

RECLAIMING NEWSLETTER

#40



FALL 1990

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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.

Winter Deadline is Monday, November 5, 1990



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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Cover Design: Bob Thawley

Were it not for the following people, this issue would either not exist or it would be so full of typos that most of you would be truly offended. Thanks to: Anne, Cherie, Jody, Judy, Karen, Peter, Pleiades, and Rose.

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A Seed Can Survive in the Dark, But a Sprout Needs Light to Grow: Reflections on the State of the Craft

by *Starhawk*

We are part of a movement that is growing and changing rapidly, and the next few years promise to be even more expansive. New media attention is being focused on the Goddess movement and related movements. Films, books, and programs proliferate. Suddenly we are the focus of newly aroused attention, curiosity, accolades and attacks.

The movement is slowly developing a voice that will be heard, more and more, on a far wider scale. This is both exciting and alarming, because our movement (however we define this amorphous conglomeration of varied communities) raises an essential and provocative question: "What is sacred?"

What we see as sacred determines our values, our priorities, what we will and will not compromise, what we will take risks for, where we will take a stand.

The dominant voices in Western society have held that the sacred is outside the living world, and so devalued this earth and this life, or revalued it in the quantifiable terms of profit and loss. We say that the earth is sacred, that air, fire, water, body, mind, emotion, and the interrelated energy systems that sustain life are what determines our values and guides our actions. And this view calls into question the major values and priorities of the society we live in, and calls for changes that are radical and deep in every area of our lives, from how we grow our food to how we treat our lovers (should we be fortunate enough to have some.)

This is the real debate emerging in the Nineties, often cloaked as questions of ecology or economics, masquerading as concern over flag-burning or Satanism. The debate does not break down along traditional lines of either religion or politics. We have strong potential allies in indigenous people and Native traditions of the

Americas, Africa, Polynesia, Asia and Australia, but also among many branches of Christianity and Judaism. We may find both allies and opposition among the New Age and the political left, in the broad feminist movement and the lesbian and gay rights movements, among artists and activists and people who have not yet defined themselves politically or spiritually.

The Goddess/pagan/Wicca/feminist spirituality movement has, up until now, been a bit like a bed of seeds, happily existing underground, hidden, putting down roots that are scarcely visible from above. And frankly, a lot of us like it that way. Even though I have done a lot to encourage the movement to spread, I've actually liked its small, in-groupy, semi-secret, slightly outlaw character. It's comfortable. It's home.

But a sprout needs light to grow, or it withers, decays, and dies. And we are now in a time of sprouting, growing, pushing out and expanding, with many people hungry for our eventual fruits. I'm not willing to see us die away, because I strongly believe that the world urgently needs the debate we can bring to it.

To grow we must be clear in our own priorities, and be good allies of those from whom we hope to receive support. We need to be respectful of other cultures and traditions, without giving away our own sense of inner power or legitimacy. We need to support issues which are of particular concern to us. For example, right now many Native Land Rights issues are being fought, from the blockades at Oka in Quebec to the Hawaiian rain forests. Underlying the questions of land title is a broader debate about the legitimacy of all earth-based religions. (In fact, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled against the Native Hawaiians' suit against geothermal development in their sacred forests, stating openly that the First Amendment does not protect the sacred lands of land-

based religions.) And some of us, at least, need to be “out”, in our political work, in our communities and daily lives, until we can make a climate safe enough for all of us to be free to express who we really are.

What do we need in order to grow to the next stage? I’d like to open this question up for general debate in the community, but here’s a few issues I see at this moment:

Products: Reclaiming’s current precarious financial health rests on sales of tapes and books. Our classes, newsletter, and many public rituals barely break even or lose money. Sales of products generate money to support other activities, and we intend to produce more tapes this year.

But—where is the delicate line between providing needed goods and commercializing the Goddess? How do we make sure we don’t step over, and what do we do about others who do? If we make more than a minimal income from the Craft, what are we obligated to give back? These again are questions we need to begin to face, not just by blanket condemnation of any income-generating project (Not if we want to survive and grow, in this world), but by developing some standards and guidelines.

Education: Everything from training people in ritual to training teachers, from programs for children to university level training for adults. Workshops, camps, summer camps, conferences, gatherings of all sorts.

Up until now, Pagan education has been almost entirely carried on outside of regular institutions. There is a tremendous strength in this: we have absolute freedom to experiment, to set our own agendas, to make no compromises. Students come only because they want to, and stay only as long as they are stimulated. There are no grades, no diplomas, nothing to gain but what is inherent in the learning and the work. We should never let this tradition die.

But—maybe there should also be *someplace* a person could go to get a Ph.D. in Goddess Studies. Or-maybe there should be places for the training of priestesses/priests and teachers for more than the week at a time we provide at Witch Camp. Maybe we should have some equivalent of Sunday school for children and teenagers, and summer camps where they could be out in nature with guidance from a Pagan perspective, go through rites of passage, get the support of others like themselves.

Buildings: There are some great advantages in not having physical centers—no overhead, no upkeep, nothing to get bombed, graffitied or defaced. But maybe there should be, somewhere, someday, ritual spaces designed for our type of ritual and maintained with a reverent spirit.

Organizations: We have some, small and anarchistic like Reclaiming, some official churches like Covenant of the Goddess, some that have ties to existing institutions, such as the Covenant of Unitarian Universalist Pagans. But frankly, most people in this movement have tended to be intuitive, mystic types, not great at balancing check books or keeping track of details. We need everything from pressure groups to change school texts to effective lobbies that can counter right-wing pressure groups. We need people to interface with police and with other religious institutions, and we need ongoing public rituals and other services to our own communities.

Right Livelihood: What would greatly aid us in accomplishing all these goals would be to have a large number of committed people able to devote their full time and energies to this work. Our tradition has not supported paid clergy for centuries or perhaps millenia, but we need their equivalent now, along with the equivalent of the religious orders of the Catholic Church that teach or serve the poor or nurse the sick. Right now we have a sprinkling of people, myself included, who earn

THE VISIT

their living through writing or performing and/or providing services such as teaching for fees. Our numbers will grow, but we are limited in how much we can do and provide for free. We have lots of volunteers, who teach or organize or write on top of holding down regular, full or part-time jobs. Without them, our movement would already have withered. But as the movement grows, the need for teachers and healers and counselors and services is outpacing our ability to keep up with it, especially because those who are most in need are not necessarily those who can pay the most for what they need. This is why churches traditionally tithed the whole congregation to pay clergy who were then free to serve the poorest. (Which is not to say they always did, of course.)

As our communities grow, we should at least consider the possibility that some might wish to pool money and support, if not a priest/ess, perhaps a general organizer—outreach worker. We might at some point receive grants or endowments to support teachers or organizers. Or perhaps some visionary would like to organize a Pagan Religious Order, based not on poverty, chastity and obedience, but on sustainability, commitment to community, and service to the Goddess.

*The Woman of Wailing came early to me,
this morning—
dread Banshee
on the limb outside my window.*

*She delivered her message
silently,
unblinking.*

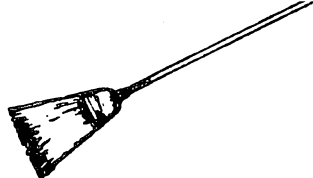
*Then flew away without a backward look,
across the river.*

*She scavenges the rocks
along the shore like bones—
staying always just in sight,
lest I forget her.*

Charlie Hutchins



Hannah's Household Hints



(1)

Hello again to all of Hannah's readers. She is still not here; I'm not kidding. We still hate each other cordially, and we still refuse mediation. Very few of you have sent in your votes. The total, as it stands, is: Pandora, 3; Hannah, 1; Maybe, 4. You can see that the undecideds are winning.

In case you're interested, I do have information about the votes. Two of the people who voted for Pandora are readers who have never read the newsletter before, and rightfully think that I, as an embodied entity, should take precedence in the collective over a disembodied pushy spirit (one, indeed, points out that should the readers of the newsletter require household hints, they would be better off buying a book). The other vote for me comes from Starhawk, who is no fool. However, the one vote for Hannah also comes from Star, in her capacity as the channeler for Mimi, who is of course, friends with Hannah.

I guess you could call them "friends." Anyway, for those of you who are the four "Maybe" voters, I'd like to explain to you that the denizens of Hell are going to be wearing their snowshoes before I consent to mud-wrestle Hannah, so you might as well decide one way or the other.

Also. There are about eight of you out there who have asked me for initiation. I counsel you to think very carefully about your vote, before you start getting uppity. This is not a challenge. It is just Advice.

The household hint for today is: buy new vacuum cleaner bags. You know damn well that's why the thing isn't working.

love, Pandora

PS. I think you should know that it has recently been revealed, as an off-shoot of the Earth First! Bombing Controversy, that glitter, yes, ordinary household glitter, such as some of you

might have spent the last few years strewing on your floors due to the advice of a certain incompetent household-hints-advice-giver, yes, that glitter, the glitter permanently embedded in your floor wax, yes, that stuff, is one of the ingredients of certain types of homemade bombs. So, if you are the sort of person that the FBI might someday be interested in framing, you might be sorry right now that you took that certain person's advice, mightn't you? I think you know who you should vote for, don't you?

(2)

Dear Lovely Readers:

That bad Pandora will still not let me write my column, so I cannot tell you all the Lovely Advice I had thought up for you, and it was Very Good this time. Also I had some new ideas about Glitter, which I know you wanted to hear. So please send in your votes Soon as I am getting very Weary stuck on the Astral Plane with the sorts of people who live here, who are mostly Not Like Me, as you know.

Love, Hannah

(3)

Dear Reclaiming Readers,

Just a short update on the Heavenly Blockade: we're still going strong, as far as our spirit is concerned. Thanks for the support, all of you who have helped out. The Feast Day of St. Thomas More Action was an especially pleasant one. Many of the workers have begun to sit and talk with us before they fly over our heads; we've had many interesting conversations, and several relationships that seem potentially quite fruitful have been struck up.

Attendance at the actions has fallen off this summer, however, we believe due to the "Redwood Summer" actions going on in the earthly realm. Of course, we stand in solidarity with our

brothers and sisters of the forest, and stand in solidarity also with our brothers and sisters committed to attempting to save our brothers and sisters of the forest, but we must respectfully submit that such actions, with their small and earthly focus, cannot possibly have the potential for vast global (and galactic) change that the Heavenly Blockade does.

So, we hope to see you at the next action, which will be September 29, the Feast Day of Sts. Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael. Don't let the angels enjoy their feast day unchallenged by the concerns of the human realm! It is especially appropriate to bring objects such as rainbow balloons to hang on the gates, as Raphael, the Taste Monitor of Heaven, hates them.

Sincerely, Odin Rockport

Readers' Poll

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.



   **Letters**   

Dear Reclaiming Collective:

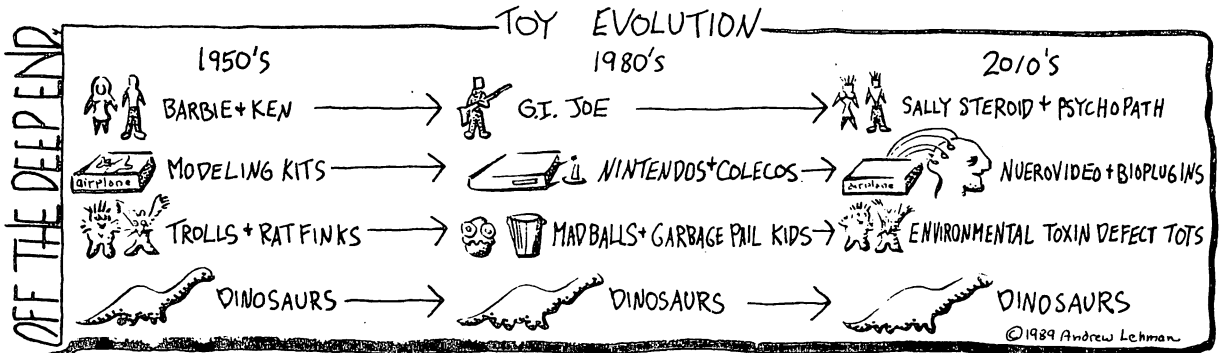
Well, Hannah is very nice and all that but being from a different age, how much relevance do her hints have to my present day life as a pagan in modern technological society? Perhaps Hannah/Pandora should channel someone who can answer pressing questions of our times, perhaps someone from the 22nd Century when, surely, they will have resolved some of our burning issues ... such as ... (you thought I would never get to this) ...

... how does one ground while riding BART to work? Here, I send down my grounding cord and before I know it I'm at Fruitvale Station and my grounding cord is a stringy mess trailing back to Civic Center and getting tangled in all sorts of wires, butes and later trains. Worse yet is the tangle that occurs during A's home games with the psychic energy of 50,000 A's fans hitting Coliseum BART at the same time. Now, this could probably be rectified by grounding deep enough so the angle between you and your base of grounding would be something like .000000136 but then just how deep does one have to ground to minimize all this distortion?

Even more complicated is grounding on an airplane. More times than I can count, I've trailed my grounding cord from San Francisco to New York like a crazed piece of Silly Putty and on occasion have dragged my grounding cord through the Amsterdam airport: four languages and 11 time zones.

Now, Hannah is a dear and I admit there have been times when I have tried to put her household hits to use (much to the confusion of neighbors, friends & self) but may I suggest it is time to channel to the future for constructive advice on how we live through out current technological madness. Or are those spirits of the future just too embarrassed to admit to their relative lack of progress in the solution of the pressing issues of today?

Groundedly yours,
Birute



Pagan Materialism and Materialistic Paganism

by *Moher Possessions*

I pride myself on being a posthippie. Being a posthippie to me means being divorced from material possessions, especially electrical and battery-operated appliances. And yet, I find myself in possession of the following possessions (not listed in any special order): (1) a *big* computer, (2) a lap top computer (that is actually bigger and faster than the “big” computer, (3) a Lazer jet printer (which makes my articles camera-ready), (4) an internal modem that goes “the Goddess knows where,” (5) 2 remote driven VCRs that enable us to copy video tapes and program the taping of special programs if you can figure out how to do it, (6) 2 TVs with remote controls that enable us to not get up to turn off the sound when we see something that offends us politically, (7) a remote garage door opener that we use while watching TV to open the garage door when the doorbell rings, (8) 7 stereo sound systems WITHOUT CDs, (9) an undisclosed number of vibrators, (10) an undisclosed number of blenders, (11) juicers, (12) espresso machines (manual and electric), (13) mixers, (14) hair dryers, (15) crimpers, (16) curling irons, (17) some watch-a-mul-callit that does weird things to your teeth, (18) an electric barbecue starter, (19) vibrators, (20) washer, (21) dryer, (22) several refrigerators and freezers, (23) seltzer maker, (24) vibrators, (25) vibrators, (26) calculators, (27) many irons, (28) popcorn maker, (29) sewing machine, (30) cars, (31) electric things that go with cars when they don’t work, (32) electrical musical instruments, (33) tape recorders, (34) vibrators, (35) food chopper, (36) food mixer, (37) beeper, (38) FAX machine at work, (39) vacuum cleaner, (40) mini, hand-held vacuum cleaner, (41) electric neck massager, (42) electric brain tuner-upper (the Synchro-Energizer), (43) vibrators, (44) electric yogurt maker, (45) electric waffle iron, etc.

Now how can I be a post hippie if I define a posthippie as someone who possesses a minimum of possessions, especially electrical possessions (which make us dependent on the nasty utility companies)? I think this may actually be a question for Hannah Clancy. I can’t seem to reconcile myself as a Material Girl in a Material World. I am a Materialistic Pagan.

Now, if I start to count my Pagan Materialistic maya (worldly goods), I am in big trouble. I own several beautiful crystals. I can hang them from my ears, my neck, my wrist, my waist, my genitals, etc. I have bags filled with pagan symbolism that could curse or fulfill a nation if I only knew how to use it. I have statues and likenesses of the Goddess that should surely guarantee me a happy, prosperous life, if only I knew how to work their magic. I have collected water, rocks, dirt, plants, barb wire, etc., from every holy, sacred, political hot spot in the world. My drawers bulge with materialistic pagan symbolism that allows me to feel connected to places that I have never been, but think about daily in my magic for the world.

If I had to move tomorrow (Goddess forbid!), I would be at a total loss as to what to take, and what to discard. It’s not like I could sell my dirt from the Peace Camp in Germany or my barb wire from Greenham Common Peace Camp at a garage sale.

The tattoo of the holy sacred spider on my hip cost a day’s wages. The sterling silver spider earring with the turquoise stone cost a half a day’s wages. And I am lucky, I don’t work at minimum wage. I am 44 years old, and people give me presents that are pure icing on the cake. There is nothing I need. I have the above items, all 40 plus of them, and the struggle to pay the rent or feed my belly seems to be have been conquered by a combination of luck, education,

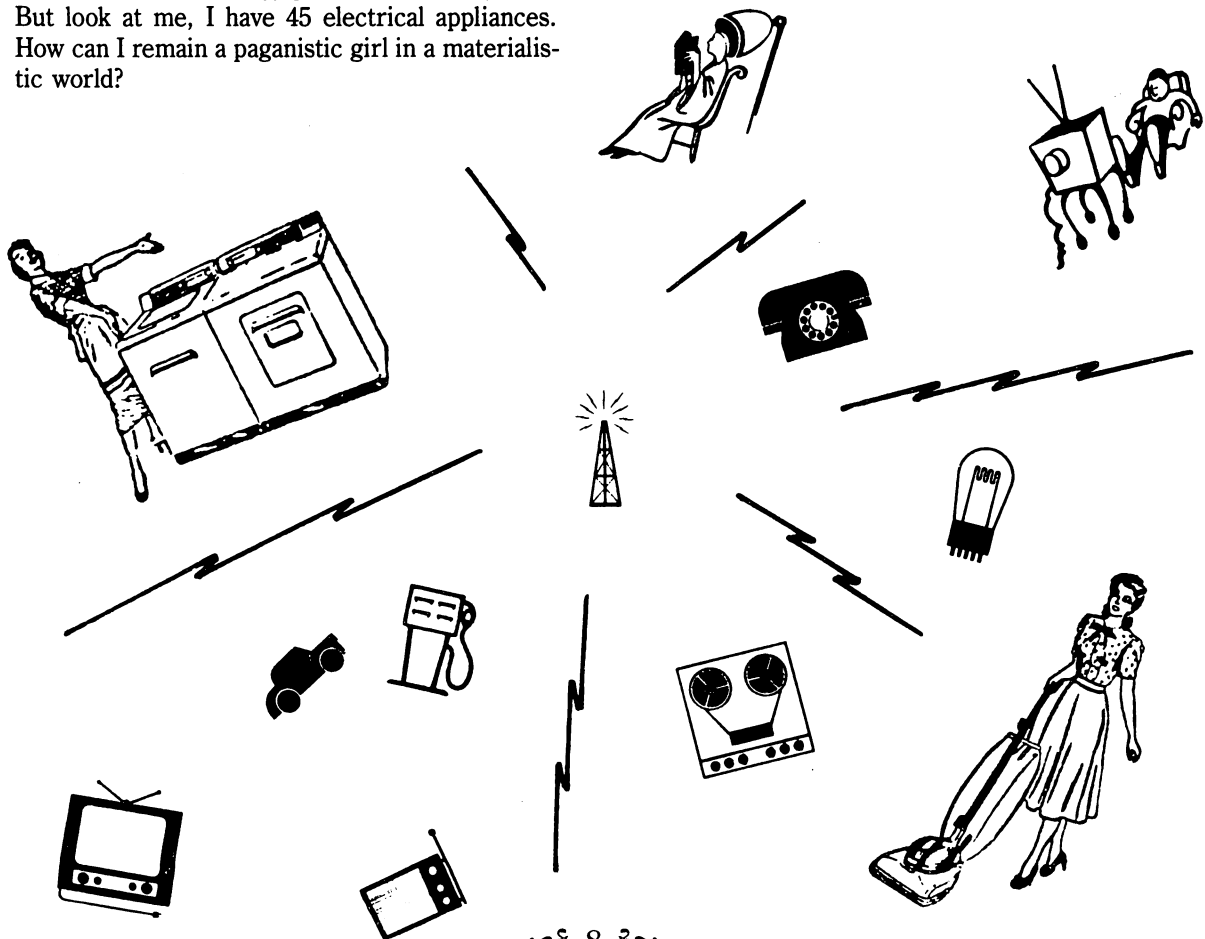
magic, and hard work. I can be a materialistic pagan because I can afford to be.

To be an ecological pagan materialist seems to require more work and consciousness than I have demonstrated to date. How can I live without one of my electrical appliances? I'd like to believe that I could live without all of those 40-plus appliances. But then I'd have to write this article on a typewriter—OH—NO—NOT POSSIBLE! I'd have to type this manually (like a certain person I know who is committed to NON-computers). I am a material girl in a material world. And I am stuck with rationalizing my hedonism. Let's face it, folks, there is better living through electricity.

I have demonstrated at Diablo Canyon Nuclear Power Plant. I have gone to jail there in opposition to the energy policy of nuclear power. But look at me, I have 45 electrical appliances. How can I remain a paganistic girl in a materialistic world?

I have developed all these grandiose plans for weaning myself of my materialistic pleasures. Something like eliminating one appliance per month seems reasonable. But then it gets complicated. Certain housemates use a particular appliance, and it's not my duty to rid them of their favorite appliance. I can help heal them of their appliance addictions—yeah, right! But that hardly does any good when I am incapable of shedding my own addictions to those energy-inefficient devices.

I don't mean to sound like I'm whining, I am grateful for all that I have. Oh, but the contradictions . . . !? Hannah Clancy, where are you when I need you?



Going off the Rails in London!

Can anyone out there help solve one of the mysteries? Despite years of doing magic I cannot find the answer. The question is . . .

. . . why does something you agree to in a magic circle seem harder and less fun in the cool clear light of day?

At a recent workshop in London, Starhawk asked if anyone would be willing to make an offering to Bodicea, before the end of the moon cycle. Jenny, Brige and myself happily agreed. Someone mentioned that there was a mound dedicated to Bodicea in Hampstead Heath—great, no problem. Some other person mentioned that Bodicea was supposed to be buried under a platform at a central main line railway station in central London. This is where the safe protection of sacred space takes over your thinking self! “We will do that as well” says I.

However, meeting up with Brige, Jenny, Dianne and Kim one evening the next week at the railway station, that nonchalant mood disappeared. We had offerings, a lovely painting of Bodicea drawn by Dianne, a rough Celtic Cross drawn by myself, bowls of honey, grain and water, money and flowers. We went down to the end of a platform, laid out our offerings and cast a circle. We danced, chanted and called in Bodicea with a background of railway employees trying to get our attention. They enjoyed a break in their normal routine! One train driver kept on blowing his train whistle to get our attention. The whole staff of the control tower stood staring. It took a little time to get into the spirit of the circle and ignore the outside world. Luckily the reserved British were happy to stand and stare, they did not come to interrupt the proceedings. It was not without relief however, that the circle was opened and we walked quietly down the platform, leaving the offerings. We then drove to the heath and had a more private circle to Bodicea.

Now of course I feel we were terribly brave. And that nonchalant mood is back. But that night at that railway station, I wished I had not been so keen to do the offerings.

Hopefully this may just be the beginning of a regular correspondence from England—or it may be just a passing nonchalant mood. Whichever, anytime anyone is in London and they wish to do a ritual at a main line station, just get in touch!

Ann Flowers tel. 081-9856597



The Big Bang

(on reading Stephen W. Hawking)

*Out of the center
that was not
no where*

*since space & time
as yet had not
come to
be—so was wasn't
& no place can be
any where*

*—yet from
this nowhere point
of infinite density
came the
All, I
read.*

*Singularity
in spacetime,
as the scientists
phrase it,
elusive form
that plays
hide 'n' seek at
the bottoms of
their axioms,
pregnant with
every thing, &*

*source of
all the unfoldings
of the this into
that. O
mystery beyond
measure—*

why: thou art God!



*Alas, I have
found you
too late
o Great
Singularity,
your awesome
Transcendence & majesty
can no longer
comfort me in
my dyings or
humble me in my
creations,*

*your answers
too fractious
your absolutes too
cantankerous
your reasons
no longer reasonable.*

*For reasons of symmetry, it
would seem,
the bizzarrities of black holes
& quaesars, of
moody dark masses & retarded
potentials in feynman diagrams—
those things that quark in the dead of
our cosmological night
now augur
a source more
elusive,
a beginning
more ancient, &
once more the Kingdom of
mystery
beyond
as our universe
as an after
thought
created
it Self.*



David Kubrin
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The Aids Conference is Coming, The Aids Conference is Coming, The Aids Conference Was

by *Moher Downing*

. . . held in San Francisco at the Moscone Center during Summer Solstice. I guess that should have been my first clue from the clue basket. AIDS needs a lot of magic right now, but that's not why the world's largest AIDS three-ring circus was held during that high, holy week. I certainly didn't see any Sun gods being burned in the main ballroom at the Marriott Hotel, where I spent most of the week talking to people from all over the world about needle exchange, or when I was out in the streets ACTING-UP, or trying not to fall asleep during the very few sessions I attended, or going blind trying to read the poster presentations. I wasn't surprised that I didn't learn anything new about HIV prevention or treatment. I basically went there to do two things: (1) promote the virtues of needle exchange; and (2) to "network" with the many wonderful people who are trying to do their bit in the midst of this craziness. I also knew that I would be bored and/or outraged about the "studies" people got funded to conduct—like you need to spend millions of dollars to find out that alcohol, drugs, and cigarettes, aren't good things to do if you have HIV. You need a grant for this kind of research?

I've been hanging around white coats long enough to not have any expectations from them in this kind of arena. I went to sessions about parts of the world that I knew little about (Africa, Asia, Russia, South America, etc.) or sessions where I knew ACT-UP would be doing their thing. The news coming from the other parts of

the world was bleak and scary—the pandemic has gotten a giant foot-hold in The Philippines and Bangkok, and is leaving villages devastated and deserted in Africa. The World Health Organization thinks that its own prediction of 15-20 million HIV-infected people by the year 2000 may be too low.

And on the home front, AIDS is now the leading cause of death for women between the ages of 15 and 44 in the greater New York metropolitan area. This single statistic is probably the reason that the National Institutes of Health (NIH—The Feds!) have finally agreed to have the first national conference on women and HIV. The Women's Caucuses of ACT-UP are to be thanked for this. ACT-Up's most empowering and moving demonstration of the whole conference was the one that focused on women's issues. It was inspiring from start to finish.

I don't want to leave you with a lot of bad news. The singularly most significant event of the AIDS conference was when I MET LIZ TAYLOR!!! Yes, *THE LIZ TAYLOR*—not some impersonator, but the real thing! I even have a confession to make. I missed the first demo of the conference—the one to protest the U.S. immigration policies at Immigration & Naturalization Service (INS)—because LIZ was late to the party. There was no way I was going to miss LIZ, even if I had to wait all night. It helped that the party was at this incredibly yuppie restaurant with all the champagne and oysters you could eat. I could wait. Half of ACT-UP was also there waiting. We kept thinking that as soon as we saw her we would leave, but she kept being late, the

champagne and California cuisine kept being there, and it became a matter of commitment. By then we had spent almost two hours waiting for her, and I had jockeyed to a spot right in front of the podium from which LIZ would address us mere mortals.

And then she appeared.

I want to tell you she looked awful, really terrible. She had gotten out of her hospital bed to come to address us minions who work on grants funded by the organization she founded after Rock Hudson's death, American Foundation for AIDS Research (AmFAR). She looked like someone who had just gotten out of a hospital bed, but the speech she gave (or read off the cue cards) was as fine as the one she gave in "National Velvet." The drama, the inflections, the EYES, the legend were pure LIZ. I died and headed to the demo. It was over.



Uncle Flamingo

from the fantasy of an abused child to be sung to the tune of Skip, Skip, Skip to My Lou

*Uncle Flamingo sits on the lawn
one leg up and one leg down.
He never worries and he never frowns.
it seems like he's always clowning.*

*Uncle Flamingo sits in the sun
waiting for the schoolbus to come.
he offers me candy and shows me his buns.
He says that he likes my tummy.*

*Uncle Flamingo's wife is upset.
I told her I play with the hair on his chest,
and Uncle says that he loves me the best
when we play that we're birdies nesting.*

*Uncle's own daughter is not doing well.
The preacher told her she's going to hell.
The doctor says that her story's not real,
and Uncle Flamingo's not telling.*

*Uncle Flamingo's dead in the barn.
My sister killed him for doing me harm.
He fell on his pitchfork, it worked like a charm.
I don't have to be his darling.*

*All of us children are growing up strong.
We know that people like uncle are wrong.
Remember our sisters; remember this song
If you have a childish longing.*

Boel

A Letter from the Editors

There have been several recent events which we feel necessary to inform you, our readers, about.

(1) It has been brought to our attention that Reclaiming ads have been appearing in several publications without our consent (i.e., publications with satanic links). We do not associate ourselves with nor support such groups and are currently investigating this matter. Please, if you see the Reclaiming name being used in ways that you do not think we would approve of, let us know!

(2) During recent changes in the newsletter staff as well as our methods of operation, a misunderstanding (and much confusion) developed around our mail distribution. As a result, we have lost the names of many of

our foreign subscribers. If you or someone you know is a foreign subscriber and has not been receiving the Newsletter, please write and let us know.

(3) And lastly, we have also become aware that many people have sent in for subscriptions and not received the Newsletter for some reason or another. Though we may be witches and pagans, we are also human. So if you are one such person, please write to us and we will happily remedy the situation.

We apologize for any inconveniences.

Peace & Love,

The Reclaiming Newsletter Worker Elves
& Fairies



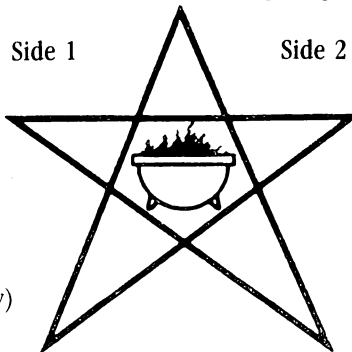
Chants ★ Ritual Music

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 wordsheet is included. We hope that you will sing these chants and songs, use them in ritual, and teach them to others. Proceeds from the sale of this tape help support the work of the Reclaiming Collective. **To order:** Send check or money order in U.S. currency to **Reclaiming Tape, P.O. Box 14404, San Francisco, CA 94114.** Price: \$10.00 each, includes postage (add \$3.00 for each overseas mailing).

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

Side 1



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

RECLAIMING COLLECTIVE PRESENTS:

CALIFORNIA TRADITIONS: 20 YEARS OF CRAFT AND NEO-PAGANISM

Where have we come from? Where are we going?

An overview and panel discussion,
with highlights on film, video and slides.

8:00 p.m. Saturday, November 10, '90
Unitarian-Universalist Berkeley Fellowship
1924 Cedar Street (at Bonita), Berkeley

\$5 - \$15 sliding scale
Benefit for Reclaiming

* * * * *

Moderated by M. Macha NightMare

Panelists: Alison Harlow, Rose May Dance, Prudence Priest,
Diana Paxson, John P. McClimans, Kalyln Tranquil'son, Jo Carson, Greg
Harder

Film: "A Dance for the Goddess" - A Tapestry of Rituals by Feraferia.
Feraferia is a Goddess and wilderness group founded by Fred Adams in Southern
California in the mid-60s. 22 min. By Jo Carson

Video: Various Northern California Craft and Pagan rituals, events,
performances and performers, and excerpts from Goddess television productions. 30
min. By Greg Harder

Slides: "Rituals," a collection of slides from various Southern
California Pagan groups of the 70s. 15 min. By Jo Carson

M. Macha NightMare is a member of Reclaiming Collective, former priestess
of Covens Holy Terrors and Travelling Light, now working intermittently with Coven
Stone Dancers. She has been active in CoG (Covenant of the Goddess). She is a
devotee of Kali and a seeker of Tantric ecstasy.

Jo Carson, a long-time member of Feraferia, is a professional filmmaker
and cinematographer in the field of visual effects. She is currently working on a
video about the re-emergence of the Goddess, Earth energies and human sexuality.

Greg Harder is a Bay Area Pagan videographer from Coven Amaranth Energies
and NROOGD (New Reformed Orthodox Order of the Golden Dawn), who has also been
active in CoG and Forever Forests. The untimely death of Gwydion Pendderwen in
1982 inspired him to document Craft events whenever possible.

Prior reading of *Drawing Down the Moon*, by Margot Adler,
strongly recommended.

Wheelchair accessible

The Samhain Cycle: Reclaiming's Plans for Hallowe'en '90

By Starhawk

Friday October 26, 8 p.m.; Saturday October 27, 8 p.m.; and Sunday October 28, 8 p.m.;

S.F. Women's Building, 18th St. between Guerrero and Valencia

Each \$5-\$10 sliding scale, \$15-\$30 for all three. Tickets available mail-order from Reclaiming, or at the door.

Childcare provided by pre-arrangement (send info. with ticket order). Children welcome in rituals, too.

Wheelchair accessible.

Drug and Alcohol free, please.

This year we are presenting three related rituals on the weekend before Hallowe'en. Each will be a complete ritual in itself, but will have a specific focus related to this season of death and rebirth. All are participatory rather than performance oriented, low-tech, and relatively small in scale (limited to 300 participants).

Friday October 26: A Ritual of Remembrance for our Beloved Dead

This ritual will focus on remembering our personal friends and loved ones who have died. We will name them, mourn them, and journey together to the Shining Isle where we can meet them again on this night, and ask for help, inspiration, and completion. We close by dancing the spiral of rebirth.

Send us: Names of your *personal* loved ones who have died this year (since last Oct. 31.)

Slides of your beloved dead (from any year). Please send copies only as we will *not* return slides.

Bring: Photos (or xeroxes) of your beloved dead for the altar. Please, nothing too precious as there is always a slight chance of loss.

Saturday October 27 Invoking the Ancestors of Many Cultures

This multicultural ritual is being planned in conjunction with Rafael Gonzales of the Wakwa society, Keith Hennesey of Contraband, Luisah Teish and other groups and individuals, to reflect the diverse heritages of the Bay Area. We journey together to the cave of the ancestors, to sort through their gifts and decide what can help us today to create a society in which all people are valued. A spiral dance empowers our vision.

Bring: An offering for your ancestors (a flower or a small piece of not-too-messy food, such as a nut, a handful of seeds, herbs or grain, tobacco, etc. Nothing illegal, please.)

Sunday October 28 Building Our Vision of the Future

This season is our New Year, a time of power and potential. Often we feel fear and despair about the future. In this ritual, we join together to transform powerlessness into vision and hope. Again we journey to the Isle of the Dead which is also the Land of the Unborn, the place of not-yet-manifest possibility, to envision the world we want for ourselves and the children who inherit it. We empower our vision with (guess what?) a spiral dance.

Send us: Names of children who have been born since last October 31.

Bring: Something to give away, meaningful rather than expensive, that represents a vision you have made real this last year. You will *not* get this object back.

Tickets: Will be sold only mail-order from the Reclaiming P.O. Box, and possibly at the door. To insure that you can come on the night of your choice, please buy tickets ahead of time. Each ritual costs \$5-\$10 sliding scale. Tickets for all three cost \$15-\$30 sliding scale. We encourage people to attend whichever one or ones most call to you this year.

Send a self-addressed stamped envelope to:
Reclaiming Samhain Cycle P.O. Box 14404
S.F. CA 94114

Include a check or money order, and be sure to tell us which night/s you want tickets for. You may also include names of beloved dead or new-borns—please be sure they are legible, or slides.

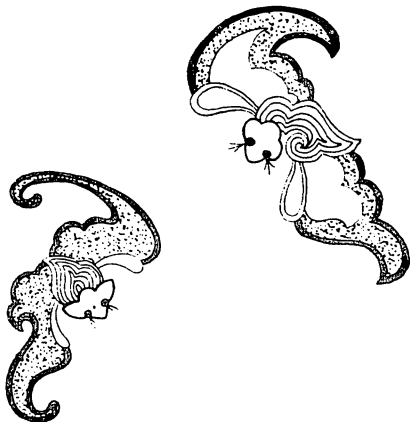
Please mail your order by October 16 to ensure that you will receive your tickets in time.

Procrastinators: Call the Reclaiming Events Line at 849-0877 for last-minute updates on ticket availability. We are not widely advertising this year, and don't expect to sell out—but who knows?

Work Exchanges: Are available. We need graces, dragons, someone to run simple spot-lights, and lots of clean-up people (who may be asked to deposit a lock of hair and some fingernail clippings to insure that this year they actually do stay around and clean up.) (That was sort of a joke, but not entirely.)

To volunteer, call Judy at 843-0722 or Suzanne at 389-1008.

All three rituals are benefits for Reclaiming. Saturday's ritual may also benefit other groups to be determined by the organizers.



Dirt & Soil

*Job had a boil
Medication, medication
Add some chicken defecation
And the dog & cat doodoo
By tomorrow you'll be through
Sigh and moan, stump of tree
Severed vine, leave me be!
Rise up, run from here,
Make my warts disappear.*

[from the movie *Night of the Shooting Stars*]



RECLAIMING



GLASS

ELEMENTS OF MAGIC FOR WOMEN ONLY 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 **Mondays**, starting **October 22**. \$60-\$120 sliding scale. Call Suzanne at 389-1008, or Pleiades at 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. Seven **Wednesdays**: starting **October 17**. Call Carol 641-5836 for registration and location. \$60-\$120 sliding scale.

MOVING BETWEEN THE WORLDS Exploring Dance ritual and weekend workshop with Suzanne and Beverly

In this class we will focus on accepting our bodies and empowering them to create physical ritual that is specifically ours. Movement experience welcome but certainly not necessary. Techniques include: creating sacred space, circle improvisation, chanting/sound work, tantric trance dance, and animal work. Prerequisites: Elements of Magic/or instructor's approval. Location: San Francisco (tba). Date: Saturday & Sunday, December 1 & 2, 12:00-5:00. Price: \$40-\$60 sliding scale.

SES AND VENTS

GODDESSES AND GODS FOR TEENAGERS taught by Pleiades and Pandora

Each class will focus on a different goddess or god, giving us a chance to experience the deity and work with her or him magically. This series is appropriate for both those experienced in ritual and those new to the craft, though you should have at least some familiarity with ritual. We'll use spellcrafting, cauldron work, dream trance, and various other techniques as they come to us. Written parental permission required for those under 18. Six Wednesday nights starting November 7, 7:30 pm. San Francisco location. \$35-70 sliding scale. Call Pandora, 641-5836 or Pleiades, 648-3879 to sign up.

WALKING THE LABRYNTH taught by Pleiades & Panther (student teacher)

This class will explore the tunnels of the self through trance journeys, journal writing, movement and mask-making. We will create shields, drawing on objects from both the physical and psychic realms and inspired by our personal place of power, to help us through the maze. These shields will be affirmations of our own individual self worth and power within. Prerequisite: Elements of Magic or equivalent experience/study. Six Tuesday nights starting October 23, 7:30 pm. \$60-120 sliding scale. Call Pleiades 648-3879 or Panther 826-9319 to register.

THE SAMHAIN CYCLE: RECLAIMING'S PLANS FOR HALLOWE'EN '90

Please see the article on page 15 for a more complete description of this event. Friday October 26, 8 p.m.; Saturday October 27, 8 p.m.; and Sunday October 28, 8 p.m. at the S.F. Women's Building on 18th St. between Guerrero and Valencia. Each day \$5-\$10 sliding scale, \$15-\$30 for all three days. Tickets available mail-order from Reclaiming or at the door. Childcare provided by pre-arrangement (send info. with ticket order). Children welcome in rituals, too. Wheelchair accessible. Drug and Alcohol free, please. Call the Reclaiming Events Line at 849-0877 for last-minute updates on ticket availability. To volunteer, call Judy at 843-0722 or Suzanne at 389-1008.

Starhawk's 1990 Fall Schedule

*For more information contact HARMONY NETWORK, PO Box 2550, Guerneville, CA 95446
(707) 869-0909*

September 28-30: Toronto, Canada

"Urban Magic" (for men and women) and "Women's Mysteries" (Women Only)

Contact: The Applewood Ctr. (416)537-1777

October 11-14: Ann Arbor, Michigan

Thursday, Oct. 11: invitation only talk at "Program on Conflict Management Alternatives" Univ. of Mich., Ann Arbor, Mich. (313)763-0472. Fri-Sun: "Advanced Ritual Workshop" Unitarian Fellowship, Ann Arbor, Mich. Contact: Scott Wilson (313)947-0511

October 27-28: Rituals in San Francisco

Contact Reclaiming Collective (415)849-0877 for recording.

November 8: Eugene, Oregon

Class and lecture for "Student Campaign for Disarmament" Contact: Shanon Oliver (505)346-4248

November 10-11: Seattle, Washington

Workshops for men and women sponsored by Red and Black Books Contact: Bookstore at (206)322-7323

December 1: Santa Cruz, California

"Women's Stories, Women's Healing," a workshop for women only. Contact: Pacific Cultural Center (408)426-8893

Coming up! Retreat for women in Hawaii

March 19-27, 1991 with Starhawk and Luisah Teish Contact Harmony Network for information.

☆☆



REVIEWS

Walking Between the Stars: A far reaching anthology, Edited by Francesca Dubie

Once again, Francesca Dubie has provided a book for the shelves of *modern* Witches -this time an anthology of poetry and prose written by “vital unique individuals, who are magicians and/or poets and/or mad-women/men, that live in the twilight, in what the French call ‘entre loup et chien,’ between wolf and dog”, (quoted from Dubie’s call for submissions). The visions and musings in *Walking Between the Stars* come from a milieu familiar to *me*—the bus stop, the late 20th century, and between-the-worlds. This is spiritual food I’ve not been fed by the schools of pastoral Witchcraft and New Age spirituality. I’m using the book for my morning devotionals: it would be just as appropriate to read to one’s lover to set the mood. . . .

Self-published. Available in Bay Area independent bookstores and magic shops.

A benefit for *Walking Between the Stars* is scheduled for Friday, September 21, 8:00p.m., 777 Valencia (New College of Calif.). Sliding scale \$5-15, no one turned away for lack of funds. Hear contributors Francesca Dubie, Stephen O’Dwyer, Julia Vinograd, John Valentine, Andrew Hayes, Annie Finch, Charlie Maden, Anna Wolfe, and Jill Spisak.

Reviewed by Rose May Dance

Lunacy: A Review

Alright—I admit my bias—Sparky, half of the duo that made this tape, is an old and dear friend, he and Greg are former Witch Campers, and they have included a couple of my own songs. So maybe I’m not the Perfectly Objective Reviewer. Having said that—I love it. They have two of the most beautiful male voices I’ve ever heard, and their sense of harmony and rhythm is exquisite. Sparky has written many of the “classic chants” we use all the time, and this collection of songs and chants shows the full range of his talents. It’s especially wonderful to have some new God songs. Greg and Sparkie celebrate the gay faerie culture with a chant to the Purple God/Queer God. The haunting song ‘The Boys Burned Too’ commemorates the gay men who died in the Witch persecutions, and evokes our losses today from AIDS. I especially like their rendition of my own piece “Demeter Song”—although my one quibble is that I’m not completely entranced by the classical whistling at the end. A lot of the songs deal with love and passion (inspirational for the full range of sexual preferences, gay, lesbian, het, and all of the above). They’ve also recorded my “Inanna’s Song”, (“My crescent-shaped barge of heaven”) previously printed in this newsletter—so if you’ve been wondering about the tune, it’s done here beautifully.

Tapes can be ordered from Lunacy, P.O. Box 10491, Kansas City, MO 64111. \$10 per tape plus \$2 postage per order.

by Starhawk

A Kinder, Gentler Witchcamp

by Rose May Dance

We jokingly called our 1990 Vancouver Witchcamp the Kinder, Gentler Witchcamp. This was the fourth year Reclaiming has taught a week-long workshop at beautiful Loon Lake, and it was the best yet for a number of reasons. The organizers, led by Pat and Marian, have of course become very savvy—logistics were smooth because of their hard work and careful thought. Over half the participants were return campers. Both campers and Reclaiming teachers have continued to grow and become wiser over the period we have been working together—we are community now. 12-step principles and practice are more and more becoming core to the work. The campers have been exposed, over the years, to most of Reclaiming's material, and challenged the teachers to come up with something new. And the work of empowerment has helped create a strong group of people capable of teaching and nourishing the feminist Craft—our teaching crew included not only San Franciscans Starhawk, Pandora, Rose, Pleaides, and student teacher Geoff Yippee!, but also Sharon and student teachers Cerridwen (formerly Glenda) and Firefly from the Vancouver area. Our strength was reinforced by the Teachers Track—10 women who had attended other Witch camps and came to deepen their teaching skills. As a result, Witchcamp was kinder and gentler: the community moved through difficult material and personal growth with ease and grace, a minimum of crises, self-hate, or acting-out; the overall effect was nourishing, healing, and gives me great hope for the future because these Witches are working in the world.

The students at Vancouver have always been a challenging group to teach, because they are politically aware, leader-ful, and accustomed to the

painful process of growth. We have learned much about responding to the needs of this group. In former years, there have been times when we drove ourselves (and the campers) crazy with knee-jerk response to the diverse needs of over 100 people. Also in the past there had been a tendency to let problems build to a crisis level and come to resolution in a cathartic way, letting whatever the crisis was—the isms, the war between the sexes, fear of Black Magic, fear of the Right, lack of/too much intensity,—be a crucible for the work we did. But gradually the teachers and students have learned more about boundaries, about recovery, about not having to fix things and not having to blow everything up into a crisis. The work we do—delving into the personal, the pain, the under-nourished areas of the self—is dramatic and difficult enough without taking our pain and fear out on each other. The entire community seemed to be sensitive to each others' needs, and Reclaiming especially tried to offer choices, options, and the idea that if *we* were not providing what people needed, there was lots of permission for people to create whatever they needed to feel safe or to feel challenged.

Twelve-step helped a lot. Every day there was an optional (but heavily attended), one-hour 12-step meeting. This was a generic meeting because there were people from all the different programs present. This was a treat for me, because I only have experience in one program, and now I had the opportunity to share recovery with people from many programs. Our meeting is focused because we are all doing the same personal and ritual work together every day in the classes, so the sharing is very rich. 12-step meeting helped me bridge the student-teacher gap, and brought me closer to so many people. I think the work of this meeting was directly responsible

for cutting down on the gossip in camp, and alleviating the terrible phenomenon where one person says, “well, this doesn’t bother me personally, but many people are talking about how so-and-so is doing such-and-such, and what are you going to do about it”, and the result is everyone trying to meet the needs of someone who hasn’t even spoken up. 12-step helped me balance the fine line between being an ally to oppressed individuals and minding other people’s business.

The new material we taught also contributed to the growth and empowerment of teachers and students. At the end of 1989 Witchcamp, the community had decided they wanted a *really* advanced track which taught how to teach, and they wanted more advanced material in general. Reclaiming and the organizers also agreed that it was time to think of phasing some of the Reclaiming teachers out, and phasing local teachers in—what’s empowerment about, anyway? So Reclaiming created two new tracks in addition to the beginning Elements class.

The advanced track was called the Five Aspects of Self using material from Starhawk’s TRUTH OR DARE. The focus was healing work with the Self-Hater. We chose a Tarot archetype to represent the transformational goal for each aspect of the Self-Hater. The Conqueror/Victim transformed to Strength, the Censor/Censored to Temperance, the Judge/Judged to Justice, the Controller of the Universe/Controlled to the World, the Master/Servant to the Empress, and the entire Self-Hater transformed into the Fool. Our techniques were drum trance, small and large group discussion, and ritual, including a day at the Goblin Market—how much are you investing in burdensome patterns—and a masked ball where we wore the faces of our neediness and our controlling. Such in-depth work on self hate magically created a very loving atmosphere in the community.

The other new material was the Teachers’ Track—this is where I concentrated. I’ve never worked with 10 more amazing students. We began

by asking them to monitor and analyze the energy at the classes and events. We basically told them as much as we could about what we do and why we do it, encouraged them to do it better, and were delighted with the results. We’re confident that we’ll be hearing much more from these folks in the future, and are grateful for all we learned from them.

And we are grateful to the entire community. Everyone worked very hard and shared what they had. Each person I got to know was a jewel. On the night when we had a camp meeting to discuss the state of the craft, state of the world and to do networking, person after person stood up and told of the work each was doing in the home communities. It is a joy to know about the service, the organizing, the consciousness each of these people is weaving into the web—the only result can be the changes we wish to see in the world. Reclaiming feels honored to work with such a group.

All week, the community focused energy and prayer on the green trees, so threatened in that north land, and wove the connections between the trees, our bodies, the earth, the people. All dove deep into their selves and shared knowledge and healing. The last night, after our final ritual, I went outside to stare at the trees above the lake. I take it as a personal message from the Goddess, in her guise as Aurora Borealis, that she drew a line of light behind the trees, wove sparkles and shafts of brilliance up and down, in and out, and finally revealed the entire sky as a throbbing web of light exploding for hours through the night. I lay on the ground, watching the Northern Light show, hearing in my mind the echos of 100 Witches singing Pandora’s Witchcamp song:

*Powerful song of radiant light
Weave us the web that spins the night.
Web of stars that holds the dark
Weave us the earth that feeds the spark.
Strand by strand, hand over hand,
Thread by thread, we weave our web.
Thanks to all of you who were there.
Keep up the work!*

VOLCANO SONG

*we want to climb in mother
we want to worship your breasts
the core of fire mother
you sing to us as we ride the stars
like water on the moon
your heat beckons us
we scramble up the side like so many
hungry ants
to reach you to touch you
we ooze on in burning with desire
burning from your fire
and still we stay
your tides pull us
your crevices pull us your light pulls us
to surrender
the multitudes below cannot reach us
they sing and dance in frenzied states
and we anoint ourselves as you
mad to touch your face
like water on the moon*

*will you tell us your secret?
let the north wind tell us
deer and owl and rabbit
something calls us something whispers
what is it?
the fleeting moment of ecstasy?
the half-hidden truths?
the moments of discovery?*

*the corn calls us
the children born and unborn call us
the circles call us the shelters
the sunrises the embraces
the eidelwiess the songs
the midnight conversations
the unions and the dissolutions
the truths and the tricks
yes, the yearnings*

*so we climb down trickle down
like rain
and eat drink dance speak listen
waiting
trying to recall
the ecstasy of your glance
the water on the moon . . .*

Suzanne



Witchcamp Teachers' Night Off

Pandora Minerva O'Mallory

[This is not an official report on the Vancouver Witch Camp this year, but we thought some of our readers might like an informal look into the Reclaiming teachers' room at camp. (We're divided as to how many readers we think that is.) It's a piece of a letter I wrote to two friends in Cambridge, England.—Pandora]

Loon Lake, B.C.
July 25, 1990

It is Wednesday evening—I have some time off for the first time.

I love the advanced track dearly—they have been doing such good work—and with No Crises! I am quite happy about that. Usually we have some terrible crisis around about Wednesday.

It has been my intention to write you a long letter all about camp so you would know how we do things & what happens & who we are but I think maybe I will go to bed.

No, what I will do is just tell you what is happening this evening as it occurs.

The Teachers' Track created optional rituals tonight—and we decided that it was better for them if we stayed out of things. That's how we got the night off.

Star is lying on her bunk discussing her drum solo on a giant salad bowl, which she plans to do for the talent show.

Sharon is hanging spoons off her cheeks—her ten-year-old daughter Rachel is apparently able to do this. She cannot.

Pleides & Firefly went up to the kitchen to rescue a rock. I don't know what that means. Now they are making tea.

Rose is smudging the stuffed rabbit and hanging him on the clothesline.

The women's incest survivors' group is meeting next door so we are trying to be quiet but Star and Sharon were just practicing a "harder, deeper, faster" chant, which is Just what the women next door don't need to hear so Rosie shushed them.

Geoff just came back from calling his wife.

The incest survivors' group sent word to us to keep our voices down and they need more candles.

We have quietly bitched to ourselves about having to be quiet on our night off.

Rosie and I, who are leading the master/servant ritual tomorrow morning, have agreed not to discuss it tonight, but to wait til tomorrow after breakfast.

Pleiades is giving Firefly a tarot reading.

Geoff and Sharon are outside smoking.

The tea kettle hasn't heated up *yet*.

Now it has and I have my tea.

Sharon came back in and told us that if you go out on the porch you can hear the drum trance (on denial) going on, down at the big hall—Star said she wanted to see if they were on the beat, and went on out.

Sick, sick, sick, we all said.

Geoff has gone off to the kitchen—we think the kitchen workers made him some treats.

Cerridwen hadn't heard about the Goblin Market ritual that Star and I did for the controller/controlled ritual, so we told her.

Now we are discussing possible Reclaiming acts for the talent show. Hannah and Mimi will do a drum trance, inflicting it on Firefly, who will be the volunteer coerced out of the audience; Sharon usually does something; and we'll all do something together. It's a tradition. We get up and make fun of ourselves. Also, Rosie wants to do a spell-crafting with Tampax act.

Star is practicing the parody drum trance: so you go on, deeper and deeper, down that road, walking now a little faster—& perhaps it gets a little harder to walk that road, but you go on, even though it's harder, you go on, going deeper, moving faster . . . harder . . . deeper . . . faster . . . harder . . . deeper . . . faster . . .

Shush, wheesht, we all say.

Sharon just asked me if I knew what the Irish call being pregnant. No, I said. Having a balloon over the toy shop, she said. Do you ever wonder, I said, how the hell the Irish got all those children?

She is the planned MC for the talent show. The acts so far are:

- 1) The Esther Williams Memorial Synchronized Swim Team
- 2) Line Dancers Anonymous
- 3) The Witch Camp Players with “Dysfunctional Family”
- 4) A Monologue on Toxicola
- 5) Her Myth Story

Geoff has really been gone for quite a long time so we have been making menstruation jokes and singing new verses to “Barnacle Bill the Sailor”, which used to be a men’s mystery until we got hold of it. Rosie made most of the verses up—I’ll spare you.

Geoff has just come back from what Rosie suspects to have been tomcatting with the kitchen workers.

Besides the incest group and the drum trance, the students in the teachers’ track are also offering a Nature Walk. It is dark and raining outside, but these people are So Dedicated.

Star is reading a letter her father wrote in 1945 from a war hospital.

The cat just put his paws in at the window and tried to drag a feathered item off the altar—general consternation. Geoff rushed out and ran him off.

Rose has put on her Batman hat and is running around the room singing the Batman song.

Star has made a new song: I am a mean person / I am a nasty person / I am a hateful person / My soul will never die.

Sharon is making new verses.

Firefly had to ask for a pillow to laugh into, so the women next door won’t hear her.

It’s getting worse—I’m using a pillow, too.

I wear leather shoes / I use Tampax / I shop with plastic bags/I’m a meat-eater, too.

Rose, who is now outside smoking, put her hand in at the window and meowed and tried to grab things off the altar.

Star says it’s very ironic that the very day after we taught the class on the censor/censored, we’re sitting in our room with pillows on our faces.

Sharon ways it was her hand that came in at the window, not Rosie’s.

Here is a list of what’s on the table in our room: coffee mugs; sugar; tea, both black and herbal; spoons; coffee; cassette tapes, including 2 Cyndi Lauper, REM, Clannad, Traveling Wilburys, Wayra-Mapu, Letting Go of Stress, Various Interpretations of Disney Songs, Tom Rush, Charlie Murphy, Bonnie Raitt, Bruce Springsteen, Thomas Mapfumo, Tom Paxton, The Pogues, and Sinead O’Connor; marmite; distilled water; milk; tobacco; Jif Peanut butter; grape jelly; Ritz crackers; granola bars; knives; coffee filters; playing cards; mustard; organic plum jam; cellophane tape; tape deck; cracker-and-nut snack; 2 copies of TRUTH OR DARE; evaporated milk; candles; Vicks Vapo-Rub; grapes; lavender oil; antibiotic ointment; mood lipstick; Metamucil; a belt; a rhinestone brooch; a tract on handsewn menstrual pads; a course outline for the week, somebody’s notes; organic peanut butter; a 3-volume history of the persecution of the Highland clans; flashlight; electric tea kettle; bee propolis tincture.

The incest group leader came to tell us that they’re done; now that we don’t have to be quiet, we’re going to bed.



3:45 AM

Sleepless, a stone I lie, sinking, lifeless, into my bed, my mind a buzzing radio whose stations are all off the air. Faint in the background static my deathwish whispers, "let it end, let it all end, let it end now". This old apartment house, the dumb receptacle of so much unspoken agony, groans under the pressure of the wind. I wonder at the wind. Is it alive? Does it feel me here listening? Listening to the empty sound of its invisible force, pulling my fragile spirit out through the ceiling and rafters and roofboards and shingles, up into the blank, endless sky. I try to imagine what lies between myself and my death. Only fear, I realize. Only fear. I project myself through the fear of emptiness, of lifelessness, of failure, and the lock on my heart opens a little. The wind pushes and sucks on the windowglass. I find myself floating in eternity, suddenly beyond the narrow trap of a life gone sour, of another sleepless night that dreads the coming of the day. I open to my greatest fear.

Yes, I am dying. Yes, I am helpless. Yes, I am isolated in pain and fear and loneliness. Again I expand into eternity, and again I am overcome with being. An occasional foghorn sounds away off in the bay. I get up and dress, switch on the light. The refrigerator whirs and gurgles. I write with grey lead on a white, lined page, filling a notebook with squiggles of feeling, of self. There is no hope, there is only being, indestructible; there is no victory, only acceptance. The wind has calmed. An occasional car passes on Frederick Street. My stomach growls. I sit, no longer feeling the slow, stalking pressure of death, no longer waiting for the showdown between expectancy and defeat. Emptiness blossoms into eternity. Fear opens into love. Death dissolves in mystery. I realize I am hungry; my attention shifts to the ricecakes in the cabinet. Only the foghorn interrupts the silence. Unknown to me, my body breathes. And where has the wind slipped off to?

Roy King

Dancing

*I hear the wind is singing
piping music through the leaves
calling me from sleeping
to go dancing in the grove
in the speckled moonlight
dancing with my shadow
underneath the trees*

*Dancing through the witching hour
prancing naked 'til the dawn
not fading 'til the last stars fade
dancing lighter than a faun*

*Dancing with my shadow all through the moonlit grove
leaping in the chilly air across the dewey lawn
dancing with the darkness 'til the coming of the sun*



Roy King

For Princess Otahki

[“one of the several hundred Cherokee Indians who died here in the delayed (by ice) crossing of the Mississippi River in the United States government forced exodus . . . In the severe winter of 1838–39.” Monument at Trail of Tears Park, MO]

*Your trail ended here, where
buried in this hillside
you felt the years of barefoot blood
sear into this land,
break up cracks in the clay shore,
where today I cannot walk
without sinking.*

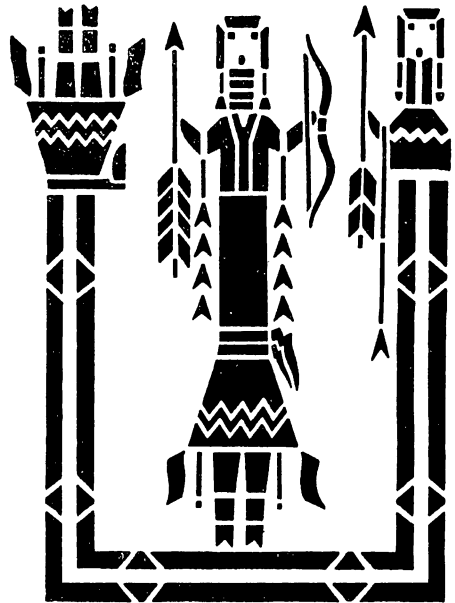
*I seep down to a world of salty sores
where the river pulses
with the night dances of a broken drum
and wave after wave of your people
are crushed ashore, leaving spirits
trapped once more in the hollows of trees.*

*A blackbird chants. His spirit
remembers days of talking to the sun
while trees bowed to listen
and rocks worked their dark magic.
I put my hand in his beak.
We speak
the language of ghosts,
a dark atonement tasted in earth's blood.*

*The river pumps out
the whiteness from my brain,
washes it dark,
while wind scrapes a salty dance
on cracked lips.*

*Broken,
I bend toward the hillside
and feel you whisper in me.
My arms branch out to hold you;
my feet take root, and thicken out
rough as the bark of a tree.*

Beth Terry



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The Storyteller

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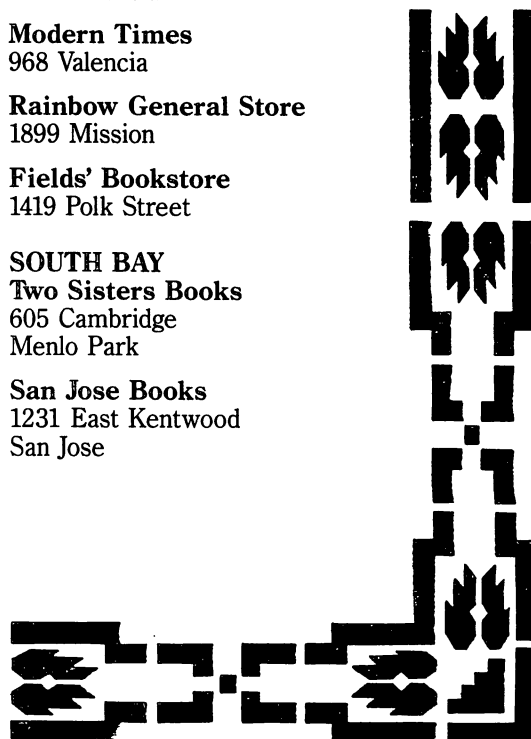
SOUTH BAY

Two Sisters Books

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Menlo Park

San Jose Books

1231 East Kentwood
San Jose



Announcements

☞ **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.

☞ **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 needs 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.**

☞ **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.)

☞ **Cambridge** is an international non-profit correspondence organization mostly for teens but also open to adults. Based in America with members from all around the world, Cambridge informs people on how bad the environmental status is and how to change it through the way we live and the respect that we need to show to the earth. Write to Cambridge for more information at: Cambridge, P.O. Box 1926, Casper, WY 82601-2.

☞ A recent Supreme Court Decision opened up Public Schools to meetings by student christian prayer groups. This of course means that a group who wishes to meet to study Witchcraft may do so. The Association of Cymmry Wicca is offering a free active ACW membership to any Pagan religious group who wishes student members of its congregation to meet in a Public School *and* will agree to abide by their Bylaws. For more information, contact Association of Cymmry Wicca, P.O. Box 674884, Marietta, Georgia 30067 (404) 423-9585.

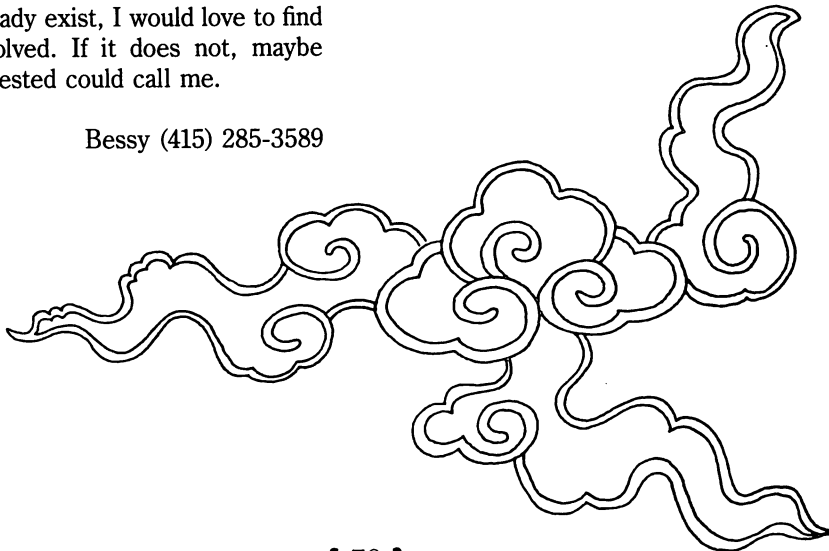
☞ Dear Pagan Parents,
I am interested in networking with other parents in the pagan community. I feel the need to share with other mothers/parents a basic bond with nature, spirituality and simplistic rituals (i.e. other families to bake solstice cookies with). Should this community already exist, I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

☞ **"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.

☞ **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* 566-4353 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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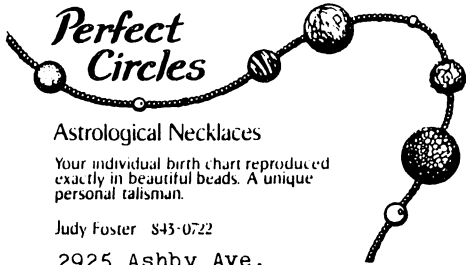
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Zsuzsanna Budapest's Priestess Class Tapes

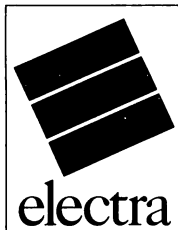
The Priestess training classes taught by Z in 1989 were recorded live on audio tapes with a Sony Pro-Walkman. They contain a wealth of information about leading ritual, magic, how to build and work with a spiritual community.

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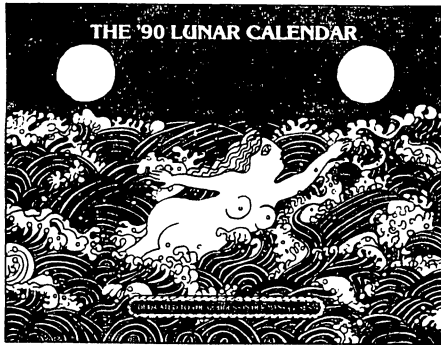
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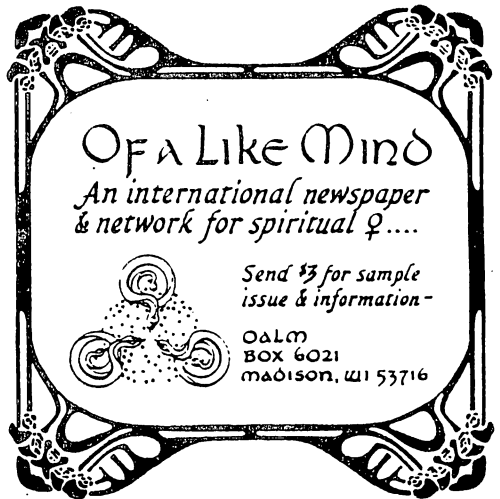
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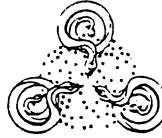
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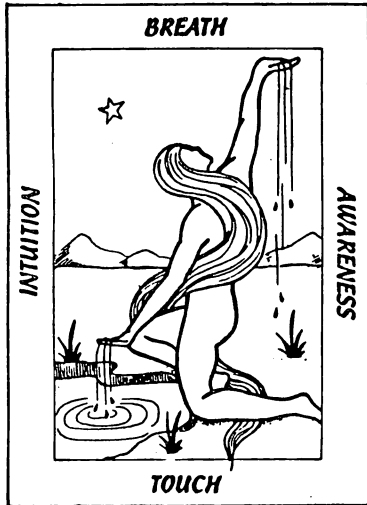
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MENTASTICS 1:00-3:30

JULIE GREENE

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SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 9 1:00-3:30

CRYSTAL HEALING I
PATRICIA FREELAND, M.A.

Crystals can function much the way herbs do—purifying, balancing, energizing. Come learn how to apply your crystals for optimum well-being. This workshop will focus on getting to know the chakras and the stones which are harmonious for each energy center for the basic chakra layout.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16 3:00-6:00

WOMEN'S BLOOD MYSTERIES

KAMI McBRIDE

Is PMS a socially imposed disease? Do you experience painful periods? Come explore ways of using ritual and herbs as we restructure our lives to embrace the power of our bleeding time. We will discuss herbal medicines for optimum nutrition and support while we allow our menstruation to guide us to our inner wisdom.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22 1:00-3:30

INTRODUCTORY MASSAGE WORKSHOP
SAGE APPPEL

We will partner and explore shoulders and neck, and see where that takes us. Wear loose, comfortable clothing.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30 2:00-5:00

EXPLORING SACRED SPACE:

Earth Blessing Ritual for Women

DONNA REEDER, M.A.

Through a synthesis of Energy Clearing, movement, meditations, and "Native" ways of honoring the powers of the universe, we will set an ancestral space for prayer and ritual together.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7 1:00-3:30

CRYSTAL HEALING II

PATRICIA FREELAND, M.A.

In this workshop we will work with a greater variety of stones, and go into more of the subtleties of crystal healing. Prerequisite: Crystal Healing I.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14 10:30-1:00

ENNEAGRAM

JULIE GREENE

If you are curious to learn more about the enneagram system of nine personality types, you are welcome to this introductory workshop. By knowing how your patterns of perception and reaction differ from those of other people, you can discover opportunities for self-change and can increase the trust and understanding between you and others.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14 1:30-4:00

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JULIE GREENE

ENDOMORPHY (round fulsome light) MESOMORPHY (blocky compact dense), ECTOMORPHY (linear "thready" delicate) these terms refer to the three basic components of which we each have differing degrees in our makeup. With this system you can differentiate in movement, touch, texture, and shape elements of a client's karmic body type from elements you want to address therapeutically such as tension, holding, postural or movement limitations or lifestyle factors.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21 2:30-5:00

JOURNEY THROUGH TOUCH

DONNA REEDER, M.A.

An exploration through simple movement and touch exercises to discover how you experience boundaries, how your state of consciousness communicates through touch, how extremes and differences of chakra or centers affect your consciousness, etc. For women only.

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

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

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

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