions were valued more than other women's, which wasn't the point at all. Every time I've written about pagans, I've felt a little like I've been ripping people off. It's been a real conflict because I feel strongly about communicating a world view to people who otherwise might not come in contact with it, perhaps sparking their curiosity, their thoughts about the earth, or at least maybe shaking up a few stereotypes about witches by putting them in a more "legitimate" context.

The problem is that in order to bridge out to a "mainstream" audience, you have to play by some of the rules (as few as you can get away with, to be sure). That means you have to get spicy quotes from recognized sources. Among witches, those whom editors might deem "authorities" are few: Margo Adler, Z Budapest, Laurie Cabot, Starhawk. Without being able to say so-and-so, author of such-and-such, or professor of this-and-that, people reading stories about witches might just think they're flakes, because that's what the popular media has always

told them (of course, context makes a big difference here, too, but that's the prevailing attitude of editors). I realize writing watered-down ideas for mainstream audiences may seem ridiculous, and surely the current structure of the media is upholding and giving credence to a patriarchal view of the world. But the media are also channels of communications, and can, in some ways, be quite personal. I think you can sneak things in there that just might change someone's consciousness.

Ok. Since the "cult of personality" is in some part a result of preying media types, it might be possible to at least diffuse it by creating more "personalities." This might be contrary to the philosophies of some of you out there, but I'll forge ahead. I think it might be good to refer journalists, when they call for Starhawk, to other people. And it would be helpful if those people think about being articulate and quotable. One reason Starhawk is famous is that she's a wonderful writer and speaker, and a lot of other people have similar powers to communicate that can be tapped, no?

Journalists need to tag people with titles. Why not make (perhaps rotating) Reclaiming Spokespeople? Or come up with other legitimizing-sounding titles ("author of hit chant, Earth fire & Air", etc.) I think you could have a little fun with the media and get away from some of the focus on Starhawk.

With cheer,

Laura Fraser

[Thanks for the ideas, Laura. I think I will indulge, as I typeset your letter, and make some comments. Actually Starhawk is always foisting journalists off on David Kubrin, Pandora, Raven, myself, and others. I don't mind that journalists and other curious inquirers call Starhawk-- I dread talking to them usually. No matter how clever, articulate, and quotable I am, the journalist is usually trying to fit



me into her/his stereotype of a Witch, and often those of us talking to journalists suffer from the flake image when we have not been flakey at all. A San Francisco Magazine Halloween article comes to mind where David let pearls of wisdom fall from his mouth but the journalist concentrated on his white bathing suit which she called his underpants, and I scintillated and charmed but she dismissed me as an earthy woman with snaggle teeth. I think many of us in Reclaiming would just as well leave Star to talk to the journalists when we can get away with it, and protect our privacy and our egos.

When I complained, in Issue #27, about the "Cult of Personality", I was not referring to the problem of who in the Craft shall talk to the media, nor desiring to turn media focus away from Starhawk. I was bemoaning the fact that people who already have an interest in ritual often feel they need a well-known Witch, such as Star, to lead a ritual, even though they have read Star's books, which encourage people to make their own rituals, and which even tell them how to do it (although I believe, and I think Star agrees with me, that people, women especially, have been making up their own rituals since the dawn of history and, left alone, will always come up with the right thing.) My complaint was that the message of empowerment was not being heard or digested by some folks, even though they had read Star's books or attended her lectures. Reclaiming often gets calls from people who want a Witch to help them with ritual, and what we usually do is go and help



them set the stage for their own power to come through, and help people build and develop resources to do it themselves the next time. And we will continue to do this, and will continue to talk to selected media representatives when it serves our purposes.

Frankly, I think the Craft has no need to create more "personalities" to whom we can refer journalists. We are fraught with "personalities" -- many eccentric, creative, outspoken, colorful people are drawn to the Craft. And we are drawn to the Craft because the Mainstream is stagnant. And the media do think we are flakes. I love to make the Craft available to other people who are more than just curious about it, and to encourage folks to love the Earth our Mother, but if seekers want the Craft they must be sensitive and persistent enough to get past the eccentricity, the fears of being thought odd or flakey, and the stereotypes about the dark. I don't want to work with Witches who are not discriminating enough to do this.

If a dozen or so people, excellent and inspired communicators such as Star and the others you mention, choose (or are driven) to write books and subsequently to be subjected to media attention, fine. Media attention is good for selling books, is helpful if you have a message you wish to communicate, as authors do. But many of us have no need to grant interviews, and are happy leading our normal, or our flakey lives out of the spotlight.

--Rose May Dance, Snaggle-toothed Typist/Co-Editor/Co-Collator of the Holy Sacred Blasted Newsletter, and Commissar of the Bitch-and-Moan Cell, Reclaiming Collective.]





NINE THINGS

I wish People Would Never Again Do
In the Name of the Goddess, Feminist Spirituality,
Earth Religion, Paganism,
or Anything else I'm connected With



An article with a Bad Attitude
by Starhawk

I know there are no leaders in this movement, no authorities, nobody who can lay down the law to anybody else. But there are times when we all wish we could. So if I could, this is how I'd make people toe the line.

1. Bore people

I know most of us sat through a lot of boring religion in our childhood - let's not perpetuate it or inflict it on other people. Do away with boring meditations, hushed silences that go on too long, stifled yawns, bad poetry. Bring on the drums. If ritual isn't ecstatic, exciting, amusing, or inspiring, change something.

2. Proselytize

This includes trying to make people be spiritual when they don't want to be, inflicting rituals and meditations on people when they are a captive audience, making ritual "official" at nonspiritual events.

3. Claim to know what the Goddess has in mind.

This includes writing articles suggesting that AIDS is the earth's way of handling the overpopulation crisis and therefore a good thing (see the latest issue of Earth First!), claiming any social or sexual arrangements are "natural", or assuming that everything happens for the best.

4. Rationalize callousness

I could do without ever hearing anyone say, ever again, that "we create our own reality", that someone in trouble "chose" the situation, or anything else that smacks of blaming the victim. I could also do without

"prosperity consciousness" that doesn't spread the wealth around.

5. Promote the Dale Carnegie school of positive spirituality

Let's hear it for the power of negative thinking. Why do people believe that "what you resist persists". (This is a quote from Sonia Johnson.) How about they way things you don't resist persist? How about the spiritual power of standing up and saying "no" to the bullshit? And while we're at it, I'm sick and tired of white light. How bland, how racially segregated! Let's have colored light. Surround yourself with neon.

And along the same lines, I don't like to hear anyone talk about love. (Except of course, in a very personal, preferably erotic context.) Perhaps it's my Jewish upbringing: I was taught in Hebrew School that Jews don't preach about love because we had two thousand years of listening to enforced sermons about God's love from the same people who were killing us. Let's just see it in action and shut up about it.

6. Badmouth action

No it's not enough to visualize world peace, to make peace inside yourself, to beam out spiritual goodness. Do something.

7. Intellectualize it

Along similar lines, I get a little nervous about people who write intellectually about the Goddess, the Gaia hypothesis, write trendy books, without any connection to people who actually practice earth-based religion or without any commitment to a community.

8. Manipulate and prevaricate

There are a whole lot of people out there making up spiritual experiences they didn't have, selling them for large sums of money, exerting control over other people in negative ways, and generally not getting their act together. Avoid them. Calling yourself a shaman does not excuse lying.

9. Exoticize and rip off other traditions

Yes, we have a lot to learn from Indians, Africans, Australian aborigines, etc. But guess what? If

you gain some spiritual gift from a culture, you owe them one. What you owe them is developing some meaningful knowledge, ties to and understanding of what everyday life is really like in this world, and making some contribution to their real-life struggles.

I could think of a lot more things, but probably you could too. I know you. You're sitting out there with an attitude just as bad as mine. Maybe worse. Go ahead, write them down. Send them to the newsletter. Maybe they'll even get printed.

Now, if everybody else out there would just shape up...



ONE QUESTION, PLEASE . . .by Roy King



When Star's article "Nine Things . . ." came up at our editorial meeting, it really rubbed me the wrong way, although, at one time or another, I've felt more or less the same on most of the points she raises. As I begin to write this I have the nagging feeling that it really doesn't warrant a reply, but here I go anyway.

My first problem is that Star's article seems to be coming from a narrow self-righteousness that says, "only what I feel/think/do is ok" in a heavy, dogmatic way. A lot of her points seem to echo attitudes I've heard over and over and over again in Reclaiming and Company, until I begin to wonder if I'm in pagan purgatory. Do we ever get to move on? Am I the only one who occasionally feels we're trudging through stagnant waters? Well, o.k., I do have something of a restless nature, and I well know that anger does tend to cause a narrowing of focus, so ...

So, let me try to get a little more specific. Let's take point #4. "Rationalize Callousness". A concept like "we create our own reality" can be wholly different animals depending on what levels or arenas of consciousness it's living in. In the arena of "let's all stand up and stop

all the stupid atrocities in the world", it can indeed take on the color of justifying the status quo, as Star suggests, much as the concept of "Karma" is often similarly misused. However, in the arena of "hey, I also got to try to get my own personal shit together, somehow ..." it can become a very differently and subtly striped zebra, like white stripes on black instead of black stripes on white, a sort of figure/ground inversion. That is, when we try this headdress on ourselves and it becomes "I create my own reality", it momentarily eliminates our very own precious victim status (which we normally bolster by bonding and cording with all other victims on earth). Although we all know, and, I agree, it's true, we are surely all victims, there is something seductive in just pretending for a moment that you're not. It's a sort of "willing suspension of victim consciousness". But watch it, because if you and only you are responsible for your own reality, from right now on, then what's stopping you from becoming all you secretly know you're supposed to be, if you only hadn't gotten fucked out of it, or even from being all you know you really are but are usually scared to think about? What stands between you and total freedom? What

prevents you from indulging shamelessly in the most dreadful depths of self respect and even of self love¹? Nothing but your habits? Your comfortable social niche? Only your fear?

Well, this game has gone far enough! And luckily we don't have to really worry about these nasty imaginary possibilities because we are all victims, as we all well know, and let's just not lose sight of this very important fact. And we can all just go right out together to another peace march and carry our signs and shout some more slogans that we all know and love² so well, and, after all, this is the only real way to change the world, isn't it.



So I guess my question to Star is -- how many ways are there to work to stop victimization? Do we all have to do it all on the outside, or is it o.k. and maybe sometimes fruitful to also work at finding new possibilities for ourselves within ourselves? Is ritualized direct action really the only avenue to transforming and re-creating our reality?

I, too, invite responses, but I won't restrict you to, or encourage, your "bad attitudes". I've more than enough of my own, thank you.

L___, Roy

Notes

1. excuse the reference to non-erotic, albeit very personal, love.
2. woops, sorry, just slipped out again.



REPORT ON THE SHANTI COMMUNITY TRAINING by Rose May Dance

[The SHANTI Project provides support services for People with AIDS and their loved ones.]

The weekend of January 22-24, I attended the Shanti Community training with Roddy, Starhawk, and Pandora. The Community training was attended by 50+ people, most of whom were in the helping professions -- people who were encountering People with AIDS (PWAs) in their work.

The overall affect of the training was marvelous, helpful, moving. I will mention my criticisms before I talk about what I liked about the weekend.

I felt like a fish out of water in circle with so many therapists and social workers, and was aware of how I was different from many of the others attending. When we first went around in circle to introduce ourselves Friday night, I was the only person in attendance who spoke about intravenous drugs users (IVDUs) and AIDS. I work with IVDUs, and am aware of the back seat these people concerning access to public services, and how these people are often ill-regarded by the helping professions. Despite assurances to the contrary, the subject of IVDUs and AIDS was never addressed in the training. The staff expressed desire to address the issue, but they had many subjects on their agenda, and the time was limited. This was the only problem I had with the training which was not resolved to my satisfaction.


Another problem with the training was discussion of heavy, loaded issues in the large group. A number of the persons attending had a lot to say, and wanted to share their areas of expertise with the group. Despite some good facilitation, I began to hear from the same folks over and over again, and to not hear from the quieter people. When the issues discussed were emotional and intimate, and I did not feel safe in the large group, although I am quite

good at "getting it out" anyway, and managed. Many of us told the facilitators of our problem with the large group, and they responded well, providing small group time as the weekend moved on.

The weekend began with a presentation by Jim Geary, the Executive Director of Shanti. His presentation set the tone for the training and plunged us into the world of dealing with AIDS, death and dying. I am sorry we were only with Jim on Friday night, although the other facilitators were excellent. Jim is fascinating. He is a very gentle person, who speaks quietly. The power of his words and his presence sneaks up upon the listener. He has had extensive experience with dying people, and now with PWAs, and has also apparently drunk deeply from the cup of the consciousness movement and the alternative religious offerings of the counter-culture over the past 20 years. His message is a message of love, a message often hard for me to hear, (see Star's article this issue) because I have seen a lot of blissed-out indiscriminination and avoidance of action in the name of "love" here in California. But Jim was running healing energy full blast in a loving way, and it shone around him.

He gave us an organizational history of Shanti, and both Star and I were prepared to be bored during this, but actually found it quite helpful in thinking about our collective. Jim's most useful point was to define the organization's areas of work and don't spread too thin, even if you can't sustain working on issues that you feel are vital.

One problem emerged for me during Jim's presentation, which remained during the weekend, but finally resolved itself in the days and weeks following the training. Jim had seen



so much dying, so many friends and acquaintances with AIDS, and he seemed to have transcended noisy grief, agony and drama to a calm place. I was in the middle of fresh grief around my friend Richard's death, and the death of other friends, my worries about sick friends, the break-up of my relationship, and missing a good room-mate/friend, Marian, who had gone to China. I could not relate to the fact that Shanti was going to ask us do exercises to move through our grief, process it, let it go. I was not ready to let go. We were told, before we did the grief exercise, that processing and letting go of grief was necessary if we were going to be working with numerous PWAs, that we had to clear the decks and make room for more grief. That made no sense in the middle of the exercise.

We were shown a film of Jim and a friend of his (and a Shanti worker) who was about to die of AIDS, talking about how it was to die of AIDS. Afterwards we all sat in the big circle and "got into" our grief. Boxes of tissues were kindly passed round, and we were encouraged to feel our feelings around AIDS, death and other loss. Then we were invited to share, Quaker-style, in the big group. This was the only big-group sharing that half-way worked for me. Although I did not feel very safe at first, and felt especially violated when a few individuals intellectualized their grief or the grief of others, for the most part I found this large sharing powerful and moving. But it was difficult to move out of grief for me, and I continued to cry long after the exercise was over. I did find, however, in the weeks following the training, that I had moved with my grief, that I had not "lost" anything, and that I had

fresh energy to deal with new and continuing problems.

I learned a valuable lesson from my own emotions which will help me in my teaching. Often I am somewhat cynical at students who cannot "get with the program", who seem to need a lot of individual attention in large groups, who cannot pick up on the transitions when we trance, i.e., moving from grief to empowerment, or from anger into empowerment into celebration. But in this training, I was the person who had a hard time with transitions, who didn't "feel safe". I got to try on the moccasins of persons I usually judge.

I brought to the Shanti training some bad and some good baggage on the subject of active listening. Active listening is an important part of the Shanti model. I had been trained in active listening in 1971 when I worked at a crisis center in Southern California, but it didn't take. I had found myself in a milieu of the new psychology movements of that time and place, and employed by therapists and social workers who were screwing me and others over while justifying their actions with psycho-babble and lack of deep feeling. And, recently, I have watched therapist friends go through their schooling, learning the methods and theories they need to get licenses so they can abandon those methods and theories in their practices. Our crowd has lots of running gags about active listening. "Hi, how are you?" "You seem to be curious about how I'm feeling." ad nauseum.

But I had also observed the people who took care of my friend Richard on the day he died, the day we moved him to a hospice. I was so impressed with the way the care-takers communicated with Richard, truly making contact and helping, reaching



him in a way I could not. They matched his pace, got good eye contact by moving very close to him, seemed to communicate understanding, assurance and acceptance to him. My approach had often been like that of a cheer-leader or Nurse Ratchett, despite my caring and good intentions. I knew I wanted those skills, and the lack of fear/avoidance which made those skills possible, and I suspected Shanti could teach me.


Shanti's counseling (active listening) training emphasized that you can let a person work out his/her own problems; that by listening to a person, feeding back to them what they are saying, they will come around to their own best conclusions, decisions, problem-solving; that it is not necessary to fix anything. Shanti set up situations where problems were "modeled" -- role plays of counselor/counselee. Again and again I was impressed by the Shanti staff -- especially Andy Pelfini, Brian Smith, and Carol Kleinmeier -- in how they encouraged empowerment to the counselee by simply listening, and raising a question or two with great restraint. I had come to the training with a problem: a friend of mine with ARC was in a health crisis, and trying to decide whether to take AZT or to explore a number of alternatives. He had been discussing this decision with me and I had been at a loss of what to advise him. Shanti taught me that he would come to his own best decision, and the best thing I could do was listen. I found this a tremendous relief, and I gained a lot of clarity.

Other exercises which were helpful were the Death Personalization, where we experienced -- in trance our own death from AIDS, the Feeding Exercise, and the Touch Exercise. I also want to mention, before closing,

a powerful piece of facilitation I witnessed. We heard a speaker who had AIDS, who was quite frail despite the filled-out AZT look, and who had an alarming eye infection which was difficult behold. In the sharing after he spoke, one woman began to speak in a way which is distressing to me. She was basically misusing a very good tool, the 12-step programs. This misuse is something one hears a lot of these days -- people often try to make every problem fit into the addiction model. I think this is dangerous, because we can gain so much from AA, Al-Anon, etc. This woman said that she thought AIDS was basically a dependency issue, and felt that AIDS was a disease of addiction -- that PWAs often had abused drugs and alcohol or had been addicted to sex. I was squirming in my chair until Brian, the facilitator, asked the woman, "Would you like to ask [name of speaker-with-AIDS] whether his AIDS diagnosis is a result of his addictive behavior?" It was a good save.

I hope many of us can take the Community Training or the Volunteer training, and furthermore, I would like to help create a weekend retreat where some Shanti volunteers would come help us in a tailor-made training. This could be perhaps a combination of the Community and the Volunteer training. It could train us to help friends with AIDS. (Volunteer training is only available to people willing to become a volunteer for one year). Many of us are already involved with People With AIDS/ARC and cannot commit to more time. Such a weekend could also help us develop rituals and classes for People With AIDS/ARC and their loved ones. I hope we can make this happen within the year. Thank you, Shanti.





FIRE-BIRTH

Roy King

I open the veins of bitter blood
that broods under earth
choking new growth

I find no veins of pure water
but only smoldering waste of twisted human need

What gods that are
be raging gods of fire,
in this season past sorrow,
this conquest of hell

I set to flames all I have called human
Burn until no hunger cries

Forge my thirst into a blade
to cut a passage through this wound

Burn the crippled child, the demon father, the broken mother
Cremate the swollen corpse of childhood

Burn the panting world, the throbbing stars,
the mercy, the greed, the pain, the promise

Burn from my guts the nest of thorn
Leave only a glowing egg of flame

Sear the roots of passion, burn the hope for change
Burn the fear of burning, burn the blindness,
burn the web of self-deceit

I feed the fire with false human dreams
until no fuel remains

Burn 'til time explodes
the end with the beginning

Burn these seeds of rage to ash, white as clouds,
and leave what remains to gather the darkness
into an egg, empty
and clear as the winter sky once was

Beauty
 I have let the blood drip from my hands
 from your thorny rose
 just to hold your blossom close
 and feel your gentle petals unfold
 against my cheek,
 and hear your soft whisper, the sound of sand
 slipping through hourglass.
 --Richard Hawk



Solitaire
 Playing tarot solitaire
 knowing my eternity is now
 and the readings unfold exactly as I fantasize them to be
 the moon or your voice no longer
 pull at me
 I have settled into the limbo
 of the Gods
 but having patience in eternity
 is a hopeless joke
 attitude and self-doubt
 keep me from laughing
 except sometimes hysterically
 waiting for my brain to open
 in migraine pain
 playing the game
 of cause and effect
 what can I expect
 if I am the God creating tomorrow?
 --Richard Hawk

Maya

Another lover leaves my bed in the afternoon
 without a word
 as blue piano notes drift through the room
 into the fading light
 like solitary balloons.

The further from the world you get
 the more beautiful it is
 so say the astronauts
 but I am lost in these tiny streets --
 in despair of detail, corpses and lovers,
 the insane pace of our lives.

I dangle on the thread of light
 that beats my heart and refuses to withdraw
 drowning on my breath
 I walk on the black and gold braided sand
 by the sea
 and the God in me
 sleeps like an ancient stone lion
 unable to devour the human beast
 my outstretched arms reach for the stars
 but there are no more handholds except the wind.

I am I am I am I am
 the mantra sound becomes so easily
 Maya Maya Maya Maya
 lifetime afterlifetime
 and there is no one to set us free
 but you and me, you and me.

--Richard Hawk

Wildflowers

What cause is there to mourn
 when the dead are the unborn
 and return into this dream
 like wildflowers into spring?

--Richard Hawk

AIDS, NUKES, & SEX: WHAT'S THE CONNECTION?

By More Moi Downing



As feminists we recognize that everything is connected. As feminists and pagans, we glory in our Sexuality and in our right for free expression of our bodies and our hearts. We have fought long and hard for this and will not let AIDS frighten us into giving this up. As Children of the Earth, we fight to save our Mother Earth. As anarchists, we organize actions to protect the Earth and to make our commitment public.

With all the excitement about the Nevada Test Site, the fact that the State of California is once again considering mandatory AIDS testing for convicted prostitutes and people in prison has gotten overlooked. How do we struggle on more than one front at the same time? There are people working on mandatory AIDS testing issues, but they are a small group and are having a difficult time keeping up the necessary pressure on our state legislature. (Gcoff Yippie! says "Stop the Tests!") If we join yet another front, how do we have any energy left over to express our own sexuality? How does the threat of mandatory testing affect us? What will you do when they come for you? Does that mean that we might get tested when we're in jail someday? Is that sufficient reason to join the fight against this kind of testing? Or is there something more basic going on here?

I love the last cover of "Reclaiming," the Winter issue that has the proverbial cyclone fence with the ladder going up and the Goddess helping from above. Would we be willing to make our concerns about AIDS issues part of our next action? Would we be willing to have a "Safe Sex In" at the fence at the Nevada Test Site (with the Goddess looking on, of course)? A real American Peace Test! How do we show the world the connection between "Sex, AIDS, & Nukes?" (Obviously, we could ask everyone we want to reach to read "Dreaming the Dark" for a partial discussion of these connections, but USians aren't great readers. Are you still there?) Some action or a demonstration of those connections is what is needed.

I believe that AIDS is a direct result of Western Medical Technology. This technology was imported to the Third World where there were not sufficient resources to safely sustain it after independence. Consequently, people were inoculated or given antibiotics with unsterilized needles. Research seems to indicate that the HIV virus had been present in humans for at least 500 years with no consequences to us. But repeated exposures to dirty needles caused this benign virus to mutate with disastrous results.



This is all part of the same technology we are fighting against at the Nevada Test Site. On the one hand, the connections seem obvious to us, but the desire to translate that into an action that encompasses all these elements is a difficult one to manifest. We don't want to be perceived as "Kooks," and we know from past actions that protesting too many bad things in one action can be detrimental to the action's overall goals and focus. This issue will probably go to press while we are at Nevada, but I would like everyone to think about these issues and questions for planning future actions. (Are large demos back? Do we get to go to jail again en masse and play "Truth or Dare?" some more? I still have a lot of questions to ask some people.)

Are you ready to take your clothes off at the next demo and wrap yourself in saran wrap or latex (it might say "No Nukes" or "Stop the Tests") and roll around with your affinity group in public bliss and mutual adoration? That seems pretty scary to me (even though my reputation is to the contrary!), and I'm not sure that that is the answer. Some people may be willing to do that, but what about the rest of us? How do we make these connections known? If we don't want to risk arrest, how do we express these connections without going to jail? I ask that you think about these concerns and discuss them with each other. How do we stop the tests--nuclear, polygraphs, AIDS, drugs, final exams--or any other invasions of our personal sanctity or of Our Mother's Earth?

If you would like to get involved locally on the legislative front, direct actions around AIDS issues, or in supporting the AIDS/ARC Vigil, here's what you can do:

- 1) Call Carol Leigh, aka Scarlot Harlot, to get details about upcoming AIDS legislation/532-4408.
- 2) Join or sign the AIDS Action Pledge. General meetings are held every other Thursday. Call Jim Dennison/821-9087 or Terry Beswick/647-7972. There will be 10 days of demos at the end of April.
- 3) Go to the AIDS/ARC Vigil which is located outside the Federal Building at U.N. Plaza. Almost daily at noon, protesters have chained themselves to the doors of the building. Talk to them to find out what you can do to help or before you plan your own action there.

When you finally manage to get laid, don't let the fear of AIDS inhibit the free expression of your sexuality and sensuality. Have lots and lots of great, healthy and fun sex. Don't let anybody take that right away from you. You deserve it. You look marvellous, dahling. Get sexed! Be happy!

STARHAWK'S SCHEDULE SPRING/SUMMER 1988

March 11-13
Watertown, Mass. (Near Boston)
Talk and Workshop at Interface
552 Main St.
Watertown, MA 02172

March 15-20
Starhawk will be participating in
actions at the Nevada Test Site

March 25-27
Portland, Oregon, 503-639-4268

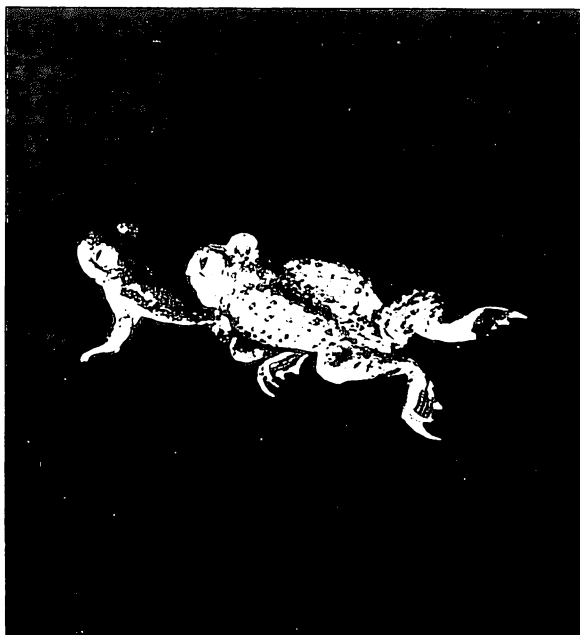
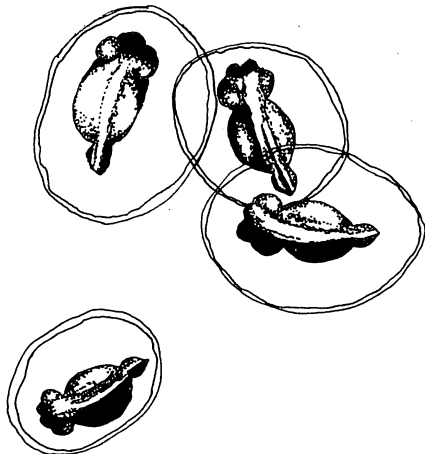
April 20
Southern Illinois University

April 22-24
Flint, Michigan,
Mary Ann Kuszelewicz,
1701 Flushing Road, Flint, MI 48504

April 25-26
Henry and Maureen Petrucci
P.O. Box 20404, Ferndale, MI 48220
313-892-0587

EUROPE '88

Starhawk will be doing talks and
workshops in England, Berlin,
Germany, Switzerland, and possibly
Norway. With other Reclaiming
teachers, she will conduct a Women's
Intensive near Heilbronn, W. Germany,
June 30-July 7.



SUMMER WORKSHOPS

Creation Spirituality Summer Workshop
Vancouver, B.C. July 10-15
Summer Workshops
P.O. Box 19216
Oakland, CA 94619

Reclaiming Summer Intensive
Near Vancouver, British Columbia
July 24-31 Contact:
Pat Hogan, 1937 W. 2nd Ave.,
Vancouver, B.C. V6J 1J2
604-732-5153

Resource Institute West
Seminar Afloat
Ketchikan, Alaska
August 8-14
A workshop aboard a 65' schooner,
sailing in the Alaskan islands.

For information about Starhawk's
schedule, contact:

Jodi Sager
P.O. Box 9725
Berkeley, CA 94709
415-528-9433

ANNOUNCEMENTS

MEN'S CIRCLE(S) FORMING

Open, Eclectic, self-led/rotating Priestship-creating ritual, healing men's wounds, reclaiming positive images/models of male power and nurturing; trance, drumming, movement, storytelling, more. Daniel, 454-5042.

A reader sends us note of a **Gaia Consciousness** Conference and Celebration of the Re-emergent Goddess and the Living Earth, April 6-10, 1988, Unitarian Ctr., 1187 Franklin St., SF. Presentors include: Merlin Stone, Otter and Morning Glory Zell, Matthew Fox, James A. Swan, Susan Griffin, Brian Swimme, many more. Call: 753-6100

EARTH FIRST! Collective would like to network and build community with other hard core environmentally focused Witches and Pagans in the San Francisco Bay Area. Let's meet. Craig Stehr, P. O. Box 170602, SF 94117.

SUBMISSIONS SOUGHT for an anthology of **MAGIC, HEALING, AND TRANSFORMATION**. For writer's guidelines send s.a.s.e. to Susan Mermaid, editor, 358-A 51st St., Oakland, CA 94609.

STOLEN! 1/2 half pound blue glitter from Star's car. What was it doing there in the first place? contact Roddy c/o this Newsletter.

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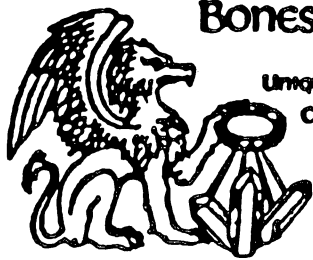
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