Newsletter Submissions:

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

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.

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.

SPRING DEADLINE IS FEBRUARY FIFTH

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.

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

I CAN'T REMEMBER WHO MADE THIS NEWSLETTER
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If we think of the Spiral Dance ritual as only those few hours that occurred on the evening of the 28th, the entire undertaking seems insane -- for so many people to spend so much time, energy and creativity on something that is done once, and over in a few hours. But the actual ritual is, in fact, something much bigger -- it’s the entire process, the weeks of rehearsal and preparation, the arguments over the theology of the God Song, the hundreds of phone calls, the many many hours of work that go into every part of creating the ritual.

When it was over, Raven turned to me and said, "Well, Star, was it worth it?" "Ask me later," I said. But now, two weeks later, all I can say is that question seems irrelevant. We do a ritual because in some way we feel called to do it, because it has to be done. However close a ritual may come to performance, whatever the crossover with theater, dance, or performance art, a ritual is not just performance, it is created of necessities, from what the Native Americans call instructions, that have a life of their own.

The Spiral Dance, for example, because it takes place at the time of Samhain, has to center on the dead, remembering, naming, mourning, raging, and then planting the seeds of the vision for the year. For this particular ritual, I felt some very clear calls -- to make it big enough so that everybody who wanted to come could come, to invoke ancestors of different cultures and network with different groups. And each person who took on a piece of the ritual -- whether it was singing a litany or choreographing a dance or doing the accounts, responded to the calls and challenges they felt. As a result, this ritual has a tendency to grow and expand, becoming a matrix for every sort of creativity and an undertaking of staggering complexity.

As I said in my opening welcome, this Spiral dance was an experiment, in taking ritual to a new scale, and in walking that careful line between performance and participation. The dynamics of ritual are so subtle, the factors that affect the energy are so complex, that in spite of all our experience at ritual, there is no real way to anticipate how it’s going to change in a new space and with new factors of scale except to try it. I learned a tremendous amount from the attempt, and in the process we had a very powerful, although far from perfect, act of magic.

What I would do differently next time --

-- Not have an earthquake. Although, certainly, having had an earthquake, it was good to have a ritual to help mourn, reconnect, and release our fear. But the last ten days of planning were hell, attempting to rehearse and cope with all the suddenly changed logistics, and the uncertainty about whether Fort Mason would be functioning and whether people would venture out to come.

-- Organize some different system -- don’t ask me what -- for take-down and cleanup. Of the fifty volunteers who received free admission in return for cleanup, only about fifteen actually stayed. The others abandoned their responsibility, throwing a great burden on those who did stay and leaving many of us feeling angry and taken advantage of.

-- The balance between performance and participation is always delicate. I would have liked more spontaneous, free-form dancing, and I’m not sure what could have been changed to make that happen. We needed an elevated stage so that people could see the dancers and retain the focus on the center -- but it also creates more of a sense of separation between rehearsed and unrehearsed participants. We had a huge space, but enough people crowded close to the center so that there wasn’t a huge amount of room to dance. And we had many new people, who had never been to a ritual before and perhaps didn’t feel totally comfortable really letting loose. Also, 1000 people all still suffering from the stress and shock of the quake are, perhaps, not the most exuberant crowd in the world.

-- Have more singing by everyone together. Perhaps we could have incorporated, early on, some chants so simple that everyone could have picked up on them. Also, the litany of the New Year worked partially -- in that it was sung out of silence and stillness so for the first time the words could be heard. But the simple refrain "Let it begin now," which we had anticipated would be sung by everyone during the spiral dance, never really got going. Partly, I can see now, this was because of the way we structured the singing of the litany, partly it was the mixing of the chorus, so that the soloists were fairly clear but it was hard to hear the chorus as a whole. Probably it was also the general acoustics in Pier Two -- which were so bad that we couldn’t even hear
ourselves rehearse. In my experience, if people can't hear themselves sing, they stop singing.

Why Pier Two? It was the only space we could find that was both big enough and available. Given the physical properties of the space, I think we performed miracles in transforming it into a ritual space. But just once, before I die, I would like to do a Spiral Dance in a big, big space that was square or round, had a wood floor and good acoustics. And if it could have theatrical lights and a sound system already in place, so our tech crew didn't have to spend ten hours before the ritual and five hours afterward putting them up and taking them down -- and a central stage that could be raised and lowered with the push of a button -- sigh. It is a strain to constantly fit our rituals into spaces that fight against the energy instead of supporting it.

On the other hand, the staff at Fort Mason were very supportive and helpful, especially through the stress and uncertainty after the earthquake. We really appreciated their flexibility, humor and support.

Overall, working on the ritual was deeply satisfying, and left me marvelling at the steadiness, calm, flexibility, hard work, and creativity of our community. Judy Foster, among other things, found us a stage when we found out that the one we'd planned to rent from Fort Mason was off-limits because of the earthquake. Rene and Selene Vega were up until 3:30 in the morning Thursday night assembling slides, worked all day Saturday setting up tech and all night Saturday taking it down, as did Sandy Stone who flew up from San Diego to be our technical director. Pandora fielded calls for months, and worked hard on tech. Roy King spent hours and hours aloft in the cherry picker setting lights. Eleanor Myers produced the exquisite Goddess and God masks out of virtually nothing. Diane Fenster created the computer-painted Goddess images that were projected on slides, as well as the flyer. Suzanne and Beverly produced nearly three hours worth of continuous choreography, and all the dancers rehearsed twice a week for months. Carol Flowers shared the burden of coordinating all the unfun, unglamorous details, Kevin Roddy just turned up and took care of whatever needed to be done, cheerfully. Brigid once again directed the chorus with great calm, and Michael Charnes not only coordinated and rehearsed the musicians, but collaborated with me on the God Song that saved us from a terrible theological impasse. Other people stepped in to add their expertise -- Mary Ellen Donald, who has been teaching many of us to drum, played doumbek and tar (middle Eastern drums), and my own brother Mark Simos flew out from the East Coast for the night to play fiddle. Lauren Elder lent us the giant Goddess and calaveras puppets, and Keith Nennessey coordinated all the pre-ritual events. Many many more people added their talents and creativity, or simply did the tasks they had volunteered for with cheerfulness and responsibility.

We had hoped this Spiral Dance would be a fundraiser, and we did make some money although not as much as we'd hoped. However, given the earthquake, we feel extremely grateful not to have lost money, and glad that so many people did come out. We are still doing the accounting, but at this writing, some rough figures seem to be:

**Expenses:**
- Space rental (including extras: stage, risers, chairs, childcare and rehearsal spaces, also security, parking attendants and shuttle required by Fort Mason, and other physical amenities for altars, toilet paper, etc.) -- $4000
- **Technical budget** (sound, lighting, projectors, scrims, photography, etc.) -- $5000
- Xerography, mailing, printing, etc. -- $2000
- **Childcare** (for the night and rehearsals) -- $350
- **Signing** for the hearing impaired -- $300
- **Advertising** -- $1000
- Misc.: other supplies, phone calls, misc. expenses -- $500

Total -- $13,150. (This is a rough figure, not all bills are in yet.)

Our income came from ticket sales (over 1000 sold altogether), ad sales for the program, and a donation from Harper & Row. It exceeded our expenses by approximately $1000. We expect to have complete figures available soon, which we will happily share with anyone planning a similar event. We also made some money selling books, tapes and newsletters, but we are accounting that separately.

Thanks to all who worked on the Spiral Dance, to all who came, and all of you who lent your help and support. Will we do it next year? Probably not on this scale -- it just takes too much time and energy to do it every year. Maybe for the 13th or 20th Anniversary. We do hope to produce a new tape of music from the Spiral Dance, and to work on other public rituals incorporating dance, masks, and music.
The thing that first attracted me to *Spiritual Parenting in the New Age*, as I browsed through the Parenting section of our local bookstore, was the title. Actually, repulsed would be a better word to describe my reaction, since the title managed to combine my two least favorite phrases in less than ten words. Still, I decided to review the book and see what happened.

Perhaps I should be less eager to make fun of the New Age movement, especially since most people would consider myself and my fellow pagans a part of it. Yet, say "the New Age" to someone out of the blue and ask them what it means. More than likely they will answer back, "crystals, space music, aromatherapy" and so on. Hardly a movement any self-respecting anarchist witch would choose to align with. Being from California is bad enough.

"Spiritual Parenting" is even worse, in my book. In the first place, what does it mean? Parenting for personal enlightenment? Must I dress my children in natural fibers and follow every hip family bonding idea in *Mothering* magazine? Can we get by with just sending the kids to Sabbat School and Junior Shaman Summer Camp? I have yet to hear a definition of spiritual parenting that makes me feel as though that's what I want to do with my kids.

Anne Carson's book, however, makes as strong a case for spiritual parenting as I have yet seen. Her main concern is that those of us who have chosen some "minority" religion find ways to share it with our children. Carson writes for an audience which is predominantly white - African and Brazilian traditions are mentioned, but only in passing - and has converted from its childhood Christianity or Judaism to some "non-traditional" path, such as Buddhism, Shamanism or Wicca. Arranged into sections beginning with "The Spirituality of Infants" and progressing through adolescence to legal adulthood, the book presents at each level ways to honor our growing children in forms consistent with our faith.

Carson's writing is clear and strong, and she has obviously given her chosen subject matter a great deal of thought. Many of the essays comprising each section are excellent, most notably Gail Fairfield's piece on sharing the tarot with children and Steven Foster's article on rites of passage for young men. Carson also devotes a lot of space to honoring the blood cycles of women, from the First Blood through the return of menses after childbirth. Not one to stop at the strictly ceremonial, she also touches on a number of related topics, such as discussing your family's beliefs with the grandparents, and what to do with your baby boy during an all-women's circle.
This is a sourcebook with great practical value if you and your partner/coven/community are searching for ways to include your children in your spiritual life. It is not, however, the book that will tell you how to raise kids through troubled times, balancing celebration of the sacred with survival skills. My greatest disappointment with Spiritual Parenting in the New Age is that it contains no political content (as though politics and spirituality weren't part of the same thing anyway). Somehow Carson, like most other New Age writers, assumes that if we just say an ecumenical grace before supper and spend more time in nature with our children, a world will unfold that is free of war and homelessness. This is simply not true, and we do a disservice to the Earth and Her creatures if we believe that healing can happen through prayer alone.

I would love to see a section in this book which addresses children's fears beyond the death of pets. Children's fear of nuclear annihilation has been a fairly well-publicized concern, but we can add to that the fear of kidnapping, sexual assault, drugs, and the random murderer on the school playground. No matter what type of parenting we subscribe to, if we cannot help our children feel empowered in the face of such terrors, the "New Age" may never get here. Prophecies and crystals aside, our hardest years on the planet are before us, not behind us.

What is needed are rituals of protection for the children. We need to encourage our children to listen to their intuition, and use it to avoid dangerous situations. If my son is concerned about what has become of all the runaway and missing children, I can help him set up an altar for the Lost Ones. Or better yet, we can sift through all the boxes in the attic and bring donations to the local youth shelter. To me, this is as important an act of spiritual parenting as explaining to him why we celebrate the Winter Solstice.

Even with this significant lack, this is a book worth reading. I appreciate the depth to which Anne Carson has taken her chosen topic, and would recommend Spiritual Parenting... to all but my most jaded friends. I only hope that the next writer of such a subject pushes the vision even farther: let us either name it something else, or loosen our grip on the poor word "spiritual" altogether, letting it go where it will.

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Dear Friends,

Reading the Reclaiming Newsletter is a very hard thing to do when you have a visual handicap. This time (summer 1989 - ed), it is green, and that also adds to the difficulty.

May I ask a great favor: May I possibly get the crcl before it is reduced down to the size necessary for the printing process in your format?

Let me know if you have other readers with visual handicaps -- how are they coping?

(Reclaiming replies: We very much understand yours and others difficulties concerning the size and color of the newsletter. We have decided to print in darker colors, if not plain black. And we are in the process of planning an upgrade in the quality of the newsletter by way of a more uniformed style and larger print. As this involves coordinating computers and people to work them, we ask your patience, for unfortunately this technical magic does not work overnight.)
Hannah's Household Hints

Well I hope you're all back and have found most of the things that you could pull out from under the ceiling, and are ready to re-evaluate your lives on this planet, just in case the earthquake was Your Fault. Because I know it wasn't Mine, but it must have been Somebody's.

Some of you have been writing to me, suggesting that it was my fault, on account of the excitement in heaven over that little blockade we had last month, but I don't think so, as you know official Heavenly Policy is to ignore any people blockading the front gate, especially if they're not dead yet.

And I must admit it was discouraging when all those workers just sort of flew over our heads, but don't despair, as we will have another meeting next month and think up some new strategies, and we will have those angels on the run yet, and then we will all be happier, listening to our phones, because after all the static from the angel interference is gone, they will sound just like new, or at least as good as they did before the monopoly breakdown.

So. There is still room for new affinity groups in this movement, which will be Pretty Big on the publicity circuit soon, believe me, so join up now if you want in, as after a while I will charge money.

Well, that's enough. Really, I have been so busy, what with the earthquake and the anti-meddlesome-angel movement, that I just have not had Time to Breathe. But I am here, doing my job, just as I do every issue of this newsletter, which I would like at least Some People to notice, not that it will do any good, I expect.

My household advice for this column is to take special note of the lovely conditions given to you by the Great Mother in all her Infinite Wisdom as a very Special Opportunity for Personal Growth, which conditions consist of messing up your house with an earthquake right before your mother comes over for the holidays, so all the stuff you usually put in the closet where she can't see it you can't hide, on account of the structural engineers have come over and put yellow notices all over the closet door.

Well. Some of the particularly bright among you will have figured out that this is Quite an Opportunity to save money during the Holy Sacred Shopping Season, as when the time comes to ante up you can look sort of slightly downcast though brave at the same time, and all your friends will leave you alone, and not mind that all you gave them was cookies this year, and burnt ones at that, since your oven probably doesn't work so well any more, and who could expect more of you anyway.

But some of you do not live where the opportunity for personal growth occurred, and will just have to sit and be jealous until something interesting comes to your town, and will also probably have to pay full ticket during the holy season near upon us. I am sorry, but it is Not My Fault.

But don't think I've forgotten the household hint, which is Buy A Broom. Because it has come to my attention that some of you are still out there throwing glitter on everything, even though you have to do it from the sidewalk since the porch has been condemned, and all your neighbors have rented dumpsters and thrown out all the bricks that used to be on the front of the house but have lately been sort of on the sidewalk, while you are still living in what looks like a pile of sparkly garbage.

The thing is, that you are just going to have to learn about moderation, which is necessary even in the case of glitter, because as you know, glitter is a wonderful agent for disguising dust and small objects, but if pieces of your furniture are lying around you are just going to have to pick them up.

Do not write me any letters about this as it is my Last Word.
HER WINGED SILENCE: A SHAMAN'S NOTEBOOK

by Francesca Dubie

reviewed by Rose May Dance

An amazing walk through the world of the shaman, Francesca Dubie's little book of prayers, meditations, journal entries and short pieces immerses us in the magical world where we are urged, when we greet the Goddess and other wonders, to remember that "THIS IS NOT A METAPHOR!" Francesca models a way of encountering life, between the worlds and in all the worlds, which is a constant state of prayer and devotion.

There is a singing of poetry and mysterious faery glimmering which is the mark of Victor Anderson's initiates shining in the words of Francesca Dubie. And like others who have studied with Victor, she has a substantial ego, which perhaps is necessary to address the darker forces which color half the Faery world. Francesca lays bare for us the struggles, loneliness, and lustings of her initiatory journey. I sometimes found her confessions painful. But they are part and parcel of the whole magic.

One cannot go through shamanic initiation in the inner city without meditating on and inhaling squalor; yet the urban jungle presents Francesca Dubie with delightful epiphanies:

"Row of motorcycles parked. Pretty. All of them black, ravens with oil-slick wings."

and

"Sidewalk sings to me. Brother Building, sing to me. I feel good."

Long before I'd had my fill of HER WINGED SILENCE, the book ended. We must have more from Francesca Dubie, and soon.

[Self-Published, 1989, available in Bay Area independent bookstores and magic shops. Out-of-towners contact Reclaiming Newsletter advertisers.]

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 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, includes postage (add $3.00 for each overseas mailing).

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 1

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
Sun King
We Are Alive

Side 2
RECLAIMING CLASSES

ELEMENTS OF MAGIC FOR WOMEN taught by Carol and Pandora
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 Wednesday nights, starting Wednesday, January 10, 7:30 p.m.--San Francisco location. $60-$120 sliding scale. Call 641-5836 for information. (Beginning level class).

ELEMENTS OF MAGIC FOR WOMEN & MEN taught by Vibra and Rick Dragonstongue
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 Wednesday nights, starting Wednesday, March 21, 7:30 p.m.--San Francisco location. $60-$120 sliding scale. Call Rick, 731-2159 for information. (Beginning level class).

PENTACLE FOR WOMEN taught by Cybele and Pandora
Using our magical skills, moving and shaping energy, transforming ourselves through trance to explore the five points of our inner pentacle: Sex (primal energy), Self, Passion, Pride (self-esteem), and Power (effectiveness in the worlds). Prerequisite: Elements of Magic or equivalent experience/study. Six (possibly over a period of 7 weeks if we skip a week) Wednesday evenings beginning February 21. $60-$120 sliding scale. Call Cybele 648-3908 or Pandora 641-5836 for information and registration.

WE ARE THE STORY—a weekend workshop with Carol and Pandora
The books don’t tell all Her stories. Find and empower an aspect of the Goddess, perhaps one that has been forgotten or lost, and bring Her through. We’ll use the magical techniques of trance, mask making, and group ritual, in a weekend workshop to be offered near the Spring Equinox, March 9, 10, 11. Five sessions: Friday evening, Saturday morning and afternoon, Sunday morning and evening. Place to be announced. For information call 641-5836. Sliding scale $60-$120. For women.
MOVING BETWEEN THE WORLDS, an in-body experience taught by Suzanne Sterling and Beverly
We will venture between the worlds to revitalize our bodies and create our own sacred dances, dances that connect us to the earth and each other. In this class we will concentrate on accepting our bodies and empowering them to create physical ritual that is specifically ours. The class will focus on integrating all our experiences into a framework of wholeness and spontaneity. Techniques include creating sacred space, circle improvisation, Teish-style body introductions, breath, chanting, soundwork, tantric trance dance, theater games, certain silliness. Movement experience welcome but certainly not necessary. Prerequisite: Elements of Magic, or (subject to instructors' approval) equivalent experience/study. 6 Sunday afternoons starting mid-January. Call Suzanne or Beverly at 389-1008 for registration and location. $60-$120 sliding scale. Sensitive drummers who would like to accompany class give us a call.

New teachers: Reclaiming welcomes Suzanne and Beverly. Suzanne has 12 years professional experience as an actress and is a singer and writer of sacred songs. Beverly has been teaching movement for 15 years. Together they created Facing AIDS (Walpurgis 1988), and were dance coordinators and performers at The Spiral Dance Ritual. They are co-founders and directors of Imagic Dance Theater. They live in the woods and play with fairies regularly.

RECLAIMING RECOMMENDS

BREATH AND BODY CLASS FOR WOMEN SURVIVORS OF INCEST AND ABUSE
Ongoing class cycles of bodily-focussed work facilitating contact with Younger Self while teaching the adult self how to work with her body in the healing process. Grounding processes, movement exercises and body maps are utilized. Spirit is incorporated through focussing within the breathing body and in the simple creation of sacred, safe space. Instructor is a survivor, and a certified Lomi Practitioner. Next class begins Mid-January. Sliding scale. Call Suzette Rochat (a.k.a. Cybele) 648-3908 for info/registration.
"Messages are being sent all the time."
Gertrude Stein.

Laura calls me up and asks me to come to her healing circle for the abortion she had last Friday. We talk about how the past three days have been for her; being taken care of, taking long walks at night, paying attention in a new way to this trip between the worlds she has made three times now.

I think about a ritual that Vibra taught me. We were eight women sitting in a circle for the first time. There was a ball of red yarn and a pair of scissors in the center. Each of us told the story of our abortions. As each woman spoke, anyone anyone perceived that what was being said was true for her also, she would cut a length of red yarn and place it on the floor between herself and the speaker. Over the course of two hours, the floor filled with red. In the end, we were sitting in a pool of connection, filled with blood. We could see that we were not alone.

A year and a half after my abortion, I was making love with my friend David. I had learned the finer points of condom use and my own egg cycles, but I still felt a really strong fear of pregnancy while making love with men. I fell asleep in his arms and dreamt that we were standing on either side of a giant pair of gold doors. Cool stone was beneath our feet. The sun shone strong and golden through winds that had come a long way. We were looking each other straight in the eye and deciding together whether to open the doors or close them. A decision formed and, keeping eye contact the whole time, we each pushed one of the heavy, solid doors closed.

I’m standing in my room today, some time after the call from Laura. The image comes into my mind, with some force, of she and I on stage together last spring. She is up on a dias, bathed in blue light, the Virgin Mary. I am one of four nuns, praising her with song, invoking her with whispers. "Mother, mother." Kneeling in front of her, I reach up and cup her belly with my curved hand. I move my hand along the arc to gather the energy there and I bring it to my breast. We sisters want the Second Coming of She. Down to earth. The organism called Laura is now the Mother, now the moon, now my Lady of the Roses and the Stars. Later in that evening’s show she will bring in the Dark Moon, who disappears leaving a trail of blood.

We are women and men active in each others’ rituals and dreams. I feel like an electrician, gathering bundles of wires coursing with information, braiding them into cables, working on completing a circuit with my typewriter. Messages are being sent all the time.

[Editor’s note: we’d like to recommend the following tool for counseling and for personal work concerning choices about pregnancy - rmd]

THE TOUGH CHOICE For any woman considering an abortion, a self-help handbook supporting your right to choose, by Miriam Schlenger Benson. A booklet of spellwork, recipes, and meditation. This booklet is free to the public. To support the distribution of this booklet with contributions of time, money or resources, contact The Tough Choice, c/o Sirius EndeavorS, P.O. Box 11246, Wilmington, DE 19850.
ENLIGHTENMENT/ENDARKENMENT

Paradoxically, Enlightenment is Endarkenment, and vice-versa. Colors are mixtures of darkness and light in varying proportions. Green is the darkness of red and versa. Likewise with the other colors: Blue and orange, yellow and purple. World culture, in its obsession with Enlightenment, has overlooked the importances of Endarkenment. It is time to restore the balance. That is what Mystical Fatalistic Pantheism is all about.

Bre'er Hummingbird
Santa Clara
1989

The Well

I fear this dry and airless gorge
This crack across a barren land
Where owl and adder will not come
And at noon the sun does not reach in

Through a blinding storm I've run
Or been driven here by storms of blood,
Bursting hope, winds of dread
Swirling, ever swirling, to no end

Beneath this blank and silent sky
Sinks a shaft that has no end
A hole wherein our bones are lost
The well from where our thirst begins

Or turning from death to love to death to love again
I have spiraled to this pit
Unliving and undead
The core of utter emptiness

Here I release what has been done
Here I forget what has been known
In the eye of the storm the wind is calm
Free of the snarling siren's song
I drink dark waters, deep and slow

In this black well a spark is born
A flame leaps from this endless night
The heart of death is opened wide
And I fear no more annihilation
No more I fear annihilation

Roy King
Samhain '89

How secretly thrilled you are to be hurled across the Arizona open ended earth at night, in a truck on a road with no light.

Sitting behind the wheel breathes the introverted sense, that smart self in the center of red organs and way deep inside that head; where you can feel thoughts, where your personality knows who you are.

The door window unrolls - sounds like tall flames from a fire, instead of heat your hand leaves a print behind in dark autumn air along the highway.

October, 1989
Zoe Becker
SYMBOL SMITHS
(for Starhawk)

Bang the sounding brass
Cries the multitude
Burn the tragic dead
Cries the crowd
Bellow the blaze
With whispered hope
And hammer with anger
And desperate lust
Intangible treasures
More keen to the mind
Than all of the senses
In one gem combined

Who are the Symbol Smiths?
What is their art?
What is the matter
From which it is wrought?
Where do they come from?
Why do they stay?
Why do they pour out
Their souls on a tray?
Who built the forge
And the tools of their trade
To temper dead metals
And glorify jade?

Burning with agony
Flushed with delight
Sparks scatter like stars
In spiritual night
As Symbol Smiths toil
With a clamorous tune
To hammer a meaning
From meaningless Moon
Singing in striving
To baptise the Sun
And gaze with contentment
On all they have done.

David Kiebert
Santa Clara
1989

Rise Again

I have flown along an arc
High above the cities' shame
And I have stood among the oaks
Rooted deep, no longer lame
And I have burned into the sun
And I have fallen with the rain
When I return to earthern soil
Like the wind I rise again

Roy King

STARHAWK’S WINTER SCHEDULE


April 5: California School of Professional Psychology, San Diego, CA. "Power and Mystery" talk 7-9 p.m. Contact: Don Eulert or Anna Benson (619) 452-1664.


April 21: Unitarian Universalist Conference, Chicago, IL. Keynote for "Womanquest: Embracing the Sacred/Enlarging the Circle". Contact: Rev. Denise Tracy or staff (312) 383-4344.

For information regarding Starhawk’s engagements contact Harmony Network at our new number: (707) 869-0989.
PAGAN KITH & KIN SPIRITUAL CONCLAVE -
6/21 TO 6/24 at a private campground in
centrall Iowa. For those wanting to
hand down Pagan beliefs, practices &
ethics within "families" from a variety of
lifestyles & create an inter-
genergational spiritual path of explora-
tion, celebration, introspection and
the rediscovery of all rites of passage
with an eye toward preservation of the
Earth, and a commitment to the future of
Paganism. Registration is limited. For
brochure send a legal size SASE to:
P.K.K.S.C. (initials only please) PO Box
641, Lake Genev, WI 53147.

"13th Heaven" the first-ever goddess cable tv show starring Zsuzsanna
Budapest is playing all over the Bay Area. This entertaining and
educational show on the Goddess hosts different guest artists and
ritualists every month. Call 444-7724 for station listings and times.

Margot Adler will lecture and lead a
workshop in Chicago February 16, 17, 18.
For details call or write Oasis Center,
7463 Sheridan, Chicago, IL 60626 (312)
274-6777.

PUT YOUR LOVE FOR MOTHER EARTH INTO ACTION!

The Habitat Restoration Team is a serious,
regular corps of volunteers working to promote
native diversity of species in our local wild-
lands, by removing invasive exotic plants,
planting natives, and healing erosion damage.
Meeting every Sunday at 9:30 am, this team
works on a "drop-in" basis. Call the Habitat
Hotline 556-4353 for each week's activity
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Whether you come just once or always, your work
will make a difference, you'll meet good folks,
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more information: 647-0430.

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- Earth Defense
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- Lesbian and Gay Liberation
- Indigenous Peoples Rights
- Etc., Etc., Etc.

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