

# *R*eclaiming

*Newsletter*



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*Reclaiming*  
A Center for Feminist Spirituality  
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**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.

**SUMMER DEADLINE IS MAY 8**

**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

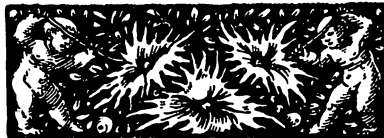
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Thanks to Anne, Jody, Joël, Karen, Laurie, Macha, Megan,  
 Cherie, Randy, Rose, Roy, Judy, for producing this issue!



## Reclaiming the Language, or Why a Witch Would want to Demonstrate

by Beth Terry



Two weeks ago I marched to protest U.S. military involvement in Central America. After a rally at City Hall, hundreds of people flowed into the street and chanted our way to Dolores Park. Did this action change anything? Did anyone in Washington notice us, and, if so, did anyone care? Did George Bush look up from his morning newspaper after reading about our protest and say, "Wow! Maybe we shouldn't be killing and raping people in Nicaragua?"

I've heard all the reasons not to demonstrate. They range from, "Demonstrations just don't do any good," to "Protesting is actually a collaboration with a corrupt system." When we acknowledge those in power by protesting their actions and pleading with them to do what we want, we actually give them power. Some say the only real choice we have is to live outside the system and not support it. I understand these points of view and I agree with them. However, witches don't believe there has to be only one correct point of view. Starhawk, in The Spiral Dance, warns against absolutism, the either/or mentality, because "a matrifocal culture based on nature celebrates diversity". (p. 202) In addition to the reasons against demonstration, I also see a reason to demonstrate: the power of language.

Words are born from our breath; we give them life, and, therefore, we must use them with care and responsibility. What we name is. We create it at the moment we speak it. When we call the elements, they are with us. We feel the wind through our hair, the fire's heat against our skin, the waves that sink our feet deeper into sand, and sandy earth between our toes.

Imagination and vision follows language. Description allows seeing. The potential of language to heal and restore lies in its ability to open the mind and to make the world visible, uniting all things into wholeness. (1)

The quote above was written by Linda Hogan, a Chickasaw poet whose vision is shaped by the language, the mythology of her people. Language is not only shaped

by our perceptions of the world; it shapes them. For example, many Native American languages have no past or future tense. In these traditions, time is seen as cyclical rather than linear. In some "primitive" societies in which the gender of the person you love is inconsequential, a word for "homosexual" doesn't exist. In other societies the use of the masculine pronouns, "he", "him", as well as words like "mankind", and "woman", etc. shape and perpetuate patriarchal thinking. And when the president of the United States uses words such as "freedom fighter" and "Evil Empire", he has a powerful influence on the imaginations, on the "seeing" of many people.

Starhawk speaks of this power in the 13th chapter of The Spiral Dance:

I am writing about things for which there are no longer words in the language, and the meanings of the words I use have been twisted and may twist my meanings...

Witch -- Wicca -- from wic -- 'to bend.' Can we bend the meanings of the words back? Can we make religion mean 're-linking'? And can we make 'spirituality' refer to the human spirit? (2)

Yes. We can. When a priest stands up to speak at a rally and calls the names of those who have been murdered by those whom our government supports, they are reborn from his breath inside all who hear his words. When he tells the stories of women and men who have no food, whose homes have been burned, who have begged him to come and speak for them, they are here. We are able to "see".

Witches and all those who live close to the earth know the power of our words -- use this power to create magic in our rituals, in our lives. When we march, we chant --

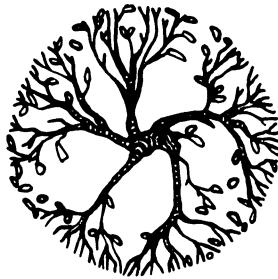
U.S. out of El Salvador!  
Money for AIDS and not for war!

Our words call up other versions of reality, other ways of seeing. We raise power with our words and send the power out to the universe. Some of it spills onto people on the sidewalk, and they wave and cheer as we pass by. Some of it touches a woman as she passes a newstand, and the thought crosses her mind that her government is doing something terribly wrong. Some of it soars all the way to El Salvador and gives the smallest slice of hope to a family in hiding. Maybe some of it even seeps in under the backdoor of the White House and tickles George's cheek so gently, he brushes it away, thinking it's a fly. He may not notice it at all.

That's okay. With our words we have "bent back" some of the power and energy of the universe, created a different vision of the world, freed our imaginations.

Having been ritually drawn into a center, those powers eventually affect all life as they expand like ripples on the surface of the water when a pebble is dropped. (3)

- (1) Hogan, Linda, "Who Puts Together", in Studies in American Indian Literature, ed. by Paula Gunn Allen, New York, NY, Modern Language Association of America, 1983.
- (2) Starhawk, The Spiral Dance, San Francisco, Harper and Row, 1989.
- (3) Brown, Joseph Epes, The Spiritual Legacy of the American Indian, New York, NY, Crossroad Publishing Co., 1982.



#### PRAYER

I know the laws of nature are You, Lady.  
Keep me mindful that I step upon Your Body,  
with Your feet,  
that my sorrows are Your sorrows,  
and that a healthy priest(ess) makes all things sound.  
I feel Your breath in the wind  
and Your hand in mine.  
Keep me sincere.  
Give me Your work, which is to be joyous,  
and to tend all things,  
because all things live, of themselves,  
and with Your Spirit.  
Your will through mine,  
so mote it be.

- Francesca Dubie

Notes from Diane's Garden  
by Diane Fenster

As I promised, my pretties, this one's going to be about Flying Ointment and a bit of Hemlock thrown in for good measure.

The first thing I was struck with when preparing for this article was the fact that in the span of history, we do live in an exciting time. What is happening is that the roots of our beliefs are being restored to us. People like Marija Gimbutas (archaeology), Riane Eisler (sociology) and Joseph Campbell (mythology), are widening the perspectives on the past by re-evaluating the accepted premise about Neolithic and Paleolithic religions and culture. Witchcraft has its beginnings in these times and even though so much has been lost due to the wholesale destruction of our pagan heritage by the early patriarchal religions and later by the Catholic Church, we are slowly regaining our knowledge of these earlier times. I believe that many of us old souls who carry within us the spirits of the witches of the past have been reborn again at this particular time to help bring these teachings of the past to consciousness and rebalance the female and male energies of the world, restoring the Goddess to the hearts of the people. If you'd like further readings along this vein please read Gimbutas' *Goddesses and Gods of Old Europe* and Eisler's *The Chalice and the Blade*.

As far as we know, the secret of the true flying ointment(s) is lost and my knowledge of chemistry is not good enough to even attempt to speculate on a possible formula. I'll also add a note of caution here by warning you that many of these ingredients in the list on the following page are deadly. Don't go mucking about with them in an attempt to recreate the formula.

What I will speculate on is the magical uses for the ointment. I will assume that you all are familiar with the usual balderdash of Church propaganda that began in the Middle Ages and has come down to us as the story of witches going to Sabbath after smearing themselves with flying ointment. But what was the ointment really used for?

My first thought is that the ointment goes back much further than the Middle Ages, probably to Paleolithic times when the first cave paintings were being produced and is akin to the drink of the Maneads or the vapors that the Delphic Oracle breathed. It had a shamanic use. Like the drum that many shamans favor the ointment was a means of liberating the astral body and allowing it to commune with the Goddess, to fly great distances to gain information or to aid in a healing ritual. The witch would probably be doing this type of magical work by herself/himself, hence some of the old stories about individuals being found lying senseless on the ground after using the ointment.

The other use I can see is for coven trance work, hence the sabbat story about flocks of witches using the ointment. Any of you that have worked in a coven probably have done this type of trance work, perhaps not with pharmaceuticals but with a crystal ball or some other type of scrying. You know how important it is that the group "get their energies together" for scrying to be successful. I suspect that the witches of the Middle Ages or even earlier had the same needs as we do and a type of flying ointment, whose ingredients were tailored for this particular purpose, helped dissolve the boundaries between the individual psyches and allowed the group mind to work harmoniously.

Most of the plants in the following list contain substances that are chemically active, either soporific, hallucinatory, aphrodisiacal or muscle relaxing. I'll briefly comment on the ingredient listed as "child's fat" by saying that this is another example of Church propaganda in an attempt to put witches in a bad light and cause the people to fear them and in so doing, rob the wisewomen of the community of their authority.

These ingredients, when combined in different ways by skillful herbalists of the coven, each chemical catalyzed by the action of another, could bring about a veritable symphony of drug induced events. Alas, where are the wisewomen who have such knowledge today?



**Plant ingredients**

1.	Water Hemlock, <i>Cicuta virosa</i>	5
2.	Hemlock, <i>Conium maculatum</i>	2
3.	Celery, <i>Apium spp.</i>	3
4.	"Eleoselinum", which can be taken to mean:	
	a. Wild Celery, <i>Apium graveolens</i>	
	b. Parsley, <i>Petroselinum spp.</i>	
	c. Parsnip, <i>Pastinaca spp.</i>	
	d. Fool's Parsley, <i>Aethusa cynapium</i>	
	e. Water Hemlock, <i>Cicuta virosa</i>	3
5.	"Sium", which can be taken to mean:	
	a. Water Parsnip, <i>Sium spp.</i>	
	b. Speedwell, <i>Veronica spp.</i>	
	c. Watercress, <i>Nasturtium officinale</i>	
	d. Water Hemlock, <i>Cicuta virosa</i>	2
6.	Sweet Flag, <i>Acorus calamus</i>	3
7.	Yellow Flag, <i>Iris pseudacorus</i>	2
8.	Water-lily, either:	
	a. White Water-lily, <i>Nymphaea alba</i> , or	
	b. Yellow Water-lily, <i>Nuphar luteum</i>	1
9.	Creeping Cinquefoil, <i>Potentilla reptans</i>	8
10.	Tormentil, <i>Potentilla erecta</i>	1
11.	Monkshood, <i>Aconitum napellus</i>	7
12.	Poppy, <i>papaver spp.</i>	4
13.	Deadly Nightshade, <i>Atropa belladonna</i>	8
14.	Henbane, <i>Hyoscyamus niger</i>	3
15.	Black Nightshade, <i>Solanum nigrum</i>	2
16.	Mandrake, <i>Mandragora officinarum</i>	1
17.	Thornapple, <i>Datura stramonium</i>	1
18.	Spurge, <i>Euphorbia sp.</i>	1
19.	Darnel, <i>Lolium temulentum</i>	3
20.	Lettuce, <i>Lactuca spp.</i>	2
21.	Purslane, <i>Portulaca sp.</i>	1
22.	Poplar, <i>Populus spp.</i>	4
23.	Oil	4
24.	Incense	1
25.	Soot	7

**Animal Ingredients**

1.	Child's fat	6
2.	Bat's blood	5

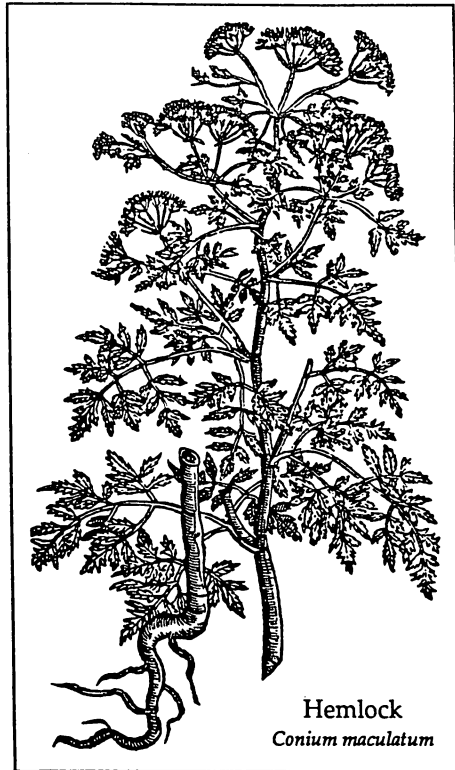
Taken from *The Witch's Garden* by Harold A. Hansen.

From a selection of sixteen authors' recipes for flying ointment, Hansen tabulated the number of times each ingredient appeared. Shown as the figures in the right column.

"Root of Hemlock digg'd i' the dark",  
Macbeth, spoken by the Third Witch

Hemlock or *Conium maculatum* is perhaps most familiar to people as the poison that Socrates was condemned to drink. It is a plant dedicated to Hecate, who protects and reigns over all that is hidden by darkness. It is also under the rule of Saturn. Known as a plant of chastity, supposedly brought to Northern Europe and cultivated by monks and nuns in the Middle Ages to help subdue lustful feelings. But there is evidence that it was introduced long before this because it was a pre-Christian custom to grow Hemlock around the house so it could absorb any poison and keep

the family healthy. It would make sense from this that if any of you are called upon to do a house blessing or purification, you may want to consider using some Hemlock for the spell. (Not to be taken internally!!!!) Dioscorides states that if Hemlock is pounded in a mortar and smeared on the testicles "it doth help wanton dreamers, and seed shedders." There are times in one's life that too many lusty thoughts do get in the way, and if so, perhaps a bouquet of Hemlock dedicated to Artemis would help you over your horny times if sex or masturbation aren't feasible.



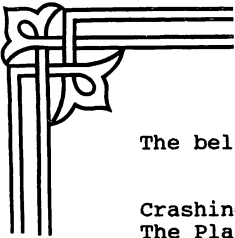
Hemlock  
*Conium maculatum*

*The Book of Secrets of Albertus Magnus* informs us that if we were to embark upon a career of chicken stealing we would do well to have some Hemlock on hand "that thou may take birds with thy hands, take corn very well steeped in the dregs of wine and in the juice of Hemlock and cast it to the birds. Every bird that tasteth of it is made drunken and looseth her strength."

Hemlock belongs to the order Umbelliferae, whose members have flowers shaped like little umbrellas. Parsley, carrot, fennel and parsnip also belong to this order. Conium is the active poisonous alkaloid found in Hemlock but many other plants of the order contain an acrid, watery juice which can be more or less narcotic. Medicinally, conium is a sedative and antispasmodic and in sufficient doses will paralyze the centers of motion. It's action is antagonistic to Strychnine and has been used as an antidote. It has also been recommended as an antidote in cases of tetanus and hydrophobia. A Medieval cure for the bite of a mad dog was Hemlock mixed with betony and fennel seed.

All parts of the Hemlock are poisonous, except, it is said, to goats who seem to be able to eat the leaves without ill effects. The plant loses much of its poisonous properties when cut and dried. Cooking also destroys the poisonous effects. In the fresh state, the plant has an acrid, disagreeable odor, and this has probably helped prevent more frequent poisonings. In cases of poisoning, antidotes are stimulants like coffee or tea (tannic acid), emetics of zinc, mustard or castor oil and artificial respiration. Maintaining body temperature is also important.

Ed. note -- This article first appeared in Compost newsletter.



#### MAY EVE

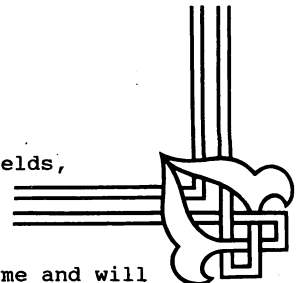
The belly swells seek the shore,  
                     Pound and roll,  
                     Surge and fold,  
 Crashing in the Dreamtime.  
 The Planter's Moon grows golden in the night,  
                     Pregnant with promise,  
 As the greening rite begins...

Firelit bodies flicker,  
 Clad in the pointing glow;  
 Spiraling,  
                     Spinning,  
                     Whirling on the sand,  
 As moistening dewdrops glisten from within  
 And weave with the sweat of the dance.

The chosen run laughing, hand in hand,  
 From the rampant beach to the dune-crest.  
 Their pulses quicken in rhythm with the rising keen,  
 And drumbeats sound the call to growing,  
 In duet with distant thunder.

Wetness permeates the air,  
 And breezes cauldron-stir the salty damp.  
 Heat-lightning freezes silhouettes of writhing,  
 As the old song ascends to the scudding clouds  
 And blends with the lapping waves.

The camp rejoices as blade and cup conjoin,  
 And blessedness rains upon their workings.  
 The season will bloom fruitful and good,  
 And the Harvest Moon shall shine upon hallowed fields,  
 Bountiful with the fruits of the Mother



[Who sent us this poem? We're sorry we lost your name and will gladly give you credit if you write us -eds.]



# Hannah's Household Hints

By Hannah Clancy



Well, hello. I have been looking over some of my files, and I figured out that I have been writing this column for about six years now, and that got me a little depressed, on account of I have been over to your houses, and there hasn't been any change, so I had to go lie down.

So I was very happy when somebody called and actually needed something and I had to wake up and give them some advice.

The problem is that they didn't need any advice on cleaning their house, they were trying to get my decision on what our consensus should be on the color of our sashes for the next time we blockade heaven, which I think is going to be Easter.

But that is All Right, as I have figured out that I have not had a vacation in at least three years, so I am just about due to have a Fun Time when I do Not think up household hints, so I won't.

Because I was working on a little bathroom cleaning spell, one of those slow-working kinds that don't really get the bathroom clean so much as cast a glamor that keeps people from noticing either the bathroom or anything much, really, until they leave the house. Because even though, as you know, for most glamors I Recommend Glitter, bathrooms are difficult because glitter creates a glue in between the tiles, and also it clogs the drains.

Anyway, I am working on a sort of babbling brook spell that lulls the visitor into a hypnotic state of comfort, and I was using one of those perpetual fountains that you can get down at the Woolworth's, which are very good because you can change the light bulb colors for Different Purposes, and also replace the plastic flowers when you want to invoke Other Qualities, and the whole thing was going very well, and none of the visitors were noticing the Lack of Bathroom Cleanliness at all -- when I do these experiments I try to recreate the sort of conditions you yourself might have in your own home, so I hadn't touched the Pine-Sol in about a week -- when the cat tried to drink out of the damn thing and got tangled up with one of the light bulbs, and so You Know Who

threw my nice fountain right out and I cannot tell you the results of my experiment, as it did Not Finish.

But as I say, I don't care. I am still speaking to those of you who are part of the Heavenly Blockade Action Troupe, but if the rest of you have any questions you will just have to wait till next time, as I have got tired of them.

Those ladies over at Avalon think that I should go to one of those meetings where you learn to mind your own business, but I went once, and I think that they can't fix my problem, because what I really need is More Scope.

Love, Hannah

\*\*\*\*\*  
My Dear Reclaiming Readers,

I am humbled by the task before me, given to me by the affinity group of which I am proud to be a member -- the task of writing to you to explain the state of The Heavenly Blockade.

Miss Hannah Clancy, with whom you are all, I trust, familiar, has been our leader from the first. How could we hope to begin such an action without some strong spark, some heart of flint, to spur us on, to give us hope, to explain our mission? For though many of us had participated in illegal, and even dangerous, political action before, none of us had had the temerity, the foresight, the courage, or the political brilliance, to realize that in these desperate times, we must take our fight beyond the worldly power-mongers, to the source of all power. Yes, it was Miss Clancy herself who urged us to buckle our belt packs, lace our climbing shoes, and travel to the gates of pearl themselves! And whither she leads, we will follow, a decision reached by means of the consensus process, in which we all truly believe with all our hearts.

But to the point. The action began, as I am sure your readers remember, in response to an essentially economic concern; that is, all of us, those of us who have knuckled under to the telecommunications network and signed on with one of the phone companies, pay our

Continued on page 18

**PAGAN DANCING**  
**By Changing Woman**

I would like to address Starhawk's concern about the dance performance that took place at the Spiral Dance. She mentioned this in her article "Lessons From the Spiral Dance", published last issue. In her article, Starhawk wondered what could have been done to make the dancing better. If the ritual is to be structured with dancers on a raised platform as it was at Fort Mason, here are some changes that could be made.

1. Less dancing. There was too much of it. Too many segments and each segment was way too long.
2. Cut out anything that smacks of dance "technique". Pointed toes and laboured "extensions" have no place in a community ritual and serves only to separate us.
3. Use improvisation much more. You need a structure of some sort in a situation like that, but Please, no formal choreography. It looks horribly phony in this context.
4. Use all different types of people. A dancer is someone who perceives the world in a certain way, not someone who looks a certain way. I feel very deprived and offended when everyone up on the stage is in their twenties and



tall and skinny. Why weren't there all different sizes, shapes, ages, and colors of people up there?

As a dancer and Witch I have some very passionate opinions about the importance and place of dance in our community. I would like to see a Spiral Dance structured so that everyone could participate in all the dancing.

Dance belongs to all of us. It brings us together. It is something that we all do.

If dance is used in a ritual, there is an agreed upon structure; there are certain rules that we comply with, if we are going to participate. I once watched way over 1000 people dancing a complex weaving at Santa Domingo Pueblo in New Mexico, to make the corn grow that year. No one made a false move. The rules were very clear.

And- if people have a special calling as dancers, if they have a special affinity to the Goddess, God, or spirits being invoked, or if they are exceptionally clear on the rules, and can help others remember them, then these people can easily be identified by wearing something special as they move among us.

Dance is sacred. This is because it instantly puts us Between the Worlds. When we dance we get to interact in an immediate way with the Other Worlds. We deal with patterns and make them visible. We can take little pieces of our sacred journey and show them to other people. We play with time and space. We change them. When we come back we are transformed. Because that's what dance is. It is change.

At the same time dance affirms our connection to our bodies and the earth. It is a way of celebrating our bodies and our joy in being creatures of the earth. It is like a sacred bridge between, well, flesh and spirit, earth and sky, yin and yang. It is the whirling center.

It is time to reclaim our heritage. Dance is ours. It belongs to all of us.



A WORK, IN PROGRESS  
by Starhawk

The following is an excerpt from the novel I've been writing for the last couple of years and probably will be writing through the next millennium -- which is unfortunate as it is set in the mid-21st century and I'd hope to complete it before then. Anyway -- this is a political manifesto of the 2010s and I'd be curious to get feedback on it. My rules for it are as follows:

- A. It can't get any longer than it is - it could be shorter.
- B. It must be more poetic than rhetorical.
- C. It should stimulate thought and perhaps controversy.

Have I missed anything?

I don't promise to make any changes in it -- but I will consider carefully any suggestions, interpretations, or alternative versions.

Remember: You read it first in the Reclaiming Newsletter.

DECLARATION OF THE FOUR SACRED THINGS

The earth is a living, conscious being. In company with cultures of many different times and places, we name these things as sacred: air, fire, water, and earth.

Whether we see them as the breath, energy, blood and body of the planet, or as the blessed gifts of a Creator, or as symbols of the interconnected systems that sustain life, we know that nothing can live without them.

To call these things sacred is to say that they have a value beyond their usefulness for human ends, that they themselves become the standards by which our acts, our economics, our laws and our purposes must be judged. No-one has the right to appropriate them or profit from them at the expense of others. Any government which fails to protect them forfeits its legitimacy. For it is everyone's responsibility to sustain, heal and preserve the soil, the air, the fresh and salt waters, and the energy resources that can support diverse and flourishing life.

Innana's Transformation

let me crawl out of this  
skin, let me bleed new blood  
shed old carcasses,  
build a new temple.

i have been mutilated  
dismembered,  
strewn carelessly about in disarray;  
i have battled with my serpents.

but i am beginning  
to ignite in incandescent burnings,  
death has lent me its air of mystery:  
treated me like a lover,

moving in with drowning teeth,  
aching to consume:  
and i have surrendered.  
but something has been born here

in the damp underworld  
in the interim, and a stirring rumbles  
in me to move again  
upward.

and if there has been a lesson  
it has been in this--  
when i rise, i'll take these demons  
and make of them

my most holy of friends.

Madonna Compton



A Work, In Progress (continued...)

All people, all living things, are part of the earth-life, and so sacred. No one of us stands higher or lower than any other. Only justice can assure balance: only ecological balance can sustain freedom. Only in freedom can that fifth sacred thing we call spirit flourish in its full diversity.

To honor the sacred is to create conditions in which nourishment, sustenance, habitat, knowledge, freedom and beauty can thrive. To honor the sacred is to make love possible.

To this we dedicate our curiosity, our will, our courage, our silences and our voices. To this we dedicate our lives.

**BRIGID RITUAL '90  
IT CAN HAPPEN HERE**

Well, they (we) all thought it couldn't be done. A Reclaiming ritual that starts on time (weeelll, almost!) and ends early enough for people to hang out to smooze and gossip, and still be home in time for the 10:00 evening news.

When Rosie and I were planning the ritual, we came up with two themes we wanted to introduce. The first was to celebrate the spirit of Freedom sweeping across the world and gear our pledges to Brigid toward the work we need to do in our own lives to be free.

The second theme was brevity. With over 100 people participating in the ritual, we wanted everyone to be able to make their pledge. It's been noted that some of us in the community can be long-winded, especially when we have a captive audience (not me, of course!).

So we asked that people just make their pledge, without long speeches, life histories or a report card of the past year. Everyone was wonderful in this, brief yet eloquent, and all who wanted to say something, or just go up and make their pledge silently, got their chance.

Since this was my virgin experience "priesting" a ritual, I was just alittle anxious, ya' know what I mean? I figured I'd be so uptight I'd miss all the good magic stuff. Well, as the evening went on I realized that there were so many people present who are so good at moving energy around and keeping things flowing that my nervousness took a hike, and I got to enjoy things as well!

Many thanks are due to all those who made the evening so wonderful! Special thanks to the folks at Martin de Porres Soup Kitchen for sharing their wonderful space. Every place is sacred space, but some are just more so. The great work and energy that exists there could be felt by everyone who was present. Thank you Jim, for being our liaison, and for being the first one there and the last one out.

Thanks to Judy and all who helped her create such a beautiful altar; Pandora and Kelly for blessing our throats, and along with Roy, Robin and Raven for keeping the rhythm with their drumming; Moher for her inspired grounding; Hilary for casting such a powerful circle; David, Jeri, Marian and Pandora for calling in the directions with such beautiful imagery; all those who brought the waters of the world for the well; everyone who stayed to clean up, in the spirit of Martin.

Extra special thanks to Rosie for roping me into co-facilitating the ritual with her, and of course for being Rosie; and thanks to Brigid for getting us all together for such a great night!

Geoff Yippie!

P.P.S. If anyone out there is interested in organizing an anarcha-magical Beltane/MayDay ritual combining the Rites of Spring with a celebration of the 105th International Workers' Day, please call me at FUNKFUN (that's 386-5386).



[We received a copy of this letter which was sent to The Sun, San Bernardino, CA]

January 22, 1990

Ms. Connie Ruth  
The Sun, Yucaipa Bureau  
399 N. D St., San Bernardino, CA 92401

Dear Ms. Ruth:

This letter is in response to your article, captioned "Impressions indicative of change in reading books" which appeared in my January 22, Monday, 1990 issue of The Sun newspaper, for which I thank you - it was well written.

My response regards parental comment or allegations that some of the books offered school children may be training children towards witchcraft and occult symbols -- even cannibalism -- and your suggestion that perhaps adults may be reading more into the books than the children were. I particularly appreciated that response.

## THE PAGAN ANTI-ABUSE RESOLUTION

[It is the consensus of the Reclaiming Collective to sign the following resolution. For a list of signatories, or for more information, or if your group wishes to be added as a signatory to this resolution, contact the Green Egg magazine, PO Box 1542, Ukiah, CA 95482.]

We, the undersigned, as adherents of Pagan and Neo-Pagan religions, including Wicca (also known as Witchcraft), practice a positive, life-affirming faith that is dedicated to healing, both of ourselves and of the Earth. As such, we do not advocate or condone any acts that victimize others, including those proscribed by law. As our most widely-accepted precept is the Wiccan Rede's injunction to "harm none," we absolutely condemn the practices of child abuse, sexual abuse, and any other form of abuse that does harm to the bodies, minds or spirits of individuals. We offer prayers, therapy and support for the healing of the victims of such abuses. We recognize and revere the divinity of Nature in our Mother the Earth, and we conduct our rites of worship legally, and in a manner that is ethical and compassionate. We neither acknowledge nor worship the Christian devil, "Satan," who is not in the Pagan pantheon. We will not tolerate slander or libel against our churches, clergy or congregations, and we are prepared to defend our civil rights with such legal action as we deem necessary and appropriate.

THIS RESOLUTION WAS ADOPTED OVERWHELMINGLY BY MAJOR WORKSHOPS AT THE FOLLOWING 1988 PAGAN ECUMENICAL CONFERENCES:

Ancient Ways (California) May 20-22;  
Heartland Pagan Festival (Missouri) May 27-30;  
Pagan Spirit Gathering (Wisconsin) June 17-20.

### PAGAN THERAPISTS VOLUNTEERING SERVICES TO ADULT SURVIVORS OF RITUAL ABUSE

Anodea Judith, 3073 Richmond Blvd.,  
Oakland, CA 94611, (415)893-0919  
Farida Shaw, 53 Highland Ct., Ukiah, CA  
95482, (707)462-6238  
Joyce S. Dolberg, 40 Webster Place,  
Brookline, MA 02146, (617)696-2375  
Jim & Geneva Hagan, RR1 Kispiox Rd. Site  
L, Comp. 21, Hazelton, BC, Canada  
VOJ 1Y0  
Diane DesRochers, PO Box 384, Groton, MA  
01450, (617)448-5584  
Stormraven, 5020 Southridge, Roeland  
Park, KS 66205  
Cara G. Macinick, 75 Woods Ave., Mastic,  
NY 11950, (516)399-3281

Additional therapists are needed to make such services accessible in all parts of the country. Matching funds are available for therapists who are only able to donate half of their fees for therapy sessions. For more information, or to donate your therapeutic services, contact Green Egg, PO Bx 1542, Ukiah, CA 95482.

Letter (continued...)

I belong to an interested group deploring public paranoia, especially since we know it is historically taught by churches to their membership, concerning witchcraft and Devil cults. What our particular interest is, a re-education of the public into their fear and where it came from. It is astonishing that so many people still carry the Dark Age mentality, even frightened of alleged meanings of symbols such as Crescents, Moons (!), 5-pointed stars, snakes, etc., without noticing these same stars are military symbols and occasionally used by law enforcement bodies, whereas they have no terror of 6-pointed stars. It's wise to have caution for snakes and spiders, when they

are alive and stalking someone, but certainly unwise to regard them Evil when not alive.

It is our hope that one day the public will find themselves sufficiently educated to put aside their freak-out Devils, and hopefully any books that help children address such fears, along with a study of where those fears came from, should remain in the public domain.

Witches, after all, do not have a long history of murderously burning and torturing christians by the millions.

Respectfully,  
Bastet Ma'at  
Dianic Wiccan  
Amazon

[Ed's note: a flier containing this information was given to my household shortly after the earthquake by Richard Feather (Singing) Anderson. I wanted to print it in the newsletter so I recently called the phone-number and heard an hilarious message, all about emission

control, global warming, and proctology. I in turn left a message saying I was going to reprint the flier in the newsletter, so sue me. Today I received the following message: "I'm with the Californians for Earthquake Prevention and Climatic Improvement and we received your message and we want to say that

## TIRED OF EARTHQUAKES? ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!

- Enough Destruction
- Enough Death
- Enough Damage to Property
- Enough Anti-California Sentiments and Sneering from Friends, Relatives and Media outside our area.

The "conventional wisdom" spouted by scientific experts and the media is that earthquakes are a geologic phenomenon beyond the control of mortals. There may be a grain of truth in this idea. but after study of the persuasive Bullig-Wilverson Hypothesis, our group of scientists and lay people believe that human beings do make a difference quakewise.

Consider these elements of the October 17 jolt:

- It occurred on a weekday, at rush hour
- It occurred just before the start of World Series Game 3
- In the prior two games, the Giants had scored a total of 1 run
- Property values in the Bay Area have increased by 350,000% since the 1906 Earthquake.

**EARTHQUAKE**

I was on the phone with Cora when the '89 earthquake happened, had been telling her I was concerned afraid because I know I'll be old like I've been young: single & on my own. Everything started shaking. Later when the streets were dark with looters & muggers I was alone & afraid 1st floor apt. windows easy to smash no lights no phone

I'm happy to say  
I stopped going to therapy last year  
the old solutions don't help the new problems  
(I think it's because I've a better grade of problems)  
My newly sober friends tell me  
GO to AA  
but I stopped drinking 10 years ago  
My old poems are as empty of solace  
as my bed when I 1st left you

it's absolutely fine for you to reprint the leaflet. We don't need to sue, we are very happy that you enjoyed it and are passing it along and as you know we change our telephone message on a weekly basis so you can direct your readers to that number (415-995-2977). We're mostly working on climatic improvement

and reversing the global warming currently but we also are preventing earthquakes and have been pretty successful at getting some rain as part of our drought prevention. Thank you for your interest and have a safe, quake-free, and rainy day."--rmd]

Drs. Bullig and Wilverson demonstrate\* that "pressure bulges" and other imbalances in human lifeways can play a decisive role in the nature and magnitude of earthquakes. Such seemingly insignificant factors as work patterns, pace of life, noise pollution, and sports consciousness are absorbed geologically.

WORKING TOGETHER, WE CAN HELP PREVENT THE NEXT EARTHQUAKE!

#### WHAT YOU CAN DO...

- ✓ Slow down your life
- ✓ Pray fervently to the deity(ies) or theoretical model(s) of your choice
- ✓ Write your elected officials demanding an end to all seismic activity in California
- ✓ Disconnect your car alarm
- ✓ Don't go to work for the rest of the year

#### THE QUESTION OF SACRIFICE

Worldwide, many cultures have a sacrifice component where offerings are made to placate the Great Forces and thus ward off disaster. Can sacrifice help us prevent earthquakes in 20th century California? Our group is divided on this question.

By a vote of 17.7, we rejected the idea of burnt offerings, be they of human beings, pets or flags. There was somewhat more support, though still not a majority, for a lifestyle sacrifice, such as pushing a tenth of our society's electrical appliances off a cliff once a year. Finally, one member of our organization believes we should focus on teaching baseball players to become more proficient at the sacrifice bunt.

Californians for Earthquake Prevention, Cornelius Shemayim, M.D., Chmn., Darlene Cassava-Obreviture, Vice-Chmn., Calvin Terremoto, Ph.D., Treas. Tel. (415)995-2977 (earthquake prevention message changes twice weekly.) We have speakers available, and are in the process of developing a slidetape presentation.

\*"Social and Technological Stress Factors as an Influence on Seismic Activity," Journal of the Frenetic Sciences, April 1983.

I will never be who I was before the earthquake  
my spirit has cracked & shifted  
part of the earth  
a living movin' part  
Gaia's arms and human consciousness.  
my spirit has cracked and shifted.  
now I settle like a smoothed river bed

settle into this  
my 40th birthday  
on my own  
with good friends  
looking for new poems  
and solutions  
and someone to flirt with.

Francesca Dubie

# RECLAIMING CLASSES

Earth Healing Ritual with Starhawk and Rafael Gonzales  
Mother's Day Sunday May 13 for info call 849-0877

## WITCH CAMP '90

Reclaiming teachers will offer summer intensives again in both British Columbia and Michigan. Come spend a week immersed in magic, ritual, and pagan community.

**VANCOUVER WITCH CAMP:** Near Vancouver, BC, Canada, July 22-29

Elements track for beginners

Patterns that Bind Us: Powers that Free Us (for more advanced students--work with material from Starhawk's book Truth or Dare)

Teaching the Craft track (for very advanced students, if you wish to be in this track, you will be asked to apply in writing and explain your qualifications.)

Contact: Pat Hogan and Marion Lay  
P.O. Box 66155  
Station F  
Vancouver, Canada V5N 5L4  
(604) 224-7062 or (604) 253-7189

Teachers include Starhawk, Rose May Dance and Pandora Minerva O'Mallory and local teacher Sharon Jackson.

**MIDWEST WITCH CAMP** -- South Central Michigan August 25--  
August 31

Elements track for beginners

Pentacle of Life (for more advanced students)

Teachers include Cybele, Rose May Dance, and Starhawk.

Contact Adrian Young  
P.O. Box 26  
Clarendon Hills, ILL 60514  
(708) 887-4747

Both intensives are open to women and men. Fees are based on a sliding scale and will range from under \$300 U.S. to \$400, depending on location. Some scholarships are available.



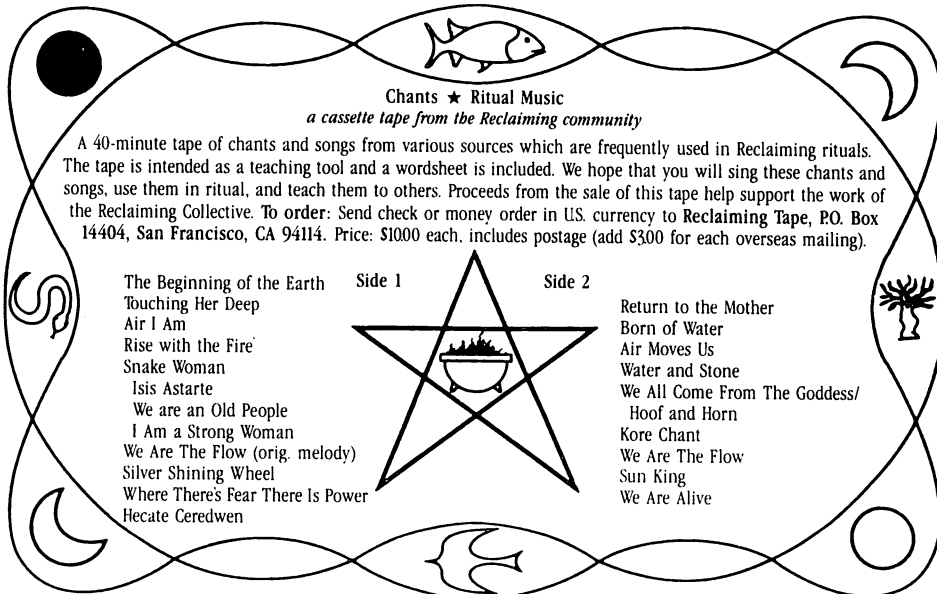
# AND VENTS

## 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. Next series begins May 6 at our home in the Redwoods at the foot of Mt. Tamalpais. Call Suzanne or Beverly at 389-1008 for registration. \$60-\$120 sliding scale. \$12-\$20 drop-in. Sensitive drummers who would like to accompany class, give us a call.

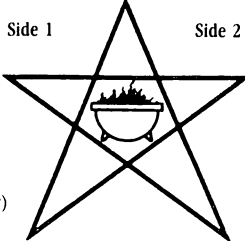
## BELTANE RITUAL

There will probably be a Beltane Ritual sponsored jointly by Reclaiming and the International Workers of the World (Wobblies) on Sunday, April 29, at an outdoor location during the daytime, to celebrate the coming in of the May, the turning of the wheel, and to mark International Workers Day. The IWW is also planning action for May Day itself. For information, call the Reclaiming Events Line, 849-0877, during late April.



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: \$1000 each, includes postage (add \$300 for each overseas mailing).

<p>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</p>	<p>Side 1</p> 	<p>Side 2</p> <p>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</p>
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GOSSIP AS HEALING: JUST MORE RAVINGS BY MOHER

I was dining and musing with a friend the other day, remembering the good old days when we didn't know quite so much about each other and the gossip in the Bay Area pagan community. I don't think our problem is unique, since ours is but a small contingent of a larger community. (You can tell who we are if you hear spoutings about sexual diversity, femina-anarchism, nonviolent direct action, magico-politics, and the giant mill around our neck, consensus via feminist process.)

Well, it seems that we have been acting and fucking together now for almost a DECADE! I for one am addicted to our social organization, and make basic assumptions that it is embedded in our desire for continuity, community, and commitment. These are good things--admirable qualities. These are the characteristics that will enable us to foster our beliefs and our lives across generations, and sustain us in hard times. The only problem, however, is that with time, comes baggage.

Yes, folks, do you feel like writing "DEAR BETH" and asking her what to do about that ex-best friend whose nose making eyes at your ex-lover's ex? What do you do when you meet her/him at the next Anarchist Coffee House? (1) Do you pretend you didn't see him/her? (2) Do you turn a very cold shoulder? (3) Or go to the kitchen and buy a beer. Besides, it's not cool anymore to have "stuff" with somebody around somebody else!! Yeck. Gross! Right!? Wrong!?

Cross-relationship baggage. Political infighting factions. Personal problems with ex-housemates. Work-related hassles with your former NFP/CBO (not-for-profit/community-based organization) fellow staffers. Former affinity group members with whom you could never reach consensus. Who are all these people that we've acquired all this karma with over the years? I thought they were our community--the people we would spend our old age with--soul mates in a next incarnation--maybe even potential lovers and housemates.



But how can we build and sustain community, make soulful and sexual connections, and secure ways of living that we believe will ultimately prevent ecological and psychic disaster if we can't even go to the same parties together? It seems to me that the combined Republican years have given us more than enough enemies that we wouldn't need to have many within our own "community." But the problem, it seems to this participant observer, is intimacy. Yes, I know, we have strived to have relationships unlike the rest of the world, particularly our families. Processing our feelings is a political issue. "Verbality," feedback, getting our needs met, consensus, validation. This is food! We don't just wish we had those things in our life--we expect them, for to not have them represents a political failure on how we have structured our lives.

But intimacy breeds gossip in the name of sharing our lives and our problems with each other. What do we do when we know sooo much about each other and the stuff of our lives? Obviously, the answer is not to reduce the intimacy level, for that is contrary to not only our politics, but to our mental health.

Gossip. We can't live without it. It is the stuff of life. Gossip plays a vital role in our kinship and social systems. When Homo erectus acquired language, the first thing (s)he probably did was gossip. "Yea! I'm glad we can finally talk. I've been dying to tell you what those Australopithicines did to their cave." Gossip serves as an opportunity to mirror the events in our lives by the reactions of others. It verifies our inner lives, and allows us the chance to have our reactions validated. Gossip helps to establish "norms" of behaviors. By circulating

certain positive or negative information about individuals or situations, communities sanction or condemn these behaviors (rewards or punishes!?). Think about the role of gossip in your life, and the many examples which show how this all works.



But then, like everything else, there is the "dark side" of gossip. The garbage that accrues within relationships and groups and tears them apart. Is it free-floating gossip that "packs our baggage" so full we feel we can never close those suitcases? Maybe that's where magic can come in, and help unpack those bags.

Magic. Magic is the healer. It always has been and always will be. How about a spring equinox ritual where we heal our social and emotional baggage? On Sunday, March 18, Reclaiming will be having an Equinox ritual and picnic. Maybe we could think about how we would like to give birth to new relationships with the same old friends? Lay an Easter egg representing all the wonderful things you saw in a particular individual before you knew too much about them. Hide the egg and hope its found because it can represent all the love and potential of a spring bud. Blessed Be our holy, sacred gosssssip, for it can heal and save us from ourselves.

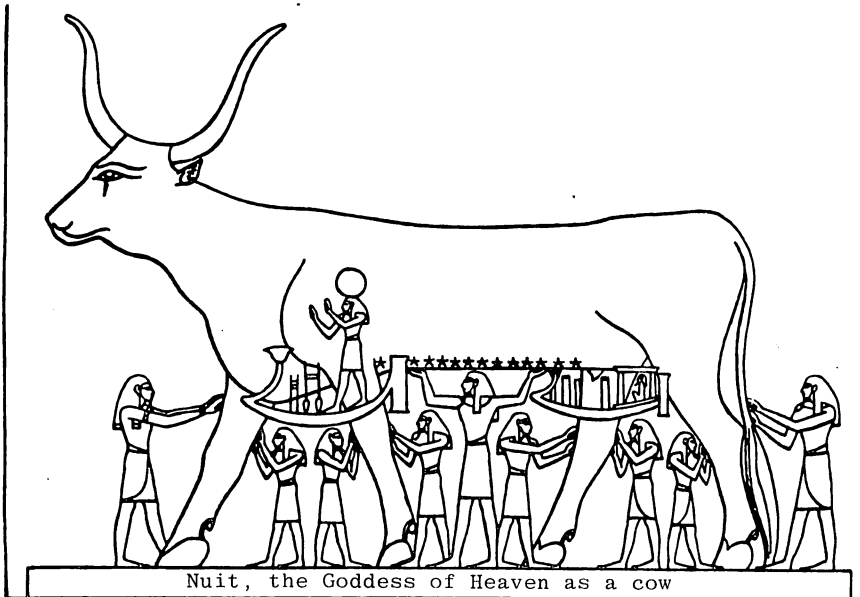
In the meantime, don't cease feasting and gossiping, just be more conscious of its power.

Hannah (continued...)

hard-earned money in order to speak on the phone to our loved ones. And more and more, lately, we find that we are perturbed in our phone conversations by ghost-like voices coming over the wire, speaking languages which sound almost familiar but cannot be deciphered. It was Miss Clancy herself who explained to your readers, in a column written several issues ago, that those voices are actually the voices of angels, angels who are unable to leave well enough alone and persist in plugging up the human phone lines with their interminable meddling conversations with ignorant humans, giving them useless advice, pretending to remember previous human incarnations, endorsing second-rate gemstones, and generally making nuisances of themselves.

And all of this because of the economic crisis in heaven! Poor planning on the directors' part has led to the current heavenly unemployment problem, leading hundreds, nay, thousands, of angels, bored with their lives, to attempt to find work on earth. But why should we humans, who were ignominiously kicked out of the heavenly workforce long ago, suffer from its problems? We demand redress! We demand restitution! We demand an audience with the directors, for which we demand extremely strong sunglasses!

(continued on page 23)



Nuit, the Goddess of Heaven as a cow

We met somewhere  
& laughed easy  
& felt better and better together  
& my doubt broke open like  
the grey sky to spring sunlight on  
flowering fields where colts run and spirits shine in  
the simple glow of her smile

Then the heat of love came on  
& I was scared but I was gone  
& couldn't wait to taste  
her tastes and smell  
her smells and fall  
into the liquid pleasure of her cells

But I get lost too easy  
& soon I couldn't remember who I was  
before she took me in  
into her plans, into her lair  
& then I'm secretly thinking I wish I didn't know her now  
& I'm saying I want to show her how alone we really are  
how born lost we are

& she agrees  
& turns and leaves

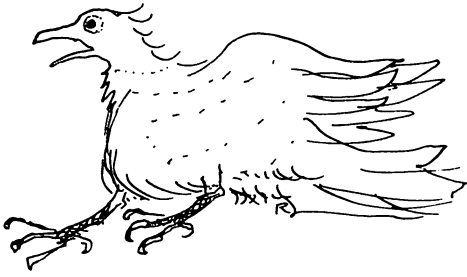
I burn in the memory of her movement  
walking out the door  
& I hold it close 'til dawn  
then bury her ghost in the dark loam where the river  
turns west toward sleep without dreams

I wake up late in heavy air of afternoon shadows  
break open an egg and wonder where she is  
& who I was before she left

Roy King

#### STEPPING BACK

Roy King, an indispensable if irascible member of the Reclaiming Community for over eight years, is stepping back a bit from his roles in the Collective and especially in this Newsletter, to take a rest. The Reclaiming Newsletter owes a great deal of its success, style, and organization to Roy -- he has been the person who kept it all together, organized advertising, distribution, layout, production, and printing, and stayed up late at night four times a year putting the magazine to bed, pasting up beautiful borders around articles, correcting our goof-ups, and generally taking care of things. It has been wonderful working with Roy and our gratitude and love for him are deep. Roy is gradually handing his duties to other staff, but will be available to the Newsletter staff for consultation -- whew! Thanks, Roy.



OBITUARY  
FREDERICK STREET

On February 17 I attended a wake for<sup>7</sup> the collective house on Frederick Street, San Francisco. The women who lived there, sometimes known as "The Princesses" (in honor of an action they did to greet the Queen of England), are being evicted, basically because the building is yuppifying into a condo. This collective house has been a center for Trouble and Culture for eight years and three months, and will be sorely missed.

the sensual world/little madneses

down the darkening street  
he walks, she walks  
amid an army of fatigue  
still bearing the armor of work  
against the edge of wind

but with the knowledge of home  
he raises his face to the sky  
lets the rain soften his lips  
his eyes cried by a torrent  
from above  
until the familiar strangeness  
lands, a dark bird  
on the outstretched branches  
of the heart

and with the sureness of birds  
she places her steps before her  
as talons grasp for the limb  
laughing to herself  
leaping into each bright pool  
left by the streetlamps  
a cat, a little girl, someone else  
a little madness,  
anticipation

this is all a little dance we do  
with madness  
I'm not myself every day  
more than once  
yet through it  
a thread draws itself  
with the sureness of feeling  
I find myself  
hanging from some necklace  
a cat, a bird, a little girl,  
a photograph, a washer  
signifying nothing,  
a word that brings inexpressible delight  
around the neck and shoulders  
of a poised and brilliant world,  
turning as it turns,  
turning into its turning.

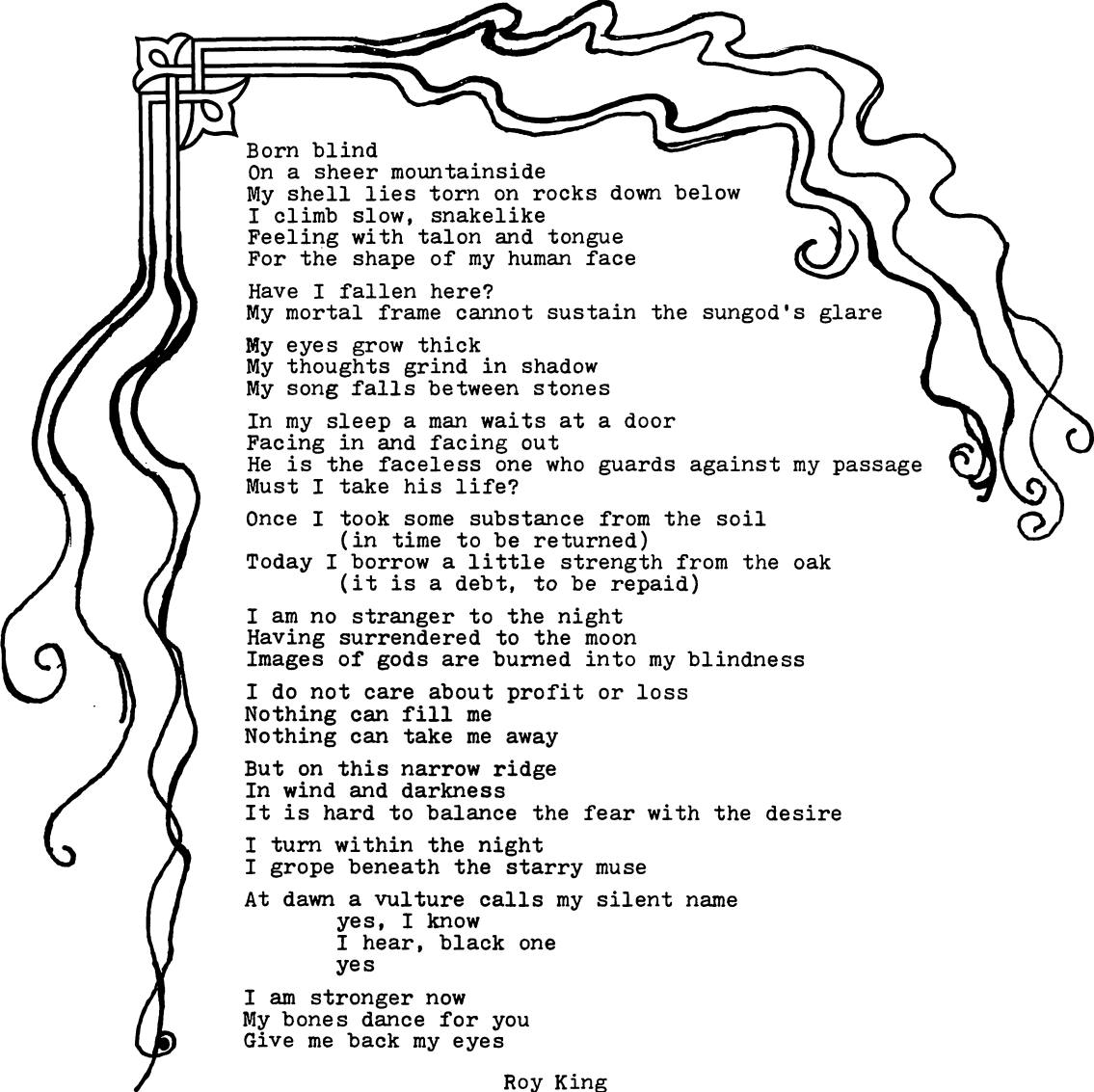
steven daniel mentor  
31 january 1990  
san francisco

The party swept me into nostalgia and appreciation for the organizers who live and have lived there. The women, present and past, are: Kate, Lisa, Cory, Jan, Rachel, Cookie, Robin, Lynn, Jerri, Iris, Lisa, Rosemary, Naya, Chris, Martha, Deborah, and Pamela. Most of them were in attendance at the party. I am happy to report that there was finally dancing at a Frederick Street party, although there was the usual gridlock in the kitchen. The "girls" had decorated the walls of the apartment with photos (many by Rachel, faithful chronicler of SF Anarchist doings), action posters, props and memorabilia from actions and cultural events spanning the last ten years. It was a wonderful panoply of our history, and a testimony to the wealth a good collective house of organizers and friends can give to its community.

I asked the women to name the political actions and cultural events in which they took part, and/or helped to organize. A partial list, (in no particular order):

Diablo Canyon Nuclear Power Plant  
Actions  
International Women's Day(s)  
Prevention Point Needle Exchange  
Greeting Queen Elizabeth II and  
Ronald Reagan (the girls dressed up  
in their best Princess clothes)  
Handbook Collectives for Numerous  
Actions  
The Cake Smashing at City Hall for  
Fleet Week  
Euro-Missiles Xmas Caroling  
The Abalone Alliance  
War Toys Protesting, Caroling, and  
Stickering  
Peace Camps: the Presidio; Alameda  
Air Station; Livermore; Nevada;  
Diablo; Vandenberg; Greenham  
Commons; Comiso, Italy  
Food Not Bombs

(continued on page 24)



Born blind  
On a sheer mountainside  
My shell lies torn on rocks down below  
I climb slow, snakelike  
Feeling with talon and tongue  
For the shape of my human face

Have I fallen here?  
My mortal frame cannot sustain the sungod's glare

My eyes grow thick  
My thoughts grind in shadow  
My song falls between stones

In my sleep a man waits at a door  
Facing in and facing out  
He is the faceless one who guards against my passage  
Must I take his life?

Once I took some substance from the soil  
(in time to be returned)  
Today I borrow a little strength from the oak  
(it is a debt, to be repaid)

I am no stranger to the night  
Having surrendered to the moon  
Images of gods are burned into my blindness

I do not care about profit or loss  
Nothing can fill me  
Nothing can take me away

But on this narrow ridge  
In wind and darkness  
It is hard to balance the fear with the desire

I turn within the night  
I grope beneath the starry muse

At dawn a vulture calls my silent name  
yes, I know  
I hear, black one  
yes

I am stronger now  
My bones dance for you  
Give me back my eyes

Roy King

Hawaii: The Green Room

The condo room is beige and brown.  
Wire hangers intertwine like vines  
In the plywood closet.  
The lampshade tilts sadly  
At the glass over the water color  
Of fall somewhere;  
Remnants of a price tag dominate the right foreground.  
The doors stick.  
Everything is as it should be.

In the dark, we are in a box  
No longer.  
From out there, past all this,  
The ocean's dark rumbling,  
An insisting  
That not far from this shallow shelf  
Things drop off precipitiously.

My dreams are of waves,  
Huge blue walls curling  
And breaking in enormous sets,  
Myself on a board  
Dropping down the face  
Riding the shoulder  
Into the green room.

By day we hop in the rental car,  
Drive to this or that patch of beach  
And give ourselves over to the gods -  
Sun, sand, sea, surf.  
Or, not give over -  
We coat our skin, cover up,  
Watch the breaks for a good while.  
And even so - a skinned knee,  
And the roar in the head  
Battered by bails into the boiling soup  
And pounded by a closeout wave  
And then another.

These gods are real.  
We take them seriously,  
Try to know them.  
Wed our puny powers to theirs.

In my dreams, the waves come.  
I don't battle them,  
I don't observe them.  
I ride them, and become them  
As the foam becomes them,  
Finding, through instinct and skill,  
Power past imagining.

At the end of the day  
We rinse the salt off our bodies  
Yet I can still taste  
The drop of brine on the lips,  
The briny gift of the gods  
To the merely godlike.

Steven Mentor  
Kauai, Hawaii  
13 January 1990

Hannah (continued...)

I should let you know that we are divided amongst ourselves as to whether we would rather demand an end to all heavenly meddling with earth, or simply an end to heavenly subordinates' meddling with earth. We will keep your readership posted on the fate of this discussion.

The problem here is that such a decision necessitates a consensus on theology, from which we have been determined to stay away. Ours is an eclectic and non-denominational group. Our networking attempts have been highly successful, successful beyond our dreams, and already the varying dietary restrictions of our membership have made our large meetings impossible to cater.

The results of the actions we have perpetrated so far were at first disappointing -- we expected to at least slow down the flow of traffic into the premises, for instance, but the workforce merely flew over our heads -- but we are constantly coming up with new ideas. It was one of our younger members, a Miss Treeheart Warmweather, who suggested one of our most successful ventures, that of chaining ourselves to the gates themselves. This did not, of course, hinder the traffic flow, but it did highly disconcert the heavenly inhabitants, apparently on the grounds of aesthetics, which they take very seriously. Usually our punishments have been stultifyingly minor, but on that occasion we rated a

(continued on page 24)



#### STARHAWK'S SPRING & SUMMER 1990 SCHEDULE

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

**April 6-8:** Debenneville Pines, Angelus Oaks, CA. "Embracing The Mountain: Ritual and Healing with Nature".  
Contact: Joan Archibald or staff (714) 794-2928.

**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.

**May 28-30:** Women's Healing Camp, CANADA. Two circles on power and healing.  
Contact: Sasha McKiness (807) 622-4655.

**June 1-3:** London, England. Talk: "Healing the Dismembered World". Workshop for men and women: "Power, Authority and Mystery".  
Contact: Malcolm Stern, "Alternatives", St. James Church, 197 Piccadilly, London W1 England.

**June 6-10:** Stuttgart, Germany. "Creating Women's Mystery Circles" -- A week long intensive.  
Contact: Rosemarie Deluciana at "ARKUNA" 0711-6519 44.

**July 2-6:** Bath, England. "Women's Stories, Women's Healing".  
Contact: Arcania Workshops, P.O. Box 601, Bath, England BA1 2ZX





Frederick Street (continued...)

The Opera AIDS Action -- what? you don't think it's nice to interrupt the Opera?  
U.S.S. Missouri Actions  
Concord Port Chicago Actions  
Kiss-In at the FTA, Washington, DC  
Bay Area Peace Test  
Nevada Test Site Actions, especially the Plutonium Princesses Hike to Mercury (and subsequent Troubles and Triumphs)  
The Mask Project, Nevada Test Site and the Mask-O-Rage Parade  
Bhopal Anniversary Demonstration  
Greeting the Pope  
Nuclear Free Zone Initiative, Alameda County  
AIDS Demo, Federal Building  
No Business As Usual  
Hall of Shame Tour, SF Financial District  
Corporate Mystery Tours  
Various Issues of Radioactive Times  
Organic gardening and herbal counseling  
Mudpeople  
Without Borders Anarchist Convention  
The Reader's Digest Condensed Version of Cities of the Red Night (a dramatic piece)  
The Livermore Actions  
The Golden Gate Bridge AIDS Action  
Anarchist Coffee Houses  
The Nuclear Attack Poster -- that yellow one that everyone thought was official  
Billboards: "America's Going to El Salvador, a New Nam," Etc.  
Battery Alexander Gatherings  
Circle A Gathering  
Numerous NonViolence Preps  
Democratic Convention Actions  
The Donkey Actions -- (hundreds of plastic soldiers expelled from the business end of the donkey, and lovely songs such as "I'm a yuppie, she's a yuppie, wouldn't you like to be a yuppie too")  
Web Action at the Bohemian Club  
Countless Actions at the SF Federal Building  
Corinto Action: the "Mining" of the San Francisco Harbor  
A Thousand Cranes painted on Market Street for Hiroshima Day  
Randall Terry Abortion Rights Demo  
Southern Air Transport Demo  
TV-Heads: the Moronic Convergence (people wearing TVs on their heads gathering under the Sutro TV tower for religious observance)

Bohemian Grove Actions  
Vandenberg Air Force Base Actions  
The Webster Rally  
KRON Demo  
The Bush Demonstrations  
The Kissinger Demonstration  
Burroughs-Wellcome Demos  
The Bicycle Liberation Action  
(forthcoming April 22, Earth Day)

I'd like to add that these women also work and have social lives.

Although the creative matrix of the Frederick Street House is no more, and the current residents are going to live separately, we of course can expect more trouble wherever any of these women may go. Good luck, and may blessings return to them threefold. Thanks, girls.

--Rose May Dance



Hannah (continued...)

stern lecture from one of the underlings attached to Raphael, who explained to us that within the heavenly precinct, all art invokes its meaning in proto-physical form, and if we chained ourselves to the gate again they would have to get serious.

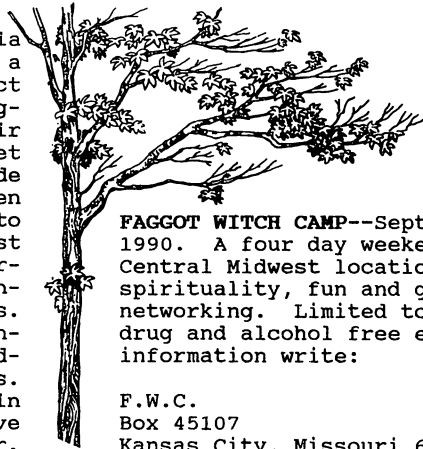
But such an empty threat! For, though we were, I will confess, worried about the possible heavenly retribution we might receive -- there is a prison where conditions are rumored to be particularly bad, as you know -- the worst that has happened to us so far has been a sermon and a ticket home.

We are strong, we are committed, and we stalwartly await you. We encourage you to form your own affinity groups, and join with us, standing proud amongst your fellow humans. This is the most important political action you can undertake. Start now to turn your face to the source of all being, saying with us, Enough of the eternal question, Why?! Let us just say no, anyway!

Yours in struggle, Odin Rockport

A large coalition of northern California forest activists have put together a statewide voter initiative to protect old growth and to reform California logging practices. This group chose their name as *FORESTS FOREVER* after they met in a circle and asked Spirit to guide them. Connections have been made between *FORESTS FOREVER*, whose purpose is to promote information concerning forest issues, and *FOREVER FORESTS*, whose purpose is to facilitate and encourage others to create ceremonial tree plantings. While the two organizations are not connected structurally, they are both dedicated to preserving healthy forests. Large amounts of money are needed in order for the *FORESTS FOREVER* initiative to qualify for the ballot next November. Contributions (not tax deductible) can be sent to *FORESTS FOREVER*, 106 West Standley Street, Ukiah, CA 95482. For information on *FOREVER FORESTS* tree plantings, write to them at Box 1542, Ukiah, CA 95482, tel (707) 462-5031.

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**FAGGOT WITCH CAMP**--September 21-24, 1990. A four day weekend intensive. Central Midwest location. Ritual, gay spirituality, fun and games, workshops, networking. Limited to forty men. A drug and alcohol free event. For more information write:

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The Directory to Canadian Pagan Resources is the only comprehensive directory to resources for Witches, Dianics, Faeries, neo-Pagans, Druids, and others spiritually attuned to Nature and the Goddess and Old Gods in Canada. If you know of any covens or groups that might wish to list with us (free of charge), please pass our address to them, or theirs to us. The Directory will be published in mid-May and will cost \$3.00 per copy, roughly our cost of production. Pagans for Peace, P.O. Box 86134, North Vancouver, B.C. V7L 2L9 CANADA.

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## RECLAIMING BENEFIT HERB WALK

Andraste, of Coven Tobar Bhríde and plant ecologist, Bone Blossom, Priestess of Coven Stone Dancers and herbalist, and Sophia Sparks, former Priestess of Coven Holy Terrors and naturalist, will lead us on a walk through the Marin Headlands and discuss magic and lore, medicinal uses of native plants, and the ecosystem (which plants are native, which are not; which plants are beneficial to the environment and which do harm to the ecosystem).

Saturday, April 28, 1990, 9:30 a.m.

Meet at Rodeo Lagoon (warehouse building T-1111 [clearly marked and with adequate parking]), on the Marin side of the Golden Gate National Recreation Area. Dress for all weather, bring water and lunch, binoculars are nice if you want to watch the many birds in the area. Walk is expected to conclude around 2:00 p.m., but, of course, we can stay until sunset if we wish. Donations are requested, all to go to Reclaiming Collective (no overhead and the teachers are donating their time and expertise).

For further information, contact Sophia Sparks at 647-0430 or Macha NightMare at 454-4411.

# ADS & ANNOUNCEMENTS



**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-generational spiritual path of exploration, celebration, instrospection 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 Gen eva, WI 53147.

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## CAFE ANGELS, WHERE ARE YOU?

A small group of pagan anarchists is trying to start a collectively owned and run, community oriented cafe with performance space in the Mission or Castro. We need money! and tips on spaces. We will be happy to discuss our plans and prospects with people who might be interested in making interest-free short-term loans. Contact: **The Cauldron Cafe** (tentative name), 273 Frederick St., San Francisco 94117; (415) 681-0983 (Lisa or Kate)

## 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 wildlands, 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 and meeting place, and to get on the mailing list. Whether you come just once or always, your work will make a difference, you'll meet good folks, and get a day in the Elements you'll long remember with satisfaction. Talk to Sophia for more information: 647-0430.



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Glenn A. Turner

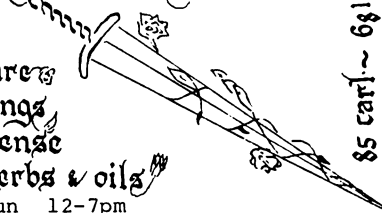
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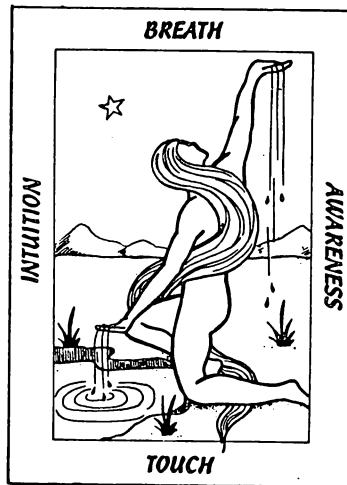
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P.I.R. NEWSLETTER is a new publication for Pagans in twelve-step recovery programs. Contact:

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## **LOMI BODYWORK**



**SUZETTE ROCHAT (A.K.A. CYBELE)**

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

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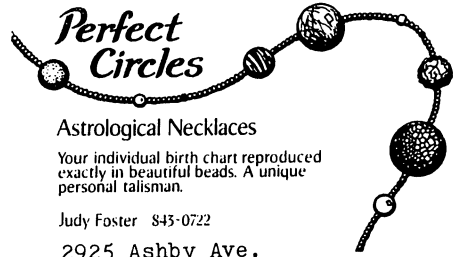
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