

# reclaiming

Newsletter

Summer 1990/Number 39

\$2.00



**Reclaiming**  
**A Center for Feminist Spirituality**  
**P.O. Box 14404**  
**San Francisco, CA 94114**

**Newsletter Submissions:** The Newsletter encourages people to submit articles, letters, or graphics related to political, pagan or spiritual issues and happenings. **Graphics are 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 indents). 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 even like some of the stuff we print.

**Fall Deadline is Friday, August 3, 1990**

**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 recording (listed under "Reclaiming" in Berkeley) carries announcements (and updates) of events organized by Reclaiming and others. Often, these come up too late to be put in the newsletter. Call us with events and announcements to add to the message. They can also be mailed to the Events Line at the P.O. box, but this is slower. Please allow plenty of time, and remember to say where we can reach you with questions.

-The Recording Faerie

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Newsletter look different but taste the same? Thanks to the hard work and resources of Cherie and Stanley at Electra Typography, we cut our teeth on the Ultimate Typesetting System and a byzantine coding system of our own design this issue. Profoundly crazed, the following people batted about, preparing Newsletter #39: Anne, Cherie, Craig, Joël, Jody, Judy, Megan, Peter, Pleiades, Rose, Roy, and Stanley. Special blessings on those authors who were willing to enter and code their own articles!

Sincere apologies for neglecting to express our appreciation to Eleanor Myers for the cover of the previous (Spring '90) issue... *Thank you!*

Printed on Recycled Paper

# On Sacred Sensuality and the Sensuality of the Sacred.

## 1. More About the Birds and the Bees

by Bisko

*All acts of love and pleasure are my rituals.*

—the goddess

*We always remember that we live on the souls of  
the beings we eat.*

—anonymous Inuit

Why does food and drink taste good? Why do we get such sensual pleasure from the smells, rolling the morsels in our mouth, feeling the texture and temperature? Here are some ideas. If the first paragraph is too boring, read the last paragraph first, and then try again.

We watch a bee zoom in on this flower and not that flower, then we watch it crawl around picking up its stuff to take back to the hive, and incidentally picking up pollen to deposit on another flower, or depositing pollen she had picked up elsewhere; we notice the fetid smell of the smyrna fig tree, and the swarms of wasps that surround it, sucking the juices and acting out their essential role in the fertility of the tree; we marvel at the hummingbird feeding at the flowers and distributing the pollen. Each species plays its part in the maintenance of the living earth system we call by many names. Obviously the flow of energy in the form of biomass (that means eating and being eaten, whether by eagles, panthers, deer, barracuda, salmon, frogs, maggots, fungi or bacteria) is dramatic and the subject of Disney and Costeau nature movies. What I want to talk about here is the organization of this flow, and especially the behavior associated with it.

It's generally agreed by people who study these things that biological communities evolved as *communities*—flowers didn't evolve to attract certain insects, or butterflies didn't evolve their probosces to fit certain flowers. In other words, there was a process of mutual natural selection, and that means that individuals were choosing the most attractive among choices presented to them. And they still do. In the cases I talked

about up there, bees and hummingbirds, the individuals will choose this flower more often than that flower, will pass up this taste or smell or color pattern in favor of another. In other words, what they do in their maintenance of the living world is organized by sensual gratification. We tend to forget the importance of this idea, since the beings we're talking about are limited in their choices and their behavior in these areas looks pretty automatic.

Now, a generally accepted scenario for the evolution of humans involves the development of the central nervous system that wires humans to need language and symbolization as well as to be able to do language and symbolization. In other words, while other beings receive sense information, organize it, and then act on it, humans can, and have to, receive sense data, put symbolic significance to it, organize the sense data and put symbolic significance to that, then evaluate symbols of possibilities of actions and then act. (This may be part of what is known as "free will"?) So there is no inevitable and necessary relationship between a species-universal positive sensuality and life-affirming behavior, for humans. And the human symbolic system has to contribute in some way to the organization of the life-affirming activities that other beings do in their direct sensuality.

Way back when humans first came on the scene, they entered into a series of contracts (for want of a better word) with other beings in the world, since humans were blessed and burdened with this symbolism/language-based "free will". Various plants offered themselves up as food and nurturance for humans, and in return, they trusted that humans would respect and nurture their habitat, guard and honor the source of food and life. Of course the understanding was supposed to be that the food plants live in complex habitats that interconnect and influence each

other, so that humans must respect the whole web of life.

Knowing that the human species has a very short memory, the planet must develop a way of reminding humans of this contract as much and as often as possible. What better way than sensual enjoyment? What are “attractants” for other beings are valued symbols and referents of symbols for humans. So the good smells and tastes and colors and patterns that we get pleasure from are supposed to serve as media for bonding to the plants who are nurturing us, and to remind us of our responsibility to our life-kin and to our kinship network.

So we sit down to a meal, and revel in the smells and colors and patterns, and take note of the good feelings and the ties of our fellow eaters. We may take the time to thank the providers of nurturance—the beings whose souls we’re eating, the people who prepared the food and the people who are going to help us eat it—and during this time of quiet and emptying, our bodies will be preparing to receive it. Each bite or sip is a new explosion of sensual marvels, and we enjoy the beauty and the challenge of patterns of smell, taste, texture, color, and so on. In doing this, we are reminded of our ancient contract. What we do about our remembrance in our sensual pleasure is up to us.



*A thin, slick salamander with a long, iridescent-blue tail  
Lives, for a while, among the reeds by the spring on the mountain.  
She glides up the rough rock face like a living shadow,  
Her sides pulsating, when she pauses, with frightened, quivering breath.  
Did I call her with the high, bell-like ringing of my drum?  
Does she see me watching her? Does she fear me?  
Does she wish she were large enough to swallow me whole?  
There are always many little lizards living on the mountain.  
Today there is also one man, alone, with a drum.*

Roy King

## Between the Worlds for the Paradox Lost Household

*The wind slips  
through rotted window frames,  
forms currents and crosscurrents  
on the floor, creeps beneath  
thin clothes to dance, chill,  
against our skin.  
a kettle*

*hums on the old stove, black  
as ash, whose oven has risen  
generations of patient dough.  
We pass our hands over the flames,  
blue to red, spreading the fire  
around the room, lighting candles*

*against the rain.  
Hot water pours into cups, mist  
gathers on the window, our view  
of the moon is obscured  
as she sinks into the ocean.  
Still as fish, we hear*

*the sand tremble. Our floor shifts,  
a dog howls in the dark, someone  
clears her throat and heaves  
the new bread from the oven  
onto the table, calling in the night,  
sanctifying the feast.*

Anne Hill



# What's Wrong With This Picture?

Reclaiming recently participated in this Beltane event. The graphic was created by a local artist. It was presented to one individual in one of the collaborating organizations, who had some questions about the suitability of the graphic, but time was short, and the poster was sent to the print shop without further consultation. The graphic, a cartoon, created uproar among people

in San Francisco. Many posters were defaced—marked “Sexist!”—or torn down. A lively and fruitful discussion ensued at an Anarchist Coffee House. Anarchist community members made plans to issue a second poster, examining what kind of images we put out to the public, and how are they important. Reclaiming welcomes you to join the debate.

**MAY DAY**  
**CELEBRATE BELTANE AND**  
**INTERNATIONAL WORKERS DAY**

WORLD WIDE WORKERS

**SUNDAY APRIL 29**  
**POTLUCK PICNIC**  
 FORT MILLY MEADOW  
 SAN FRANCISCO  
 OAKY BLVD. WEST  
 TO END, FOLLOW  
 SIGNS  
 11am-4pm

**SUNDAY APRIL 29**  
 Potluck Picnic • Performance Space • Songwriting &  
 Literature • Meet the May Day Organizers • Fun & Games  
**TUESDAY MAY 01**  
 May Day March of Shameless & Heroism!  
 Bring Signs, Props and Posters!  
**CALL IN SICK**  
 JUSTIN HERMAN  
 PLAZA  
 EMBARCADERO  
 SAN FRANCISCO

**TUESDAY MAY 1**  
 11:30am

SPAIN

# Is the Goddess Really Straight?

by Riva Enteen

Recently, Reclaiming, the Wobblies (IWW) and the Workers Solidarity Alliance, put on the first combined Beltane/Workers' Day event. The poster to broadcast the day was done by Spain, a well-known, talented artist and friend of Starhawk's, who had asked him to make the poster. It portrays an "idealized worker" and "idealized goddess," he a blue jeaned, muscled and booted proletarian, she an almost naked figure of tits and ass and sandals.

The day before the event, a monthly women's group from within the circle A community met and all we talked about was our reactions to the poster. I had heard that not only was this heterosexist image wheat-pasted all over the Castro, but at least one was (quite properly, I think) defaced with "This image degrades women." Someone suggested that since April's Anarchist Coffeehouse was that night, we sign up on the open mike to discuss our reactions to the poster.

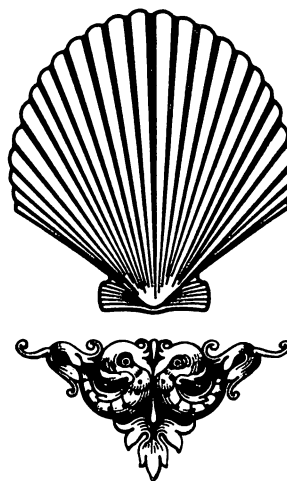
Some reactions to our wanting to discuss it at Coffeehouse were the following: you're just creating a tempest in a teapot; there are too many other problems for me to deal with; I'd rather look at it as a joke; and so what if it was sexy, Beltane is sexy. Most of these reactions came from people closely involved in both Reclaiming and in planning the event. Yet the almost universal reaction from almost everyone else was dislike of the poster and criticism of its white and het stereotyped images. Jess Grant of the Wobblies spoke at Coffeehouse of his involvement with the poster, and was honest in admitting his initial blindness to the offensive nature of the graphic. There was a lengthy, spirited and supportive discussion among women of the group and the audience, many women speaking about very painful reactions to the poster.

What this poster has done is provoke a debate of the politics of art, and our process as activists. Those of us who expressed criticism of Spain's

piece are not advocating censorship. Spain is entitled to his art. But is his image of the goddess what we in the Reclaiming community want to portray as ours?

Frankly, I hope and think not. When I told someone the woman wasn't wearing any clothes, while the worker was fully clothed, she didn't question my calling the woman's skimpy dress as making her essentially naked, but said that in seeing only who was clothed, I was being reductionist. Then, after telling me she didn't think the woman was an image for women to aspire to, she later said, to a man, "I wish I had a body like that." Have we really come a long way, baby? Apparently not far enough.

But again, the question was simply bad judgment in asking Spain to create our image, and not have it examined by Reclaiming Collective members before it was distributed. Additionally, the level of defensiveness in reaction to the controversy is disturbing. The IWW representative, Jess Grant, responded to the criticism with integrity and courage. I feel Reclaiming has not responded in kind.



# Age—As in To Age, Ageing, Aged, Ageist, Ageism, Old, Older, Eldest . . . .

*By Moher Ages*

This morning I woke up with a strange arm lying on top of my covers. Since I was sleeping alone and didn't recognize this arm, I stared at it intently, trying to come awake to deal with this strange limb lying on me. It reminded me of my Aunt Kitty's arm even though she's been dead for some 25 years—all crepey, with hanging white Irish phosphorescent

flesh. I used to stare at her arm while she ate, fixated on that flesh that hung off the back of it. "Oh, my Goddess, Aunt Kitty's arm is in my bed." Now I was sufficiently awake to tackle this problem. I stared. I picked up the covers to examine this phenomena, and it moved. It was then that I realized that it was MY ARM, and I was a victim of the dreaded disease—Age. Just like that, I moved into a new phase of my life. It seemed to strike with no warning. But then as I laid there, I contemplated this new state of existence and realized that the signs had been slowly creeping (crepeing?) up on me. I had failed to heed them. Like for instance . . . .

My period has finally mellowed out, and lengthened from every 19 to 21 days to something more manageable—24 to 26 days. I like that. Being an eternal optimist, I began an inventory of other age changes with the assumption that I would ultimately decide that they were also as positive as a changing menstrual cycle. Let's see. As a matter of fact, I will add up the positives and negatives, and present a scientific, behavioral analysis of one woman's ascent/descent into an "older age."

I think that for a lot of women, one of the great fears of our lives is that we will turn into our mothers. I've dedicated a lot of years and energy to making sure that I did everything the exact opposite of how my mother would do it. Lately, my ability to do that has slipped, and I find myself saying things like "Fuck it, I do want my house as neat as my mother's." It seems that

my tolerance level for chaos and clutter is sagging faster than the skin on my arm. It's bad enough that my voice sounds exactly like my mother's, so much so that when my family calls, they think they have dialed my mother's number by mistake when I answer. Her other behaviors are also taking over. In photographs, I have that same phony, frozen "photo smile," besides looking a lot like her. My mother does have great legs, and I love that I got the same ones. Hers have remained shapely and fine into her seventies. (1 negative for clutter intolerance, 1 negative for being in a cultural system that doesn't foster cross-generational matriarchal bonding, and 1 positive for my mother's legs.)

I can live with all this. What I can't stomach, however, is "The Judge" who has moved in, maybe permanently, occupying the largest portion of my gut and my mental dialogue. "The Judge" endlessly wants to tell so-and-so how to do such-and-such. "The Judge" has to know why so-and-so did such-and-such THAT WAY instead of MY WAY. "The Judge" lets nothing go unnoticed and uncommented upon. Only "The Judge" knows the correct and only way to do ANYTHING. (Definitely 1 negative for "The Judge.")

Remember when you were a little kid, and Uncle Ed or Uncle Frank seemed like such a character—a caricature of himself? The older you got, the more he became Uncle Ed or Uncle Frank. Well, I feel like a "caricature of Moher." Sometimes that's very comforting, and sometimes it feels like a prison—I am a prisoner of myself. (I call this 1 positive for being a caricature, and 1 negative for being trapped by it sometimes.)

Honesty: I know that I fully expected that one of the main rewards of old age would be the freedom and audacity to say anything I wanted to say. Well, it hasn't worked that way. I am just as afraid to speak my mind for fear of alienating or



hurting someone as I ever have been, in spite of "The Judge." I want my money back! This has to be one of the main rewards of old age! I have to be able to share my wisdom and experience uncensored. I was looking forward to being an outspoken old Crone. Does that mean I have to be less understanding of human foibles? I don't think so, since I sometimes feel a sense of *deja vu* during meetings, process workshops, or familial/relationship "talks." There are only so many problems in the world, and I feel sometimes that I have been present when many of them were trying to be solved. This certainly lends a certain air of impatience and hurry to my interactions. This must be ageist behavior on my part and make me hard to deal with. (One positive for my experience, one negative for my impatience, and one positive for *deja vu*.)

Sex, unequivocally, becomes more meaningful and cosmic with age. I can say, without a shadow of a doubt, that my sexual activities have reached a level of pleasure and psychic gratification that I never dreamed possible. If non-sexual relationships were like what happens when people fuck, life would be much improved. I am still stuck with the age-old problem of separating "love from sex." Even though I feel I have worked this out for myself, I have to explain this to other lovers, and find out how they feel about non-monogamy. (One positive for sex and one negative for explanations.)

As I get older, my commitment to feminism deepens, and becomes more embedded in my psyche. (I definitely don't believe that we are in the "post Feminist" era!) I used to **know** that everything is connected; now I **feel** the connections. Sometimes those feelings are overwhelming, and I am immobilized by the tasks of dealing with racism, sexism, ageism, homophobia, ableism, etc. I can't separate the political from the personal, and don't even try anymore. Everything is political. Everything is personal. In order to cope with all of this, I go to Co-Dependency meetings. (One positive for feminism, one hundred negatives for all the "isms," and one positive for Co-De meetings.)

I expected to spend my middle years delivering babies in some idyllic hippie commune. But that's not what the Goddess had in mind. Instead, five years ago several of us witchy-types found ourselves in the middle of the struggle to stop AIDS. Talk about overwhelming! In order to survive, I have to continuously look for a silver lining in AIDS. I think we have the opportunity to change the whole health-care delivery system in the only country in the Western world that does not have national health care insurance besides South Africa. Working in AIDS has turned out to be a gift in my middle years that I will always cherish. (One positive for my experience, one negative for the fact that we still don't have national health care, and 500 **huge negatives for AIDS**.)

Impatience—I read authors like Alice Walker, and I am struck by the model of patience that she brings to her world. I must admit that one of the assumptions that I brought to my advancing age is the idea that I would all of a sudden be understanding about the world, and the ways in which things happen. It seems that no matter how old I am, there are still more behaviors that are unacceptable to me than not. Save me! I still want to be saved. (One positive for Alice Walker, one negative for unacceptable behaviors, and one negative for the fact that I still want someone to save me.)

Kids/Family/Lovers/Friends/Circle Siblings/Reclaiming Buddies—of which I am blessed with many—what can I say? (800 positives for all the wonderful people in my world.)

Interestingly enough, I noticed that I didn't talk much about aches and pains. I don't seem to have many. (One positive for good health.)

I can't remember what the last item was. I know it was very important—maybe even the most important. What was that one? Oh yes, my **MEMORY**.

Recently, for reasons not entirely clear even to me, I took the Graduate Record Examinations (the GRE's). I took them eleven years ago before I knew about the bullshit of academia, so that I didn't know enough to be intimidated by them. I

did ok. I got into graduate school, and got my Master's degree. No problems, except that those scores are no longer "valid." Now, if I want to steep myself in even more academic bullshit, I need new GRE's. I registered and got the study books. I took all the practice tests. I failed all the practice tests in math and analytical ability. It seems that my mind doesn't operate like it did eleven years ago. The more practice tests I took, the worse I got. I got so I could answer all the questions in the allotted time, but they were all wrong—well, 19 out of 25. How do you make your old synapses fire in such a way that you can get a decent score on the GRE's? Other memory problems are more easily solved—if I don't write it down, it doesn't get done. Of course, if I run upstairs to get a book and haven't written that chore down, I find myself standing in the middle of my room not knowing why I'm there. Consequently, I go downstairs empty-handed. The exercise in the return trip is good for me. (One positive for exercise, one negative for analytical ability, and one for saggy, crepey synapsis.)

Add up the positives and negatives, and my fear-of-math mind tallies the following: 811 positives to 611 negatives. I'm still ahead. Isn't that what counts?

As Reclaiming prepares to celebrate ten years of love, work, joy, and struggle, age may be on other people's minds besides mine. Blessed Be Our Holy Sacred Ages! Let's get very old together!

[Ed. note: Moher & I were socializing a few weeks ago and she asked me "What shall I write about for the Newsletter?" and I said "Aging." "Aging?" Later, we went to the pay phone to call a friend. Neither of us were wearing our glasses. We could read neither the numbers on the phone push-buttons, nor the numbers in my phone-book. "Yes," I said, "Aging."—rmd]

## The Old Rolls

*I hear the iron sigh of some broken god  
groaning from a junkyard grave.*

*His once gleaming surface,  
now ravaged by rain,  
runs in a broad rust stain across the road  
once built for his passage.*

*His once mighty spirit has dissolved  
back into the quite hillside,  
free of friction and smoke.*

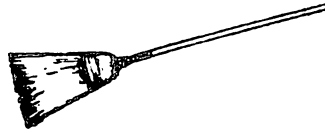
*Time is no friend to too rapid a creation.*

*A yellow-eyed wolf,  
returned with the trees,  
pads across the broken pavement  
and stops to piss on the broken hull  
of the old Rolls.*

Roy King



# Hannah's Household Hints



(1)

I am very sorry to disappoint all of you who have come to count on Ms. Hannah Clancy's instructions for the orderly maintenance of your house, but she will not be writing a column for you this issue.

As a matter of fact, she may never write a column for the Reclaiming newsletter again, if I have anything to say about it, because I am sick unto death of her and I never want to hear from her again. All this last fol-de-rol about the Heavenly Blockade has finally done it, for me.

I mean, really. There are some very good reasons it's hard to find people who are willing to channel Hannah Clancy. I don't get paid for this, you know. I do it out of the goodness of my heart. I put up with all that glitter in my hair the year she got bombed, and I put up with going to jail so she could put on a comedy act for captive inmates, and I put up with it every St. Patrick's day, when she invites her dreary grandmother in—you know, Nora, the one who is still rambling on about her son Kevin and the Black-&-Tans—ok, all right, anything for the cause, I like to be useful, I like to be helpful, I'm glad I've got some small talent you guys find entertaining.

But this is enough! I am a pagan! I am an initiated Witch and Priestess! I own bunches of tools! People ask me advice on important matters! I have opinions! I have a ritual robe here someplace! The pagan angels *sing* when I get up in the morning, believe me, and here I am, channelling some demented Irish cleaning lady whose idea of a useful political action is blockading heaven!

*What* heaven? Where does she get this stuff?

Ok, all right, just a minute.

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

I'm calmer now. As it stands, Hannah refuses to work with me, I refuse to channel her, and we both refuse mediation.

My advice to *you* is: 1) Buy Ajax; 2) clean out the refrigerator with baking soda and a soft cloth; 3) newspaper and ammonia works quite well on windows, it's true, but paper towels and windex is easier; and 4) that stuff Hannah told you about sand-blasting the bathtub to get the stains out was a lie.

Watch this space for further developments.

Best wishes, Pandora

(2)

Dear Reclaiming people and all my Lovely Readers:

I am Extremely sorry to tell you that I am leaving the Reclaiming collective for a personal reason, which is that I can't work with Pandora anymore.

We are having Political Differences and also she has a Bad Temper and I told her that she was Out of Line but she Did Not Listen so now I am going.

However, please do not cry, although as you know I always accept money, because of course I will still see many of you on the Heavenly Blockade line and also I have a new plan.

Which is that all of You, my Lovely Readers, write to the Reclaiming collective and make them throw Pandora out and then I can go back in.

If you will just do that pretty soon then I can continue to give you all my advice to help you clean your houses, especially during the Holy Sacred Summer Vacation, when your mother is going to come visit bringing your Aunt Bernice this time and some of those Lovely Cats, and also I can send you all the news about the Heavenly Blockade, which is going very well and the Angels look Nervous.

Love, Hannah

(3)

Dear Reclaiming,

First, your newsletter is great! I really appreciate reading letters and articles from pagans all over the world! It gets pretty lonely here in Tulsa.

Something sorta disturbing is happening, though! I mean, all this stuff about the Heavenly Blockade. This is a pagan newsletter! I don't want to hear about God and stuff!

Thanx, Wheatfield Jones

(4)

Dear Reclaiming:

I know that perfect love and perfect trust is really important, and that we should always protect our sisters and brothers in the Craft, but I'd like to let you know that I think Odin Rockport is an infiltrator.

Did you notice that when he mentioned what I can only deduce to be God's Heavenly Throne, he referred to it as the seat of all power?

Pretty subversive stuff, I think.

Yours, Lizard

(5)

Reclaiming Newsletter:

Please cancel my subscription. I am highly angered at the references to Christian symbols, which I do not expect to find in a pagan newsletter. I refer, of course, to the so-called Heavenly Blockade.

Sincerely, Lady Madena

(6)

Dear Reclaiming,

I am so excited about the Heavenly Blockade! This is just great! The Easter action was really powerful. I could really *feel* the energy.

You guys are great—keep it up!

Love, Waterstone

(7)

Dear Reclaiming collective,

Just want to let you know how wonderful it was to be with you at the Easter Heavenly Blockade—I didn't really see any of you there, but everybody said you *were* there. I really appreciated your energy. I encourage everybody to get involved—this is a great action. The next big blockade will be at the Feast of the Assumption—join in!

Love, Treeheart Warmweather

(8)

Dear Reclaiming,

It has been pointed out to me that in my article on the Heavenly Blockade I spoke of God's Throne as the "seat of all power"; what I meant, of course, was "the purported seat of all power."

Yours, Odin Rockport

### Readers' Poll

*[Pandora is in England at this writing but I knew she would want me to put the following in the newsletter. In the True Spirit of Consensus, I thought we could have a Vote—rmd]*

Dear Reclaiming Collective:

(Check one)

YES! Throw that Witch Pandora out of the Reclaiming Collective so that Nice Hannah can keep writing her Lovely Column. Her appeal is catholic, in the True sense of the word.

NO! Pandora is a Victim of Too Much Channelling, and perhaps should have a Nice Vacation, but retain her in the Reclaiming Collective. Banish Hannah Clancey to the Outer Regions of Darkness, or send her to her Greater Good, whichever is Worse, and it's Hard To Tell.

MAYBE! Let's watch 'em mud wrestle and see Who Wins.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_ Sex \_\_\_\_\_ Flavor \_\_\_\_\_

Clip and mail to Reclaiming Newsletter,  
ATTN: Hannah/Pandora, PO Box 14404,  
San Francisco, CA 94114.



# There Ain't No Consensus in Heaven: Tales of Power from the Nevada Desert

by *Some Love Slaves of Gandhi*

As part of the 1990 Decade to Disarm: Global Actions to End the Arms Race, there were twin actions at the Nevada Test site and the Semipalatinsk Test Site in Kazakhstan, U.S.S.R. The Nevada Test Site is on land which was deeded to the Western Shoshone Nation by the Ruby Valley Treaty of 1863; the Shoshone have not had use of the Test Site Land, nor the adjoining land claimed by the Bureau of Land Management, since 1951. Shoshone sacred sites and burial places are located on Test Site land. For several years the Western Shoshones have invited the American Peace Test actionists to camp on the BLM-claimed land, and to do actions on the Test Site. Artistic expressions for peace was one focus of this action. When people were not planning, meeting, or doing actions, many were making banners, giant puppets, costumes, and kites for the April 1 Parade of Fools celebration.

The central piece of this year's Nevada action was the signing of the People's Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty, by representatives from the Western Shoshone Nation; the Nevada-Semipalatinsk Anti-Nuclear Movement, Kazakhstan, U.S.S.R.; the American Peace Test, U.S.A.; and people representing peace movements in Holland, East Germany, West Germany, and Japan. The signing took place on March 31, 1990, and was followed by mass-action at the Mercury Gate of the Test Site, with more than 800 arrests. On the same day there was an action at the Semipalatinsk Site in the U.S.S.R. In fact, tens of thousands of people acted that day all over the Soviet Union, for "the Wave of Peace"; including childrens' marches, car caravans, and protests at uranium mines. There were also actions in East Germany, Poland, Hungary, Britain, and probably other locations.

These actions and the four day action at the Nevada Test Site received very little press in the U.S. In Nevada, there were over 2,000 people in attendance, and over 1,100 arrests.

*[The following is an edited (probably not edited enough) transcription of a tape made by Anne Hill, Rose May Dance, and Starhawk, members of The Love Slaves of Gandhi Affinity Group. Unfortunately the microphone (thanks, Mercury, Oh devious god of communications) was not functioning properly, so half the tape, including most of what Star had to say, was inaudible. I could only hear Star when she was singing. However we thought you would enjoy what we could salvage from the tape.—rmd]*

**Rose:** Why did you go to Nevada?

**Anne:** Peer pressure mostly. Ha. The answer always changes depending on whether it's before, during, or after the action. I went because I realized it was a great vacation with all my best friends, and also because I wanted to go to the desert. It's my only real political action in the whole year. I'm sort of cloistered, living in the country with kids. It's the bust that I can do. And what else? Going on midnight hikes through the desert is wonderful. And you know I want to stop nuclear testing.

**Rose:** What do you remember best about Nevada?

**Anne:** Well, I remember on the way home that we finally found a decent meal at the Hayes Street Grill in Bridgeport, California.

**Rose:** Best cup of coffee on the Eastern Slope. But really, what else was memorable? What was your affinity group called?

**Anne:** Ha. My affinity group was the Love Slaves of Gandhi affinity group, comprised of several stalwart souls. That was a memorable experience, just being part of the Love Slaves of Gandhi. Feeling that sort of camaraderie.

**Rose:** What I like about the name, the Love Slaves of Gandhi, is: you know, right away, who your friends are. People with a slightly cynical caste to their sense of humor, who do not have too much of a feeling of self-importance, understand, and laugh. We love Gandhi, but we're not what

some people call Gandhi-ists. We don't even think Gandhi was a Gandhi-ist. And we go through all sorts of unpleasant circumstances because we are, after all, slaves of love. We willingly wear handcuffs even though we are able to remove them. We sing when we'd rather complain. We're open and friendly instead of being mean, even if the circumstances warrant meanness. But we want to have fun. We know that if people we meet at the action can't laugh at the name, Love Slaves of Gandhi, they're probably some of the more serious actionists, bless their hearts, and we should give them a wide berth. We might be too outrageous for them.

(Now some people might say that our name is typical of our bad attitude. It's true. Other aspects of our bad attitude stem from the fact that our style is different from that of some other actionists. At one spokescouncil meeting, some folks complained about certain actionists using "violent" language or "violent body language". The gestures and words which were being labelled violent, we would simply call "angry", "powerful", or "strong". In a large action, people of many different styles come together, and we *know* we need to find common ground to work together. Where our bad attitude comes in is that we let off our steam by making fun of our more serious comrades. The advantage of our bad attitude is that it allows us to sustain ourselves over the years, tolerating situations which drive most people nuts.)

I liked using our name when we got out of jail—well it wasn't really jail—when we were released from being held at the Community Center. Lined up in the parking lot were banks of supporters who had followed the busses, driving for an hour to the town of Beatty. As we neared them, in order to pick our own supporters out of the crowd, we bellowed "LOVE SLAVES! LOVE SLAVES!" Everyone looked at us rather askance except for our Luis and Rosemary, who recognized us right away.

**Anne:** Right away. And everyone looked at them, too, as I recall. That was a memorable moment. The other memorable moment was seeing the Bonnie and Clyde Death Car at the casino at State

Line—State Line Casino Heaven, yes. They had the original true to life Bonnie and Clyde Death Car right there. Riddled with bullets, broken glass. I liked Clyde's letter to Henry Ford. Clyde said he would recommend a Ford to all his friends, he'd had nothing but luck with Ford.

**Rose:** Yes, seeing all those bullet holes gave me a moment to reflect before I set off to do my crimes.

**Anne:** Another memorable moment was our mid-night hike. We got to the Peace Camp Friday, mid-day.

**Rose:** There'd been one good blockade in the road that day before we arrived.

**Anne:** When we got to our camp, the Fly By Night women's affinity group was planning their ritual action night hike. We had been thinking about a night hike, too, and we talked to Luis and Peter and decided to go in that night.

**Rose:** We were so glad to see Peter arrive from Grass Valley—we hadn't known he was coming, and he had been in our AG last year.

**Anne:** I'd never done an action with Luis, and it was quite wonderful.

**Rose:** Yes, Luis spends time each year at Pine Ridge with the Lakota elders, I think he used to study them, and now he goes there for his spiritual work. He's a good person to travel with when you're sneaking onto sacred land that's been stolen by the government.

The four of us prepared for our night hike. We gathered supplies, and arranged our schedule so we could go to bed very early in order to set out at 3:00 A.M. Many other people in the camp were also going to bed early—quite a few folks were doing night actions. I decided, in order to get some sleep after driving so long, not to go to the Women's Wailing Procession. I regret this decision. Most of the women in camp walked through camp and down to the Test Site Fence, wailing and drumming, raising powerful energy to culminate the walk. That sound made a good lullabye, but the drumming that followed did not.

Earlier, Anne Hill had been very good, checking in on the camp community meeting. What happened when you went to the consensus meeting, Anne?

**Anne:** It was a community meeting, which means that anybody could have gone, but it was still consensus process discussing various issues. When I arrived they were discussing the issue of all night drumming. Now, this was an issue because the night before, the Rainbow Family drummers and their ilk had led an all night drumming circle at the rally site, which is precariously close to the kitchen area, where people are camped, but in general, drumming at night carries over the entire desert, and so wherever you are sleeping, you can hear it.

The people in the kitchen said, this is too loud, I couldn't get any sleep. Basically people's response to that was, well then move your tents, and better yet, we'll help you move your tents. There was one woman who suggested having a limit put on the all night drumming, so that people who were going to bed early and getting up early could actually sleep deeply. This was basically shouted down in a non-violent way. The facilitator said that that was a different issue completely and could not be discussed during the discussion of whether people would be able to help the kitchen helpers move their tents.

And so I spoke up and said, well, no, it's about the same issue and maybe we could discuss it as an amendment, or a friendly amendment to the proposal. This was greeted by a lot of, well, almost violent body language but mostly negative comments about my suggestion, so I decided to leave. The interesting thing about the discussion was that there were actually no drummers there. People who were in support of the drummers said this was their one chance to hold a 24-hour drumming ceremony round the clock to heal the earth. No drummers were actually there saying that, and, in fact, no all night drumming happened. They drummed 'til the wee hours, but they didn't go all night.

**Rose:** No. I woke up several times and heard them drumming, but when we got up at 3:00, they had stopped.

We rose at three, drank cold instant coffee, and stumbled down to the road. Our purpose was to walk on the Test Site desert in the beautiful night,

and to do a sunrise ritual. Since we had been so successful at invading the town of Mercury last year, it was not important for us to get all the way there this year.

**Anne:** It's been done, that's right. We wanted to just go across, cutting across the highway and sneaking under the fence. We were prepared for a significant amount of Wackenhut activity.

**Rose:** Wackenhuts are mercenaries—special forces hired to guard nuclear facilities all over the world. They wear desert camouflage which is decorated with a popcorn-like pattern, and they drive camouflaged dune buggies straight out of the set for Mad Max. Last year Wackenhut forces were brought in from several other nuclear facilities, and security was very tight, including lots of infra-red sensing equipment along the fence and at key spots on the Test Site. As we found out later, the Feds must have had a lower budget to work with this year—just like the American Peace Test—and their attitude seemed to be that they would not chase actionists through the desert. I guess they concentrated their security on the buildings in Mercury. In effect, the protestors *had* reclaimed the Test Site—“Reclaim the Test Site” was last year's American Peace Test slogan—and roamed pretty freely on certain stretches of it. But we did not know all this when we set out. We were prepared for lots of security.

**Anne:** And we knew a lot of tricks from last year's back country pep talk. We were prepared for stealth and endurance. We had a big supply of food in case we did get caught and had much of it in our pockets so that if we did get captured we'd have food to eat while we were in that lovely pen (a fenced corral on the Test Site where actionists are often “detained” after apprehension) all day waiting for everybody else to get busted from their action. We had been in the pen eight hours last year.

**Rose:** Besides the food, we carried supplies for our ritual. We had waters of the world -waters from the Brigid ritual which were gathered from holy places in many parts of the world and mingled for earth healing purposes.

*(continued on page 15)*



# RECLAIMING



# GLA

## **ELEMENTS OF MAGIC FOR WOMEN AND MEN** by Pleiades and Suzanne

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, six **Tuesdays**, starting **July 10**. \$60-\$120 sliding scale. Call Suzanne, 389-1008, or Pleiades, 648-3879 for information, registration, and location.

## **RITES OF PASSAGE FOR WOMEN AND MEN** by Carol and Cybele

The rites of Passage focuses on dreams, myths and language, using traditional and nontraditional tales and techniques to create a personal rite of passage. Through storytelling, trance, release work and dreams we receive our challenge(s), meet our helpers, work through our blocks and emerge renewed, reborn. This class culminates with a ritual created by the students. Prerequisites: Elements of Magic or equivalent experience/study. Six **Wednesdays** starting **July 18**. Call Carol 641-5836 for registration and location. \$60-\$120 sliding scale.

## **MIDWEST WITCH CAMP 1990**

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Elements track for beginners

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Teachers include Cybele, Fern, Rose May Dance, and Starhawk.

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Open to women and men. Fees are based on a sliding scale and will range from \$275-\$400 on a three-tiered sliding scale. Some scholarships available.





# CLASSES AND VENTS

## RECLAIMING RECOMMENDS

**Breath and Body Class for Women Survivors of Incest and Abuse** by Cybele (a.k.a. Suzette Rochat)  
Work in sacred space with other survivors to reclaim your body as a place of power and pleasure through grounding, conscious movement and breathwork. Class is open to any woman survivor interested in using ritual and having a bodily, spiritual focus in her healing process. Ongoing support (therapy, bodywork and/or 12-step program) is strongly suggested during this class. Six **Tuesdays** starting **July 18**. \$144-\$172 sliding scale. Morning and evening class offered. Call Cybele, 648-3908, for info/registration.

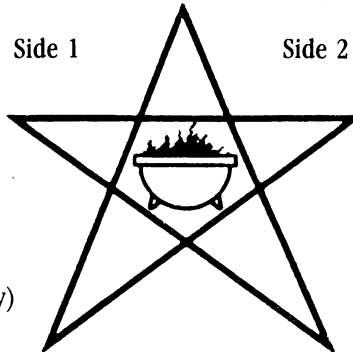


### Chants ★ Ritual Music

*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).

Side 1  
The Beginning of the Earth  
Touching Her Deep  
Air I Am  
Rise with the Fire  
Snake Woman  
Isis Astarte  
We are an Old People  
I Am a Strong Woman  
We Are The Flow (orig. melody)  
Silver Shining Wheel  
Where There's Fear There Is Power  
Hecate Ceredwen



Side 2  
Return to the Mother  
Born of Water  
Air Moves Us  
Water and Stone  
We All Come From The Goddess/  
Hoof and Horn  
Kore Chant  
We Are The Flow  
Sun King  
We Are Alive

(continued from page 12)

all had special rocks and crystals. I had a rock I'd  
**Anne:** And I had blue corn from my garden. **Rose:**  
Luis had sacred tobacco and sage, and we taken  
from the Test Site the previous year, which had  
been in my medicine bag since then.

In the starlight, we walked through the desert,  
*chanting our mantra*, "No choyos in the foot,  
please. No choyos in the foot, please". If we felt we  
were in danger of being seen by distant patrollers,  
we simply stood still beside friendly yuccas and  
breathed in the silence. Each time we stopped it  
was another opportunity for wonder, gazing into  
the shimmering night. But the light was growing  
and we could not walk undetected forever.

**Anne:** At that point we had to decide whether to  
keep hiking and risk getting arrested before we'd  
completed our mission, or stop to find a good place  
to have our sunrise ritual. We stopped. We found  
our good place by a yucca, nice yucca, sat down,  
made a little circle, and waited.

**Rose:** From where we sat we could see that there  
were only a few Wackenhut dune buggies patrolling  
the roads. It was getting light, and we could see  
them clearly, but they could not see us.

Luis made a medicine wheel and we placed our sa-  
cred objects in it, stating the healing purpose for  
each object and making prayers for peace and  
hope. We poured waters of the world around the  
circle, and anointed our friend, the yucca. Luis  
offered tobacco and we shared water and food. We  
watched the sun emerge, and the colors of the des-  
ert burst upon us.

As the sun rose, we heard a great noise ½ whoop-  
ing, hollering, and roaring. We realized that we  
were hearing the women's ritual cone of power, and  
that felt great. The women, we later learned, had  
walked far out into the hills and had had a fine rit-  
ual. They were all able to walk off the Test Site  
later in the morning without being arrested.

After we had basked in the sun long enough, we de-  
cided we would like to try to walk off the Test Site  
without being stopped. There was a rally planned  
for 10:00 A.M. which we felt reluctant to miss.  
Now it looked as if we could make it. We wanted to

hear Kairat, from Kazakhstan, speak. So we just  
calmly turned around and walked back to the fence,  
in the sunlight. As we ducked under the barbed  
wire, we saw a dozen actionists cross the highway  
onto the Test Site, and we wished them well. With  
high hearts, we headed to the rally, to witness the  
signing of the People's Comprehensive Test Ban  
Treaty.

Kairat was great. I had been excited about a Soviet  
presence at an American peace action. Peace  
seems closer, more real to me when I have evi-  
dence of how much it is desired by people all over  
the world. It deeply touches me to know there is a  
movement in the U.S.S.R. called the *Nevada-*  
*Semipalatinsk AntiNuclear Movement*. Their politi-  
cal button shows a Native American medicine man  
(looking more like a Sioux than a Shoshone, but  
that's ok) passing a peace pipe to a Kazakh shaman.  
**Anne:** After the Western Shoshone elders spoke  
and prayed, and the international representatives  
signed the treaty, there was a Kazakh rock piling  
ceremony. Kazakhs traditionally are nomadic peo-  
ple (like the Western Shoshone). On their yearly  
migration, in the places that they would stay, they  
would pile rocks as a monument or a marker. And  
so after the rally everybody picked up a rock, and  
very orderly and calmly stepped to the center of  
the rally site. Each person placed a rock on the  
ground—by the time everyone had placed their  
rocks on the pile there was this nice huge pile of  
rocks.

**Rose:** Later in the day, after Anne and I had been  
arrested and were being driven off the Test Site in  
jail busses, we looked down from the highway onto  
the road by the main gate, and saw that the road  
had been blockaded with several rock piles, includ-  
ing a giant peace symbol. Lovely sight.

**Anne:** We should talk about the Snake Dance. Our  
friends from Seattle, the Seattle Non-Violent Action  
Group, or SNAG, put together a performance piece  
for the action and for the parade.

**Rose:** There is a Shoshone legend that a great ser-  
pent sleeps out in the hills on the land, and that its  
sleep is troubled by the nuclear testing and the rap-  
ing of the land. The great snake is awakening, and  
when it wakes, it will be angry. The SNAG people

each made a snake from a piece of curved wood, painting them beautifully. They wore white bandanas under their eyes, and each person wore some garment with a snakeskin motif. Two priestesses figures wore white clothes, white masks, and wielded rattles. On the day of the mass action, after the rally, the group gathered at side of the road. They arranged themselves in a spiral.

**Anne:** The two priestesses standing outside the spiral began to awaken the snake by shaking the rattles.

**Rose:** Then the person in the center of the spiral stretched and moved very slowly, uncoiling her body, moving like a snake. Then she reached out and almost touched the next person in the line, and that person began to slowly undulate. This went around the spiral very very slowly until the whole serpent was awake. Then the serpent, the line of dancers, slowly began to move forward, twisting and turning, following an S-shaped path over to the barbed wire border of the Test Site. Insulite pads were placed over the wire, and the dancers, moving like liquid, lifted each other over the fence and gradually danced out onto the Test Site. They were eventually apprehended. We heard that the police were quit amazed that the Snake Dancers danced during arrest and in fact danced in custody all the way back to the pen, danced in the corral. And we heard the sheriffs say that they were also “a lot of trouble” on the bus.

The next day was April Fools Day and there was the Parade of Fools. People had made many beautiful giant puppets—animals, skeletons, monsters, dragons. There were costumes, banners and flags. We paraded down from camp to the Test Site fence.

**Starhawk:** The Snake Dancers!

**Rose:** At the parade they were joined by one of the Shoshone people who'd been so inspired by their act the previous day, that he had made himself a costume, painted a snake-stick, and joined the serpent. That made me cry.

**Starhawk:** After that snake dance we made a spiral.

**Rose:** The idea was to have the snake dance move us into a spiral dance.

**Starhawk:** I really didn't think it was going to

happen. It was so hot, so hard to get a chant going, over all the drumming, but we did! Somehow or other. Thank the Goddess for Dave Weddingdress! We had deputized Dave Weddingdress to shut the drummers up for a minute so people could hear the chant.

**Rose:** People joined us in the chant, and we danced the spiral in the narrow roadway. I think there were almost a thousand people, singing into the heat, raising a beautifully long and loud cone of power. I always say “It was the best ever,” but it was. I guess that last day, with the parade, and the snake dance culminating in the spiral, were the most memorable moments for me this year. Certainly more memorable than my dubious arrest, or arrests.

**Anne:** Yes, it gets tricky because we invoked Mercury. And we never know exactly what kind of trickiness Mercury will manifest. This particular time, we could *not* get arrested. The first attempt had been when Rose, Luis, Peter, and I went out on the Test Site, had a wonderful ceremony, and got off the Site without being apprehended. We then went to the rally

**Rose:** And got *rallied* by the Kazakhi speaker and the Shoshone elders. We hadn't thought we would attempt to get busted after we had completed our night hike/sunrise action. I mean, we were *done*. We didn't have to plan or meet or hassle any more. But we listened to the speakers and we were inspired.

**Anne:** In the midday heat we walked two and a half miles to the front gate with our friends and almost 2,000 people all stretched out in single file, lining the fence the whole way down.

We didn't know how we would get arrested. The Shoshone people and other Native Americans were going to be the first to walk over the cattle guard and get arrested. On the walk down, people were occasionally crossing the fence and walking onto the land. We'd already done that, so it didn't particularly appeal. When we got to the cattle guard, we didn't want to simply walk over the line. We wanted to do something more interesting, but what? We watched the snake dancers dance over the fence, as Rose described. Pretty soon, down from the

highway there came a busload of workers, ready to go to work.

**Rose:** One person, Mordecai, sat down in front of the bus. The cops snatched him. An affinity group quickly sat down in his place.

**Anne:** We saw them just as they were getting arrested and we decided to go for it.

**Rose:** We ran.<sup>1</sup>

**Anne:** We ran, yes, and sat down in the middle of the road as part of the second wave and we got taken. Cops grabbed us and stood us up and walked us over to the side of the road.

**Rose:** The cops searched us and bound our hands in front with plastic handcuffs. They shoved us into a clump of people who had already been siezed, who were standing at the side of the road.

**Anne:** Meanwhile, more people had followed us and they were still blocking the bus. Some actionists were non-cooperating and got their arms really wrenched. The cops gave them very tight handcuffs, and carried them away in an extremely rough manner. The cops were hurting people.

**Rose:** And that made me nervous. I was getting anxious and the cops weren't paying any attention to us. They were busy wrenching wrists and bearing down heavy on our fellow actionists, and it made me jittery to see my fellow actionists in pain and I needed a cigarette. So, unthinkingly, I wriggled out of my left handcuff to get my cigarettes and matches out of my pocket, and then I said, Anne, I'm out of my cuffs! She said, well, I can get out too, and so there we were with our left hands free and our right hands, cuffs adangle, hidden in our pockets.

**Anne:** Then we looked around. Nobody except some fellow actionists had seen our little maneuver so we walked back across the road to find our support people to tell them we were no longer arrested. Then we sat down to try to think of something else useful or interesting to do. We decided that we would cross over the fence and go down back of the cattle guard to the big, cyclone fenced pen to see how the captured women were getting along.

**Rose:** And to see if the sheriffs were still beating the men who were non-cooperating during the bus blockade.

**Anne:** Right. And so there we were. We crossed the barbed wire, walked out onto the land, and three sheriff men came toward us. We thought, ok, this is it—not very exciting, but here it is. And then they asked us to please walk back to the fence and cross over again, off the property.

**Rose:** It was very embarrassing.

**Anne:** It was hilarious. They asked us whether we wanted to get arrested, and we started laughing and didn't respond, and then they said, well don't call in the Board of Directors to make this decision, and I said, well actually we really wanted to get a ride in the sheriffs' bus to Beatty and have a beer after a long day walking in the sun, and they laughed, and said you have to go back over the fence. And so we went back to the fence.

**Rose:** All our friends had been watching and were laughing at us. We stood on the Test Site side of the fence, and our friends stood on the legal side of the fence, and

**Anne:** We had a "meeting" with them.

**Rose:** To decide what to do.

**Anne:** But alas the meeting took too long and the sheriffs came back and said that since we hadn't crossed back over they would have to arrest us

**Rose:** And they did. Then we went into the pen and sat there until we were delivered into air conditioned busses and we rode for an hour to the next town in Nye County—Beatty, sat in the busses for another couple hours. We would still be sitting there if we hadn't suggested to the sheriff on our bus that she go inside and help process the citations so we could all get out of there.

She was happy to heed our suggestion because she was very uncomfortable on the bus. Back at the Test Site she and a male Wackenhut had been flirting all day, and when it was finally time to board the busses, their supervisors teased them by putting them together on our bus. We sat right behind them and got to observe their flirtation firsthand. It was a long ride, and their conversation didn't really last the whole while. They ran out of things to say,

but could not find a way to comfortably disengage. It was awkward after a while, and I wanted to die for them. So the sheriff fled into the Community Center, and then we sang our naughty songs for the Wackenhut, because he was that kind of blonde who blushes very nicely at the back of his neck.

**Starhawk:** Did you sing the Consensus Song?

**Rose:** We sang Choyo. (Sung to the tune of "Day-o, the Banana Boat Song" by Harry Belafonte)

*Choyo, Choy-oy-oy-o*

*Action done and me want go home.*

*Hike all day in the blazing sun.*

*Action done and me want go home.*

*Catch them Wackenhuts on the run.*

*Action done and me want go home.*

*Come Mrs. Wackenhut, loosen up me handcuffs*

*Action done and me want got home.*

*Choyo, Choy-oy-oy-o*

*Action done and me want go home.*

*Six foot, seven foot, eight foot fence.*

*Action done and me want go home.*

*Wackenhuts getting so intense.*

*Action done and me want go home.*

*Choyo, etc.*

**Rose:** We didn't sing the Consensus Song, but we could do that now. Why did you girls write the Consensus Song? Wasn't it because of Hannah Clancey's last article in the Newsletter?

**Starhawk:** Sometime on that long drive down to Nevada somebody said something about consensus and somehow we came up with There Ain't No Consensus in Heaven.

**Anne:** I happened to have a copy of the latest newsletter. There was a long letter from Odin Rockport, (a character Pandora is beginning to channel,) explaining all about Hannah's Heavenly Blockade.<sup>2</sup>

**Rose:** And the reason, we believe, that the Blockade won't work, is:

**Anne and Star:** A one, a two, a one two three

*Oh there ain't no consensus in Heaven,  
God tells everyone what to do,  
The angels obey, while the dead people pray,  
And the world sticks together like glue.*

*There's no solidarity action*

*Can maneuver the Lord of the Stars,  
You can't change your fate at them old pearly gates  
By chaining yourself to the bars.*

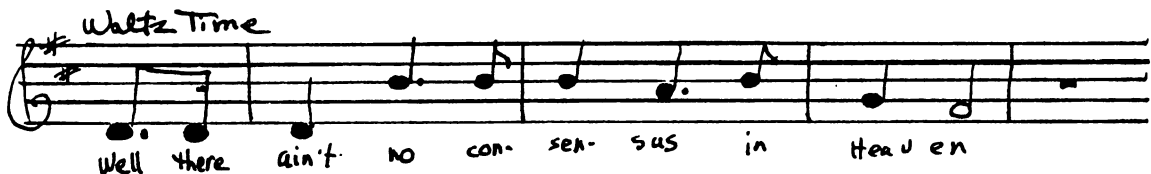
*No you can't storm the gates of that city,  
You can't block those streets made of gold,  
The Lord God commands, so forget your demands,  
And shut up, and do what you're told*

*So if you like long discussions with comrades,  
And if you don't like authority,  
Just tell Jesus no, and you can go down below,  
And process through eternity.*

*[Here the tape, mercifully, ends. Why have we subjected you to this tale-telling session? To entertain you. To nourish Bad Attitudes wherever they are nascent. To encourage you to take your spring vacations with The American Peace Test on the Nevada desert. To warn you that you may encounter the Love Slaves of Gandhi at actions for Redwood Summer. See you there. — rmd]*

<sup>1</sup>Actually "We will not run" was not included in the Nonviolence Guidelines for this action, so technically this was not a display of bad attitude, but in retrospect, running is an unsafe practice at actions because it can create panic. Mea culpa.

<sup>2</sup>See Hannah's Household Hints, this issue, for further comments on the Heavenly Blockade.



# Invocation to Gaia

to my mother

written for a ritual for Berkeley Earthday 1990

*Imagine all the things that have fed you, held you, warmed you, clothed & supported you—source of all that you are. Beyond the woman who gave you birth, back to the source of all birth, all life, all death too, home of everything you are & know. Imagine all the beautiful things you have seen, the sounds you have heard, the smells, touches, tastes . . . the pulsations of the oceans & rivers, the mountains & glaciers, each with its rhythms of coming-to-be & passing away.*

*Picture her as we have seen in photographs from space, this source of all, pearl of our solar system & alive in the flux that is the cosmos, her changes that we breathe into our very soul, the patterns of her dark & light, of cold & heat, privation & abundance, the seasons of the year & of our lives.*

*See her oceans, the flux that washes our shores as the waters strain to rise to their sister Moon, the ragged peaks that mound out of the seas with their skirts girt with green, the towering trees & cathedral calm of the redwood groves, wildflowers gracing meadows atrickle with melting snow that is source of all that grows, all that thirsts. Taste the waters of mother Gaia, suck at her teats & feel your connection, drink until you can drink no more. This Gaia is vital, her every part & pore dancing in the delight of the cosmos.*

*Think back to Gaia in her youth, when all her rivers were wild & free, when clouds took their colors from sky & sea & not from plumes of smoke & urbanrot—no, this Gaia is filled with all varieties of communities in glade & hill, woods & stream, & only her rivers are cutting deep gashes into her skin, carving into her rocks convoluted caligraphic tales of all she has seen.*

*And down deep, under all, Gaia churning her insides out into fiery exudations of herself, new rock & ocean floor pushing up & out to continuously generate her new skin, on this our planet, the goddess perpetually giving birth to herself.*

*We call you here with us today, into our circle, we call on you to speak to us, dance with us, singing our songs that you have taught us. Be here now.*

David Kubrin  
©1990



# Kiluaea Eruption Relief Fund

In the last few months, Pele has been displaying her power on the big Island of Hawai'i, pouring forth lava that has covered homes and displaced hundreds of people. The Covenant of the Goddess is starting a fund to aid those who have lost their homes, much as we did for victims of the October 17 earthquake.

I feel a deep personal connection to this project, because in March I nearly lost my life on the very beach that Pele has now covered with lava. I swam out too far and got caught in a rip tide, inhaled water, and floated for a long time, chanting, invoking, and trusting that the friend with me would find help somewhere. She managed to make it in through the current, and as she was being tossed up on the rocks, a local woman who was driving by stopped because something about the scene didn't look right to her. When our group told her what was happening, she sent her boyfriend back home to get his surfboard, and he and a friend rescued me. By that time I was in shock and had fairly serious hypothermia. If she had simply driven on, instead of stopping, I would probably have died.

My rescuers lived in the lava flow area. I'm deeply grateful to be alive, and want to give back something to the people of the Big Island in their time of need by organizing this fund. Unlike the earthquake relief fund, this will be less specifically directed at the Pagan community, which is hard to define in Hawaii. Pele religion is very strong there, because her presence is too powerful to be denied. Native Hawaiians are struggling to preserve and revive their ancient religion, as well as to protect their sacred lands which are under attack from developers and geothermal projects. So we will try to get the money to those who most need it, especially those who might fall through the cracks of the more established channels. Russell Williams will be treasurer of the fund.


Tax deductible donations can be made to:


The Covenant of the Goddess  
P.O. Box 1226  
Berkeley, CA 94704

Please mark your envelopes and earmark your checks Kiluaea Relief.

Thanks,  
Starhawk

## *Announcements*

 **Our Many Pathways:** an anthology of women's recovery stories has extended its deadline for submissions to August 15, 1990. Short stories, personal essays, journal entries, and poems addressing feminism and recovery are needed, especially if they deal with: • Steps 4-9; discussions of "powerless over..." • Could the feminist movement benefit from familiarity with (all or some of) the 12 Traditions? • Answers to the question posed by Jean Swallow in *Out from Under: Sober Dykes and Our Friends*: "What would our community/movement look like if we were clean and sober? • Experiences in other "self-help" recovery programs, e.g., Women for Sobriety, etc. • Experiences of women in "rehab" residential (often 30-day) programs. Send manuscripts and queries to: Susanna J. Sturgis, P.O. Box 39, West Tisbury, MA 02575

 **Students Organizing Students (S.O.S.),** a national student organization devoted to the needs and issues that face people under twenty-five with regards to reproductive rights, is calling for submissions for a book that will document our personal stories, our fears, our worries, our anger, and our struggles around reproductive rights. Please direct all submissions and inquiries by September 1 1990 to: Veena A.C. Sud, 205 E. 42nd St., 4th Floor, c/o WW Entertainment, New York, NY 10017 (212) 661-1033 or Wendy Wasserman, P.O. Box 2944, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, NY 12601.


## **Mississippi Summer in the California Redwoods**


"Freedom Riders" needed to Save the Ancient Forest

It's going to be a long hard summer in the Redwood region of Northern California. The public is outraged over the timber companies' policy of exterminating the redwood forests for short-term profit and the corporados know they're not going to get away with this for much longer. Two voter initiatives restricting timber cutting will be on the California ballot next fall, and whether in the form of voter initiatives or state and federal legislation, it seems inevitable that *some* regulations will soon be passed. The timber companies have reacted to this by racing to cut every tree they can as fast as they can before any laws can be enacted to stop them.

Following in the footsteps of the brave civil rights activists of the 60's, Earth First! is calling for "Mississippi Summer in the California Redwoods" to defend the redwoods with non-violent civil disobedience. There will be permanent encampments and waves of action all summer long. Housing, campsites, guides, non-violence training and support to help plan and carry out the actions will be provided. Affinity groups, organizations, and individuals are all welcome and needed. (All persons planning to partake in action are asked, by Earth First, to attend a non-violence training session available in the San Francisco area or up north at the encampment.) Much help is needed. People are needed to provide support and office help in addition to volunteers for action. Rides and donations of food, clothing, furniture, office and camping supplies are also needed.

For information, call (415) 824-3841 or (707) 485-0478. We need your help to save the ancient forests.

 **Goddess Gathers** A Monthly Community Gathering of Womenspirits! Come share your journey, connect with sisters, commune with the Earth . . . **Time:** The last Sunday of each month, 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. **Place:** The Barn, 104 S. Park Way, Santa Cruz\* **Donation:** \$5.00 per person (more if you can, less if you can't). **Facilitated by:** Shekhinah, long-time local wisewoman. Also: Presentations from Local Luminaries, Meditations, Healings. For more information call: (408) 423-7639 or (408) 426-7923. (\*Address subject to change—please call)

 **Women in Prison** Are you aware of any *good* programs at your institution? I am helping to write a guide book about useful programs for women in prison. The book will be used to develop new programs using the best existing ones as models. Though this guide won't create immediate changes in prison conditions, we think it can *lead* to better programs in the areas that matter to you. If you know of programs in the areas of health care, counseling, education, job-training, pre-release or work-furlough, art and creative writing, family and children, drug treatment, or any other area *you think is important*, please write to: Tatiana Schreiber, Education Development Center, 55 Chapel St., Newton, MA 02160. Also, write if you have any questions about the project. Thanks! (This project is funded by the National Institute of Corrections, a government agency.)

 **Dear Pagan Parents,**

I am interested in networking with other parents in the pagan community. I feel the need to share with other mothers/parents a basic bond with nature, spirituality and simplistic rituals (i.e. other families to bake solstice cookies with).

Should this community already exist, I would love to find out how to be involved. If it does not, maybe those who are interested could call me.

Thank you.

Blessed Be

Bessy (415) 285-3589



☞ San Francisco's notorious pagan anarchist Purple Rose Collective has two openings for women housemates. We own the house, have a garden, share food, cooking and chores, are serious about ecodefense, and love to party. 415-929-8867.

☞ "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 rituals every month. Call 444-7724 for station listings and times.

☞ **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).

☞ **P.I.R. Newsletter** is a new publication for Pagans in twelve-step recovery programs. Contact: **P.I.R. Newsletter, c/o Bekki, 6560 S.R. 356, New Marshfield, OH 45766.**

☞ **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 a.m., 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.

## Samhain '90 Plans

by *Starhawk*

This year Reclaiming plans to create three experimental rituals for the Samhain/Halloween/El Dia de los Muertos season, to be held on the weekend of October 26, 27 and 28, at the S.F. Women's Building. Each will be a complete ritual in and of itself, but will focus on one particular aspect of the magical work of the season. We are still in the very beginning of planning, but most likely one ritual will focus on invoking the ancestors of many cultures and traditions, and will be a collaborative effort with other multicultural groups. One will focus on naming, mourning, and communing with our beloved dead, and welcoming the newly born. And one will focus on building and empowering a vision for the new year. They will all be smaller in scale than last year's (for 200-400 people, instead of over a thousand), low-tech, low budget, and we hope, low stress to organize. People could attend all three, or any one, according to their own needs for this season.

We've decided on this approach for several reasons. Last year's grand-scale Spiral Dance taught us an enormous amount about taking ritual to a new scale. Now we want to continue exploring the terrain where ritual, art and performance meet, without the pressure of the enormous financial and time commitments involved in organizing a massive event. In future years, when we do large-scale ritual again, we will have new skills and insights to draw on.

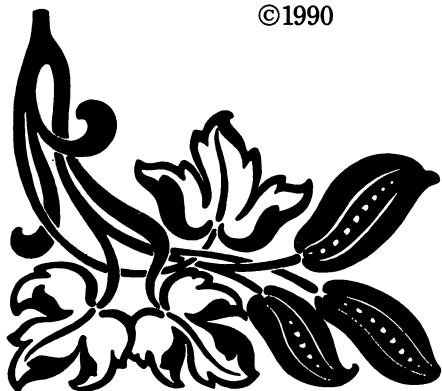
Reclaiming's April 28 Earth Healing Ritual at the Women's Building was an example of the type of ritual we hope to create. Organized by Beverly and Suzanne with the students in their Moving Between the Worlds class, and by me, it pushed the boundaries of participatory movement further than we've been able to go before. Robin, Arachne, Kelly and I drummed, and we were able to integrate our growing rhythmic skills. The core of the ritual was a drum trance, originally created by Raven Moonshadow, which

took us through the five worlds of life—human, animal, plant, insect, and mineral, that allowed us to further explore the possibilities of guided trancework in relatively large groups. In all, if I say so myself, it was one of the best public rituals we've done, easy and fun to plan, exciting to carry out, and both physically and emotionally moving.

We hope the Samhain rituals will be just as inspiring and anxiety-free. We will need graces and dragons and dancers, possibly also a few singers and musicians. Contact Suzanne and Beverly if you're interested in dancing, at 389-1008. Judy Foster is the contact for general information, at 843-0722. The Events Line will also have ongoing information about plans, how to get tickets, etc. Call 849-0877, and watch for more information in the Fall newsletter.

*that final little lie,  
like so many others,  
which now  
like the sea  
beside us  
relentlessly roars in &  
breaks against the shore of my  
consciousness, over & over again  
surprising me as i see  
how long that sandcastle  
i had built  
stays standing*

david kubrin  
©1990



## **B**OOK REVIEW

*The Norton Book of Nature Writing*  
W. W. Norton & Co., New York, 1990. \$29.95

This 921-page book includes 125 selections by 94 writers, and is a comprehensive collection of nature writing in England and America over the last two hundred years. The classic and enduring selections are all here, such as Emerson's *Nature*, Thoreau's *Walden*, and writings from Walt Whitman, John Muir, Rachel Carson, Peter Matthiessen, and others well known.

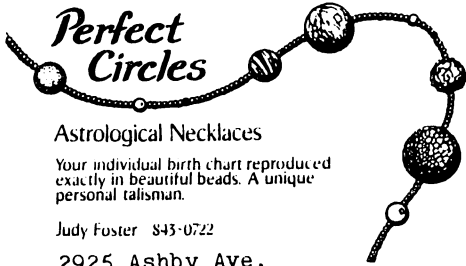
There is also much from "unexpected" nature writers, such as Ursula LeGuin's interpretation of the mythmaking that surrounded the eruption of Mount St. Helens in *A Very Warm Mountain*. "So many mornings waking I have seen her from the window before any other thing: dark against red daybreak, silvery in the summer light, faint above river-valley fog. So many times I have watched her at evening, the faintest outline in mist, immense, remote, serene: the center, the central stone. A self across the air, a sister self, a stone." Other known writers, not renowned for their nature writing, are featured, like Virginia Woolf, Henry James, and D.H. Lawrence.

I like the book particularly because it includes many of my personal favorites, like John McPhee's *Coming Into the Country*, Wendell Berry's *An Entrance to the Woods*, and Annie Dillard's *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*. It's a big book, and belongs in any nature writing lover's permanent library.

*reviewed by Craig Stehr*

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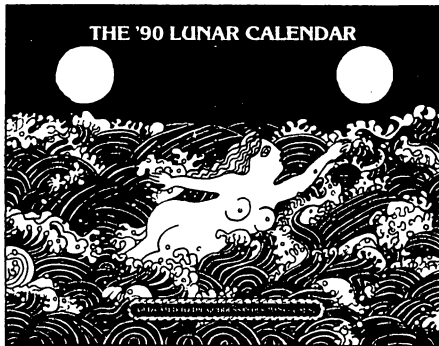
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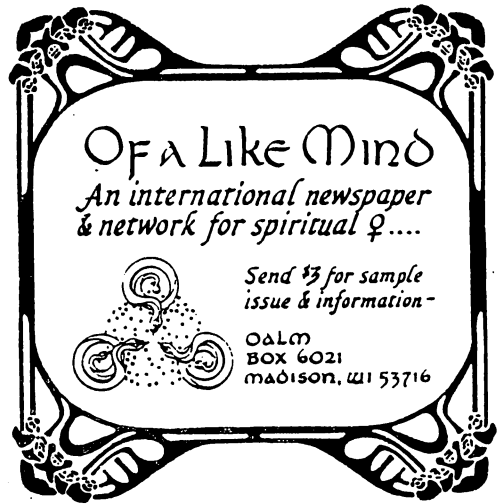
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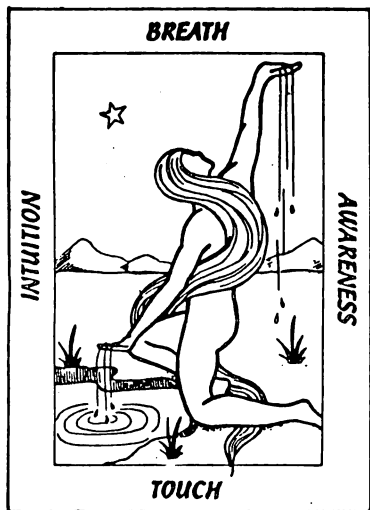
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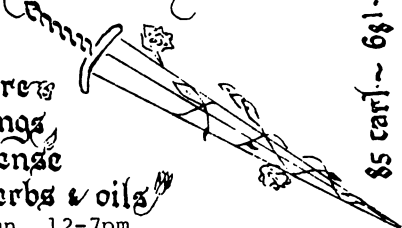
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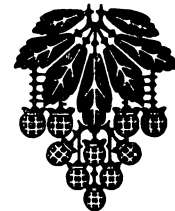
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Thank you again for your support of Reclaiming work.

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We are now set up to distribute Reclaiming to shops outside the San Francisco Bay Area. Please send us your orders before each Solstice and Equinox for that season's issue. Be sure to order enough for the season; we can only ship once per issue.

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For domestic destinations: We pay outgoing shipping costs.

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