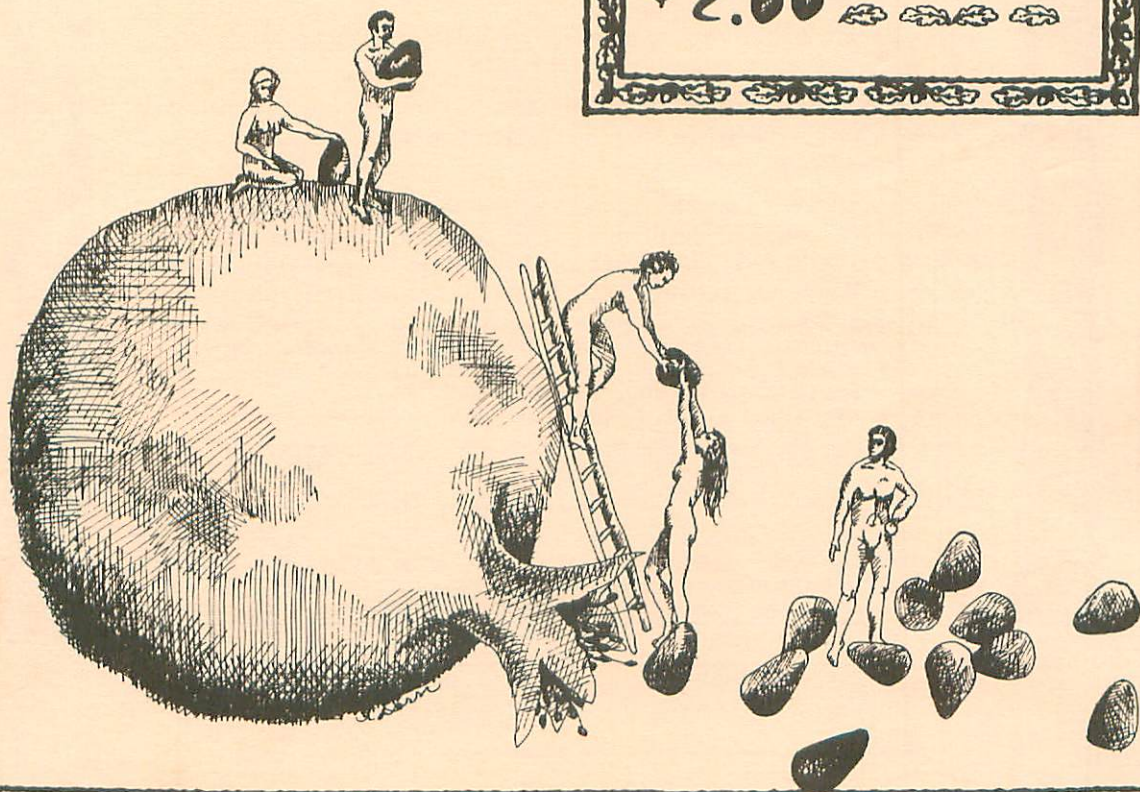


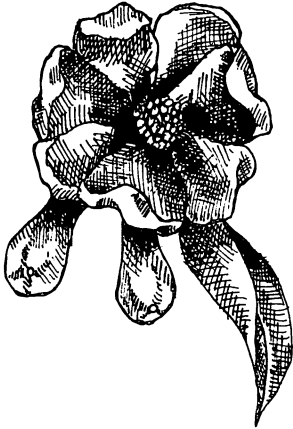
Reclaiming
Newsletter ...

Fall 1988

No. 32

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☞ RECLAIMING EVENTS LINE ☞

(415) 849-0877

This phone recording, listed under Reclaiming in Berkeley, carries announcements which come up too late to be put in the newsletter; it's also a phone number to contact us (but be aware that we can't always reply quickly). Call us with events and announcements to add to the message. Messages can also be sent to the P.O. box. Please remember to say where we can reach you with questions, and allow plenty of time.

- The Recording Faerie

RECLAIMING: A Center for Feminist Spirituality

P.O.Box 14404

San Francisco, CA 94114

Newsletter Submissions: **GRAPHICS ALWAYS WELCOME!**

The Newsletter encourages people to submit articles, letters, or graphics related to political, pagan, or spiritual issues and happenings.

We may edit for length, spelling, punctuation and grammar; we do not alter poetry.

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

All submissions, whether we print them or not, eventually find their way into our cauldron, so keep copies for yourself. Please do not ask us to return your work.

Submissions are due on or before the deadline, camera-ready if possible (4" columns, justified, 5-space paragraph indentation). The Newsletter staff has sworn off its lamentable co-behavior and will not chase down late submissions. We really mean it this time.

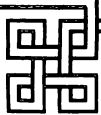
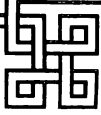
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The views expressed in articles and advertisements in this Newsletter belong to the authors and advertisers...not to the Reclaiming Community or the Newsletter Staff. Some of us don't like some of the stuff we print.  
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WINTER NEWSLETTER DEADLINE is NOVEMBER 7.

Collating party will be announced on Events Line in late November.

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.**

Having invoked Legba, the following people attempted to prepare this newsletter: Ann, Danielle, David, Karen, Laurie, Lisa, Roy, Rose, and Sophia



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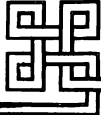
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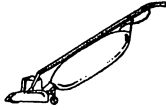
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Hannah's Household Hints

By Hannah Clancy



Hello everybody here I am back again from my long and busy trip where I travelled all over the world trying to help all the poor pagans to clean their houses right. Because it is not enough in this time of trouble and sorrow to keep all my valuable information in my own backyard, no matter how Holy and Sacred the fog and the little sharks off Stinson Beach, no, I have a Mission now, whereas before I just had a Job. I will need more money please, so send some soon in care of Reclaiming. I don't know if you have already been sending some that I have not got, but I have fixed that, and put a little spell on that girl that goes and gets the mail, and if she doesn't hand the money over soon there will be Hell to Pay and you Know what I Mean.

But anyway, I am sure you all want to know what kind of useful hints I have discovered in my travels, and I would spend the next few columns explaining them all to you, if I had found any, which I have not, because I have discovered that the humans all over the world are Just as Confused as they are in San Francisco and Maybe Worse.

And this is mostly because they eat Very Odd Food, which you know is not good for you, and when I tried to explain Kraft Macaroni and Cheese to them the translator made some sort of mistake, so they misunderstood me and used it all up in the spellcrafting class, and while I understand it is None Of My Business if people want to make those little necklaces with pasta and glitter and dedicate them to the Holy Sacred Mother and ask her to send some money, nevertheless, the Holy Sacred Mother has got some Taste, and she is very likely to forget about the money entirely while she is laughing. I thought that the Macaroni and Cheese might add some Nutrients to our Diet, and also be easier to chew than all those Oats and Hay, but the students used them all up and called them Art, so there we were.

But anyway, I have got some very important advice for you, so Listen Up.

Because I heard a Rumor that some of our students got a little Carried Away on account of not having enough Protein and having used up their Precious Food on Useless Art, and got Overexcited and tried to exorcise evil spirits out of their cabins in the middle of the night when they were Supposed to be Sleeping.

Well. I am all the time noticing that you are all forgetting that the reason the Holy Sacred Mother made the night is so that you would lie down and get some rest and not bother your roommates. Also, when you have not got enough Sleep and Food it is easy to forget that most of the little spirits that roam around in the dark are not so much evil as Funny Looking and if you bother them you have to watch several obscure movies in Purgatory, all of them sort of dark and grainy, about how some things that Look Different have been Misunderstood.

All of this has been set up by You Know Who as a sort of Test of your Good Intentions, but if you fail it, and feel convinced that a spirit has got to be exorcised out of your house, then my advice is to use free weights--probably about 5 lbs. will do, though if it is a Very Large sort of Test you can use 10 lbs. The best thing to do is to get the Spirit in between you and a mirror, as then you can have Excitement and Noise, and really feel like Something is Getting Done. Not many spirits are up to sticking around places where Powerful Witches are throwing Iron at them, so this should work pretty good. Or you can use bug spray, as my cohort Pandora advises. Some of my readers have complained that this method leaves a sticky residue, but this is easily disguised with glitter.

Or you can go to bed, which is what I am going to do now, preferably after drinking your Calming Chocolate, which is one of the Mighty and Sacred things invented by the Great Goddess in order to Keep You On Track.

Love, Hannah



WHAT IT'S LIKE TO START OVER
(for Vibra)

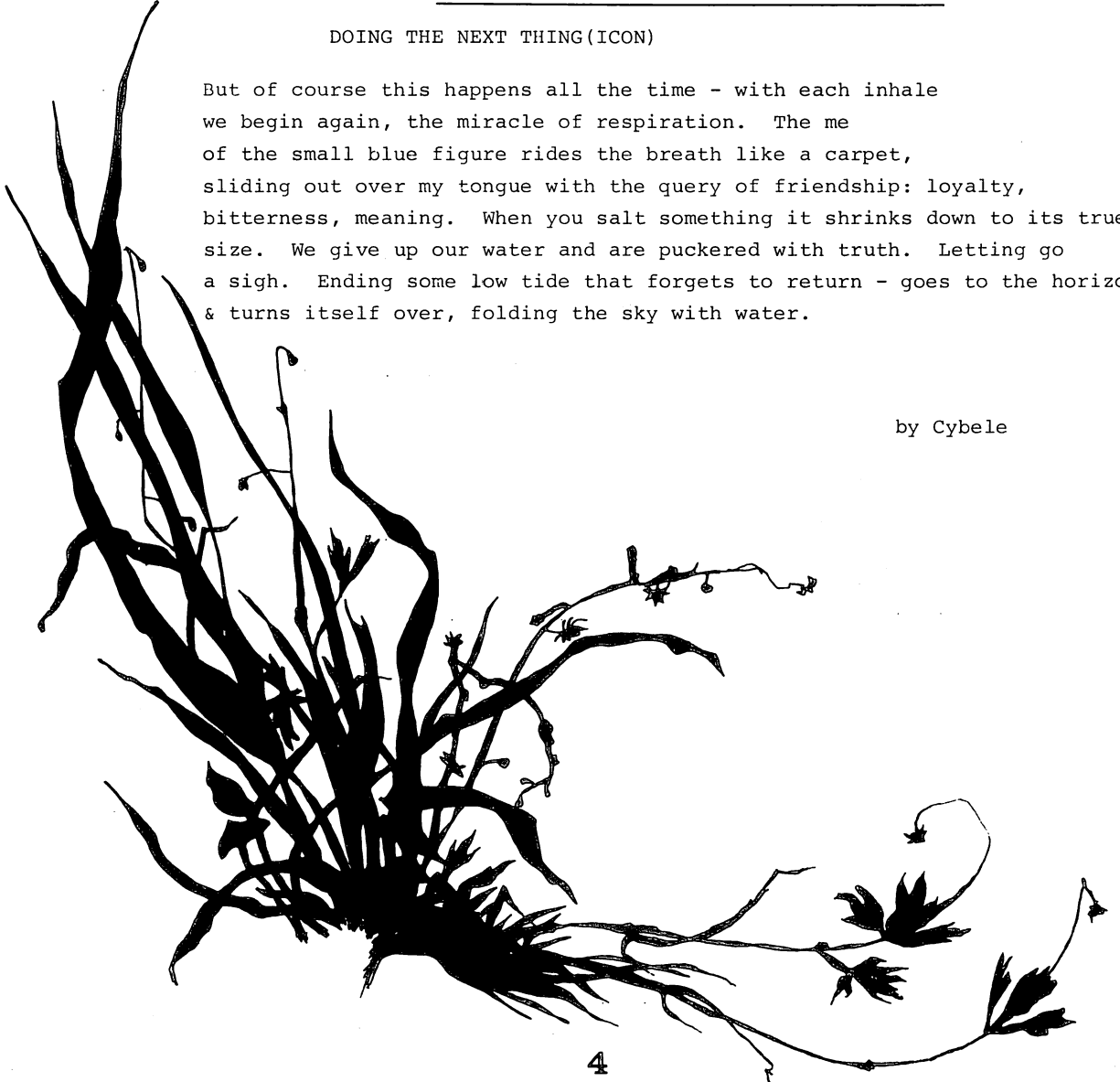
The lines of perspective flatten from the 'realism' of these
some centuries and everything is in the mouth of god again.
A metallic gold holds the picture together & from without
I'm sure it looks foreshortened - a bad hem job at ground zero.

Your skirt droops in the back. Skirting the center,
rings of damage are assessed by focus: now, and then again now,
and now.

DOING THE NEXT THING (ICON)

But of course this happens all the time - with each inhale
we begin again, the miracle of respiration. The me
of the small blue figure rides the breath like a carpet,
sliding out over my tongue with the query of friendship: loyalty,
bitterness, meaning. When you salt something it shrinks down to its true
size. We give up our water and are puckered with truth. Letting go
a sigh. Ending some low tide that forgets to return - goes to the horizon
& turns itself over, folding the sky with water.

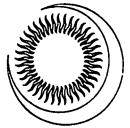
by Cybele





WHAT I LEARNED ON MY SUMMER VACATION

by Rose May Dance



East of the Sun and West of the Moon:

I joined Starhawk in Oslo, Norway in early June where we offered a Rites of Passage workshop. Rites of Passage involves work with fairy tales; we decided to use our favorite Norse story, East of the Sun and West of the Moon, because of its interesting structure. A peasant girl is purchased from her family by an enchanted bear who is really a prince. Despite the bear's severe warnings the girl attempts to discover his identity. She loses him the same way Psyche loses Eros, candle wax and all. She must find the Prince, who has gone to a castle East of the Sun and West of the Moon, and is aided by three sisters, each older than the next, each of whom gives the girl a golden apple. The third sister sends the girl to the East Wind, who blows her to the South Wind, who blows her to the West Wind, who blows her to the North Wind, who blows her to her destination, and after various tests she wins back her lover.

We liked the symbolism of the Triple Goddess and the Four Elements, but had the usual problems with girl-gets-prince-lives-happily-ever-after theme. We decided to tell the story, then discuss it in the group and talk about what aspects we liked and disliked. Then we led a meditation on three questions: What have you lost or left behind? What rules have you broken (for good or for ill)? What have you learned from your mistakes? From this meditation we rolled into a drum trance.

Star was the narrator and I played all the parts, and we told the story -- "This is your story, make it your own". We took the students into trance riding on the back of a great white bear, and told them they were on the journey of the self, looking for that which they desired. In their search they visited each aspect of the Goddess and received a special gift from each aspect. Then they spent time at each element, fully experiencing the air, fire, water, and earth, and receiving the strengths, challenges, and essence of each. When they finally reached the land East of the Sun and West of the Moon, they received challenges or visions. In feedback after the trance, students said that by the time they reached the land of desire, many of them were too deep in trance to do much work, and that the object of the journey had become the journey itself.

This is a lot like life, and also was a hint to Star and I that the trance was rather ambitious; we could have left off the tasks at journey's end, especially since there was still the journey back, through each element and each Goddess. I would use this trance again, with modifications.

Ritual Foods of the Norse

6-3- At night Jone makes us waffles, served with creme fraise, homemade raspberry sauce, gjetoste, tea, at elegant tea table in parlor, accompanying this lovely

repast by describing traditional culinary atrocities. 1) Norwegians, at the Corn harvest and again at Yule, eat thick boiled corn porridge with cream and butter and sugar, slices of raw salted lamb, goat, and ham, and black boiled goats heads -- eyes, tongue, everything -- washed down w/lots of liquor. 2) In Greenland at Holiday they take a shark, dig a hole, bury shark for a year, piss on the mound every day, in a year dig up shark -- black and rotten, get shark cold, eat it washed down with lots of liquor. 3) In Iceland little birds are placed in the stomach of a lamb which is buried in a hole for a year. In a year it is unearthed and all the people crowd around, grab and tear out the birds -- black and rotten, munch the birds up -- feathers, bones and all, washed down with lots of liquor.

Kongselo and Hunn

6-5. We ask our Norwegian students if there are any megaliths in the area. They know of none, but do some research and find a book from the 1950s listing several and so we are off driven by wild Viking motorists in two cars careening down obscure country lanes heading toward the Swedish border where the landscape begins to roll gently, very green. At the Kongselo (river of the king) is a motel beside a wood. On a grassy place going back toward the woodland are two stone circles -- my first stone circles -- magical in the June evening light of the North. I scatter some of Richard Hawk's ashes in each circle. Ten people stand holding hands in the circles, posing for pictures, and someone says "We must chant something" so we sing and dance around the circle "We are an old people, we are a new people, we are the same people" as chills rise on my flesh I spiral in and down. Later we find eleven such circles at a place called Hunn, which means "She". The circles stretch up a hill South to North, near a wood, clustered in twos and threes, interspersed with grave mounds, and again the waning light spells enchantment. We meditate, amazed. Our Norwegian friends had not known there were any such circles in their country. I leave more Richard-dust and take an ash leaf growing from a circle-stone.

Fraumunster

6-8. Only a short time to see Zurich because Star lectures the night we arrive and then we must leave for Interlaken in the morning. We spend our few afternoon hours strolling through the old parts of this Swiss city. With unerring instinct Star spies a church she wants to investigate. Fraumunster had been a cloister for nuns in medieval times. The windows are modern, by Chagall. And in the cloister outside not only is there a rose exhibition, but also a fresco which electrifies us. There painted on the wall is an old friend of ours, our special animal helper, a stag with the sun in his horns. "What in the world is he doing here?" we ask each other.

The fresco tells this story (with the kind help of Johanna, our Swiss friend whose charming and limited

English shaped the tale for us): A woman was walking in the woods and saw a deer whose head and antlers were surrounded by golden light. The deer led her to the place where this cloister is now, and told her to build a church for women on that site. The church fathers objected strongly, and were threatened by the woman's vision. They took her and her two friends, a man and a woman, far away from the city, and chopped off their heads. "And then there came angels". The three picked up their heads, carrying their heads in their arms, and walked in angelic company, back to the holy place. The church fathers gave way and the women's cloister of Fraumunster was built in the place the deer had commanded.

Krafte der Tiere, wild und frei

Several days later, Star and I found ourselves faced with planning another workshop, which had been given the title Myth and Masks. The students had been asked to bring materials for mask-making to the workshop in Interlaken. We found we could not stop thinking about our Stag-of-the-Sun friend who had appeared at Fraumunster. We wanted to work with the story of the animal who gives you a task.

At the second session of the workshop we invoked as Goddess the beautiful Jungfrau, whose vast icy contours dominate the Interlaken landscape: "Heilige Jagerin, Artemis, Artemis, Jungfrau kom zu uns!" And she brought in her power, and grounded us in the place. (We made sure we grounded into the land in each place we worked this summer, and found it a helpful and important technique.)

We induced trance with the drum, journeying to the power place deep inside, encouraging students to move, dance, sing, express themselves during the story, to make it their story, changing anything we said to suit their own needs. We moved into the East to explore it, and asked, what is wild and free in the East, what is strange, what is challenging there in that place. We asked these questions again in the other quarters. We brought the students to the center of their power place. What is your center? What do you find to be centering, balancing. Fill yourself with that which centers and balances you, the strengths that are not hard to find, but commonplace strengths like good relationships, family, home, comfort, nature, the happy memories from your childhood.

We sent the students out on a path to the wild place, the strong place -- forest, desert, mountain, sea, jungle, glacier or cavern. We said, far away you see a glow, an illuminated being that moves closer to you, and you know somehow it is an animal of great magic and power. This animal then teaches you it's animal ways, the way it moves, its paces, rhythms, who is it's predator, what it preys on, how it escapes from danger, how it stalks, what environment it loves, what it eats, its special skills and cunning. These are the animal's gifts to you. The students danced and tranced with their animals. After a while we suggested: the animal gives you a

challenge, a task you must complete, the challenge you must bring back to your life in the world. Perhaps the task will be clear, or perhaps you will receive further instruction tonight in your dreams.

We ended by asking the students to thank their animal helpers and return on the path and through the four quarters, noting any differences on the return. Each person shared their experience with small groups and then with the large group. We worked further with the challenges and tasks in other sessions.

We interwove our words and the parts of the trance with a chant which I made with the help of Juliana, our translator. We had been dissatisfied with the way our songs translated into German, and figured we had to write new chants in German to find something that would really "sing". We sang "Krafte der tiere, wild und frei, wild und frei, zeigt uns den weg" -- animal power, wild and free, wild and free, show us the way.

In another session we made masks or shields which looked like or reflected the essence of our animal helper, and at night we divided people into animal clans -- birds of prey, ocean creatures, hooved, horned, mythical beings, etc. Each clan met and planned part of the ritual we would do. The ritual would initiate us into the power of each animal clan. It was a fine ritual of masked dancers, crawling, slithering, woofing and growling - surprisingly uninhibited for a group of strangers, very wild. Sheer fun.

Interlude -- Mysteries of France

6-16 On the road, toward the Abbey of Cluny. We are having some trouble because we rented a VW in Germany that only takes unleaded gas (sans plomb) and sans plomb is hard to find in rural Southern France. We rode a long way this AM before coffee which made me fractious and we couldn't find sans plomb which made Star anxious. When we finally were allowed breakfast at a roadside cafe (after gas) there was a terrible scientific toilet with instructions to push the button and GET OUT OF THE TOILETTE! after use. I went in and dialed on the light and locked door. After use, I thought I would get all ready to exit before I pushed the terrible button which would entirely sanitize the entire room. So I stood up, grabbed purse and book, and noted the two possible (I thought) buttons for self-destruct. Then I tried to unlock door and I could not (fulfilling the prophecy of a dream the previous night). I was struggling with the lock when the light ran out of time and turned off. Loathe to push the wrong button in the dark, I had a horrible moment. Bravely I found the light switch and turned it on. Then I fought with the door until I got calm and opened it. I stuck my purse outside the door, gingerly tried one button on the back of the toilette, nothing happened, then with great fear tried the other. A great whooshing and an extremely sanitary odor ensued and I obeyed the "get out of the toilette!" sign. There seemed no way to secure the door when I left the inner chamber so I moved way out in the

hall for a moment, not daring to peck into the cracked-open door to view the mysteries of the sanitization of the toilet seat (which the signs assured me was the latest in the science of sanitization because a special study had been made). When the noise was finished I dared back into the outer chamber for washing my hands. That part was pretty regular. But when I tried to wipe my hands on the roller towel one side of the towel came off the roller in my hands and when I let it go it disappeared with alacrity and ominous noise up into the casing. I fled. More later (much later) on the toilettes and douches of Europe.

On to Germany

After a whirl of visiting flamingos and black virgins, time-travelling into cave drawings, singing in the Solstice atop a dolmen, wandering through medieval town and cathedrals, and trancing and drinking deeply at Joan of Arc's well of visions, it was time to travel to a castle near Heilbronn, West Germany, to teach a women's workshop with my coveners, Carol, Pandora, and Starhawk. The castle was in an area in Southern Germany notorious for witchburnings in the 1600's -- in some towns all but one woman had been killed.

We were apprehensive about several things, including the size of the group -- 94 women for four teachers. Everything we said would be translated, and we wondered if our thoughts and feelings would translate well. (In fact, we had marvelous translators, red hot priestesses all, who truly gave a gift to us and to everyone in the workshop). We had spent much time planning, and would spend every spare minute planning throughout the week, because we would teach two "tracks" the first three days and two other tracks the second four days. One of the latter we called Outward Spiral. The Outward Spiral would be the first time we had attempted to teach how to teach, how to share the skills. (We would teach a similar workshop three weeks later in Vancouver, B.C.) This new work was our real challenge.

Tools

I was most helped in teaching this workshop, and in teaching the Witchcamp in Vancouver, by my new method of shielding. In the past I had been using roses and various devices held within my aura to shield me when working magic, and in my daily life. I now believe I had been using a great deal of my personal energy to shield myself, and I had also been using body weight as a shield. Several accidents happened to me in France, and Star suggested I take a good look at my shielding. I decided to put much effort into using guardian spirits as my shields, as wards. I already had some guardian spirits which I sometimes used. Now I really imagined them clearly, used their names frequently, imagined them in a circle around me, talked to them and told them what I needed, and made an "anchor" for calling them up immediately. I selected a certain posture -- one I frequently assume. Whenever I assume that posture now, deliberately or accidentally, it calls my guardians. At this point, I am still saying all their names each time

I want to call them, but I imagine I will need to do this less as the energy wears its track. I also say to myself that every time I imagine my guardians, give them life and reality, I can let go of some of my body weight and give it to their substance. Hopefully there will be a time when I no longer should be letting go of body weight -- 20 lbs. so far -- but that's in the future.

The benefits of this shielding were immediate. I found I was not exhausted after class sessions or intense conversations. Tired, yes. Drained, no. I was more open to getting to know people, less cynical, less judging. This was a miracle -- my cynical and judging self is my worst dark shadow. My old shielding method had been preventing some useful energies from coming in to me.

Another benefit came partially from the shielding and partially from our exposure to and integration of 12-step work. Pandora had been working the steps -- the backbone of Alcoholics Anonymous (AA), Al-Anon, Narcotics Anonymous (NA), Adult Children of Alcoholics (ACA), etc) -- for many years, and through her influence and support 12-step work had entered our theory and practice. It is especially helpful in teaching and in community work to know when to let go and let the Goddess take over, when not to fix something that is going wrong.

Because I was well shielded, not drained, open, and not trying to fix things, I was staying within my own boundaries more. I could allow students to solve problems and arrive at their own conclusions rather than my telling them everything I knew. I was able to do what Reclaiming teachers supposedly hold as a fundamental teaching tool -- to provide a framework for the experience, for empowerment, to encourage students to do the work themselves, to create the magic. I could withstand the onslaught of energy one receives from students who are stretching and strengthening their psychic and emotional expression. I learned to not take it personally when students tested their strength against mine. I was able, we were able, to not panic when one third of the students complained about lack of intensity, and one third complained about too much intensity. We stayed steady during the drama which invariably develops during week-long tightly scheduled gatherings of people.

The Ancestors

Our strength and bravery were well tested by the ancestor work we did in Germany. We had planned to do a trance which involves visiting the cave of the ancestors and sorting through the storehouse there, discarding some things we have inherited from our bloodlines, and keeping and using other things. We were apprehensive. A drum trance for 94 women, some of whom craved and some of whom feared intensity, using such subject matter, was scary. Scarier still was dealing with the ancestors in Germany where the Holocaust is an unhealed wound. Earlier in the week Starhawk, who is Jewish, had taken a chance and spoken in group about her feelings about being in

Germany, about looking around the room and seeing only one other Jewish woman, about mourning the unborn women who should have made up a quarter of our circle, whose parents or grandparents had been annihilated. This frank speaking had opened up much feeling; this was good but difficult.

After an afternoon of alleged free time, during which we tried to think of something to do with the evening besides the Ancestor Trance, we decided to go into trance ourselves -- 45 min. before ritual time -- to seek advice. Our Spider Woman appeared and showed us the Mighty Dead, the ancestors, and babies waiting to be born. We resolved to not avoid trouble or intensity, and trooped to the ritual room to begin the Ancestor Trance.

We addressed the too-much-intensity problem by asking each person to find a buddy. The pairs were to keep an eye on each other, checking in wordlessly or in whispers, and to help each other through difficulties in the trance. After sacred space was made, we called in the Mighty Dead of the Craft, the Witches, especially local ones, who had lived before. A host of spirits rushed in through the castle windows, riding around the room in joyful power. Most of the women felt the Dead move across their skin as goose flesh rose and the group gasped together. The Old Witches were glad to be called. Star then called the unborn Jews who should have been with us and some people began to weep and deal with feelings. We led the Ancestor trance, and it was indeed intense, as people worked through nightmare history, casting out unwanted "gifts" of the ancestors, and finally finding useful and healing gifts. The energy in the cone of power was wild and almost overpowering, but together we built a web of connection which could spread healing over the globe. It was a powerful experience, a clearing, and I'm grateful we teachers found the courage to attempt it.

Process is our most important product

In teaching how to teach, we felt it was essential to ground the students in consensus process. Early in the session we discussed inherent value, how each person in the circle must be valued for themselves. Students, many of them therapists and group leaders, became restless when hearing theory and complained they knew all about it. In fact, there had been one-upmanship, showing off, and divisive valuing going on in the group, so we provided some practice to encourage change.

Many of the women who stayed for both sessions grumbled at first about the new women who came to the second session, and women who wanted less intensity complained about those who worked intensely. All of the women were divided into affinity groups which mixed people from the advanced track with the intermediate track. After a day of hearing undercurrents of complaint, we assigned each affinity group to write a song or chant, figuring it was a good exercise in consensus and we would get some new songs

as a bonus. It was a treat to walk around the castle grounds, hearing laughter and song and drumbeats arising from each small group. The mood was changing.

Star designed another good consensus exercise, to help people value each other. Ostensibly, subject was small group trance. We asked each woman to make her personal boundaries strong, to find her strength, and to find the Goddess inside her. Then the women wandered around the room until each found a woman whose energy was very different from her own. When two women found each other they stood opposite each other, and we asked each woman again to feel her boundaries, strength, and inner Goddess, and then to shine that Goddess energy at her partner. We suggested the women look deeply at their partners and see Goddess in the other. Then each pair found two other pairs to form a group. In the groups each woman spoke in turn, and in turn the group reflected her qualities back to her with words and phrases. Then we asked the groups to feel the qualities spinning around and spiraling together, making a kaleidoscope which spun them down into a group trance place. We gave them tasks to accomplish together in trance. Each woman was to have equal space to speak and share in trance, and to be responsible for the energy and balance of the group. Most of the groups bonded well and practiced the process.

The next afternoon the same groups formed and were given another trance task, and each group was sent off alone to work away from the presence of the teachers. Most of the groups reported delightful experiences and talked afterward about their struggles and eventual success with the process. "We can do our own work without gurus!" one woman exclaimed. One group had trouble getting along and needed mediation.

This job fell to me although it was the last thing I wanted to do. But I had learned that when I am in a magical journey such as an intensive workshop, I must accept the challenges the Goddess hands me. Solution-oriented and a good co-dependent, I have in the past found mediation a painful, anxious task. This time I was determined to trust the process and not try to fix things. The women in the group had not wanted to process their difficulties before trance or in trance. "I'm here to learn magic, not to do therapy -- there's plenty of places I can do group work" one woman said, and others agreed. The mediation was difficult, but I stayed neutral and continued to suggest ways to process in rounds, which the group found frustrating and artificial. Tension built, because the evening ritual was to begin soon. Finally, in the last few minutes we had left, something broke, women admitted mistakes and apologized, and no one was more surprised than I was. The group thanked me for the process which they had found so confining, and I felt we all had gained a skill.

Better yet, the woman who had wanted to do magic instead of working things out told me later that she now saw that the magic was hollow without honest

group dynamics, and that she'd learned a good lesson. My lesson: I can endure mediation when I am shielded because I can be patient, and the resolution people come to on their own is solid -- better than any solution I can impose.

The Vision

As we finished our mediation, the procession for the final ritual came spiralling down the pathway toward us. The women were singing one of their new chants, (to the tune of Love or Rose Rose) -- I don't remember all the German, but it translates, "Gaia, Star-power come" (Stellenkraft kom), "earthy fires mix in us, the Witches return dancing, the Witches return dancing" (Hexen tansen wieder, Hexen tansen wieder). It was an impressive ritual. Each woman made a vow by the fire, promising to do one thing, which was already within her reach, for the healing of the earth. We again danced the web of connection, in and out and around. At one point the fire became white hot, white bright. As I gazed into the the blaze, I saw women in the flames, at the stake. I recoiled, thinking I saw something which was to come. But soon I knew I was seeing the past. I looked into the eyes of the burning Witches. Their eyes were beyond pain because they were looking into the future as they burned, and their visions were of us, in Germany, 1988, as we danced and pledged to heal the earth. Hexen tansen wieder.

New Vistas

Holding the image of the web of connection stretching over the earth, we left Germany and took our work to Vancouver, B.C. Sadly we left Carol behind but happily were joined by Raven, Pleiades, and Fern. July 26 we convened the second annual Witchcamp by Loon Lake in forested mountains, 104 souls -- 93 women and 11 men. We were glad to see many old faces among the returning students. I was not sure I was ready for another workshop, and wondered if another peak experience were possible after Germany. But soon the magic of the place captured me. I found that all I had learned in Europe stood me well, and a certainty came over me that I am doing the right work, the best work I can be doing according to my politics and beliefs. Knowing that I was working with people from all over the continent, and with quite a cultural and social mix, made me aware of the connections I was making, the Goddess makes. I felt empowered by the web spun in Germany. Our participants were artists, teachers, parents, counter cultural politicians, Christian clergy, helpers, healers, activists, housewives, lawyers, you name it. As in Germany, the differences between folks at first rubbed raw, and eventually made new patterns in the web.

We had advertised a track for people who want to teach or to form groups, and we were determined to give our skills away, to let the bare bones of what we do show. We did not want to be performers, but instead wanted the students to make the energy happen. At first the old students complained that this year was not so intense (of course) as last year, although they admitted

they were learning much. I think they were expecting performance from us, and in a way were rebelling because it was time to grow, time to learn to take responsibility for the energy, time to step backstage and see the ropes and the dust. Last year we had featured lots of hot drum trances based on material Star had been working with in her writing. These were trances which we led, in which we initiated the moving of energy. But that material was no longer fresh for us, and we needed to move on. We tried one drum trance from our old store of material, but it bored us. We needed new stories, new work to do.

We held a session called Creating Drum Trance. We divided people into small groups, and asked each person to think of a story -- fairy story, myth, true story - which appealed to them. We asked, who are the characters in the story, and with which one do you most identify? What challenges or tasks does s/he face? Then we asked the groups to share, and to see if there were common challenges within each group. In turn, each group shared in the big group, and we found some common themes. From these themes the group built a story, and constructed part one of a two-part trance (called The Bridge Between The Worlds) which contained opportunity for personal and group work. We performed the trance that night, the students taking all the parts -- invoking, telling the story, acting out the characters, guiding the trance, drumming, tending the energy.

I was able to simply attend the ritual, doing my own magic and assessing the work of the group. There were of course flaws and false starts and muffed lines in the trance, but I was very pleased because the students got it -- everyone was taking responsibility for the energy, moving the energy. There were some people who stayed at the outer edges of the circle, a few people who left early, a number of people who complained about this part or that part afterwards, but that is no different from when the teachers create and lead the trance. In a large group, not everyone has the same experience. But many students came away with the sense that they could create and perform drum trances.

Later in the week the students planned and performed Part Two of the trance. They learned from their mistakes of the first trance, and created an important ritual which took us all by surprise. This trance involved journeying to the past to visit the ancestors, and journeying to the future to visit the descendants, and building a bridge between the past and the future. The Goddess danced in and created a powerful working as we spun our web out seven generations into the future. Some of us saw only blackness and terror, but all of us kept working our will, and I believe great magic was forged, which will help create our survival. After we traveled forward seven generations, we went back to a mid-way point in the future. I saw the babies in my life as old, old people, and they were invoking the ancestors. I thrilled when I realized they were invoking me! Again, it was good to

be able to work hard in a trance, not having to worry about being responsible for the whole group, because the whole group was taking responsibility.

Mid-Week Crisis

We saw other skills grow during the week. We held fast to our new policy of not fixing things, not panicking when folks complained, trusting the energy. We had included in the schedule a time every day for an optional 12-step meeting, the meetings were well attended, and I feel the presence of this meeting helped nurture honesty and empowerment in the camp. We kept waiting for the mid-point crisis which typically occurs in a workshop, and we wondered how it would manifest.

On Thursday it finally hit. The crisis concerned magical ethics, paranoia, and internalized witch-phobia. Many persons had read the Summer Reclaiming Newsletter article on infiltration of the Craft by the Right, and were trying to figure out who were the "spooks" were. They picked the people who appeared least counter-cultural. Also there were disagreements among the students about the ethics of spellcraft. Some were convinced that the camp contained energy vampires and people doing "bad" spells on each other. The rumors were flying. We teachers resisted the urge to rush into the fray, but were concerned. We decided each of us might talk a bit about ethics in our respective evening sessions. Meanwhile the students themselves (hurrah!) organized a meeting after dinner to talk about ethics.

Fern and I taught a small class, as did Raven, and most of the students went to Star's class, which turned into a discussion about trust, value judgments, and ethics. All of the dirt came out, and people communicated their fears to each other, learned that their fears were mostly unfounded. Various people criticized themselves for gossiping and panicking, and everyone examined the group behavior. The maturity displayed was gratifying and reassuring, and trust grew.

Bare Bones

In this atmosphere of honesty, and in our new mode of non-performance, we teachers were able to display our ordinariness, and I think that was important in de-mystifying the teaching experience. We all had had a hard year under the specter of AIDS -- mourning and grieving, dealing with fear, denial and the other

stages of facing death. When it came time to teach a class on the Pentacle-of-Life point of Death, we were very open about what a hard subject it was for us, yet at the same time how we embraced Death-Rebirth as a core mystery of our beliefs. We generated some good discussion about AIDS, and accomplished personal work as well.

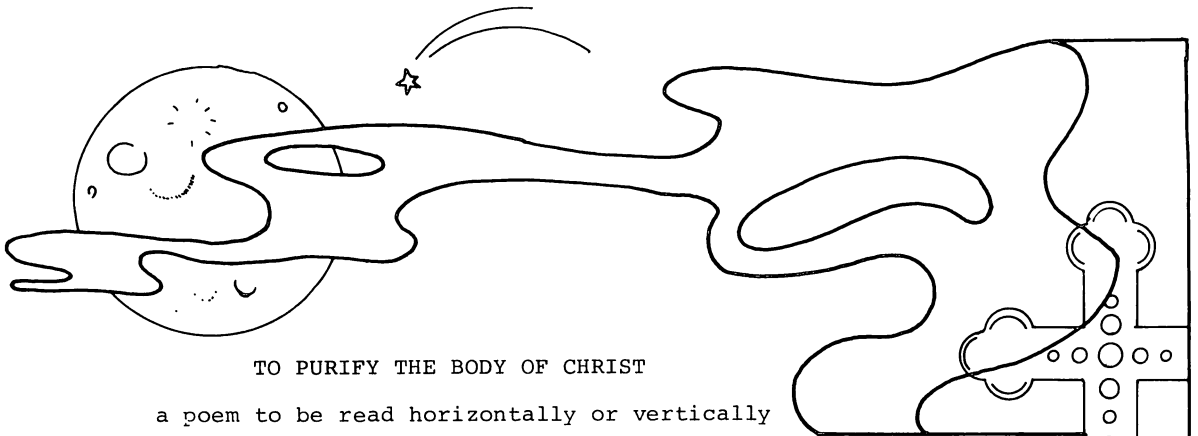
The Boat of Light

The last night, we allowed ourselves to perform. It was August 30, and we would gift ourselves and our students with High Magic for Lammas, the festival of first fruits, the wake of Lugh, the Sun King as he turns into the dark. We would joyfully embrace mysteries of Death, and would ritualize our deep emotion. First the entire camp meditated in silence on the lake and the fire, to let go of fears. We processed to a hilltop and invoked the Powers. In our invocations we called the qualities needed to aid the work we had been doing: trust in the Goddess and in each other, deep honesty, courage, love, strength to fight. We called the Mother as Reaper, we called Lugh, we looked to what we hoped to harvest. We meditated on sacrifice, knowing that sacrifice was a word that called up fear. We spoke of the sacrifice of the sun, who constantly consumes himself in the act of giving light and life. We asked, who -- what people -- have fed you, helped you grow into who you are? We asked, who -- what people -- will you in turn feed, what will you feed them. A great log stood in the center of the circle. Silently, each person laid hands on the log, pouring into it the promise to feed others. I felt the nourishment from my family, friends, teachers, and students well up in me and pour out my hands in a vow to teach, to write, to let the bare bones show, to give what I have learned away and to keep learning.

Raven, dressed in black and carrying the aspect of Lugh, led us in the dance, the Spiral of Life around the log and the flaming cauldron and we raised a Cone of Power with Lugh's song -- "He steps into the dark to guide the way". We picked up the log and wound in candlelight to the lake, ringing around the fire place by the shore. I walked with Raven onto the dock where we placed burning candles on the log. Then I left Raven alone on the water, and he set the log adrift. We watched as our hopes and vows journeyed into the dark, a light on the water. Breaking apart the cornbread man baked for the ritual, in silence we fed each other.

It is summer's end, and a bountiful harvest is coming in. Blessed be.





TO PURIFY THE BODY OF CHRIST

a poem to be read horizontally or vertically

(these are my blessings
& my curses)

hard to believe
this is me, this is me, this is

one who once was breathing,
stirring soup, now

the holy fathers shaved me
found the wart with the hair

(old woman, here & here are
the teats to nurse your fiends)

my body burning in flames
of pale rose, pumpkin apricot

my body burning, smoke blue &
lavender in my throat

"stupid priest,
tell me of heat. . ."

I couldn't read the letters,
the accusation of witchcraft

(he said I stole his penis
& hid it in a bird nest)

my gray hairs
snap

crumbling to ash
scattering over rooftops

I am witness of my own death
my body burning, nothing left

beware, beware soft & innocent
beware, beware sweet daughter

my body burning
bones char

my body burning
to purify the body of christ

of she who smokes a pipe/curses
boys that steal green apples

this is evidence of
my evil

(my toenails
a blackened crust)

my body burning
o how slowly

skin sears, crinkles like
parchment on the church door

burning, for making herbal simples
for easing a babe from the womb

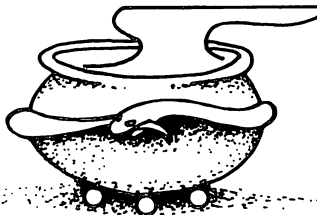
(o where is that
bird nest)

my body
burning

flying high with comets, moons
& shooting stars

nothing left but teeth white &
a handful of dust

by Paisley Pickles





THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC--GETTING SPECIFIC ABOUT MAGICAL ETHICS

by Judy Harrow

Sometimes a cliché just wears out. It loses meaning or, worse, begins to say things we never meant. I think it's time to retire the phrase "black magic."

Saying "black magic" when we mean "evil" is nasty nonsense. In the first place, it reinforces the racist stereotypes that corrupt our society. And that's not all. Whenever we say "black" instead of "bad," we repeat again the big lie that darkness is wrong. It isn't as people who profess to love Nature should know.

Darkness can mean the inside of the womb, and the seed germinating within the Earth, and the chaos that gives rise to all truly new beginnings. In our myths, the one who goes down to the underworld returns with the treasure. Even death, to the Wiccan understanding, is well-earned rest and comfort, and a preparation for a new birth. Using "black" to mean "bad" is a blasphemy against the Crone.

But even if we no longer speak of magic as "black" and "white," we still need to think and speak about the ethics of magic. Although black is not evil, some actions are evil. It simply is not true that anything a person is strong enough or skilled enough to do is okay, nor should doing what we will ever be the whole of the law for us. We need a clear and specific vocabulary that enables us to choose wisely what we will do.

We need to replace the word "black," not simply to drop it. Some Pagans have tried using "negative" as their substitute, but that turned out to be confusing. For some people, "negative" means any spell to diminish or banish anything. Some things--tumors, depression, bigotry--are harmful. There's nothing wrong with a working to get rid of bad stuff. "Left-handed" is another common term for wrongful practice--very traditional, but just as ignorant, superstitious and potentially harmful as the phrase "black magic" itself. So in Proteus Coven we tried using the word

"unethical." That's a lot better--free of extraneous and false implications--but still too vague.

Gradually, I began to wonder whether using any one word --"black" or "unethical" or whatever--might just be too general and too subjective. Perhaps all I really tell a student that way is "Judy doesn't like that."

I won't settle for blind obedience. If ethical principals are going to survive the twin tests of time and temptation, people need to understand just what to avoid, and why. Even more important, they need a basis for figuring out what to do instead. Especially when it comes to projective magic.

Projective magic means active workings, the kind in which we project our will out into the world to make some kind of change. This is what most people think of when they use the word magic at all. Quite clearly, magic that may affect other people is magic that can harm. This is the basis of the proverb "a Witch who can't hex, can't heal." Either you can raise and direct power, or you can't. Your strength and skill can be used for blessing or for bane. The choice--and the karma--are yours.

Just as some people feel that strength and skill are their own justification, others feel that any projective magic is always wrong--that it is a distraction from our one true goal of union with the Divine or willful avoidance of the judgments of Karma. I think these attitudes are equally inconsistent with basic Wiccan philosophy.

We are taught that we will find the Lady within ourselves or not at all, that the Mother of All has been with us from the beginning. We can't now establish a union that was always there. All we can do, all we need do, is to become aware. Knowing what it feels like to heal and to empower, again and again till you can't dismiss it as coincidence, is one of the most powerful methods for awakening that awareness. It makes no sense to say that





the direct experience and exercise of our indwelling divinity distracts from the Great Work.

Indeed, it is this intimate connection between our magic and our self-realization that our ethics protect. Wrongful use of magic will choke the channel. No short term gain could ever compensate for that.

The karmic argument against practical working seems to me to arise from a paranoid and defeatist world view. Even if we assume that the hardships in this life were put there by the Gods for a reason, how can we be so sure that the reason was punishment? Perhaps instead of penance to be endured, our difficulties are challenges to be met. Coping and dealing with our problems, learning magical and mundane skills, changing ourselves and our world for the better--in short, growing up--is that not what the Gods of joy and freedom want from us?

One of the most radically different things about a polytheistic belief system is that each one of us has the right, and the need, to choose which God/desses will be the focus of our worship. We make these choices knowing that whatever energies we invoke most often in ritual will shape our own further growth. Spiritual practices are a means of self-programming. So we are responsible for what we worship in a way that people who take their One God as given are not.

Think about this: what kind of Power actively wants us to submit and suffer, and objects when we develop skills to improve our own lives? Not a Being I'd want to invite around too often!

So it will not work for us to rule out projective magic completely; nor should we. Total prohibitions are as thoughtless as total permissiveness or blind obedience. Ethical and spiritual adults ought to be able to make distinctions and well-reasoned choices. I offer here a start toward analyzing what kinds of magic are not ethical to us.

Baneful magic is magic done for the explicit purpose of causing harm to another person. Usually the reason for it is revenge, and the rationalization is justice. People who defend the practice

of baneful magic often ask, "But wouldn't you join in cursing another Hitler?"

For adults there is no rule without exceptions. If you think you would never torture somebody, consider this scenario: in just half an hour the bomb will go off, killing everybody in the city, and this terrorist knows where it is hidden.

...

It's a bad mistake to base your ethics on wildly unlikely cases, since none of us honestly knows how we would react in that kind of extreme. Reasonable ethical statements are statements about the behaviors we expect of ourselves under normally predictable circumstances.

We all get really angry on occasion, and sometimes with good cause. Then revenge can seem like no more than simple justice. The anger is normal, healthy human reaction, and should not be repressed. But there's no more need to act it out in magic than in physical violence. Instead of going for revenge--and invoking the karmic consequences of baneful magic--identify what you really need. For example, if your anger comes from a feeling that you have been attacked or violated, what you need is protection and safe space. Work for the positive goal; it's both more effective and safer.

The consequences of baneful magic are simply the logical, natural and inevitable psychological effects. Even in that rare and extreme situation when you may decide you really do have to use magic to give Hitler a heart attack, it means you are choosing by the same choice to accept the act's karma. Magical attack hurts the attacker first.

The only way I know how to do magic is by use of my imagination, by visualizing or otherwise actively imagining the end I want, and then projecting that goal with the energy of emotional/physiological arousal. All the techniques I know either help me to imagine more specifically or to project more strongly. So the only way I can send out harm is by first experiencing that harm within my own imagination. Instant and absolute karma--the natural, logical and inevitable outcomes of our own choices.





I would think, also, that somebody dumb enough to do such workings often would soon lose that ability to imagine specifically, as their sensitivity dulled in sheer self-defense. The callousing effect is the reality behind the pious proverb that says "if you abuse it, She'll take it away."

But not every other magician is ethical. Psychic attacks do happen. Should we not defend ourselves? Of course we should. Leaving ourselves open to psychic attack is no good example of the autonomy and assertiveness our chosen Gods expect. But first, how can we be sure what we are experiencing really is psychic attack?

The fantasy of psychic attack is often a convenient excuse that allows us to avoid looking at our own shortcomings. When lack of rest or improper nutrition is the cause of illness, or a project isn't completed on time because of distraction, it's a real temptation to put the blame outside ourselves. Doing this too easily betrays our autonomy just as badly as meek submission to attack does. Then, to compound matters, projected blame becomes an excuse for unjust revenge--and that is baneful magic without excuse.

Once in a rare while, some fool really does try to throw a whammy. It's hard to predict when you might be targeted. Passive shields are always a good idea. Like a mirror, these are totally inactive until somebody sends unwelcome energy. Then a shield will protect you completely and bounce back whatever is being thrown. You may not even know consciously when your shield is working, but the result is perfect justice.

Perfect justice; elegant and efficient. You won't hurt anybody out of paranoia or by mistake. And perfect protection, even though we do not have perfect knowledge.

Bindings, according to some, are completely defensive. They do not harm, only restrain. But imagine yourself being bound--perhaps by someone who believes herself justified --and notice the feeling of impotence and frustration.

Binding is bane from the viewpoint of the bound.

Even if restraint were truly not harm, bindings are just plain poor protection. They target a particular person or group. What if you suspect the wrong person? Somebody harmless is bound and your actual attacker is not bound. Shields, which cover you, not your supposed enemy, will cover you against any enemy, known or unknown.

So, baneful magic, besides being painful in the short run and crippling in the long run, is never necessary. There are better ways of self protection, and retribution is the business of the Gods.

Coercive magic is magic that targets another person to make her give us something we want or need. When most people think of the "Magic Power of Witchcraft," this is what they have in mind.

The spell to make the teacher give you a good grade, or the supervisor give you a good evaluation, the spell to make the personnel officer or renting agent choose you, the spell to attract that cute guy, all are examples of coercive magic.

So, what's wrong with high grades, a good job, a raise, a nice apartment and a sexy lover? There's nothing at all wrong with those goals. An it harm none, do what ye will. As long as nobody is hurt, go for it! But don't strive toward good ends by coercive means.

Although there is no deliberate intent to do harm or cause pain in coercive workings, other people are treated as pawns. Their autonomy and their interests are ignored.

For Pagans, to do this is total hypocrisy. We profess to follow a religion of immanence, one that places ultimate meaning and value in this life on this Earth, here and now. We claim to see every living thing, humans included, as a sacred manifestation. To do honor to this indwelling divinity, we place great value on our own personal autonomy. How can we then justify treating other people as objects for our use?

Nor is it harmless. Forcing the will, controlling the independent judgment of another human being, is harm.





Once again, empathy leads to understanding. Just imagine you are the person whose will and judgment is being externally controlled. How does puppethood feel? From the viewpoint of the target, the harm is palpable.

The Pagan and Wiccan community as a whole is also hurt by coercive magic. One of the main reasons people fear and hate Witches is our reputation for controlling others. This is an old, dirty lie, created by the invading religion in an attempt to discredit the indigenous competition. Today, that reputation is mostly perpetuated by people who claim to be "our own," who teach unethical coercive magic by mail order to strangers whose ethical sensitivity cannot be evaluated long distance. May the Gods preserve the Craft!

People who are connected to the situation, but invisible to us, may also be seriously hurt: the cute guy's fiancée, the other applicant for that job. What you think of as a working designed only to bring good to yourself can bring serious harm to innocent third parties, and the karma of their pain will be on you.

That isn't the only way an incomplete view of the situation can backfire. There's a traditional saying that goes, "be careful about what you ask for, because that's exactly what you will get." What if he is gorgeous, but abusive? What if the apartment house is structurally unsound? Better to state your legitimate needs (love in my life, a nice place to live) and let the Gods deal with the details.

Finally, remember this: asking specifically limits us to what we now know or what we can now imagine. But I remember a time when I could not have imagined being a priestess. What if the cute guy in the office is perfectly okay, but your absolutely perfect soulmate will be in the A&P next Wednesday? The more specifically targeted your magic is, the more you limit yourself to a life of tautology and missed chances.

And beyond all the scenario spinning lies the instant karma, the natural, logical and inevitable consequence of the act. It's more subtle that in the case

of baneful magic, since you are not trying to imagine and project pain, but the damage is still real.

Every time you treat another human being as a thing to be pushed and pulled around for your convenience and pleasure, you are reinforcing your own alienation. The attitude of being removed from and superior to other people takes you out of community. As the attitude strengthens, so will the behavior it engenders. The long-term result of coercive magic, as with mundane forms of coercion, is isolation and loneliness.

Are you beginning to think that magic is useless? Did I just rule out all the good stuff: love charms, job magic, spells for good grades? Not at all. It is not only ethical but good for you to do lots of magic to improve your own life. Whenever it works you will get more than you asked for--because along with whatever you asked for comes one more experience of your own effectiveness, your power-from-within.

Work on yourself and your own needs and desires without targeting other people. Then feel free! Ask for what you want. Visualize it and raise power for it and act in accordance on the material plane. "I need a caring and horny lover with a good sense of humor." "I want an affordable apartment near where my coven meets with a tree outside the window." "I need to be at my best when I take that exam next week." Fulfill your dreams, and sometimes let the Gods surprise you with gifts beyond your dreams.

Manipulative magic is magic that targets another person for what we think is "her own good," without regard for their opinions in the matter. In the general culture around us, this is normal. As you read this, you may have some friend or relative praying for you to be "saved" from your evil Pagan ways and returned to the fold of their preference. These people mean you well. By their own lights, they are attempting to heal you. We work from a very different theological base.

As polytheists, we affirm the diversity of the divine and the divinity of diversity. If there is no one, true,





right and only way in general, do we dare to assume that there is one obvious right choice for a person in any given situation? If more than one choice may be "right," how can one person presume she knows what another person would want without asking her first?

No life situation ever looks the same from outside as it does to the person who is experiencing it. Are you sure you even have all the facts? Are you fully aware of all the emotional entanglements involved? Perhaps that illness is the only way she has of getting rest or getting attention. Perhaps she stays in that dead-end job because it leaves her more energy to concentrate on her music. How do you know till you ask?

And, to further complicate the analysis, it's possible that the person you are trying to help would agree with you about the most desirable outcome, but fears and hates the very idea of magic. They have as much of a right to keep magic out of their own life as you have to make it part of yours!

Our religion teaches that the sacred lives within each person, that we can hear the Lady's voice for ourselves if we only learn to listen. "...If that which you seek, you find not within yourself, you will never find it without." In behavioral terms, when you take another person's opinion about her own life seriously, you are reinforcing her in thinking and choosing for herself. The more you do this, the more you encourage her to listen for the sacred inner voice.

Conversely, whenever you ignore or override a person's feelings about her own life, you are discounting those feelings and discouraging the kind of internal attention that can keep the channels to wisdom open. Although well-intentioned meddling may actually help somebody in the short run, in the longer run it trains her to dependency and indecision. Few intentional banes damage as severely. This is especially true because even the untrained and unaware will instinctively resist overt ill-will, but in our culture we are trained to receive "expert" interference with gratitude.

Check by asking yourself, "who's in charge here?" The answer to that will tell you whether you are basically empowering or undermining the person you intend to help.

And, as usual, the effects go both ways. The same uninvited intervention that fosters passivity in the recipient will foster arrogance in the "rescuer." It's control and ego inflation masked as generosity. It's very seductive.

If you make this a habit, you will come to believe that other people are incompetent and powerless. Then what happens when you need help? Your contempt will make it impossible for you to see what resources surround you. Manipulative magic is ultimately just as alienating as coercive magic--and it's a much prettier trap!

The way to avoid the trap is to do no working affecting another person without that person's explicit permission. Proteans are pledged to this, and I think it's a good idea for anybody.

You don't need to wait passively for the person to ask. It's perfectly all right to offer, as long as you are willing to sometimes accept "no" for your answer. For the person who believes she is unworthy or who is simply too shy, offering help is itself a gift. Taking her opinion seriously is an even greater gift: respect.

The rule is that whenever it is in any way physically possible to ask, you must ask. If it's not important enough to pay long distance charges, it certainly isn't important enough to violate a friend's autonomy. If asking is literally not possible, then and only then, here are a few exceptions:

Sometimes an illness or injury happens very suddenly, and the person is unconscious or in a coma before you could possibly ask her or him. If you know that this person is generally comfortable with magic, you may do working to keep her or his basic body systems working and to allow the normal healing process the time it needs. If she is opposed to magic, for whatever reason, back off!

Traditionally, an unconscious person is understood to be temporarily out of her body. Maintaining her body in habi-





table condition is preserving her option, not choosing for her. Doing maintenance magic requires a lot of sensitivity. At some point, the time may come when you should stop and let the person go on. Be sure to use some kind of divination to help you stay aware.

This is a hard road. It may be your lover, your child, lying their helpless. Any normal human being would be tempted to drag her or him back, to force her or him to stay regardless of what it truly best for her, regardless of what she wants. Don't repress her feelings; they do no harm, even though your actions might. It takes one great strength and non-possessive love to recognize that your loved one knows her need. You may be calling her back to a crippled body, a life of pain. You may be calling her back from the ecstasy of the Goddess. And this is no more your right than it would be to murder her.

If a person is temporarily not reachable, you may charge up a physical object, such as an appropriate talisman or some incense. When you present it to her, give her a full explanation. It is her choice whether to keep or to use your gift. By interposing an object between the magic and the target in this way, you can work the magic in Circle, with the coven's power to draw on, and still get the person's permission before the magic is triggered.

With all these rules about permission, perhaps it would be safer to work only on ourselves? Safer, yes, but not nearly as good. If you have permission, you may do any working for another person that you might do for yourself. Coercive magic is just as unacceptable when somebody else asks for it, and you may not do manipulative magic on your friend's mother, even at your friend's request. The permission must come from the magic's intended target and from nobody else. With proper permission, working magic for others is good for all concerned.

Every act of magic has two effects. One is the direct effect, the healing or prosperity working or whatever was intended. The other is a minute change in the mind and heart of the person who does the working. Everything we experi-

ence, and especially everything that we do in a wholehearted and focussed way--the only way effective magic can be done--changes us. Each experience leaves its tiny trace, but the traces are cumulative. They mold the person we will become. Our karma is our choice.

Instant karma can also be good karma. Logical, natural and inevitable outcomes can be desirable. When you send out good, what you send it with is love. Love is the driving force. When you let love flow freely, the channel down to love's wellspring stays clear and open. When you send out good, you direct it along the web of person-to-person connection, and awareness of that web is reinforced. The totality of that web is the basis of community.

A pattern is becoming visible. In baneful magic, the magician intends to harm the target. In coercive magic, the intent toward the target is neutral. In manipulative magic, the magician actually means the target well. But no matter how different the intent may be, in all three cases magic is done to affect another person without that person's permissions. In all three cases, the target, the practitioner and ultimately the community are all hurt. And in all three cases, there are safer and more effective ways to reach the valid goals that we mean to aim for.

So, perhaps there is a descriptive word that covers all wrongful magical workings after all. How about "non-consensual" or "invasive" magic?

There's one thing left to examine: the paradox of making rules to protect personal autonomy.

If we make some of our choices as a community, by discussing things together and arriving at a common understanding about what magical behaviors are acceptable among us, then we choose and shape the kind of community we become.

Or we could give up our right to choose, because we feel we shouldn't tell each other what we do. Some people believe that a refusal to set community standards promotes personal autonomy. It never has before.

Appeals to individual rights can be real seductive. None of us wants Big





Brother looking over our shoulders, telling us what to do "for our own good." For Witches in particular--members of a religious minority with bad image problems--this is a very legitimate fear. But make sure when somebody talks about "rights" without specifying something like "religious practice rights" or "the right to consensual sex," that you find out just what "rights" she means.

Rhetoric about "rugged individualism" has been used in recent history to fast-talk us into letting the rich or strong dominate all our lives. Without anything to stop them, they can destroy the forestland, or deny jobs or apartments to "cultists." Personal autonomy for most of us is diminished when we allow that.

Magic can be used for dominance, just the same as muscle or money. There is no difference, ethically, between the magical and the mundane. We are not obligated to run our own community by the slogans and ground rules of the dominator culture.

Thinking about "rights," or about "laws" for that matter, in the abstract leads to "all or nothing" thinking--immature and slogan-driven. I don't think we should ever "just say" anything. We need a deeper and more mature analysis. We need to ask questions like "right to do what?" and "law against what?" We need to get away from absolutes and to look in practical terms at the advantages of disadvantages of our choices.

Once more, our religion itself shows us the way to steer between the false choices. "An it harm none, do what you will." What a person does that affects only herself--magical or mundane--is truly nobody's business but her or his own. For example, consensual sexual behavior affects only the participants. But toxic waste dumping affects everybody in the watershed.

As long as we look at behavior in terms of private choices or individual will, we obscure the distinction that really makes a difference. If we're serious about wanting to give each of us the most possible control over our own lives, then decisions should be made by

all the people affected by the behavior--not just by the people acting.

As soon as another person is magically targeted, that other person is affected. If we allow such targeting without consent, we are not supporting personal autonomy, we are subverting it!

When the behavior begins to affect us all--for example, when real estate development threatens the salt marshes, and ultimately the air supply--or, very specifically, when invasive magic erodes the trust we need to work together--then we have a right to protect ourselves as a community. No ideology should turn us into passive victims when something we hold precious stands to be destroyed.

Invasive magic hurts the target first, and soon the actor, but in the long run it hurts us all. It's been so long since we've been able to meet together, share our knowledge, help one another in need. Pagan community is very new, and still very fragile. It can only grow in safe space.

The People of this Land forbade skirmishes around the pipestone quarries, keeping that sacred source open to all. Otherwise, no sane person would go there, and the Old Ways would wither. For much the same reason, we cannot tolerate poppets in our council meetings.

An atmosphere of coercion and manipulation and magical duels does not nurture community. Eventually, for self-protection, the gentle will either change or go away. We could lose what we have misguidedly refused to protect.

As within, so without: our karma is our choice.

Judy Harrow is a Gardnerian Priestess of Proteus Coven in New York City. This article was originally published in the CoG Newsletter of the Covenant of the Goddess. Responses to this publication should be directed to the Reclaiming Newsletter and we will forward them to Judy.



Hommage to the Moon
(and to the ever-changing goddess)
-By Rashani

We sing and speak of surrender
while the moon's fullness
engenders courage and strength.
With our loved ones we form sacred circles
beneath the stars.

We are Artemis and Inanna
diving naked and unafraid
into the unknown;
together, yet alone
for the shape of darkness
differs for every being.

When the moon is waning
and our courage is less strong,
we relinquish everything
for the sake of the moment.

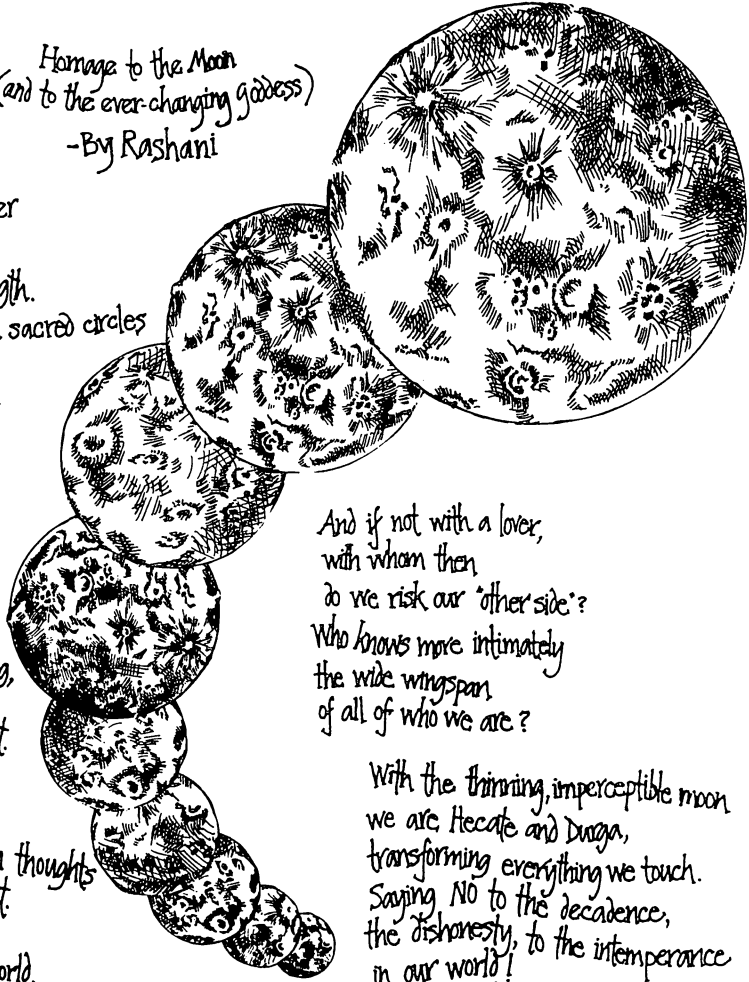
The descent is abrupt,
song and pathway disappear,
through the tunnel of our own thoughts
fear ricochets like a wild bat.

We are Demeter and Kali,
outraged by the rape of our world,
ready to kill old forms and false ways,
dancing the dance of dismemberment
so we can re-member
the structure of our own lives.

And with swords and knives of harmful words
we slay one another unintentionally.

(Women were taught to be poised and contained;
serene like the Virgin Mary.

We were not taught about the Black Virgin
or the ancient Shaman Goddess
who with sceptre and crown
entered the deep, forbidden waters
to drown and re emerge reborn!)



And if not with a lover,
with whom then
do we risk our 'other side'?
Who knows more intimately
the wide wingspan
of all of who we are?

With the thinning, imperceptible moon
we are Hecate and Durga,
transforming everything we touch.
Saying NO to the decadence,
the dishonesty, to the intemperance
in our world!

We are hurled, not caught,
by the whirlwind of change.
Changing Woman is imminently alive!

And when Mother Moon is waxing
our keening turns back into song.
We are Prajnaparamita,
mother of all Buddhas, knower of wisdom
poised in serenity on a placid lake
not because we were taught to obey
from the conventional way
and seek the hidden way
within.....



CHANTS

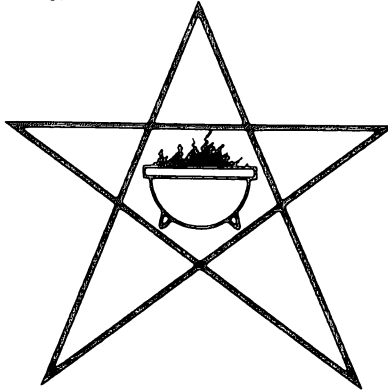
Ritual Music

a cassette tape from the Reclaiming community

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

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

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



Side 1

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

Side 2

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



RECLAIMING WITCHES

rites of passage for gays and lesbians by Pandora O'Mallory and Raven Moonshadow The Rites of Passage focuses on dreams, myths and language, using traditional and non-traditional tales and techniques to create a personal rite of passage. Through story-telling, trance, release work and dreams we receive our challenge, meet our helpers, work through our blocks and emerge renewed, reborn. This class culminates with a ritual created by the students. Prerequisites: Elements of Magic or equivalent experience/study. Six Mondays starting November 7. Call Raven 334-MOON for registration and location. \$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, creating magical space, spellcraft, and structuring rituals. Beginning 6-week course, 6 Tuesdays, beginning November 8. \$45-90 Sliding scale. Call Raven 334-MOON for registration and location.

EAST BAY -- Elements of Magic for Women by Diane Baker and Rose May Dance Beginning women's class taught in East Bay location. See above ELEMENTS class description. 6 Thursdays, skipping Thanksgiving, November 3 - December 15. \$45-90 Sliding scale, Call Rose 821-3336 or Diane 524-7729 for registration and location.

Magic for Lesbians, II. Deadly Nightshade and Pleiades are planning a new class to follow the Elements of Magic now being taught by Pleiades and Pandora. Call Deadly 641-5836 after Oct. 1 for class description. Prerequisites: Elements of Magic or other Reclaiming class.

Reclaiming Blood: For Women by Pleiades and possibly others Blood is frightening to most humans even in the best of times, and now with the AIDS epidemic, it's even more so. In this class, we will explore our fears around blood and start to reclaim the LIFE FORCE inherent in it, through techniques of deep trance, scrying, and play. One day workshop Saturday, Dec. 3, sliding scale \$25-70. Contact Pleiades for registration and information 824-2025, up to Sep. 30, and then check Events Line 849-0877 for new number.

BREATH AND BODY FOR INCEST SURVIVORS (women only) by Cybele This class focuses on your relationship with your body, working with the issues survivors share: shame, self-disgust, fear, shutting down or abandoning yourself or your bodily sensations. We will work in sacred space to reclaim our ground, our voices and our boundaries in a way that cultivates strength and flexibility. The class includes grounding practices, drawing body maps, movement and breathwork. As both a survivor and a Lomi Bodyworker, I offer this class to bring bodywork into the circle and to bring survivors together in circle to learn and heal through our bodies. **PREREQUISITE:** Elements of Magic or equivalent experience/study. (I may offer a weekend Elements class if enough people are interested/need it.) Ongoing support (therapy and/or 12-step program) strongly suggested during this class. Six weeks beginning in early October (Tues. or Thurs. eves - daytime possible.) Class size limited. Call Cybele 648-3908 for further info/registration.

Reclaiming Recommends

BRINGING THE STEPS INTO THE CIRCLE: RECOVERY WORKSHOP FOR PAGAN WOMEN with Pandora, Deadly, and Cybele Weekend Workshop Sat. and Sun. Nov. 19 & 20 How is "turning your life and your will over to the care of God(dess) as you understand her" compatible with "an you harm none do as you will"? And is it OK to work spells while you're "letting go"?

Explore the steps elementally, sanctify your will to the Goddess, share experience, strength and hope with other Witches in recovery. Workshop will include drum trance, spell work, talkstory, and sharing on a group level. Some magical experience required, but participants may be newcomers or old-timers in 12-Step programs. Women of all sexual orientations are welcome. Fee is sliding scale, \$70-120. Deposit of \$25 (non-refundable after Oct. 20) required to hold space. SF location. Call Cybele 648-3908 for further info/registration.



SPIR

SESS AND VENTS



SPIRAL DANCE UPDATE

Hello all you Goddess groovers, it's time once again to slip between the worlds and dance that well known dance, **The Spiral Dance**. If you haven't sent in for your tickets yet it's probably too late. At the time of layout we had about 75 tickets left. So if you can't pay, come play with us. We still need help. At the time of printing, the chorus is well underway with rehearsals, the dancers are all practicing up a storm, but we still need Graces (host/hostess - stage hand), Dragons (security), people to help with set-up and clean-up, people to cook meals for the dress rehearsal and performance, childcare people for the rehearsal and performance, make-up and costuming people. We also need ship rope -- if anyone has any leads. If you can help call Raven, 334-MOON.

Most people have been paying at the bottom of the scale so we will be lucky if we break even. If you have already paid for tickets and can pay more, or if you just want to help us out send your donations to Reclaiming, PO Box 14404, San Francisco, CA 94114 (Please include SASF for tickets).

Prayer

We
Who were so long
So intimate with this world
We pray
To soon be so again
Returning with the turning of the wheel

Clairvoyant with the open sky
Lovers with the night
Warriors with the serpent's strength
Dreamers with the dawn
Dancers to the rhythms of the rivers and the winds
Talkers with the spirit

speaking now
this breath
with rainbow tones
in a language of joy
we cannot fail
to understand

Of Earth

I have left the city's shadows, for a while
To walk into the timeless hills
And have become transparent in the sun
And dissolved into the night
Where Earth pulls me to her naked breast
And I am healed of grievous human pain

Earth, so deep within my elemental soul
Your rock in my bone
Your winds in my breath
Your ocean in my veins
Your turning in the seasons of my nerves

What am I
But you

Seas of galaxies
light the love
we share with all that is

Opulent jewel among the stars
So deep beneath
My human need to hold
This moment's form

Lands and waters of my essence
My perfect source
My spirit's song
My Earth

Hold me in your singing heart
Form me in your ever forming birth

5 SPARKS

Hawai'ian Honeymoon

for Riva

Pelé stirs & the mountains run fire
down their sides; & at the shoresedge
fire & water reconcile
 in steamy embrace.

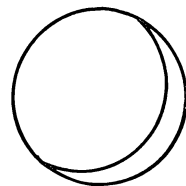
The winds whisper across
my skin, little tongues of moist
air that stir my skinsends;
from the nearby fringe of woods,
where earlier Queen Esters had
sweetly trilled, the heavy
clinging scent of gardenia
wafts thru the evening-- & plumeria & kiowa bloom.

The sea laps at the rock strewn shore,
here & there little specks of phosphorescent
fire shimmer, emerging
& shifting in the eternity
of a moment, while low in
the sky above, the thin crescent
of the newborn moon prepares
for her plunge into the sea.
I bite into a piece of
papaya you offer, my camping
knife dripping sweetnectar down
your arm, while the creamy
flesh erupts in my mouth & rivers
of taste overflow their banks at the
center where every thing
runs together

Wind & salt coiled black hair
curls around your neck shoulders
breasts & your dark eyes speak
out of their depths
of these mysteries we renew
tonight & forevermore
as we reach
for eachother
each other

David Kubrin

© 1988



SSPARKS



TRANCE BY ROY KING

(Continued from the Summer Newsletter)

[Note -- I have tried to keep this as nearly as possible as it came to me in trance. Since no names, nor even the gender of the child came through, I have refrained from inventing them, which produces some awkwardness of sentence structure.]

Of the time I spent on the island of the stones, I remember the long rainy nights of the northern winter around the glowing coals of the hearth, the songs of the harp and drum, and the scent of burning herbs. Our priestess in those dark nights would lead us awake through the depths of sleep, our chanting becoming the voice of one dream, rising up from the ground through our bones, as we listened in wonder to the strange instrument we had become. At the heart of winter we sat so for days and nights, the voice coming through us steady and strong, and we saw our most hidden dreams. At times we laughed for the love we had together; at times we felt fear of the danger we bear as men; at times we were in awe of the endless expanse of the being we are of.

As the year gradually lightened and warmed, we went out at night into the hills with the flying clouds and the distant silence of the stars. As the air filled with the sweet swells of breeding plants, we went up to a high meadow, above the roar and mist of the sea, and danced in the circle of great stones that reach like fingers of earth up into the sky. After greeting the stones we settled down around the ring with our priestess in the center, and we entered, as one, by the well worn paths of our hearth dreams, into the vastness of the stars. I can't name the time when I ceased being a visitor to the stars, and became fully of the stars, born of the stars, forever of the stars.

On these summer nights, our joy was beyond measure or desire, yet was accepted simply as our manner of being in the world. We called this "secing", but it was with our whole bodies, into our entire being, although we could, in need, turn our sight toward distant places, or times to come. But such focus could be gathered only from the open reaches, never from narrow necessity or need.

At times men of the tribes came to seek guidance. Once we saw the approach of boats of men with iron spears and fierce, hungry wills from across the eastern sea. They were met in battle before they landed and were driven back into the sea. Many in their iron

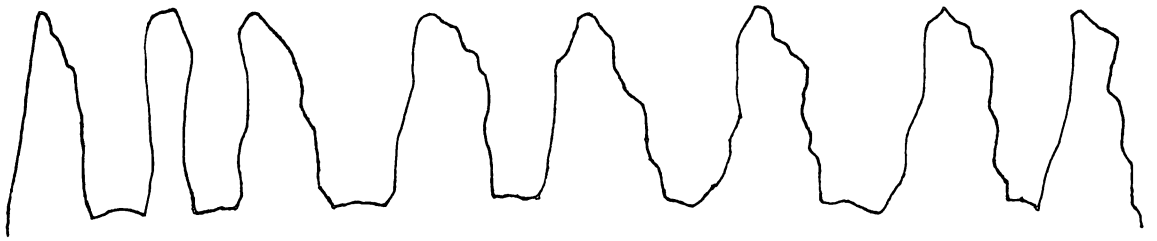
shirts went beneath the waves as their boats broke on the rocks in storms we called from our kindred winds and waters. To such use we put our skills only in dire need, and we refused to help in the conquest of any people. We were rarely threatened with force, and never without revealing the shadows of those who would so misuse us.

As the season turned and darkened, we returned to the hearth house, bringing our visions of the summer stars back into the dark womb of the winter earth. With the glowing red coals our only light, we journeyed within the deep, inner life of the stone beneath our being, the mother of our bone, as the sea roared in rhythm to our drums and the winds answered our harp songs. The mystery of the emergence of spirit from stone and stone from spirit overjoyed us, and we sang our thanks for birth and our praise to the giver of life. As we worshipped through the dark with our priestess, I thought much of the girl I had left in the southern hills, and the nights we had shared there.

So our dreams deepened with the darkening earth toward midwinter and emerged back into the opening sky with the return of summer, and my sight grew deeper with each cycle of seasons. But a spring came, after seven years there, when I was drawn too hard to resist, back to her in the south. My parting gift was a harp made by the one there most gifted in that craft. I left quickly with an eastern chiefman in a boat with sails, certain that the strength of my bond with the secrets of the island would not weaken with time and travel.

But as I walked south alone, trying to retrace my old path north, I dearly missed all those who had become so much of myself. At night, though, the stars were unchanged, and I entered again into that depth where certainty is certain and distances diminish, and I was reassured in my way, although something that troubled me was hidden.

I played harp for those I met along the way, and told fortunes after a fashion, but was as often met with suspicion as trust. In time I reached the hills I knew so well, and was held there a while by a sweet familiarity I had all but forgotten. Our old hearth shed had fallen in and became the den of a fox bitch and her pups. Her resemblance to the old woman who had raised me and taught me, now buried on the hilltop, eased my growing solitude. A spark of her spirit was there, in the little fox, to welcome me home, but the fox bared her teeth



when I came too near her den, sending me on my way walking south under late summer thunder clouds.

As I turned eastward toward where I thought the girl's village was, guided by our old and uncertain connection, the trees grew higher and thickened into a great, dark forest, and fear grew painfully in my gut. When finally human signs became frequent, I was wary of being seen. I was weak with hunger when I reached the outer clearing of the village, but I lay hidden and watched for her, afraid to enter the chaos of noise and turmoil I saw there.

On a late afternoon I was suddenly discovered as I dozed, and dragged from hiding as a captive spy, my harp left behind in the thicket. I was thrown weak and trembling before the headman, unable to explain my presence. When I mentioned the girl I had come so far to see, he became enraged, and drawing his sword, demanded I stand and fight. A man threw me a sword and the headman was on me. I met his blows as best I could, kneeling on one knee, but his arm was strong and fast and I was bleeding from several gashes before I found my balance and my anger. A familiar voice screaming and the girl's face pushing through the shouting crowd was my last memory before his blade rasped my skull, hurtling me through blinding pain into black darkness.

In a timeless drift I fell slowly into white fire, where I burned until only a light ash of myself remained. I floated back off into darkness and after a motionless interval sank again into consuming white fire. After an endless drifting between these states, I felt the pain in my head and I knew I lived still in the world, although the world was still a place of white heat.

When I first saw again through my eyes, the winter rains were ending and spring smells entered the dark shed where I lay. I had lost two full seasons, and through the summer heat I slowly returned to this world. She had tended me day and night, they told me later, or I would have remained lost to this life. And still I was weak and slept most of another season, but I began to pluck at the harp and walk among the giant trees as the winter rains returned. As my strength grew she took me to her bed and there I was further healed and aroused to new levels of strength.

When spring came again we walked west into the treeless hills over the sea, and we sat beneath the night sky as the moon waned, and opened again together to the endless depths of stars. When we returned to her

village she carried another one, seeded in her belly during our star journeys, and our fate together was woven tighter, although I had not yet become a part of the life of her people.

She was priestess of her tribe, and I began to learn of the spirit ways of her people, there under the tick, dark foliage of ancient trees. Their blood bond to earth was strong, and the shedding of blood, in battle or in sacrifice, was nurturing to their spirits and to their ancestral gods. The spilling of my blood on their village ground the day I first entered had endeared me to them, although I was slow to understand how this could be.

In a wide clearing in the trees down where the river ran flat and slow, they sacrificed. The usual victims were rams or bulls from the herd, but sometimes it was a wild stag they had trapped, or a boar, or a bear. On rare occasions, I knew without ever being told, it was a man.

I took little interest in these ways of theirs that seemed cruel and stupid to me in my first seasons there. But as I was taught to hunt with a bow by the men of the village and the ways of the wood slowly became a part of me, I understood more of the bond of life blood with the slaughtered one.

When I was first in the forest circle during sacrifice, I was surprised at the gentleness and respect with which the animal was killed. He was first soothed with food and herbs and long chanting songs, then bathed and worshiped as a great, powerful dweller of the forest, honored and sacred. As the creature's blood ran painlessly out of its body, all the people went out with the spirit of the animal, and they remembered the immensity of spirit we living ones all share, and our endless cycles of passage.

But on warm, quiet nights in the village, I took the people with harp songs, often as they slept, or sat entranced, out beyond their grove of sacred trees grown weird from so much blood, out with the winds above the trees, and above the winds into the slow swirl of stars. But their waking ways were set, and so I was left to the slowly changing patterns of their lives, and of mine.

The child was born at midwinter as flames leaped high in the circle of trees, after the days of preparation and the seasonal sacrifice had been completed. It was thought to be a potent time of birth for one of such a bloodline. But when the child had

grown a little, a flaw in the ankle bone became evident that would later cause a limp. The chiefman scowled and many said it was not a good omen. A tension grew then among us, and I kept a close watch over my mate and her child.

One night the chiefman came demanding my help on a raid against a herding tribe camped just across the river. When I refused him, and advised him not to go, I thought he would take his sword to me again, but he only stalked away, cursing the willfulness of seers. He returned from the skirmish without three of our best hunters, and with his sword arm crushed too badly to heal well. Afterward his power diminished in the village, but he brewed his bitterness, and for a time I kept my bow always strung.

But as the life of her village played out its slow patterns with us, I became more tightly woven into the fabric of her people. They listened more openly to my harp, and even her old uncle relaxed his scowl a little under the influence of the strings. Some came, too, to ask what I saw in the stars. I showed them as best I could how to open and move freely with the dance of the stars, and to grasp the earth a little more gently, and to listen a little closer to the natural voices of the stones and the trees and the roaming creatures. And I began to help more to prepare the sacrifice animals, and to enter more fully into these seasonal rites.

Our child was born with the gift of star sight beyond any I had known, and was leading us in these ways before speaking words. And when words came they were few and clear and spoken with wisdom rare among elders, and unknown among the very young. To some of the village people this quiet one who walked badly grew nearly unnoticed, but many began to stare in awe, and some with fear. As time passed the penetrating depth of the child's sight into the ways and hearts of the people, always spoken openly in trust and innocence, provoked both wonder and dread. To many this strange, frail child came to be valued as a gift of healing to their spirits. But others, less able to endure revelation and utilize self-sight became openly hostile and muttered among themselves and scratched signs in the dirt around our hearth shed. The child would often alter these signs, and afterwards one among the most fearful might become ill and later recover less afraid, or leave the village for a time and return more at peace. But some died, or never returned, and the child's power in the minds of many grew beyond all bounds, and they came to call all that befell the work of the little cripple, though still some judged it well and others ill.

When the seasons turned and the sacrifices were prepared, the child would stay for days with the animal that was to die, until we gathered in the clearing and the rites began, and then would slip away into the trees, and not be seen for days. Many grumbled over this, as the rites were the time of unity of the tribe, a time of one spirit. They said the absence of the child flawed the rite,

and weakened the tribal bond. But the child only smiled, and continued to vanish at will from the sacrificial gatherings.

The seventh winter that the village had endured the young seer came in early and unusually cold and wet. A rare white hart had been captured for the midwinter rite. Upon first seeing the great stag the child forbade his death, having seen that he was one of great worth among his own kind, and not for our sacrificial use. But the chief hunters would not give up their prize, and the hart was prepared, as the child stayed by him, in silence, as always at these times.

On the deepest night, when the fires were lit and our chant filled the trees and the knife lay ready, the child cut the bonds and the hart staggered once, then ran free, the child clinging to his great neck. As we all stood in stunned silence, staring out into the darkness, the sky burst in pounding rain, drowning our fire and forcing us back to our shelters.

The hard rains fell on and on for days and the child did not return. Some said that none so young could survive this storm and that it was well so, in balance with the crime. But I went out searching in the storm, and remembering a small cave in a rocky hill down river that we had once passed, I found the child huddled there, nearly dead.

As the rains continued harder and colder than even the eldest remembered, she and I worked all our skill at healing, and our child slowly returned to life.

Many died that winter, among the people and the herd and the wild ones, as the cold rains dragged on past their endurance. And when the late spring finally came, the survivors, worn and bitter and afraid, came and stood in the hardening mud around our shed and stared at us with hollow eyes.

When early summer came no wild beast was caught, and none was picked from the herd. The child said it must be so; and my mate would not speak.

I left alone and walked back into the western hills by the sea where in my youth an old woman had first taught me of my being within the vastness of the stars. There I was finally able to open through the dread that I carried, and to enter fully and surrender to the dance.

I walked back into the village on the night of the dark moon, took the sleeping child from our shed, and continued eastward, fording the river, walking on into country I had not seen before. It was a slow journey carrying the child, still weak from the winter fever, most of the way through the rugged hills. And in those last days together, we spent much of our nights within the stars.

Eventually we found the valley where the old woman who raised me had been born, where there still lived a small band of women following the old ways of the star secrets. They welcomed us well and said they had known of our coming since the old woman's death, so many years before. Leaving the child secret there in their care, and feeling I was leaving the greater part of myself, I walked back westward.

As I returned the summer world shone around me like a precious jewel, and I drank it in and cherished it in my heart. And from the stones I touched as I passed, I gathered strength.

In a deep, green glen that sparkled with sunlight on the morning dew, I met the men of the village who had come after us. As we stood talking the white hart came to a near hill and stood looking down at us, until we moved off, together, to the west.

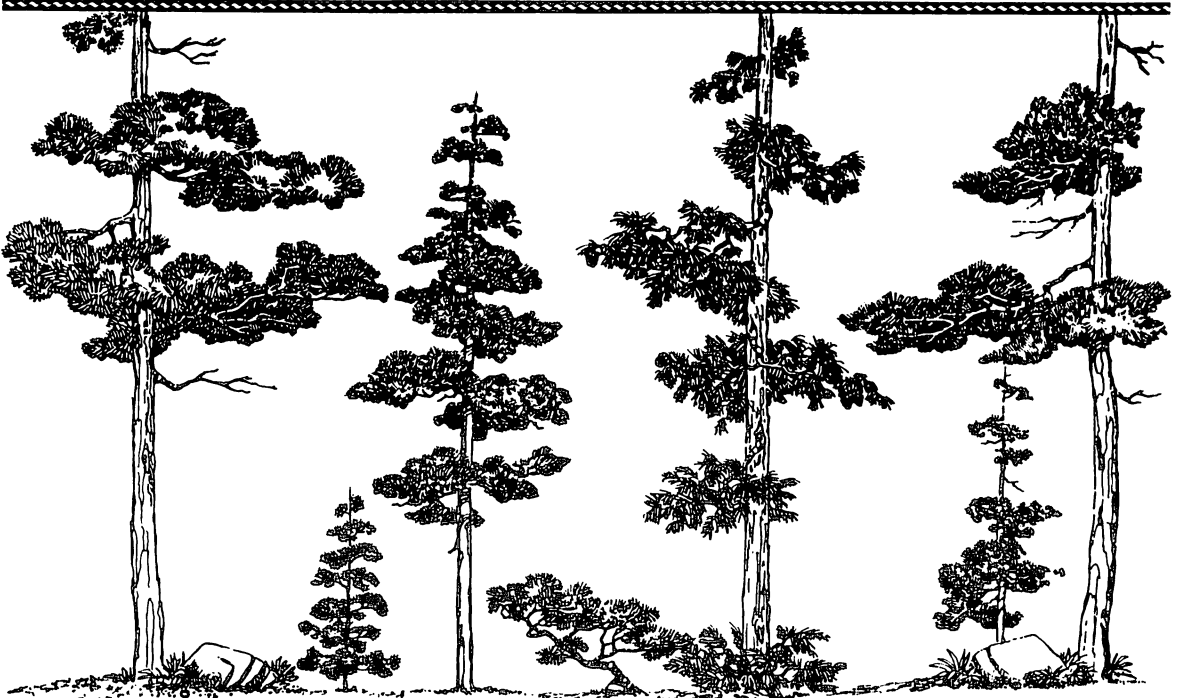
When we reached the river, we were met by all the people from the village. There they bathed me and painted me, and dressed me in a scarlet robe, and fed me the foods and herbs of the rite. A cloth was tied over my eyes and I was laid on a reed mat in a flat bottomed boat and taken down river to the sea, out through the surf and along the cliffs to a great, hollow cavern. They left me there alone, lying for days in the thundering echoes of the sea. Time ceased to flow as in this life, and I witnessed the slow spiral of life up from the

echoing depths of the womb of the world.

In a timeless change chanting mixed with the layers of roaring sea, and I was sighted again and moving on the water under the full glory of the summer stars. I joined in the chanting of the people along the river banks, who towed me with ropes toward the clearing in the trees. There I was fed again the food and herbs of the rite, and my harp was brought and the song of the strings and the chanting voices of the people became the sound of one life filling the forest and the sky.

As first light slowly came we were a solid unity of sound and heart and spirit. A small cut was made near my navel and very, very slowly my blood and my spirit flowed from my body, and the spirit of those who had become my people flowed out with me, from that small strand of solid shore between the pounding sea and the endless distances of the stars. And we danced, as the night turned, with freedom of spirit we had not before known together, and I took them then into the spirits of the great trees that are a bridge between the dark, stone roots of earth and the utter depth of the sky, and there I left them, that the ways between might open to them in this world.

And when I had seen that the child was well with the women of the eastern valley, I turned and went in unspeakable joy toward where the stars fall beyond the rim of the western sea.





**POLITICAL ALERT:
IF YOU THINK LAROCHE WAS CRAZY...**

Proposition 102, sponsored by Rep. William Dannemeyer, is an AIDS reporting initiative slated for CA's November ballot, that threatens everyone's civil rights. A recent CA poll showed that 72% of the people questioned were in favor of this initiative, whereas only 22% were against. A Call for Action is strongly needed in order to defeat Dannemeyer.

Prop. 102 states, any doctor who has "cause to believe" that a person is infected with AIDS virus "must" report that person's name to local health authorities. Health officials will also be required to inform anyone in contact with or related to that person testing positive that they may be infected; and it will repeal the law which prevents employers and insurance companies from forcing people to take the HIV antibody test.

To me it sounds like another witch hunt in the form of selected enforcement for discrimination purposes, in order to take the heat off the real issues -- discovering the AIDS cause and cure, which the government probably would not like us to find out. Not to mention an undercurrent of phobias against drug users and gay people. Just think, if you were afraid you might have the virus, but knew if you tested positive, that your whole family, your work place, your health insurance agency, every friend and person you ever slept with would be notified, and then in turn all of them would have to take the HIV test, would you get tested? Especially, when the test has been known to be inaccurate? The worst part is, we taxpayers would be the ones paying the public health service to harass people.

The CA Medical Association and the CA Nurses Association, among others, are opposed to Prop. 102, asserting that anonymous testing for the AIDS virus is crucial to putting an end to the epidemic. The proposition would close down all anonymous testing sites, and fewer people would be willing to volunteer for any research programs. Also the scarce public health funds used for programs already working at slowing the epidemic would be diverted in order to implement thousands of notifications.

If you want to help, or to make a donation, contact Californians Against Proposition 102, 10 United Nations Plaza, Suite 410, San Francisco, CA 94102, tel. 415-621-4450. This is the Northern CA office and they will be able to direct you to an office in your vicinity.

--Pleiades

THE BLOCK INITIATIVE

This other AIDS initiative was put on the ballot by the LA Sheriff. It would allow any law enforcement person to forcibly test any person in their custody if there was a "body fluid" contact. For the purposes of this law "body fluid" is defined to include sweat and saliva. Thus if the police arrest you and you are sweating (or appear to be) the police could forcibly test you. Or if you are chanting within a foot of a cop and he/she perceives that you spit on him you could be forcibly tested. The result would be made known to all officials of the facility who might come in contact with you or your linen.

The possibility for CDers, ghetto residents and trouble-makers is clear. What is not clear is if the person in custody would be told their results by the police and whether both the Elisha and the Western Blot tests would be used.

For more information on how to fight this initiative contact ACT-UP at 821-9087.

MOON MAGIC

In the Larouche campaigns a lot of energy went into attacking Larouche. But AIDS fear remained and now Dannemeyer (and Helms) have latched onto it. Magically it is necessary to work with the core problem and well as the "opportunistic infection" - to borrow a term. Working with the Moon offers a good way of dealing with this.

During the waning Moon work on banishing AIDS fear/panic, during the waxing moon work on building compassion/trust and healing.

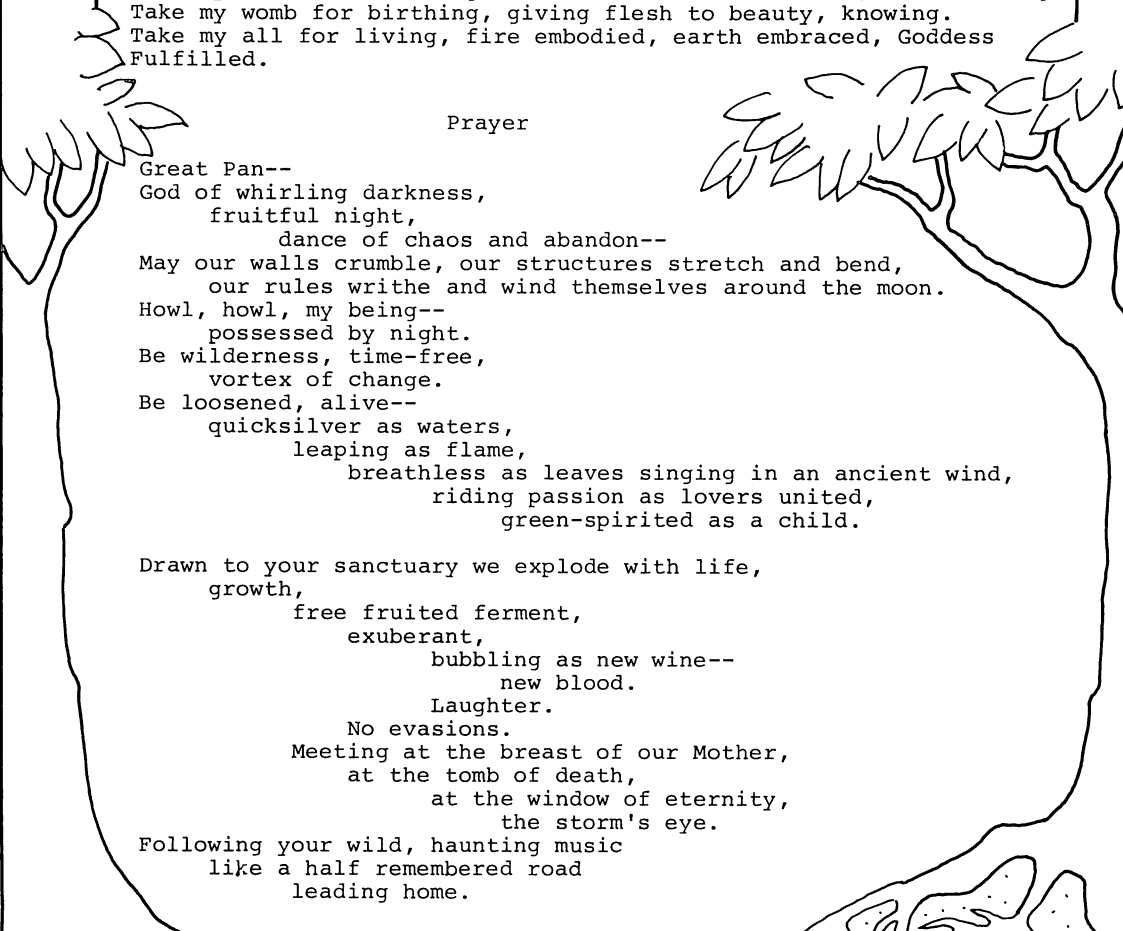




Mother

Mother,
Take my feet for dancing laughter on the earth, for joy.
Take my hands for drawing healing from the wind, for claiming power.
Take my heart for sharing, warming, stirring to compassion.
Take my voice for singing, speaking truth, for blessing.
Take my eyes for vision, glowing, tenderness and awe.
Take my mind for dreaming forth a world of wholeness, for learning.
Take my womb for birthing, giving flesh to beauty, knowing.
Take my all for living, fire embodied, earth embraced, Goddess
Fulfilled.

Prayer



Great Pan--
God of whirling darkness,
fruitful night,
dance of chaos and abandon--
May our walls crumble, our structures stretch and bend,
our rules writhe and wind themselves around the moon.
Howl, howl, my being--
possessed by night.
Be wilderness, time-free,
vortex of change.
Be loosened, alive--
quicksilver as waters,
leaping as flame,
breathless as leaves singing in an ancient wind,
riding passion as lovers united,
green-spirited as a child.

Drawn to your sanctuary we explode with life,
growth,
free fruited ferment,
exuberant,
bubbling as new wine--
new blood.
Laughter.
No evasions.
Meeting at the breast of our Mother,
at the tomb of death,
at the window of eternity,
the storm's eye.
Following your wild, haunting music
like a half remembered road
leading home.

© 1987 by Susan Soulé

SHAMANIC ROOTS OF EUROPEAN TRADITIONS

by Z Budapest

Oh Mighty Goddess of the Seven Rays!
Oh Mighty God of Seven Rays!
I offer you the great Stag sacrifice!
I placed it under you good Tree of Life
Bless me with days worth living!
Give my daughters long long lives
Give my sons long long lives
Give my arrow powers of the seven good luck!
Give my spear powers of the seven good luck!

Shaman song from Osztyak tradition

Before white people were Christianized, before the continent of Europe was taken by the sword of the great Byzantine empire, before Rome extended its imperial arms around western Europe, white people followed a native European Nature Religion. This religion was a varied and ethnically diverse form of Shamanism that related to the earth as a living god. The very word "Shamanism" is originated in Europe.

Emperor Constantine ruled the Roman Empire during the 300's AD. This empire included most of the population on the continent. He opened the door to Christianity by making it a state religion and decreed that Christian churches could hold property. This new, imported, Middle East religion was very similar to what Europeans were used to at the time -- a dying god who gets reborn. It was the old story of the nature god who had many names, the son of the Earth, the green man, the Pan, Zagreus, the corn god, and Dionysus. Europeans simply went on with their old practices and added on the new.

But, there was a significant difference with the new faith. Its followers shed the mild and meek attitudes of the original Christians and slowly throughout the centuries developed a spiritual imperialist theology. This new spirituality said, "If you do not worship our god as we tell you, you are of the devil and therefore we are justified to kill you and send you to our god for punishment". Europeans didn't know how to repel this kind of reasoning. Similar to the Native Americans, native Europeans couldn't understand that a Great Spirit would force anybody to become a follower and, especially that this same Great Spirit from the Middle East would be cruel, possessive and jealous. Those were not divine attributes. Those were the attributes of the imperialist thinking of the church lords. So the peasants reacted by going underground and practicing their Craft as it was then known on the nature holidays and by showing up in church on Sunday mornings. But then came the awesome, consolidated power of church and state. In this time of history, which lasted from the 11th century till the 17th century, the church had the power of the state. The Christian hierarchy could arrest you and put

you through physical tortures to extract "confessions". The peasants, whose land they coveted, were often targeted. This is known as the "Burning Times" and the Shamans were now called Witches and their nature worship called Satanism. Nine million women, men, and children were burned alive in Europe to rid the land of the last vestiges of nature religions and to gain the property of the accused.



My family has painful records of how my ancestors were killed and tortured. How they had to dig their own grave and lay in it, buried alive, only their faces showing which the Christians then bashed in with iron rods. My heart is filled with eternal distrust towards a religion that sanctioned that genocide. Europeans killing Europeans over a book from the Middle East! When they ran out of Witches, they looked to the "savages" of Africa, and became slave traffickers. Then onward to the new world where they became Indian killers. Today they own television stations and preach the "gospel" of imperialism. Their new activism has taken them to Central America where what the USA couldn't subdue with arms and Contras, will soon be docile thanks to the evangelism of the new right.

Let's look at what our own heritage is like. We know more about Native American Shamanism than our own. We have honorable spiritual roots so, let's reclaim them! White people worshiped Life and the elements of nature, they prophesied by the winds and birds; they practiced rune magic. Most significantly, they used song and dance as magical tools. For example, they used song to gain the love of a man or a woman and they danced to invoke the favors of the earth for healthy crops and children, they even used music to commune with ancestor spirits. The only relics we have from these times are our Goddess embroidery, which brides wear at country weddings and folkdances and

end up in the National Folk Ensembles. Take a look at those visiting dancing groups, from Hungary, Russia, Poland, Bulgaria, or Yugoslavia. You will see how the principles of the Old Nature Religion are acted out in sacred dances which survived the burnings and persecution of centuries. The four corners of the Universe, the four elements and the center are danced in these performances very clearly. Women dance dances of puberty rites, blessing the brides and blessing the mothers. Both sexes dance out the divine wedding in an ecstasy of whirling red skirts and black pants and vests with white shirts of the men. There is no shortage of dances celebrating flirting and finding a partner. Competition between the sexes -- trying to outdo each other in difficult dance steps is another favorite theme.

In the old Nature Religion, Shamans were of both sexes. However, the path of the female and male Shamans was very different. A shaman was chosen in the womb. Oftentimes, there was something physically unusual on this Shaman baby and the family knew they had a special child. Sometimes they had an extra bone in the form of a tooth or as the child grew she or he displayed a special talent for dancing or singing, or perhaps wild animals gathered around the child without ever harming them. A Shaman child sometimes was very sickly, there are many tales of famous Shamans who spent their entire childhood in bed weak and coughing. These children were harder to recognize, but at the age of seven, the lucky number of the Shamans, the invisible world came and "stole" the shaman child to be educated in Shamanism. The family was expected to let the child go without a fuss as it was a great honor. The Shaman child was then returned to the community at the age of 13, another lucky number of old Europe, and then found his or her function within their tribe.

What did they learn from the Shamans? They all reported a common story, of being taken up the Tree of Life, step by step, and introduced to the Masters of the elements -- air, fire, water, and earth. There they spent time learning from each master what to do with the powers to serve the people. Then came the very last step, the Shamans reported having been dismembered -- literally torn limb by limb with no pain. When they had experienced total annihilation, the Shamans pieced them back together until they were whole. Those children who had been sickly became the healers and were never sick again.

Male Shamans often had to wage duels with each other over territory while great thunderstorms raged over the land and people hid in fear. First the Shamans would shift shape and battle each other as great blue bulls, their clashing of the horns could be heard for miles, then they changed into snakes, wolves, eagles, or falcons. The winner always retained the duties of community service, while the vanquished had to move on and find his own territory. Male Shamans did not kill each other, it was impossible. If they were fatally injured they died and were reborn since their knowledge was the skill of traveling into the realm of the dead and back again.

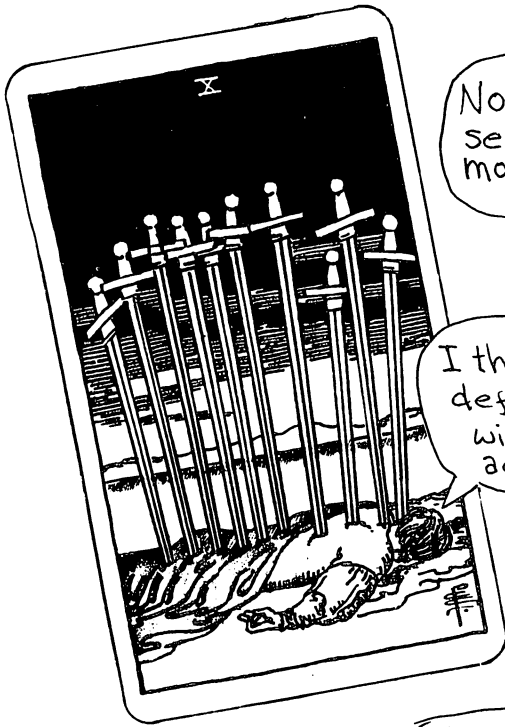


Female Shamans had a different path to follow. After she returned to her family, she often became the herbal healer. Female Shamans tended to set up house on the outskirts of their community where they also erected a spirit house. In this spirit house, she came to pray to her guides, the great Mama bear, the heavens Queen, Chief Woman, or Grandmother on the moon. If she asked a male Shaman for help he was obliged to give it to her and her people. If she asked him to leave and give up his hard fought for territory, he was again obliged to give it up, because her status as Spirit Woman included this power. Spirit Women from the great plains, mountains, and rivers of Europe became the maintainers of tribal unity, happiness and wealth.

There was rarely more than one Shaman per tribe. It was a very special position and was supported by the entire community. The relationship between the Shamans and the people were not as it is today between the clergy and people. The Shamans were not rich. Shamans were responsible for the weather, the bounty of the hunt, the health of the babies, the culture of the people, the dances and songs, and the Shaman drums and Wolf lyras.

European Shamans had many important magical tools. Their Spirit Wand -- a rather tall branch from a sacred tree -- was usually made from a birch, oak, or alder. These sacred trees had several "steps" on them that the Shaman climbed to speak directly to the spirit world. The Shaman would then put the spirit wand in her spirit house, climb up into it, and go into a deep trance. The whole thing was not far off the ground, but each step served as a deepening of the trance state and once on top, the Shaman's face would portray the altered state of consciousness. Her head bore a Shaman crown. A woman's crown was often made from wildflowers, herbs, and feathers, men's were made of bones, animal heads, feathers, and branches. The most appreciated European Shaman instrument was the lyra which was made of five strings from gray wolves intestines. Each string belonged to a world of the unseen. The lowest string belonged to the earth, the highest to the sky. When the lyra was played, people and beasts were healed and the rain was controlled. After a healing the Shaman would state his most powerful talents:

"Rightly people say
I am a knower of magical songs
Rightly people say
I am the knower of magical words."



Now who could have sent me this goddamned monstrosity for my 43rd birthday?

I think I've definitely had it with western acupuncture



Cards by Smith/Waite
Weirdness by Roy



Afraid of UV radiation??
What the hell is UV radiation??

Just make it go away, Jesus, and I swear I'll go back to AA!!



Singing Down the Rain

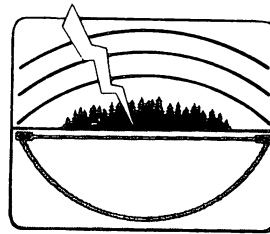
In June 1988, over 2000 women from many states and around the world gathered in Minneapolis for the 10th Annual National Women's Studies Conference. Because of the initiative of a few women in Minneapolis, we had an unofficial "Opening Ritual" and a "Closing Ritual" on the grassy commons in the midst of the university.

The summer of 1988 has been one of almost no rainfall and extremely high temperatures for all of the Midwest. At the conference we were acutely aware of the heat and drought, so we incorporated songs celebrating water in the closing ritual. However, we couldn't think of any chants specifically geared toward asking for rain.

I drove home to west central Illinois from Minneapolis on a Wednesday following the conference. All day long I drove under a grey cloud and occasionally I was blessed by drops splattering on my windshield. All day long I sang the following song.

Parts B and C need to be sung twice to make them as long as part A. The three parts can be sung in succession, or even simultaneously. I believe each can also be sung in canon, with the second part entering two beats after the first. I have also discovered that I can alter the words during a rain storm to say, "Thank you for your blessing, Thank you for the rain."

Esther Frances



Sister Grey Cloud

Esther Frances
June 29, 1988

A

Sister Grey Cloud, Sister Grey Cloud, Send to us your blessing

Sister Grey Cloud, Sister Grey Cloud, Send to us your rain

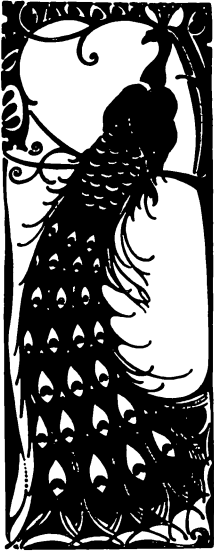
B

The Land needs your blessing, Blessing of the Rain

C

We All need your blessing, Blessing of the Rain

STARHAWK'S FALL 1988 SCHEDULE



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West Regional Green Conference
Greening the West
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Oakland, CA 94609

Oct. 8 - 10
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Rowe, Massachusetts 01367

Nov. 16-18
Watertown, Mass. (near Boston)
Interface
552 Main St.
Watertown, MA 02172



For information about Starhawk's schedule, contact:

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



Pagan Assistance Network

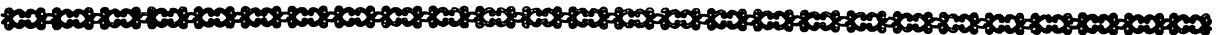
A group of Pagans in the South Bay decided it was high time that we had an outlet for charitable activities. The Pagan Assistance Network is the result. For a first project we thought it would be good to do something for the homeless in our area. It was brought to our attention that homeless shelters are in desperate need of toiletries and personal care items. That's where we can help. We are asking that you bring such items for donation when you attend open circles and semi-public rituals.

Whats Needed: Toothbrushes, toothpaste, soap, washcloths, deodorant, shampoo, combs, razors, shaving cream, nail clippers, aspirin, basic cosmetics, etc. (smaller sizes please).

You can bring your contribution whenever you attend Waxing Moon, Luna Circa, South Bay Pagan Discussion Group, or South Bay Circles events. Periodically we will be making deliveries to homeless shelters in San Jose and Palo Alto.

Another PAN project is the Fremont Animal Shelter, which is newly opened and in need of just about everything, especially old blankets and bedding material for the animals, pet food, kitty litter, etc. If you have anything to contribute or want more information, call Janet (415) 797-1264.

If you have any ideas for future PAN projects, need more information or want to volunteer, give us a call at (408) 226-2377. Blessed Be!



NEW WITCHLETTE JOINS GREATER RECLAIMING COMMUNITY

Brigid Lutrasong, Priestess of Coven Stone Dancers and Chorus Director of the '88 Spiral Dance, gave birth to a beautiful baby daughter, Fiona Celste, on June 9, 1988 in Palo Alto. Rowan Fairgrove coached Brigid while Russell Williams took photos. Congratulations, Mom! Welcome, Finoa! We share your joy.

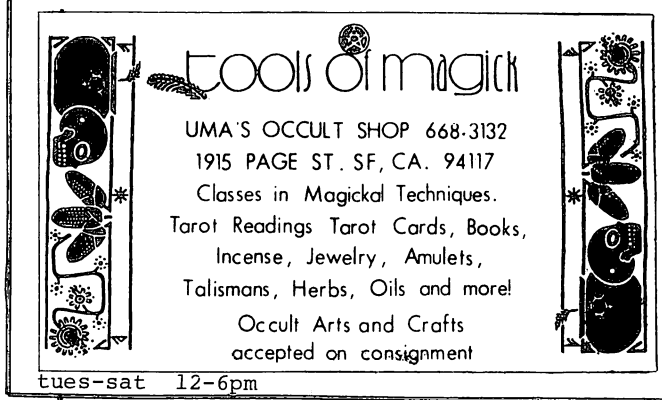
The circulation library of the Rowan Tree Church is now nearing 1500 volumes, with emphasis placed upon religions (esp. Wiccan), magick, healing and herbalism, and a variety of metaphysical topics. We have, this year, opened our library to non-members, through the mail. If this interests you, send a SASE to the RTC attn: Librarian, P.O. Box 8814, Minneapolis, MN 55408.



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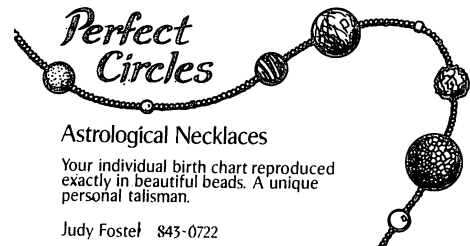
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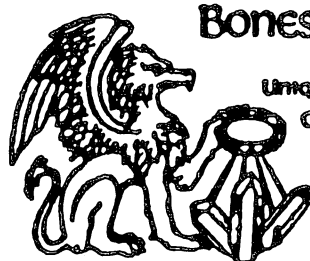
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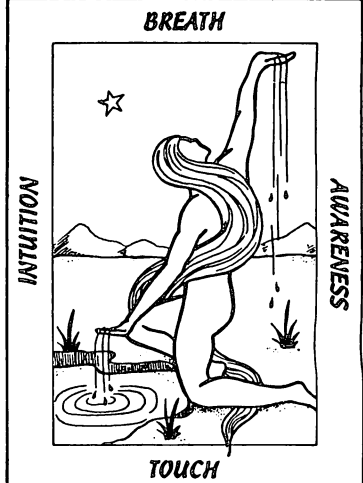
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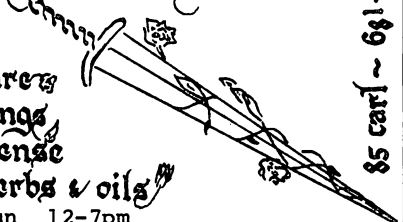
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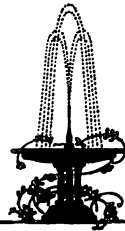
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GRANDMA RAVEN

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HALLOWEEN SPIRAL DANCE!!!

with ZSUZANNA BUDAPEST and MERLIN STONE
MONDAY, OCTOBER 31st at 9pm

Join us for an all-woman Goddess ritual and party!!
San Francisco Women's Building, 3543 18th St.
Tickets are \$10-\$16 sliding and should be purchased
through the mail by writing: Women's Spirituality Forum
P.O. Box 11363, Oakland, CA 94611 or Call 415-444-7724

MERLIN STONE will be giving workshops Nov 4th and 5th
at the Berkeley Unitarian Fellowship Church
Call 415-444-7724 for more info



The Merrymount Messenger is the newsletter of the TMA, an international network of politically active Pagans that work and network for:

Pagan Rights
Earth Defense
Women's Liberation
Lesbian and Gay Liberation
Indigenous Peoples rights
Etc., Etc. Etc.

Thomas Morton Alliance
51 Plover Road
Quincy, MA 02169

Join Us - Earth Religion,
Earthly Concerns!



Note:
Faerie Fire is a member group of the TMA and its newsletter is a biannual supplement to the Merrymount Messenger.

By principal the M.M.M. is a free publication but Donations are Very appreciated. Send them as U.S. stamps, Int'l Reply Coupons, U.S., Canadian or English Currency; or checks and/or M.O.'s made out the **CASH!**

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.

•• GRAPHIC DESIGN ••

•• ILLUSTRATION ••

LISA GIANNETTI
PHONE: (415) 647-3010

Dear Reclaiming,

I've enclosed \$15.00 for two years. Thanks so much! BUT PLEASE, don't continue the tiny tiny type of the last issue, or folks with bad eyes and older folks won't be able to continue to read *Reclaiming*. I'm just one middle-aged person who could not read the tiny type in the last issue. I know it saves paper and printing costs, but it's just one more awful, dehumanizing trend in society today.

(Author unknown)

THE STATE OF THE NEWSLETTER

...is much better. Some very nice graphically inclined folks have appeared out of the fog to help with layout.

However, we have lost our typesetter, and could now use some help in the typing, word processing category. Typesetting capabilities would be great. We hope to eventually typeset the whole newsletter.

Everybody is needed to help with colation, no experience of any kind necessary, although it seems to work out best with higher primates. Sorry Buttons. But you're welcome to come with your brudder and entertain.

Blessed Bc,
Roy

CLASSES IN WITCHCRAFT! Z Budapest will teach classes for beginning and advanced Witches beginning September 19th and 21st respectively. Classes will be held once a week in Oakland and will last for 5 weeks. \$13/class or \$65 for five weeks. Call 415-444-7724 for more info. Sponsored by the Women's Spirituality Forum.

THROUGH THE CAULDRON. This Fall we will be blessed with a magical Halloween concert and ritual in honor of the season. Wear your favorite fantasy outfit and come journey into mystery with special guest priestess Suzanne Judith and local muses Shekhinah Mountainwater, Miranda Thomson and Priyamvada.

Through The Cauldron will take place on Sunday, October 30, 8 pm at Moraga Hall on Seabright and Broadway in Santa Cruz. Admission is \$6-\$13 sliding scale. This even is open to all gentle folk and costumes are encouraged. For more information call (408) 423-7639 or 423-8857.

HELP! OTHER WOMEN ANIMAL LOVERS! I am searching for either a collective household to join or a group of other women who wish to create and animal-focused household for politically aware Pagans, by Oct. or Nov. 1. I am a Lesbian Witch in the Reclaiming Collective, and support a great Dane in his golden years. We are interested in a smoke-free, non-toxic environment; wanting to share food and recycling. The house itself needs to be in San Francisco, near public transit, and a back yard. Call Pleiades at 415-824-2025 up to Sep. 30, or write c/o Reclaiming, PO Box 14404, SF CA 94114.

Wholesale NEWSLETTER Distribution

We are now set up to distribute to shops outside the San Francisco Bay Area.

Please send us your orders before each Solstice and Equinox for that season's issue.

Please order enough for the season; we can only ship once per issue.

For domestic destinations we will pay outgoing shipping costs.

For foreign destinations we request shipping cost be paid with order by check **directly convertible to U.S. currency**. Each newsletter weighs approximately 2.5 ounces.

We request sixty percent (60%) of sales receipts, to be paid with your order for the next issue.

Unsold back issues may be returned at any time within one (1) year for credit. Merchant pays return shipping costs.

Needed backissues (prior to Fall 1988) are available for **\$2.00** per copy wholesale; non-returnable.

WHOLESALE NEWSLETTER ORDER FORM

Please send _____ copies of the Reclaiming Newsletter,

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19____

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**TO ORDER THIS ISSUE
PLEASE MAIL PROMPTLY
OR CALL 415-566-1680**

New Advertising Rates

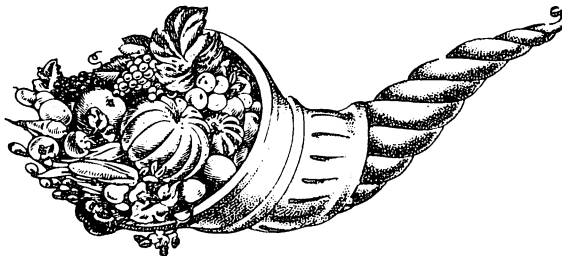
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1/4	page \$ 35	
1/2	page \$ 65	
Full	page \$120	

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.**

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



Reclaiming is a collective of San Francisco Bay Area women and men working to unify spirit and politics. Our vision is rooted in the religion and magic of the Goddess--the Immanent Life Force. We see our work as teaching and making magic--the art of empowering ourselves and each other. In our classes, workshops, and public rituals, we train our voices, bodies, energy, intuition, and minds. We use the skills we learn to deepen our strength, both as individuals and as community, to voice our concerns about the world in which we live, and to bring to birth a vision of a new culture.

The RECLAIMING Newsletter now costs \$2.00 if you get it at a store or an event. The Newsletter runs at a deficit, and we're trying to cover a higher percentage of our expenses. Additional contributions are welcome.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$6-\$25 sliding scale for 1 year; \$12-\$50 for 2 yrs.; \$2 for sample copy by mail. For foreign mailing, please add \$4 per yr. to cover costs. Free 1 yr. subscriptions available for people who cannot afford to pay.

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

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

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

SUBSCRIPTION FORM
Reclaiming Newsletter

Send to:

Reclaiming, P.O. Box 14404, San Francisco, CA 94114.

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