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- recording listed under 'Reclaiming' in Berkeley
- lists announcements and events
- call us with your news and events to add to message
- use it as a limited contact number for Reclaiming.
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When possible--write us instead at the P.O. Box below!
Remember to say where and when we can reach you
with questions and answers...and allow plenty of time.

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RECLAIMING: A Center for Feminist Spirituality

P.O.Box 14404

San Francisco, CA 94114

Newsletter SUBMISSIONS: Please send us

- graphics Send us a xerox or slide first - not your original.
 - articles in general Double-spaced, type written. Whether we print them or not, submissions eventually find their way into our cauldron, so please keep your original.
As far in advance as possible.
 - announcements Maybe we can follow up on your lead.
 - news flashes
 - poetry If it's exceptional.
 - op-ed This is journalese for 'opinion-editorial'.
Provoke, subvert, praise, challenge, educate, dare.
Clear editorial commentary, and even fuzzy, circular rants may be welcomed into print.
If your ideas are well presented, we'll consider printing stuff we don't [as a publishing cell] agree with.
- We do edit: for length, spelling, punctuation, and maybe some grammar.
Poetry, we don't edit, and we probably would not edit letters...
except if they were extremely long.
- We don't print: personal attacks or charges against members of the general Pagan community.

WE NEED VOLUNTEERS FOR A FEW HOURS ONCE A QUARTER [3-8 HRS]

- Collating the Newsletter [Everyone]
- Pasting up the Newsletter [Experienced only]

Call The Newsletter Number in the box above.

**LAMMAS NEWSLETTER DEADLINE IS AUGUST 7. PLEASE HELP US OUT.
SEND YOUR MATERIAL ON TIME TO RECLAIMING AT THE ADDRESS ABOVE.**

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.

Cover and various original graphics by Robin Dorn. The survivors of this *Newsletter* production are Rose, Debra, Roy, Anne, Raven, and Pleiades. There were no actual fatalities, serious bodily injuries, or obvious psychological casualties. But who can say what resulting hidden scars will linger on deep inside to haunt us throughout the remainder of our days?

THE

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The views expressed in articles and advertisements in this Newsletter belong to the authors and advertisers...not to the Reclaiming Community or the Newsletter Staff. Some of us don't like some of the stuff we print.

The State of the *Newsletter*

Roy rants, screams, cries, and throws things.

While the raves and readership of our Newsletter are rapidly growing, the *Newsletter* Staff is rapidly shrinking. We just lost three of our four most experienced layout folks, leaving only one worker (me) who is able to carry out all the layout procedures, one experienced helper whose commitment is limited, and two folks in training. Unfortunately, in my present state of shock over the sudden absence of my three strongest accomplices, training two new people under the pressure of typical paste-up chaos is more than I have been able to handle alone.

A large portion of our layout copy for this issue got wax all over it and had to be retyped. Display ads had to be meticulously scraped free of wax. The backs of the layout boards had to be scraped free of wax to avoid transferring it to what copy remains clean. The entire light table surface was covered in wax. It was a wax nightmare! There was goddamned wax everywhere!

When the wax cleared and my nerves had somewhat settled and the process seemed to be in forward gear again, I discovered that three-quarters of the page borders on the layout board had been drawn wrong and we had to almost start over with the whole layout process. This is when the ranting and raving progressed to screaming and throwing things. Had the inexperienced person who had innocently performed this blunder been present, I'm afraid I would have committed an aggressive act of hideous proportions. Nearing the end of day two of layout, when we should have been nearly finished, it felt like we were going backwards. This is when I cried. I wanted so much to throw all the nasty boards, copy, graphics, waxer,--all of it--down the garbage chute.

In all seriousness, I will not try to continue with this newsletter under this level of stress. I will not attempt to "train" inexperienced people again. And I cannot lay out the next issue myself with only one skilled person helping. **If there is no one out there in the greater Reclaiming community who is reasonably skilled in graphic arts and is willing to help with this publication for \$6.00/hour for one weekend each season, then I guess we have failed in some essential way, or perhaps the Newsletter is just dying a natural death.** But this seems such a shame in light of increasingly enthusiastic response and expanding circulation. I really can't say how discouraged I feel.

One bright spot in this abysmal state of affairs is that we have a new and experienced and very enthusiastic person (Debra X-it) with a MacIntosh, who is willing to type set the whole *Newsletter* IF WE CAN GET ALL OUR COPY IN A WEEK BEFORE LAYOUT, which seems highly unrealistic considering about half the stuff for this issue came in during layout. Some was still being written on the second day of layout. Typesetting can greatly simplify layout, since whole pages can be laid out in the machine, but it is a lot of work for her, so please get your copy into us ON TIME next time.

If we can pull together just a bit more, folks, maybe the *Newsletter* can get out of this abyss and go on to ever greater heights of fine pagan journalism. And maybe my ulcer will heal.

Thanks.
Blessed Be, Roy

We urge you to read this letter.
It was originally sent to Starhawk, who asked that it be shared
with Reclaiming Newsletter readers.

We're only editing author and city names, for reasons which are
becoming increasingly obvious. The emphasis in bold type is ours.

J&S, T_____, Arizona

April 5, 1988 C.E.

Dear Starhawk,



Last night (April 4th 1988) we received some very disturbing news from a friend of ours who is sympathetic to the Craft. He has found out from a student he tutors that the police departments in Arizona and in other states are infiltrating all the Covens/Pagan groups they can reach to compile information on the groups and their membership. They (the police) are doing this under the guise trying to crack down on "crimes committed in the name of Paganism." **Our friend's student is an ex-policeman himself, and is in a position to know that the material being gathered on the Covens/groups, while supposedly in "limited access" files, is actually being "leaked" to the wrong sort of people, such as right-wing fundamentalists.** It behooves us as Pagans to be aware that any new people who come to us may be infiltrators.

We cannot totally proof our groups against spies; the very nature of a Coven is trust. But we need not be "guileless sheep" in the matter. Be wary of newcomers who ask established Coven members for name and other information yet are reluctant/unwilling to volunteer information on themselves. Also be on the lookout for newcomers who "watch everything/everyone but say nothing and refuse to participate in the group." The infiltrators are following the advice/guidelines set forth by extremist Pres. candidate Lyndon LaRouche as well as by Constance Cumbey in her book *The Hidden Dangers of the Rainbow* (Huntington House, Inc.) for infiltrating Pagan and New Age groups. A particular target Cumbey cites is Circle of Wisconsin.

As a member of many groups who put their lives on the line for confrontation and protest against police and military authority, you of all people should be aware of how easy it is for infiltrators to penetrate even the most safeguarded of Covens. The women's groups that you work with, particularly the ones protesting U.S. involvement in Nicaragua, are especially vulnerable to betrayal by women who seem to be for them but who are actually "plants" working against their sisters. In your discussion of group dynamics, both in *Dreaming the Dark* and *Truth or Dare*, you in no way address this problem. **Paranoia we cannot afford, yet we cannot be complacent either.** The woman you described on page 12 of *Truth or Dare*, who said, "I'm not in charge," when she was asked to give her input about things she would like changed, might just as well have been an infiltrator trying to cause bickering to "bleed" your group of its internal energy and cohesion.

We would be interested in finding out how your groups handle the problem of infiltration and what you do with the infiltrators when you apprehend them.



Well hello again, here I am just like usual and I have got some Very Important Hints for you this time so Listen Up.

First of all, I would like to say that Some People might think that it is Pretty Funny to put Fake Household Hints in a newsletter that is read by so many hundreds of people, all of them so badly in need of household help, but Not Me. And also I believe I have an Exclusive Contract with Reclaiming to provide Exclusive Household Hints such as are not found anywhere else, so everybody had better watch out as I am going to sue their butts off. But enough of that, I have handed this matter on to Other People who are Calmer Than Me At This Time so I will go on now and share with you some Real Household hints and not the fake kind that that Other Lady pawned off on you last time, you know who I mean.

So. Well, I have recently had a phone call from an entire group of you who had a question which I realize probably Many of you need Answered. This phone call was to me and not to that Other Lady, I would like to point out. And the group which called, and it was one of those Holy Sacred Groups, too, the sort that meets every Wednesday night unless something has come up, and processes their entire lives with each other because they know that Everything Created by the Goddess is So Holy and Sacred that you Have to Share it, well they had a question, and the question was, why are the witches houses so messy, when the people who belong to those other groups, you know, the ones who are pretty quiet and eat sprouts and aren't attached to material possessions, anyway, those other people have such Clean Houses?

Well, the answer is that the other people are Wrong. It is a Holy Sacred Duty of All Human Beings to

learn to understand the true nature of Physical Reality, which is Hard to Do and Takes Years, and all the people who have disassociated themselves from the lure of the material plane are Not Doing Their Jobs.

And so all of you who have been doing such good jobs and working So Hard to understand more and more Truly Sacred physical objects like conch shells and pine cones, and keeping them all on the coffee table, which is such a Holy and Sacred place, have got discouraged because there gets to be so many of them that when the cat comes by your coffee falls over, and so you think maybe it is time to switch traditions.

Well, it is Perfectly OK to go and learn from other traditions, if you are very careful not to get brain-washed and swerve from your sacred function of collecting all the sacred objects that the Holy Mother is Done With like bones and pieces of dead wood, because otherwise she would have no place to put them and then they would just get thrown out.

When I think of all the wasted space in those rooms where the people live who don't own enough sacred objects, I feel a little faint. Those are just the sorts of people who think that the household hints found in the last issue of this newsletter, but Not in This Column, are useful to attempt in their own homes, and you know what I mean.

So remember that it is OK to dust and throw glitter around, but do Not throw anything out. I bet that other lady throws things out, and there might be Some who would say that she is an Infiltrator from Another Tradition, but Not Me, as I have Talked to my Lawyer, and if you try any of her Hints, just remember that it is Not My Fault.

Love, Hannah.



Dear Reclaiming,

I was shocked to see that letter in the last issue. You know which one I mean--that one from that impostor writing those ridiculous household hints which could only fool a baby, but will probably ruin the lives of most of your readers. I was so upset I had to lay down for a week, and got fired from my job, so expect a letter from my lawyer soon, and I mean business.

Sincerely, Flora Birdsong

Dear Reclaiming,

Please cancel my subscription, because even though I like the poetry and it's nice to know where Starhawk is every month, I cannot support a publication which publishes fake household hints such as those found in the last issue.

Sorry, Treeheart Warmweather

Dear Reclaiming,

I must take issue with your recent treatment of Miss Hannah Clancy. It is my impression, as it must be that of many others of your readers, that she is one of the most--nay, may I say the most--valuable people on your staff. How many times have I been in a ticklish spot, when just the right hint from Miss Clancy served to get me out of a jam, when my mother or some other relative was coming over to tea, and I just couldn't countenance throwing all my sacred objects in the closet, as that would be uncourageous? Many. Many times, I say to you, and I am not a person given to exaggeration.

But your recent inclusion in these pages of the household hints of a rival, and inferior, housekeeper, have made me ashamed for the whole tribe of those of us who have previously been in the position of being proud to be a member of the

great Neo-Pagan Movement wherein we find ourselves, but can now only wish that we had remained Episcopalian.

What insensitivity on your part, shown to a woman who has given so faithfully, with no reward other than the pleasure of helping others to conquer the confusing and dusty material plane in which we live, even on the occasion of the glitter bombing, a bombing rumored to have been engineered by some of the members of your own staff?

I am saddened, and I am sorrowed, and I am disgusted, and if it were not for the interesting ads in the back of the newsletter, which I cannot do without, I would cancel my subscription.

But should I ever see such abominable filth in this newsletter again, I will cancel my subscription forthwith, even though it will cause me great pain to do so.

Sincerely, Odin Rockport

Hey guys,

What gives? Are those household hints for real, or what? I tried one on my dog, you know, the one about fleas, and he bit me. Do I have a case here? I mean, are you responsible?

Yours, Starshine

Dear Reclaiming,

I really liked the new household hints, and got everything really clean, and now I'm leaving the Craft and going off to live at Tassahara, so please cancel my subscription, at least in this lifetime.

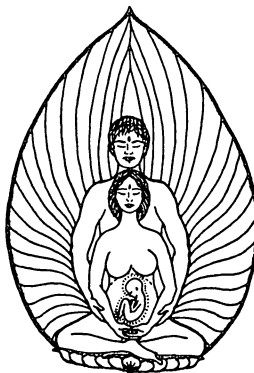
Peace and love, Water (used to be Pinecone)

INANNA SONG

[adapted by Starhawk]

Your crescent shaped barge of heaven
 So well belayed, so well belayed
Full of loveliness like the new moon
 Full of loveliness like the new moon
Your fertile fields well watered
 Your fertile fields well watered
Hillock lands well watered, too
 Hillock lands well watered, too
At your mighty rising
 At your mighty rising
The vines rise up and the fields rise up
 The vines rise up and the fields rise up
And the desert fills with green
 And the desert fills with green
Just like a living garden
 Just like a living garden
In the heat of the sun you are the shade
 A well of water in the dry, dry land
In the heat of the sun you are the shade
 A well of water in the dry, dry land
Swelling fruit to feed the hungry
 Swelling fruit to feed the hungry
Sweet cream to quench our thirst
 Sweet cream to quench our thirst

[Note: This was originally all sung by Inanna, so it was "My crescent-shaped barge of heaven, " etc. We have taken the liberty of changing the pronouns in the first verse to use it for invocation.]



Life Among the Little People

By Anne Hill



Some friends of mine who must think I have time to read gave me Luisah Teish's book *Jambalaya* for my birthday. I have tried to uphold their opinion of me by reading the book in my occasional spare moments, and what I have read so far has been quite thought-provoking.

I am particularly moved by her work with ancestors, and the many rituals she describes for becoming more closely attuned to the spirit world. As a mother, these practices seem especially relevant to me, because my responsibility lies in raising the next generation and working for a decent world for them to live in. My kids will need all the help their ancestors can give them.

The problem that always strikes me, however, when I read beautiful descriptions of feasting the dead, of water gazing at your altar, or treating yourself to herbal baths, is WHEN? It is all I can do some days to find time to feed myself, let alone make something my ancestors won't feel offended by (Hey, Nana, how about boxed macaroni and cheese today? With or without canned tomato soup?) And if I had time to water gaze I'd also have time to go visit my one surviving grandmother who is very ill. When it comes down to choosing between caring for the living or communicating with the dead, my choice is clear.

Still, as I say, I was inspired by Teish's words and struck by the importance of her work, so I have devised six simple rituals that can be incorporated into even the busiest of schedules. These may be especially useful to women with small children hanging all over them.

1. Diaper Meditation. When changing a particularly messy diaper, mutter under your breath a word of Thanks that your child has inherited a healthy digestive system. Try to recall which relative it was that grew up on a farm and whose genes have blessed you child with such prodigious poops. Finally, take a moment to consider that in those days, women washed diapers like these by hand, so thank the spirits that today there are washing machines for such chores.

2. Juice and Cracker Feast. Familiar to every mother are the times throughout the day when you seat your progeny at the table for a snack. Such times are valuable not only nutritionally, but strategically, since most fights will be forgotten when food is suggested. Set out an extra plate of crackers, cheese, carrot slices or whatever you are serving, along with something to drink, and put it on top of the fridge. (Refrigerator tops are typically utilized as altars for this type of thing, since the kids can't reach that high.)

Other things you can add to this altar are flowers your children pick for you, toys they were fighting with (to cleanse them of combative energy), and broken things that maybe the ancestors know how to fix.

3. Dishwater gazing. When I am sick of reading books to kids, arbitrating disputes and tying shoelaces, I retreat to the safe haven of the kitchen sink. Regardless of my mood or degree of receptivity, I always feel a link here to generations of women before me who kept a home and raised children. Also regardless of the time of day, there are always dishes to wash. On filling the sink, I try to give silent thanks to the Hetch Hetchy Valley, and pray that one day it will return to its former state of beauty and wildness.

If your mother had a set washing routine like mine did--flatware, followed by glasses, dishes, and cookware--follow it, otherwise, you can borrow from any tradition that feels right to you. Gaze into the suds, relax, and open up to the wisdom of Those Who Have Washed Before.

4. The 2AM Feeding. This is by far the most challenging of all the rituals included here, simply because there is NOTHING fun about having your sleep cycle interrupted every night. What I manage to do here is to fix my attention on keeping my jaws unclenched.

Remember that even your wisest, most right-on ancestor was once a small person who infuriated her/his mother by demanding to be fed at all hours of the night. Try to send yourself back to sleep peacefully, perhaps by repeating something my foremothers always tell me at this hour: 'Your child will not be a baby forever. Treasure this opportunity to receive instant commiseration and sympathy from everyone who hears about your child's sleep habits.'

5. The Ancestral Bubblebath. Of course this does not mean a bath for you; you will be lucky to sneak in a shower every now and then when the kids are napping. This is an opportunity to slip a bit of 'Church' into your unsuspecting child's consciousness during bathtime.

On preparation, spend a bit of time at the store choosing an appropriate bubble medium. Ideal would be one that smells like a flower native to your ancestral homeland, but be practical. If bathtime is a problem in your household, go for what works. And that means packaging. My son is satisfied with some stuff that comes in a blue plastic elephant-shaped jug.

During the bath, your ancestors will have some ideas on where and how vigorously this kid needs to be scrubbed. In fact, many women experience spiritual 'possession' during this ritual, and become like their foremothers, who got their children mercilessly clean every Saturday. If you are uncomfortable with this type of thing, consult your local priestess for counseling, or, better yet, entrust your partner with the sacred responsibility of keeping the kids clean.

6. The Family Dinner. This is perhaps the most formidable of all rituals of ancestor reverence. Whether you realize it or not, your forebears are checking you out now to see just how good you are at disciplining their descendants. Some spirits are less tactful than others,



however, so you must take precautions to both hear what they are saying, and divest yourself of any guilt that they send your way.

My ancestors can be quite opinionated about how my children act at the table, so I have devised the following procedure which works quite nicely. Prepare a generous serving of the dinner you cooked and place it on your refrigerator top altar. Light a candle before the meal and courteously invite all those great aunts and grandmothers in to partake of your offering. Seat your kids at the kitchen table with their food, and give them strict instructions as to how you expect them to behave. Then take your dinner out of the kitchen and DON'T LOOK BACK! Sit down to eat

in another room and relax, knowing your children's upbringing is in good hands. After the meal, reenter the kitchen, thank the spirits, snuff out the candle, and tell your partner it is time for the kids to take a bath.

These are only a few of the many ways in which you, a busy mother, can live your spiritual beliefs and not feel overwhelmed by the task. Be creative in your application of the principles of ancestor reverence, and don't be discouraged if your experiments backfire at first. Be patient with yourself, your children, and your oftentimes finicky ancestors.

Above all, if you do get fed up with the whole process, please do not send your ancestors over to my house. I have enough to deal with.



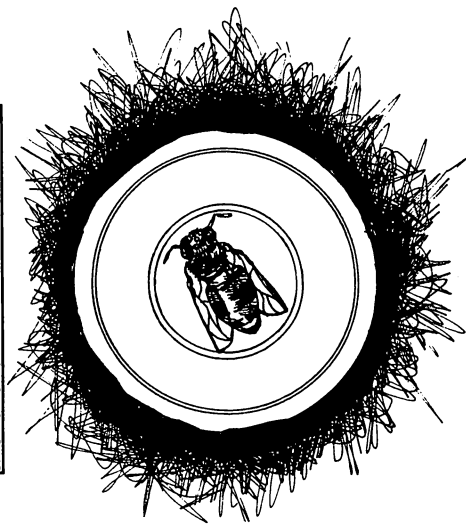
three little words

by Mag Shafer

dermography skin writing, the name, letters, or words appearing and on the skin of a medium while in trance and for varying lengths of time thereafter

leffas the astral bodies of plants

mach shafur [Hebrew] a shape shifter



A VISIT WITH COYOTE IN NEVADA
by Rose May Dance

The American Peace Test (APT) organized a large non-violent direct action at the Nevada Test Site this past spring. Circle A Cluster, the community of Anarchists in which I live, with whom I socialize, do actions, and celebrate holidays, decided to go to this action en force, and to create an Anarchist camp within the Peace Camp, and to carry our vision of the importance of Jail Solidarity to the Action. We raised money, collected food and equipment, and traveled to Nevada.

We set off for Nirvana, as we called it, barreling down 5 toward Bakersfield and generally enjoying ourselves. Shortly out of Bakersfield I saw my first Joshua trees blooming, and I began to move into the desert with every sense, opening wide to color and space and air.

After we finally passed through Las Vegas at night (what a sight-fright!) we found the Peace Camp and were herded to parking. As we drove in we began to groan as we passed car upon car. It seemed we would never reach a parking place. Then I started looking at the licenses. Chills ran down my spine as I saw the plates: Texas, Ohio, Connecticut, Michigan, Pennsylvania, New York, Florida: Florida Florida Florida. Wow.

I crawled into my bag, and slept, awoke to smells of coffee and hustle and bustle in Circle A town. It felt great to wake up into the big family of friends. People were dividing the responsibilities of the day. The rally was to be at noon and the mass civil disobedience immediately after, but I had to be late because I had to pick up Deborah from Matrix Affinity Group (AG) at the Las Vegas Airport. We returned from the airport and joined Matrix member, Roddy. By the time we were ready to go do our action, we met a steady stream of people returning from the gate -- apparently everyone had held hands around the fence and then all stepped over together -- 1100 arrests before the day was over. We kept seeing our

friends walking towards us, telling them we were going to get popped, but they greeted us and kept on walking. Finally we met Circle A Hillary who noticed our distress -- Deborah freshly off the airplane, Roddy about to have his first c.d. arrest, Goddess knows what energy I was running, -- and Hillary said, well I should walk you there and watch you. That felt great and was all we needed. So we walked to a part of the fence down the road from the gate. Roddy was wearing his Minnie Mouse-like dust mask and goggles, against the dust and radiation. Neither he nor Deborah had remembered to take off their plentiful jewelry. I was carrying a pack full of clothing, and food because I travel heavy (came in handy later). Hillary held the 3 strands of barbed wire for us and we were off. We congratulated Roddy and stepped off into the desert, wending our way through the dry thorny terrain. I was so happy. I was frightened of the test site because I was frightened of radioactivity, even though I'd been assured that in the location of the peace camp and company town of Mercury, radiation levels were not dangerous. But the desert was so beautiful, so vast and magical, and I was walking on it. We had called in all our guardians. I said, aloud, "with every step I take, my guardians work hard to bring about the end to nuclear testing, to the threat of war".

We walked on but soon Roddy jumped and exclaimed. A choyo thorn had pushed through his boot into his toe. He tried to pull it out, no luck. He took off his boot and sock and again tried to no avail. I also tried, and remembered the tweezers on my Swiss army knife. But these lightweight tweezers were no match, so I said I'll pull it out with my teeth. I took off my pack and canteen and crawled down to pull the thorn out, and just as I drew it out and removed it from my mouth to examine it, two camouflaged dune buggies bumped toward us to a halt, and about 6

officers in camouflage surrounded us. These were the famed Wackenhuts, hired security guards who work on the Test Site. They were very enthusiastic and dramatic and were lunging for us, about to capture us. I hate to get arrested unless I have all my clothing in order and my pack on my back, ready for long waits and transports. So I was outraged at the prospect of being taken without my equipment properly arranged, and at poor Roddy having to walk through the desert in one boot and one sock. I told the officers to slow down, back off, we were performing first aid and needed a moment, we would go with them when we were ready. This worked. We got ourselves together, and then we said, we should talk. After all, if this was Roddy's first arrest, we were going to do it right. We put our arms around each other, as the Wackenhuts closed in, and I said, now, do we want to cooperate, or not? We mulled this one over. I asked Deborah, do you think you want to walk with these officers, or get dragged through the desert over the choyo thorns? In a leisurely way, we decided it would be best to cooperate for a while. So we walked with the Wackenhuts (Hottentots), and Roddy smiled at me, looking at his wounded foot, "With every step I take" across the beautiful desert.

The arrest was the only exciting thing that happened on this day. We were all 1100 of us piled on rented busses and bussed on a 3 hr. drive to Tonopah at the other end of the county, and released at a Resort Hotel and Casino, where we waited for many hours for our support persons to come claim us. This was Nye County strategy to wear us out and use up our resources, and to get us to spend money in the County, and not have the expense of jailing us. We sort of enjoyed it. Coyote.

When we arrived back at camp in the middle of the night, another AG in our cluster was about to leave to do their action. The Princesses of Plutonium were setting out to hike to the town of Mercury, less than 7 miles away, where they were going to wear radiation suits and silver masks, put up posters giving the town's inhabitants notice to VACATE

IMMEDIATELY because of the nuclear danger, and they were going to attempt to get a cup of coffee at the local cafe. They had hiked to Mercury the year previous, but had not been able to get any coffee before they were apprehended. So the coffee was becoming very important.

This seemed very simple, so when we heard, the next day, that our Princesses had been apprehended in Mercury, (having put up the posters but having been refused service in the cafe), and charged with "Deep Penetration" of the test site, we grew alarmed. "Deep Penetration" is something usually reserved for persons who try to reach Ground Zero, and carries a 6 month jail term at least. Our friends had not expected that the hike to Mercury, which is very visible from the boundary of the test site, would carry serious charges. Now they were being held in Beatty, a town an hour away from the camp. In camp at the big meeting, people were discussing whether or not to have solidarity with the Princesses' action.

There was a problem. The Princesses had not informed the APT that they were planning their action. One of the APT Nonviolence Principles, #4, is "All activities will be open and public, not secret." The way it had been going, affinity groups would report their intended actions at Spokes Meetings, then APT would meet with the police and tell the police what actions were being planned. Apparently this strategy came out of deep commitment to loving one's enemies. Our cluster tends to see things a bit differently, and values the effectiveness of surprise and secrecy. We came to the action knowing that APT was having problems with its guidelines, in fact that APT was divided on whether to keep Principle #4's strict interpretation, but that they could not come to consensus on the subject yet. Many of us were enthusiastic about conflict around Principle #4, because we wanted the Peace Movement to grow and be effective, and smelled an important change in the air.

The Princesses quickly moved to the center of this storm. While they

languished in the tiny Beatty jail, the camp was abuzz with talk about the importance of solidarity, whether the Princesses deserved solidarity, whether Principle #4 was working, and whether "those Anarchists" were angels or devils. Our confrontive style was different from a number of the other styles of nonviolence represented at this action.

The night after the Princesses were arrested, Roddy, Deborah, and I did a very intense magical working for them. At twilight, we hiked to the top of the ridge above camp, where we could see the town of Mercury, the stars, and desert expanse. We took a crystal with us, and various props, and seated ourselves in a little depression by a group of yuccas and cacti which looked like Goddesses standing with us. We went deep into trance, but with our eyes open because of the spectacular surroundings. We chanted about "The Princesses in the Tower" making up a fairy story, sending them strength, but also using our magic to imagine great solidarity around the Princesses, and to create unity within the large group at the peace camp, and effectiveness of action. We buried our juju on the ridge. The night crackled with magic, and we opened our circle in time for Roddy and Deborah to go pick up Starhawk at the airport. 🌱

At camp the tide was turning, and many people decided to get up early in the morning to create as many arrests as possible, to be in solidarity with the Princesses. We got up to the strains of a singer intoning the the old Quaker hymn, "How Can I Keep From Singing". We supported the blockading, then jumped in two cars to go to Beatty to see the Princesses. Our affinity group had expanded, for the action, to include our old comrades More and Luis, and Star's and my roommate, Bill. We were going to give some legal and moral support to the Princesses, and to plan an action. We were able to talk to the women through a small jail window, although we could not see them, and we did as much as we could for them. Then we began planning our action.

I'm proud of how we planned our action because we had so many needs, so many fears, and we were able to talk and talk and talk and finally come to consensus, taking the better part of the day to do so. Bill really wanted to blockade busses, but he also wanted to join us in ritual action. Luis, who works Native American Medicine, wanted to do ceremony on the Test Site land, and was willing to risk a long jail term to do so. Some of us could afford to get arrested, some could not, some could afford to do extended time, some could not. Some wanted to do ritual on the land and get off the land, undetected. The charges that the Princesses faced made it look risky to do any kind of action other than trespass at the front gate. Most of us wanted to do ritual on the Shoshone land, on the Test Site. 🌱

🌱 As we revealed to ourselves our deepest fears, we consulted the Tarot cards, because we could not come to a decision. We used the cards as a way of informing our decision in a situation where we were working with so many variables. The cards urged us to work through our fears and take our power. We decided that a good strategy would be to actually follow nonviolence principle #4, and to inform APT we would do a religious ceremony on the Site at dawn, and that we DID NOT WANT to get arrested. We would tell APT that we would be working a certain number of miles down the road from the gate. We felt that if we used the open and honest strategy, perhaps the police would leave us alone and not arrest us, but if they did arrest us, we would be able to work it into the magic. We consulted the Shoshone elders, the Chief, Ray, and a Medicine Man named Corman, who told us to help ourselves to any place we found, that they encouraged us to make ceremony on the land, and one of the Shoshone women said she would do a ceremony at dawn in camp to coordinate with our working. 🌱

We rose at 4, were driven down the road. Using Coyote energy for all it was worth, we slid under the barbed wire, and hoofed it over to a rocky

rise, which we climbed -- it was a scary climb-- to a little saddle high above the desert floor. We seated ourselves by two great yuccas, and sat in a semi-circle, the yuccas making up the rest of the circle. I offered tobacco under Luis's guidance, for I was using my Sacred Pipe given to me by my Medicine Brother, Little Wolf. Wolf had given me his pipe to use in our work to fight for the Earth. We had brought waters from all over the world, with which we marked our circle, and we had brought stones and symbols from all over the world. The more people had heard we were going to do ritual on the land, the more they gave us objects to leave on the site. We tranced a trance to renew the Earth at this poisoned place, and to stop testing, and to begin peace. The sun rose as we sang and made magic. We opened our circle and descended, undisturbed by any authorities, and apparently unobserved. Coyote.

We arrived back at the front gate in time to blockade, according to Bill's deep desire. For a moment we were afraid there were no more busses of workers coming in to the site, and Bill's face was falling, but there over the horizon came a bus! Bill hissed, follow me! and slid out into the rode, managing to lie prone in front of the bus. He looked so happy, as if he were settling down for a nap as he nestled his head on his arms. Star and I followed, and then More and Luis, as Deborah and Roddy caught our gear. I only got to sit in the road a short time, so I broke my own rule of never going limp (for fear of injury) and just relaxed as they dragged me away. I wasn't hurt at all, because I did it right! They kept us in fenced cages on the site for hours, then another bus ride to Tonopah, more time at the casino, and another car ride back to camp.

I will only mention a few other highlights of the action. The next day several hundred people were arrested and taken to Tonopah. They refused to get off the busses or to leave the City Center where they were held for release, all in solidarity with the Princesses.

Several nights later, the Seattle AG SNAG, which was camping in Circle A Cluster, organized a torchlight parade to the front gate, neglecting to inform APT of their plans. They made a coffin, and big torches, and we marched through camp at dark, singing over and over a chant, "No More Nuclear Victims" in dirge. We gathered more and more people as we passed through camp, and more and more power, and we reached the gate. A number of people lay down and were arrested, and the rest of us spontaneously formed a Spiral Dance in the middle of the driveway and raised a mighty cone of power. We dropped the cone, and just stayed there in the drive, very still, lying on the ground, the only sound the sobs of numerous people. At just the right moment (before the police could decide what to do with us, but not before we had made them highly uneasy) we began to sing and dance out of the road.

Circle A organized a day of talks and workshops about issues which were hot at the Action -- nonviolent action, sexism and racism, jail solidarity, creative political action, consensus, political ritual, and evaluation of the action so far. The Shoshone performed ceremony and talked to us about their culture, about how they longed to live as part of the land and how the land is part of them, and therefore what kind of effect Nuclear Testing for 30 years on their land has had on their people. This day of discussion went well, brought all the people together, and fostered good talk about nonviolence and it's many gradations. I had to leave for San Francisco in the middle of this day, but I hear people came from the talks feeling empowered and reconciled to each other, and with appreciation for the APT organizers and their struggles. There was a better understanding all around about different styles and motivations for and uses of nonviolent direct action.

Later in the weekend some of the folks who at first had been critical of the Princesses' action, organized a "hundredth monkey" action -- 100 of them recreated the Princesses night hike to Mercury, and some were even

served coffee in the cafe! These folks were transported and released, and not held on charges of "Deep Penetration", and that fact was very helpful to the Princesses. More people did ritual on the Test Site, although I believe no one was actually arrested while doing ritual. Something about casting that circle....and that Coyote.

The arrests at the action finally totaled over 1500. We're home in the afterglow, now, and just today I attacked the desert grit on the tent we used. I'm afraid the dust will never go away. But the dust has settled around The Princesses, whose

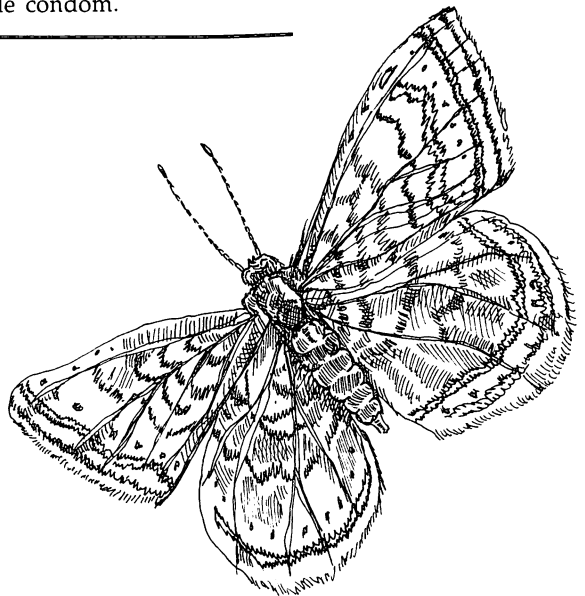
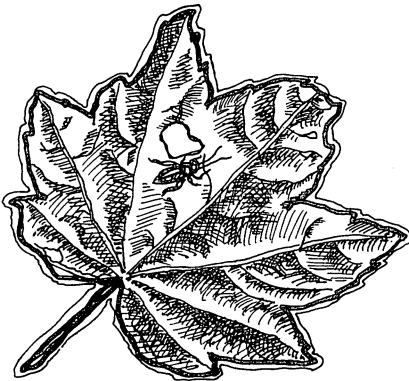
charges have been dropped. Their picture is supposedly in the June issue of Life Magazine, although I happen to know that many of the Princesses were busy at the time of the photo, and had to ask their friends to don the rad suits and masks. Such a scandal that those two tall "Princesses" have such big Adams Apples. I make a guest appearance as the short "Princess" in the back with the hole in her pants. A great honor.

I will leave you to meditate on this thought: we came away from Nevada with money ahead from what we picked up in the slot machines. Coyote. Blessed Be.



MORE, MORE, MORE MOI

More Moi Downing was unable to write her usual column, *Sex in the Aids Age* for this issue because she is very busy doing research and development of the female condom.



on dancing with the police



By Running Soar

Our days and nights in the streets and doorways in militant opposition to Reagan's overnight injection of 3200 U.S. troops into the flesh of Honduran soil brought out some of the best we've done in quite a long time.

Our movements were bold, creative, angry--and musical: the drums and shakerees, the maracas and cans of dried beans, beat out the rhythms of our outrage. The streets were our stage and we used it, moving police barricades and changing our route to fit our sense of strategy and theater. At high points we ran new banners and flags, some of them aflame, up old flagpoles, sang out newly minted slogans, searching through our political vocabularies for rhymes to 'Hondurus.'

Near the end of Saturday evening's exhilarating march from the Mission through the Castro and down to the Federal Building, someone heaved an *Examiner* newsrack through the window of the Bank of America at 23rd & Mission: an act, it seemed to me, of flagrant corporate incest (it almost sounded as if the bank was groaning as I passed its gaping window).

Yes, the onslaught of official outrages in Central American we had daily inured ourselves to, year after year and week after week numbing our capacity for reaction because we felt too weak to do anything that would stop it, and inducing a deadly torpor in ourselves, had at last broken down our barriers--for Reagan had done something we instinctively came together around. The scores and low hundreds of our previous weekly and (sometimes) even daily demonstrations swelled immediately after 'Hondurus' to one, two, five, and even ten thousand (and this with thousands still in Nevada), as at various and passing times we brought the Federal Building and parts of the city to a standstill.

This was all very heady. The parties buzzed with electricity, and memories of the mythic '60's stretched and yawned, as if perhaps finally to wake.

And as in theater, dance, lovemaking (and indeed, the whole of our world, the span of reality) these tumultuous days and nights were felt more in the currents and flows of energy among us and less in the stern words of the leaflets handed around or the array of our agreed upon demands. In a certain sense, we fought the cops for control of the intersections, but as well, we were dancing with them and the State in an ebb and flow, a give-and-take, of domination and position. They would block off the plaza; we would move the barricades. We would run a Sandinista flag up the flagpole; they would try to arrest someone on the edge of the crowd. Each of our sides tried to outmanoeuvre the other. But our energies waxed, our fantasies grew wilder as they proved less and less able to contain our rage.

In this there lies some critical lessons, I think. For all our tactical and/or philosophical reliance on nonviolence, street demonstrations are partially military situations, and it is well to remember that there are a rough set of rules or patterns they tend to follow.

That is to say, it isn't only John Wayne or the Marines who have to worry about controlling the high ground, or avoiding blind spots and *cul-de-sacs*. We do too. Each intersection is a new battlefield, presenting its characteristic strategic and tactical possibilities. Our ability to control the streets during most of the demonstrations flowed from our instinctive understanding of this, and that we were able to feel and respond to the movement of energy, our own as well as the cops', and thus avoid getting stuck in eddy currents that went nowhere.

I think there are people in our ranks who tend to forget this--who see militancy as a good, no matter what the context, without regard for what has just gone before or what seems to be unfolding. But to take a stand in a *cul-de-sac* can be suicide; to build a barricade (as I helped unbuild at the siege of the Pentagon in 1967) behind the demonstrators, thus preventing retreat, is self-destructive.

Quiescence should have no place in our movement, but a relative orderliness sometimes does. When small children are present, upping the ante can turn a demonstration literally into a murderous riot. If horses are brought in against our front lines and there is no retreat, people to the rear should not take it upon themselves to suddenly run up the energy. In the late 60's, Progressive Labor activists planned demonstrations to elicit police violence, hoping thus to educate people as to the evils of the State; but their cadres, facing higher sentences because of previous arrests, sometimes conveniently slipped away right before the arrests and beating they had helped orchestrate were to occur. PL's ranks thinned, as did the movement's in general, in part because of base dishonesties like that, I think.

For though bloody skulls and unexpected arrests might sometimes 'politicize' some people, such events are probably much more likely to demoralize anyone who comes to realize someone else, nominally an ally, manipulated things to so unfold; additionally, many get scared away from future action.

In other words, more is not necessarily always better. Just as in a dance, there are times in the streets to advance boldly and defiantly, but unless you reverse yourself from time to time, slow down or even move in circles, you inevitably run into a wall. And until we can pull down those walls once and for all, it is wise to be aware of our limits and to husband our resources for the next day's march, picnic, or dance.

Big Woman and Denies-the-Life

A Post-Industrial Fable

for Jean Lehman and Pat Henery

Somewhere a big, decisive woman sits
on a low chair
or on a rock
covered with the ceremonial red cloth
or on a flowery, sprung out,
down-and-out plastic couch.

Somewhere in near time, in the almost-past
she sits deciding, preparing to get things done.
And it is from the work of her wide, doing hands
and the song in her heart
that she sends out the great wave of motion.

It is about this time the world always shudders, watching
that blackhole belly of need come rolling
over and over, crushing faceless buildings,
the poison resorts, and neatly disappearing
the consumptive/colonial miasm
that covers so much of her Earth from time to time.

When she gets moving, not much can stand up
against her...certainly nothing too tall and spikey.
Not anything with concealed and greedy vaults, nothing
that leaches away life and breath, and nothing
that tries to grin and sell it back to you again.

Great Mother of Our Need
she shifts her weight around now and then,
and another empty thing
made by Denies-the-Life
is crushed
under her beautiful feet.

D.X. Flores 1987





CHANTS

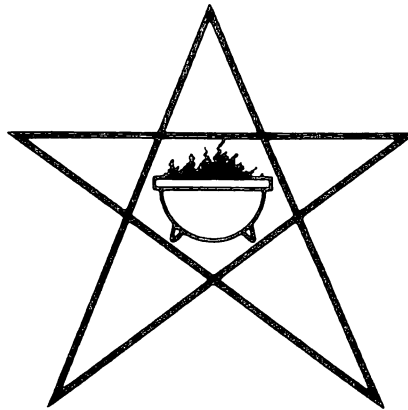
Ritual Music

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

Side 2

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

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 GLAS

IT MAKES CENSE by Raven Moonshadow

A three-session class. This will be a practical hands-on workshop in the making of oils, bath salts, floorwashes, and potpourri. We will explore the historical, magickal, personal, and imaginative correspondence aromas; culminating in the making of incense within sacred space. Three Monday evenings, beginning Monday, **September 12**. \$35-50 sliding scale. Students keep the scents they make. Call Raven at 334-MOON for registration.

MUNDANE MAGICK: SPELLCRAFTING by Raven Moonshadow

In this hands-on class we will discover how the lesser becomes the greater magick. When we gaze at the world around us with Starlight vision and discover how color, rhythm, scents, stones, herbs, candles--natural and man-made objects--weave a tapestry that is the fabric of existence, we can concentrate on reawakening the child-self. Each week we will focus on a specific law of magick, then apply that law to a working of magick. Six Tuesdays beginning **August 30**, and one Saturday field trip into the 'occult world.' Pre-requisite: Elements of Magic, equivalent experience/study, or instructor's approval. Phone Raven at 334-MOON for registration. \$45-90, sliding scale.

ELEMENTS OF MAGIC FOR MEN AND WOMEN by Raven and Others

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, creation of sacred space, spellcraft, and structuring rituals. Beginning 6-week course; 6 Thursdays beginning Thursday, **August 18**. Last class is a ritual created by students. \$45-90, sliding scale. Call Raven at 334-MOON for registration and location.

ELEMENTS OF MAGIC FOR LESBIANS by Pandora Minerva O'Mallory and Pleiades

Hurrah! Hurrah! Due to popular demand, Reclaiming is finally offering an Elements for Lesbians class. Hurry, Hurry, there is still space available. Later, we expect to offer a Pentacle and Rites for Lesbians, but as for the Elements class, herein, we will teach such useful things as breathing, visualization, trance work, casting a circle, calling in the elements and Goddess, and working with a cauldron without burning your house down. Hannah Clancy will make guest appearances. Six Mondays starting **September 12**. \$45-90, sliding scale. Call Pleiades, 824-2025 for details.

TUNE-UP FOR WOMEN by Rose May Dance

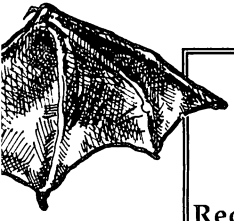
One-day workshop. Beginning level chakra and energy work. We look deep into our energy patterns--physical, emotional, spiritual, and psychic, and examine, cleanse and heal each chakra (energy center in the body and aura), learning how to breathe and visualized the proper flow of energy for healing and psychic work. **Saturday, September 10**. Sliding scale \$25-70. Limited to 12 students. Call Rose in August 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. Offered in **November**, date TBA. Sliding scale \$25-70. Limited to 20 students. Call Rose in October, 821-3336 for details.



SES AND EVENTS



SPIRAL DANCE HELP!

Reclaiming will be presenting the Spiral Dance at the Women's Building, October 29, 1988. If you are interested in singing in the chorus, dancing, gracing, dragoning, or just plain helping out, call Raven at 334-MOON, or write to Reclaiming, P.O.Box 14404, San Francisco, CA 94104.



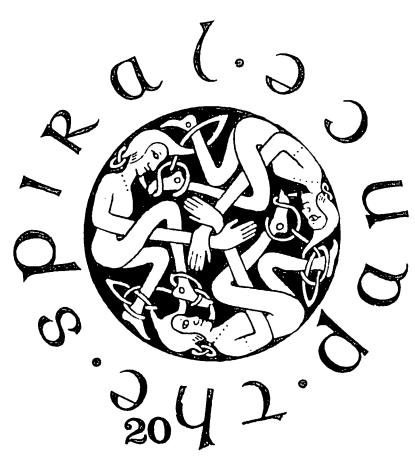
SPIRAL DANCE TICKETS

Come dance the Spiral Dance
on October 29, 1988
at the Women's Building
of San Francisco.

Tickets are sold by mail only
and are limited due to space.

All tickets will mailed on a
first-come, first served basis!

The price: \$8-16, sliding scale.
[Our break-even cost: \$10/ticket.]





BELTANE at Port Chicago



By Kate

Usually, when choosing a site for a Beltane ritual, I would put barbed wire, thorns or police, and television cameras high on the list of things to avoid. But on Beltane this year, we decided in front of barbed wire was just the place to erect our Maypole, and --not very surprisingly--the police and media presences came with the view. While most of our Reclaiming friends were celebrating in Tilden Park, an eclectic group of about 45 were dancing the May by the Main Gate at Concord Naval Weapons Station, about 250 yards from where Brain Willson was injured last fall.

The ritual was organized by members of 'Circle A Cluster', a loose group of anarchist-leaning people committed to creative direct action. Our group included some who are more pagan than anarchist, others who are more anarchist than pagan, and many who are neither pagan nor anarchist, but liked the symbolism of dancing a Maypole on the turf of the warmakers. A number of people who participated had never danced a Maypole before, which increased the specialness for me.

Those of us who arrived early to set up the pole debated about whether we should choose a spot close to where the 1000± demonstrators would be rallying or opt to be further from the masses but closer to the base itself. While it was not an easy decision to make, I for one was pleased with the result. It was great fun to sit near the railroad tracks measuring, cutting, and tying ribbons, while the police sent their videoman to scope us out and the Marines with their dogs, separated from us by the fence, paced back and forth nervously wondering what we were

doing. The police arrived after half an hour or so to inform us that we couldn't put the pole up in the hole that had been dug. The demonstrators shrugged and wandered off, leaving the police to grudgingly fill the hole up themselves. Once they had left, we decided to go back and be a little more discrete about our digging. It worked; by the time the cops returned, the circle had been cast, the pole erected, and apparently, our energy was strong enough to repel them without confrontation.

After some initial scurrying, while we looked over our shoulders expecting to see the cops descending at any moment, we relaxed and danced a leisurely May dance, chanting 'We are the Weavers,' and other favorites, making rhythm with rocks and stray railroad stakes (funny how those come in handy). The television cameramen (yes, I do mean men) insisted on getting in the middle of the circle now and then to film, but people just danced around them and I barely noticed them. My theory about the cops is that our circles are impossible for them to disrupt at least partly because they don't believe in the power of ritual to transform energy, and so they can't even identify what they are up against.

After the pole was completely woven and we had raised and grounded energy a few times, someone started a spiral dance singing "Trash, trash, trash all the nations, we're the anarchist generation..." and we went around that way a few times, laughing and coming back to earth. We left the pole where we had danced it, and when we came back to the area four hours later, it was still there, shining in the late afternoon sun.



Hanging

Alone here on the mountain ridge
perhaps I have climbed too far
if I don't find another human soon
it seems I'm in for a fall.
A solo flute fills the hollows above
how can I climb higher
without a hand to cling to
lift me up help me over that rainbow bridge.

Tides

Your skin a silken beach
beneath the moon
where I return like the surf.

Fall

Wind moans past shafts of light
sunk like spears through brittle trees,
scattering skeletons of leaves
that swirl up in vertigo like geese
rising to fly away.

If Ever

If ever the still small Voice
clangs again like a bell
through the chatter of dreams,
I will lie in a circle down
with the horses and buffalo, weeping.

Richard Hawk

Dry Leaves

When the years of my life have fallen like dry leaves
and been blown away by winter winds
perhaps to nurture some new growth
or just to rot against a wall

And the limbs of my age are left bare
to scrape against the sky

Then I will trade the mystery of dying
for the mystery of having lived

Roy King

Mountain Light

The glowing trees
The flying sky
The silent rock
The spirit, I,
Unafraid, in paradise

The mountain light
Within this living sea
This moment is
Eternity



MY LIFE AS A SPELL: Smarmy Witchy Stuff and What I Did with It, What It Did with Me.



By Cecilia Koon

Only two years ago I started smelling up the house with incense and candles. In that time, I've basically found three types of witch:

Stevie Nicks: the magickal, dreamy or wispy, renaissance faire-y dripping in lace and silver, medieval hats and feathers, a fanatic for all things English, Irish, Scottish, Celtic, Gaelic, Druidic, and Gypsy.

Bruce Springsteen: the unassuming person who is so irritating and in-the-now that magic doesn't exist as something you do or put on. Always politically correct.

Everyone Else: Undiscovered rock stars of magic trying to find our own style.

I am finding my own style. That means I steal what's convenient. I wear my silver pentagram all the time because I think it means something about me. I like to buy all sorts of books and candles and herbs and I think those things enable me to work magic "better". I write letters to politicians about environmental concerns and I magically charge them before I send them off. I earnestly tell my non-pagan boyfriend and acquaintances about my concerns about women, alcoholism, the environment, the fundamentalists, peace, paganism. I light a black candle on Pat Robertson's campaign for presidency. I light an orange candle on Jesse Jackson's campaign. I send money to Earth First! I give a dollar to a street person and bless him in my heart. I wear a lot of black clothes. I have a pointy witch hat. I gave up drugs, cigarettes, coffee and meat because I feel someone is preparing me for something big. I attend Earth First! demonstrations. I am judgmental and selfish and bitchy. I hold grudges. I see visions.

Two years ago, I took a basic magic class. I didn't know I was going to be a witch out of this. I thought it was basic magic, you know. Well, I don't know what I thought basic magic was, but I didn't think it necessarily meant that I'd be a witch when the class was over. But I was.

Uma, our teacher, was giving us information quickly and I was overwhelmed. I just took notes and wondered if I was understanding it. She kept saying things like, "The spirits initiate you. You don't have to rely on a person initiating you. You'll know when you're a witch," and "You can copy anything

you want in my Book of Shadows, but the best spell is the spell you write, the one you make up."

One week, our assignment was to write our own invocations of the quarters. I did it on a Saturday morning in the kitchen. As I wrote, the room became another world and I experienced a feeling of homesickness, nostalgia, intense emotion; ancient air, cool and musty, crept around me. They came and crowded me, tickled me, swept me, initiated me.

It was a couple of weeks before I finally cast my first circle. The room suddenly was full, bursting, humming, crackling. I stood by myself in the middle of this tiny, huge, between-worlds, ordinary bedroom, crowded by entities who had waited patiently for me to remember how this thing goes. They stroked my face and arms and cooed over me.

Within six months of my finishing the classes and beginning practice on my own, I had turned 31 and huge changes jumped up at me. For the first time in my life, I started ovulating. My menstrual gun was loaded. No more shooting blanks. And then I registered to vote. And then I started caring about people. I wanted to do things for poor people, people with AIDS, abused people, young people, people who can't read, people who don't know better. I started thinking it mattered whether or not I wasted gasoline, used chemicals to bleach my hair, wasted a piece of paper, used cruelty-free makeup, treated my boyfriend as a sex object, ate organic foods, used biodegradable soaps. My band started playing benefits for causes like the AIDS Foundation and some political groups.

And when I discovered I was ovulating and thinking and behaving like this, I discovered I was someone new, or someone else. Or someone I didn't know. I thought I was a punk who played drums in a very noisy band. I thought it was safe to look in the mirror. I thought I'd know who was there. But now I found myself inside a complicated, powerful, mystical person who wasn't just a secretary, or just a punk. And although my personality is a beloved part of this person, my personality is not who this person is. (This is so uncool, I can hardly write it. I bet you can hardly read it.)

Why was I so surprised that following the cycles of the moon and the wheel of the year would change my body? Didn't I know the point of fertility rites? Why was I amazed that honoring the earth and all life would make me sensitive and caring for the earth and the animals and the people and the environment? This was my life as a spell; it was working.

When I wrote out the outline for this piece, I found myself looking at the bones of a witch:

"Outline:

What I did

Took lessons from Uma

Within 6 mos., I was fertile

I became radically political

I cared about people, about the earth

-I felt like I could do something

-I felt like everything I did had an effect on the earth

- I felt very powerful"

My initiation keeps happening.



BORN!

Allison Atlee Schoenfield was born early morning April 23, 1988 at Mt. Zion Hospital to Phebe Fletcher and Brook Schoenfield, and to the family of Maggie the Dog-Black-Cat and the rest of the Black Cat Aunts and Uncles. Allison was a bit early, and weighed in at 1216 grams soaking wet. Thanks to a lot of healing and attention, and to the amazing strength of the parents and baby, all is finally going well. The Anarcha-Pagan Community has been a tremendous help. See below -- rmd.



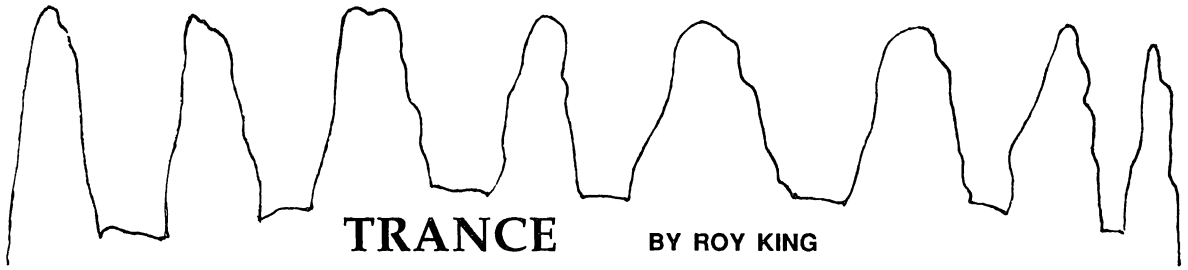
Dear Reclaiming & Friends:

We want to thank everyone for all the help and support of all kinds that we've received during this time of crisis. The level of support has been overwhelming; there is no way to measure it. Indeed, there really are so many of you who have helped, there are too many to name. One of hardest things to do was to ask everyone to respect Phebe's medical need for quiet; we wanted to see all of you and you us, but you helped us maintain the peace that Phebe has needed to heal. Thank-you.

A note on Allison's progress: she will be in the Intensive Care Nursery

until about the middle of June. As we write this, she is still requiring some extra oxygen in her incubator (1-2%), but she is gaining weight well. She is on course with no major setbacks. Brook & Phebe

PS. (from Brook) I've been wondering where we learned to organize ourselves so effectively. The help you gave had to come on a moment's notice (sort of like a floating date action - remember those?). Even if we haven't completely stopped the destruction that goes on daily around us, we certainly have picked up a few tricks that serve us well in a crisis while we've been working at it.



TRANCE

BY ROY KING

I can remember a time when I grew as a boy among green hills over a western sea. The old woman who shared my daily life and who taught me, and the girl who came seasonally from her village for teaching, were the only other people I knew. I knew the yellow-eyed sheep we raised for milk and wool, and the hawks and swallows and crows who so easily shared the air, and the deer and lizards and bear who went in their own ways over the hills, and the salmon and perch and eels in the streams spilling down toward the sea, and the intricacy of the world within the vastness of the stars, and the life I shared with all these was a simple and deep pleasure.

The world was whole then in a way that has become lost to our senses. I was not separate from the stones scattered over the grassy hills, not different from the hills, or the tiny flowers in the dew, or the pellets of sheep shit along the paths, or the seaweed in the sunlight, or the spiders' webs in the trees. We are all of the same stuff, we are all the spirit.

The old woman and I sheltered and had our hearth in a shed built out from a rocky hillside, too low to stand in, but we lived with the stars. She taught me to open and voyage into the sea of stars, and to be guided by their inner reflections. We opened our senses to our place among the stars, to the deep we are within, and the deep within us, and there formed within us patterns of knowledge, not easily spoken, but unmistakable in their truth. She taught me the practice of the all-but-lost ways of an ancient people, no longer dominant in the world.

In the night we sat and hummed together into the sky, and entered the starfields with untold wonder and delight, and saw great distances of time, and dreamed the future that had not yet unfolded in the sunlit world, but was to come to be. We quieted our hearts, and the stream of time flowed slower and broadened, and we could swim ahead or back up against the flow, and dive beneath the surface. We were not bound by time as people now think themselves to be, but were free to move and turn within the long, slow dance of the stars.

I was glad when the girl came to learn of the stargate from the old woman, and we three traveled together. She was quick to learn and gifted, and we went great distances together. But her stories of her village were strange and disturbed me. There were many more people there than I could imagine together, and their life seemed blind to me and I had no understanding of their ways.

Her uncle, who was chiefman, seemed a cruel and spiritless man. He raided distant villages for their herds, and sometimes enslaved their women. Her people robbed and wasted the life of animals in clumsy attempts to magnify their own strength. They called it a gift to the forces of the world, as though they and the creatures they killed were somehow opposed by the world. It was the first I knew of sacrifice, and of people whose gods were of all but human stature.

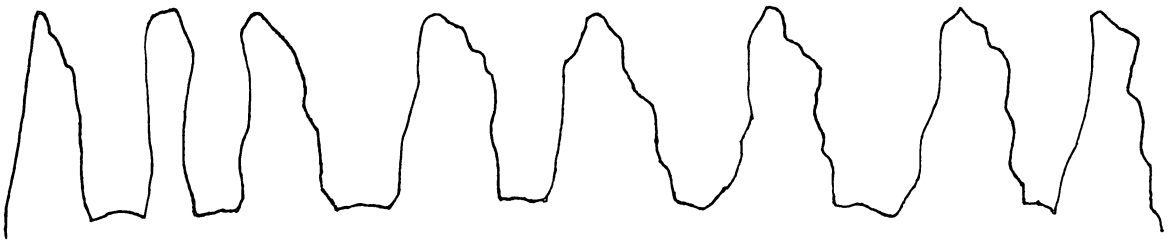
But the girl was a good traveler and we three grew strong together in our journeys. A time came when we all saw that the old woman was soon to die. She gave me directions to walk north to the wide river and follow it to the sea. I was to tell what people I met that I was bound for the island of the starstones, and they would give me food and shelter as I needed, and a boat when I reached the north sea. I was to go when she died.

When the time was near her death, we sat with her and hummed with her and prepared for the final opening of her body. And when she went out we went with her as far as the western shore, but there we had to stop, if we were to return. My eyes stung with gratitude and loss and joy as I saw her move away out over the western sea. We returned and dug a round hole and placed her shrivelled body there as it had lain in her mother, and covered her with rocks.

All that night I lay with the girl in the moonlight and we loved in the manner of all young creatures in the world.

In the morning she left walking south toward her village with our small herd of sheep, and the stone and bone tools I was leaving behind, and I left walking north into the seasonal rains, full of her heat and her taste and the memory of her voice. I felt fullness and sadness together leaving her, joined as we were in our journey with the stars, and now in our bodies and with the old woman in the vastness beyond the rim of the sea.

I wore a garment of rough, knitted wool covering my whole body and a hooded leather cape that reached to my feet, walking warm and dry through the cold, rainy hills. The people I met were few and strange, but they gave me food and shared their shelter, and gave me their good wishes in my purpose. I was glad I saw no large villages or men with iron knives.



When I came to where the river feeds the sea, it was mid-winter and the people who fish in the sea there would loan me no boat until the seas calmed. They smiled at my questions of the island of the starstones, but said nothing, only to wait for safe passage. One dawn, after two moon cycles there, the clouds broke and I walked up a hill and could see distant land on the north rim of the sea. That night they built a big fire on the hilltop and at dawn gave me a boat, the first I'd ever sat in.

I rowed all day in the dark, rolling water, and as the light failed a fire appeared in the north, and I rowed for it, when it topped the heaving sea. As I neared the shore it was first light, and two men met me in a larger boat to tow me through the surf. I was glad, for my arms could no longer pull the oars, I held my stomach in place only by clenching my jaw.

When I set foot on the sand, I ran to where the grass began and fell down crying and held the solid world. I think I sleep, and when I looked up there was a woman

standing over me with long black hair and shining black skin, except for her white hands and face.

I stood, in awe, to face her, fighting an almost overwhelming need to run from this black terror, until she laughed such a human laugh that I found the courage not only to stand but to reach out and touch her arm. Then I saw that her black skin was a garment she wore, thin and tight on her as snake skin. I had never before seen cloth finer than coarse, knitted wool.

As I struggled to comprehend this enigma, she unlaced her dress down her breast to her belly, and pulling her arms and body free, stepped from the skin-like cloth, leaving it on the sand. She took my hand and lead me into a large, dark hearth shed, and pulled me down into her bedding and her heat and her softness.

Thus was I greeted by the priestess of the island of the starstones.

To be continued.

LITTLE ANNIE ALTAR

is a disembodied Who may appear now and then to make suggestive remarks about Interior Design for Occult Lifestyles. She does *not* channel through a salesperson in a West-Coast art gallery. She is *not* related to Hannah Clancy.

ERECTING YOUR VERY OWN SEXY SUMMER PLACE AND BEATING THE BUSH AT THE SAME TIME!

Seasonal Mystik Politic Key:

WE WILL NOT BE COLONIZED!

Seasonal Body Politic Key:

COMMENCE DIRTY DANCING!

If you came through Backlash Beltane and May's Blue Moon--including of course, the Most High Feast Day of St.Dympnea, PATRONESS OF THE COMPLETELY INSANE on the 15th-- you are there! Or here, and ready to E-RECT Your Very Own South-Type Altar For the Solstice and Beyond.

KEY: WE WILL NOT BE COLONIZED

The Little People and the Campaign Trail

We need some help.

We are going to have to have some help beating the Bushes. You all know what we mean.

Have you seen the Little Worry People from the South Lands? Painted, clothed, ready to Worry, and packed in teeny bark box condos, 3-9 the box. Annie says: Go get some.

Normally, one assigns each of these colorful Little Worry People a worry or a worrisome character from one's real life and then one concentrates, and they will bring Relief...

You may purchase them conveniently and innocently at your favorite folk art shop, but correctly directed upon their way, these micro-poppets may be as efficient as *plastique!*

But first, we're going to honor the Little Worry People and ourselves with an appropriately designed South Altar, and They will take it from there.

Of course, you HAVE chosen that ALTAR SPACE, yes? On the fireplace this time of year would be nice. Even if the fireplace isn't really on your North-South household axis, you may now officially have aesthetic-etheric license to erect there.

And it would be so energy efficient if the Sun could shine on your beautiful e-rection. Toss cinnamon and flowers upon it, and water that has red flower petals in it to wash this

Holy Site. It's the time of flower power: honeysuckle and roses. And of Fatima, and Guadalupe, and Teonatzin, and all Her Holy Names.

Now in a pinch, you may anoint your hearthstone with the reddest possible henna, that is if your friendly covener still has unremembered to return your lingam-yoni lamp or any lovely sculpted or living herme to your temple precinct.

Consider a sumptuous display of the tropical fruits, the hot chili peppers, the honey cakes and the gorgeous fobidden substances which you may abuse only occasionally.

We do hope your color-keys are in order. You must have your reds and your pinks, your brazen fuschia, your orange ...but you need not include any likenesses of Bubba Dumb Ass, or whatever his name was Who Made Everyone Wear These Colors and Buy Him Rolls Royces.

Where is the lingerie? Kokopelli, Bou-Jeloud and Pan must also be enticed to participate, and so your further adornments must have that certain appeal. For our complementary aural ambience, we might play winds and pan-pipes or naughtier taped selections from the Billie Holliday catalogue, if you prefer. Now place that Frederick's of Hollywood or Him mail order catalogue upon the Holy Southern Real Estate.

Add to our *deshabille* display the favored panties, scanties, lacies, leathers, feathers, and please do not forget the tickling devices! Will you please also be absolutely certain to perform the consecration of your condoms and your instruments of deep pleasure upon our wholesomely sexful sanctuary. Arrange prayerfully. Remember: when handling sensuous fabrics, drapery is all!

You may also conduct family and community healing in the province of The South Altar. Tastefully place photos of your familial beloveds here [take care to treat photos of inlaws appropriately], for here they may soak up the primal South energies preliminary to healing. Before attempting healing, laugh from your Sacred Heart.

You are now ready to COMMENCE DIRTY DANCING!

But keep in mind our other key theme, of which I will

remind you again: WE WILL NOT BE COLONIZED!

So in our Southland meditations, while burning copal, gyrating, and working up incredible sweats, naked, warm and with our very best friends, getting hot and bothered, we shall raise ourselves some deep dish energy from our very grits and clits and start singing the Little Worry People on Their way.

Sing to them. See Them: marching, marching, color-full legions. Marching incessantly, with the Earth-wise determination of ants. Up the great red clay roads: North from Africa, from Australia, from South and Central Americas, walking the Great South Spirit Roads North. We are sponsoring armies of thousands of Little Worry People to become extremely bothersome to the colonial CIA Cowboys, their PR People, their Speech Writers, their Greedoid Lobbyists, and particularly, their Illegal Murdering Soldier Cadres. While propelling the Little Worries, remember *they are not yours to send*, you are merely assisting the Laws to complete The Round of Return for Earth and All Her Peoples.

We want all those Bad Ol' Good Ol' Boys to have an unforgettable *educational experience*.

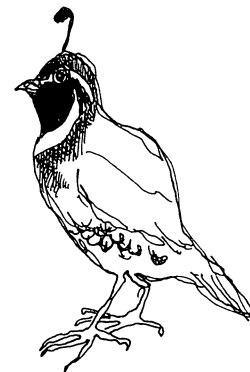
To get specific: forward all Adopt-A-Worries Contingents to the following MAGICKAL ADDRESS-ZIP: GEORGE BUSH, A.K.A CIA CODE NAME <<TIMBERWOLF>> /MACLEAN/ VIRGINIA. And we do mean Z-I-P!

You may continue to assist Earth Mother in fuelling the Little Legions with all the excess heat we've generated through our Seasonal Creative Interior Design session. Have your residential salamanders and winged lions and slinky jaguars take The Worries fiery food and all psychik fuel to continue Their March to end this tired, deadly cycle.

Please keep them hot on the CIA Cowboy trail all through the Wheel of the Year. And don't forget to supplement your psychotronic intensive mobilization with real-time letters and phone calls to Congresspersons.

Until next time, when we meet On The Way To The West Where Re-Doing Everyone's Bath is My Business,

I'LL BE 



the Starry Dog

By Running Soar



Late one night of a full moon in the late '60's, having taken some mesacaine earlier in the evening, I was taught a lesson in astronomy by my dog. With my wife and our dog, a young Alaskan malamute (a breed close to wolves) named Greta, I lived in Hanover, New Hampshire, where I taught at Dartmouth College, high on the banks of the Connecticut River.

Once before, a few months earlier, I had taken mescaline, my first exploration into psychedelics, and that time watched the sunset, amidst the clouds dancing on the winds, from a clearing on the other side of the river, a five-minute drive from the cottage I lived in. Naively I was sure that if I had once seen the sun set there, that had to be where, tonight, the moon would be setting as well.

My plan was to go there tonight. Greta hated to go anywhere in the car, frequently vomiting when forced to do so. Consequently when I exited my house in the early morning ten minutes or so before I knew the moon would set, I had in mind a quick drive to the clearing, free from the trees and bushes that bordered my cottage to the west. Greta, her rump wiggling, ran up to greet me in her boundless canine enthusiasm, and I felt guilty that I could not stop and play with her; of course, the psychedelic drug intensified my feelings.

"Not now, Greta," I explained, as I petted her, "I have to drive across the river to see the moon set--and you don't like to ride in the car," I reminded her in my professional way. When she persisted in her playfulness, I went on, "I only have a little while before it sets."

Greta came forward as if to be petted again, but when I leaned down to do so, she coyly retreated, wiggling her rump all the while. I continued to my car and once more she advanced, head bent, tail aflutter, for a petting. But again when I reached out, she backed away. Something in me momentarily forgot the moon, for it dawned on me that her dance was attempting to lead me somewhere. In a moment, knowing she had me, Greta turned and, with me following, trotted through the snow over to a small knoll a handful of paces from my car, turning her head occasionally to make sure I was still with her.

I climbed after her, at the top turning around to see the large pale wintry moon descending towards the horizon, our slight elevation enough to allow us to see over the trees to the West. It took me another second to realize that Greta had obviously understood my words and had taken me to this unfamiliar vantage point. I stood there, overwhelmed, my mind reeling with the knowledge of my communion with this dog I loved, and through her, the moon. Silently we stood there facing slightly South-West, in awe of the cycle we were witnessing and celebration, paying homage to all that goes round, sister and brother creatures of our world.

When a mere little segment of the moon still showed, in those magic moments just before her final plunge, Greta got up and trotted off elsewhere. I tried to savor this last instant, but part of my spirits plummeted to the ground faster than the moon, for it was clear that, tripping as I was, I had imagined a tie to my dog that simply did not exist. I might have been there for the moon, but Greta hadn't--otherwise, why had she left at the last moment before the all-important finale--like an impatient concert-goer who rushes out during the last movement to beat the parking lot traffic? She probably didn't understand a thing of what I had said and it was mere chance that she had brought me here.

The moon, nonetheless, was magnificent in her exit and for a moment I drank in the relative darkness. Before I went in to sleep I wanted to say goodnight to Greta, and so went off in the direction I had seen her disappear. The trail curved to the right, past the Catholic Church next to our cottage and through a sparse woods to a pond.

I finally spotted Greta about a hundred and fifty yards away, sitting in a clearing next to the pond, facing East. As I approached, I saw that she was watching the disc of the sun as it edged up through the gap in the low mountains to the East, already almost clear of them. For in her canine wisdom, Greta had understood, as I did not at that time, that at the full moon, moonset and sunrise occur simultaneously.



A Shanti Experience



Shanti is a Sanskrit word for 'inner peace.'
By Raven Moonshadow



This story starts back in the late summer of '87. I thought it would be great if Reclaiming as a collective could take the Shanti Training and then do ritual with those who are facing AIDS as a rite of passage. When I found interest in this idea I set the wheels in motion. I found out about the Shanti Project's community training for people who are caregivers in their own communities. I got applications for everybody, and when late January came around, not everybody in the collective was accepted for this training. I was left out; that hurt. Determined more than ever, I reapplied and envisioned an AIDS Healing Ritual as a benefit for Shanti.

Reclaiming and Imagic Dance Theatre planned a ritual for Walpurgis Night, before Beltane in the hopes of healing and coming to grips with AIDS. The night snapped, crackled, and popped with magic as the entire group of us (about 50) took a breath before letting in the nearly 100 participants. When all had entered, we created a circle and Rose led us in a grounding. Robin Weaver with his sword cast a circle. Priests/esses called in the elements of life, and 6 dancers from Imagic danced in the goddess in a spiral chain dance. Then Robin and I sang the god invocation from the Innanna Chant (see page 8 this issue), while Timothy danced in the god. Then Star and Rose started the call for all those who had died of AIDS and all those living with AIDS, and with the room full we began the production FACING AIDS.

The Production started with death coming in and spinning the wheel of life near a casket in the center of a circle, then bringing up a man from the audience to tell his story. His story was the thread that ran through the entire theatre piece. We saw him tell his family, friends, and then clutch at straws to cope. He finally decided that the disease is in him and so is the cure. He grows sick and finally decides he wants to die, and makes the realization that being this close to death has shown him the preciousness of life. Throughout this production is dance, personal disclosure, and laughter. It had the effect of opening and deepening, opening and deepening.

When the production was over we pulled the casket in the center and soft drumming began. People were invited to dance with death around the casket. After a while, we called in the elements of life: Air, Fire, Water, Earth, and Spirit, who brought with them a gift from each direction. Spirit brought in a cauldron and sat it on top of the casket in the center. Then began a drumming talk story with the image of a heart and its beating. We first connected with the beating at the center of the earth, then felt our own hearts beating, and then we felt the beating in the room.





We then invoked the fear beating in the room, the rage beating in the room, the sorrow beating in the room and when that reached its depth, we remembered and invoked the healing beating in the room. We lit the cauldron of rebirth, and everyone linked hands in what was supposed to be a spiral dance. It instead turned into several concentric circles that beat in and out around the cauldron and just as all the beating reached an intense pitch, we grounded it. But just as we began the drop, somebody screamed out about PROPOSITION 69 LA ROUCHE, and ripped up a piece of paper which the screamer threw in the cauldron. This snatched everybody's attention to the screamer, and in effect, ungrounded the spell. This individual ripped off the energy by focusing on self, rather than group energy. We were in such a state of magical ecstasy that we let it happen. We then re-grounded. I felt violated and outraged but didn't speak up. I didn't know how to approach them without that stuff slipping out, so I stuffed it. After devoking we found that we made about \$350.00 total for Shanti after expenses. That felt great.



Shanti

Two weeks later, I took the community training with 3 other friends from the Reclaiming community: Pleiades, Arachne, and Robin.



The first evening we introduced ourselves to each other. I was amazed at the diversity of the participants. We had people from all over the world, and from many different fields. I came out as a witch, which felt great and was nervously but readily accepted.

Day two for me focused in on my own death experience with a meditation about being diagnosed and going through the death process. This was empowering and pleasant in trance, but when we all came out of trance to discuss it, it hit me like a ton of bricks. The tears began to flow as people began to relate their experiences. Leaving the community was hard for me and not being able to see the children grow up cut even deeper. With others from our community we cried and opened. I wanted to sing to move through this and find the power in it, but it didn't feel right. Then somebody related their experience with their body after death and friends and family fighting over the remains. This brought peals of laughter from (us) witches seeing how this could happen and how we might handle it. Opening.



Day three we moved into grief. But I felt like I had grieved the day before. Was I ahead of the lot? We sat in a large circle (about 35 of us) and talked about grief and shared experiences. This seemed stuck and stifling. I didn't want to share with 35 people, but with a few. I needed a small group and didn't get it. So I shut down. When the grieving circle was over the room seemed heavy and thick





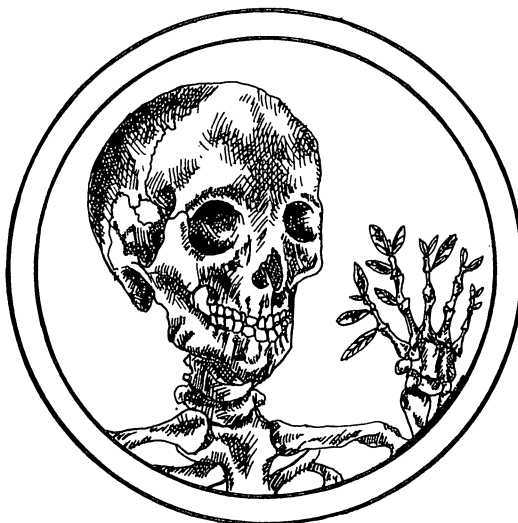
with feelings not expressed but stuffed. We the group (I think) grounded the energy, but it didn't move for me. We (the witches) decided to sing and we did. Four powerful witches blending voices and soothing our hearts. As we dropped, I felt like a cup emptied, but full of something else. Opening.

The day progressed and we practiced active listening. By this point, my heart chakra was wide open and I found the receptive power in just listening, reflecting another person. Water had flowed out of me, bubbled through me, and now I was a vessel for water. The cup. It felt different to be this open, but I felt safe. I found a tool and I thank Shanti for this revelation. Open. Now.

I would like to thank Shanti and suggest that they use more small groups and sing. I would also like to offer some key members in Shanti a weekend with Reclaiming to share our skills with them.

I know this all seems like a reporter giving the details but at this point, I am real raw. The cup is full, the flood gates are open, and so is my heart. I love this world and my friends, family, and community, and I want to give you all a great big hug.

Love, Raven



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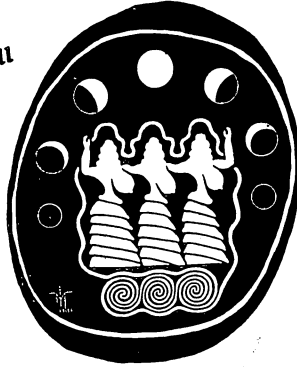
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Northwest Fall Equinox Festival for Pagans, Gnostics, others. Sponsored by Alternative Spirituality Association. September 23-25, 1988. Oregon meeting site. Encl. SASE with request for information to: Northwest Fall Equinox Committee/P.O.Box 13702/Portland/OR 97213.

New concept library, for titles in areas of Pagan/Feminist/Earth-Living/ Lesbian. Quickie Print Lending Library offers checkouts for 3 months: reprints, videos, audios, booklets. Encl. SASE with request for information to: QPLL/c/o SheTotem/P.O.Box 27465/San Antonio/TX 78227-0465.

a pagan chorus

- *Sings songs for Gaia and her children*
- *Weddings, parties, rituals of all sorts.*
- *Sliding scale fees. (Proceeds for recordings.)*
- *T-shirts, too. Midnight blue ink on turquoise shirts (crewneck, heavy-weight cotton). \$10. Design by Anie Burke-Webb. Make checks payable to C. Dalton.*

Contact: D.J. Hamouris, (415) 652-9560
2140 Shattuck Ave., Box 2093, Berkeley, CA 94704

3rd Annual Womyn and Witchcraft Conference for Dianic and/or lesbian witches. Sponsored by Reformed Congregation of the Goddess, Inc. September 1-4, 1988. Wisconsin meeting site. Encl.SASE with request for brochure to: RCG/Box 6021/Madison/WI 53716; or call 608 838 8629.



Increasing Distribution Requests and Advertising Rate Increase

The *Reclaiming Newsletter* is in another very rapid growth period.

We are suddenly getting requests to supply shops all over the country. Up to now, we have distributed only to individual subscribers, and through local stores.

We are working to prepare a distribution system for out-of-town shops as rapidly as possible.

Over the past year or so our circulation increased by 50%, to a current level of about 4,500. The *Newsletter* has never taken in more than half its expenses. [Now about \$1,700. per issue]. The slack is always taken up by the Collective's income from teaching, workshops and public events, and, more recently, tape sales. Last year, before the tape was released, we just barely had enough funds to print two *Newsletter* issues.

The Collective cannot afford to finance the natural expansion The *Newsletter* is undergoing; the *Newsletter* must become more nearly self-sufficient if we are to meet the challenge of an increasing readership.

Therefore, we must raise ad rates, and will soon have to consider increasing our cover price.



New Advertising Rates

Display Ads

1/8	page	\$ 20
1/4	page	\$ 35
1/2	page	\$ 65
Full	page	\$120

Size and Proportions

Our 'unreduced' paste-up page is 7.5"w X 10"h
Divide it however you want, and send us your
copy camera ready and properly sized. Also,
we can only accept ads mailed with check or MO.

Classified, Personal, Type-only Ads: \$.20 per word.

- Display Advertising has a higher value than Classified or Type-only Ads. When you send us art or logo with your ad, we bill at Display Rates.
- Type-only Ads over 2" should be computed at Display Rates.
- Include a contact name and phone, in case we have a question.
- Please do not send dot-matrix printed ad copy. It doesn't print well.
- Remember that we reduce our pages before printing.
See camera-ready ad sizes above.

Although we do print some free brief community service announcements, **if you're charging money for an event or service, please include us as a part of your advertising budget, for helping you make it happen.**

Some old advertisers may soon be surprised, as we're actually starting to follow up on payment for ad space, send out invoices, and track who is really printing Reclaiming ads per our exchange agreement.

We're rebuilding our accounting 'department'! If we've continued to print your ad over time, we'll expect equal exchange from your enterprise or publication.

**Thank you again
for your support of Reclaiming work.**

Pagan Print Dialog Box. Reclaiming Newsletter Work Group is researching... Would you and your coven consider writing us and letting us know where we should distribute the *Newsletter* in your area? Write DX/Reclaiming Newsletter/P.O.Box 14404/San Francisco/CA 94114.

