Reclaiming
A Center for Feminist Spirituality
PO. Box 14404
San Francisco, CA 94114

When requesting information from Reclaiming, please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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 them.

Submissions are due on or before the deadline. 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 Monday, August 3, 1992

Reclaiming Events Line ☎ 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.

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This newsletter was put together by Cherie, Michael, Bill, Karen, Patti, Robin, Margaret, Laura, Karl, and Rosie. Many thanks to our friends who give us stuff on disc, even though in doing so Starhawk slid Rosie's disc into the crack between the two disc drives, disappearing it entirely.

Printed on Recycled Paper
The Cause of the End of the World
(After the Rodney King Verdict)

by Starhawk

Not the spark
but the drought that leaves
the brush tinder dry

Not one baton
breaking the bones
of one man's face

But a thousand bruising sticks
laid one upon the other
year after year
in the absence of moisture
or remorse

Piled upon bureaucratic forms
And newspaper columns
decrying this and that
reporting the politicians' satisfaction
as they cut your check

Next to an ad for diamond earrings
On Mother's Special Day
Expense Should Be No Object

But my girl was murdered in my front yard
And the cops beat my boy
And his brother carries a gun to school
when he goes to school
and there's no jobs anyway

Not the spark that jumps the fire line
Not the match in your hand
Or the gasoline soaked rags
Or even our rage
But that so much lies ready
to ignite
Mending with the Ancestors

by Patti Martin

In one of the rituals last Samhain, we called to own the ancestors we could not understand. Those whose actions now seem inhuman, unjust and exploitive. As a community, we seek to correct that past, to build a different future.

It is one thing to dream of a future without the misery of the past. The Phoenix rising from the ashes, the destruction of what has come before. But to dream, and then build, a future including the past, acknowledging that we are all human, we have interests which do not include the interests of others, at worst are harmful to the interests of others. To include all this in our dream, in our building will require power in the undertaking.

As we cleaned—the usual four or five left after the hundreds passing through—the Ancestor Stick, long pole of colorful dress, snapped as it was put in the car. What could this mean? Much too tired to think about this now; like Scarlet, in the morning. We stuck it away with other props and paraphernalia and went home.

Fear seized me in the morning. I was new to active service in the community. Would this mean, responsible as I felt, that I would be shunned as the agent of the break? I phoned. Various responses: it's too long anyway; we'll have to burn it; let's meditate on what it means. But winter was upon us and Persephone turns inward; this year even the bright lights of Yule were dull.

Thoughts of community returned at Candlemas with a pledge to Bridget to work with, not against, my power.

The ancestor stick returned to my thoughts. Perhaps we call them, but do not own them. Perhaps we slam the door as we fear their deeds. Perhaps the judge arose too strong in us as we looked at what they left us. We must settle the past, not break with it. We have all been all of them in the circle of life. I have played all the parts, as have you.

Spring came. I moved closer to old friends and new. Disruption, though, even for good things, is hard. Finding new habits for daily life, waking in a strange room, cooking in a strange kitchen, cleaning a strange house.

Comes May Eve. The Ancestor Stick is needed for ritual. When I hear this, I know I must act. I go and retrieve the pieces and bring them home. I light candles to the ancestors. I burn incense. My companions help me as we take up the pieces and talk to the wood. Talk to the scarves and robes and beads and bells. Call the ancestors to mend with them, mend our symbol of them. We dance and chant, come to us, give us the strength of the circle of life. Teach us that our deeds return to us as we return to the circle. That as the wheel of the year moves, and the wheel of life moves, so the future is built by every little thing you and I do today.

The Ancestor Stick walked the circle once again on May Eve, tall and bedecked with the signs and symbols of our many ancestors. And with a small mend. When you next see it, have a good look at it. Think again of those ancestors we have so much trouble owning, but whom we must own if we are to accept the wheel of life; if we are to accept our ability to change and build the future.
Mountain Mistress

by Ross Mendenhall

I was walking home to my ridge on the mountain, a long uphill walk across many south facing ridges in the afternoon sun. I was walking home, one foot in front of the other, each step raising a puff of dust. The scent of dust and chaparral came up to my nose in waves of heat, the same heat which made the horizon shimmer over the burned-over mountain. Even the paintbrush was dusty and pale.

One step in front of another, up and up, across the ridges, always climbing. It was a long walk home. The pulsing breath of the sun-baked earth carried my mind up until I was dizzy, floating ten feet above the ground, where the air wasn't so hot.

I rounded another ridge and saw there was only one more to go until I met her. The thought of her cool embrace took my mind, and my soul, over the slopes. I floated up and over: over the toyon, over the scrubby tan oak, over the manzanita, over the rock and scree of the logging scars, over the oily scent of the fiery slopes, past the tall blackened giants. My feet no longer shuffled on the dusty road but danced, lifting without effort through the mountain air.

I rounded the last ridge and could see down into the cool canyon where she lay. Where the fire had passed over and the water trickled down from a small mountain spring. Where the trees that I loved to sit next to still towered with smooth round trunks. The understory of dusky alder and tangled willow pushed up through into the pockets of sun, crating open space under their branches, a cool gallery carpeted with soft fragrant herbs, my mistress' bower.

Down into that canyon my steps floated, quickened with anticipation and desire. My mouth, so dry on the ridges, moistened and I licked my lips to soften the cracked skin. I lifted my head to catch a glimpse of her beauty, with only one desire: I must have her. I must drink from her smooth lips and feel her spirit wrapped around me. I needed her refreshment and strength.

I hurried forward into the smell of cool shade. I could feel it wafting down the canyon as I walked in deeper. My arms no longer hung loose, swinging with each step, but were raised up, reaching forward and touching the cool green moss, soft like a tiny forest of pleasure. Lightly gripping the gray rounded stones, my eyes were misted over now and I could only see, like a tunnel before me, the cool wet rock below the arching ferns which played in the gentle breeze.

The first time I drank at this stream I had been awkward, slipping on the wet moss and soaking my decrepit tennis shoe. I had searched for a place to sip from the trickle which dipped and played among the jumble of rocks and ferns. Now I knew exactly how to do it. Where to place each foot and hand. Where among the moss and stones lay the perfectly worn vee of black chert. It was a full bottom lip, rolled forward to greet my own with a kiss so sweet, so satisfying it called me back again and again.

Black, so smooth, so cool, lips. I moved slowly now: “Oh mistress, I thank you for being here. You are most beautiful.” I wished I could say more, but under the spell of her power I was mute. I paused for a moment, revering her beauty, her presence and grace. Going down on one knee I placed my lips upon hers and drank slowly, deeply of her cool delicious water. With each swallow a wave of pleasure washed down my spine to my very toes and I drank until I was full, stopping only for breath.

I lay my cheek against her moss and felt my feet on the ground once again. “Thank you oh spirit, I will never forget you and I will come again soon.”

Turning to go I gave her one last look before starting again up and across the slopes. Soon I would reach the edge of the fire where the big trees, the cedar, pine, and fir that I knew as my home, still grew. I could make it now through the afternoon sun, she had given me the strength.

II

“This is it, stop, STOP!” I had to shout from the back seat to be heard over the stereo.

“Am I here?” Alex said.
“Yeah this is it, this is the stream I was
telling you about.” I was happy to be get-
ting a ride down the mountain that morn-
ing. It was so easy, so free to be riding in a
car again, over the roads I had walked so
often. I felt like I was flying.

I really wanted to show Alex the stream
where the spirit was so strong, to share
with him and his girlfriend this special
place. For my friend Don, who had lived
with me for awhile, it was very powerful.
But he was more a creature of emotion.
Alex was more like me: a natural cynic
with the sharp eye of the hunter/hunted.
He was a good person too, and I knew he
appreciated the natural beauty and spirit of
wild places.

The longer I lived in the woods, the more
the wild places became alive, til they were
inhabited, the homes of creatures unseen
but so joyous, alive, and strong that I would
never again feel alone in the world. I knew
there were spirits all around me. I thought
the spirit here was so strong that Alex
would feel it right away.

We pulled over on a wide spot on the road
where it turned a sharp corner in the bot-
tom of the canyon. “I’m in a hurry,” he said.
“I’ve got to get back to Berkeley tonight.”
He left the motor running and the stereo
playing. I forget what it was but it had
sounded good in the car.

The first thing I missed was the sound of
the birds. The sound of the insects, the
smell of the forest: the car took all these
away. I looked at my mistress and saw the
things which I had never seen before, how it
looked from a car on the road. I saw the
dust, which lay as a cloying film on the
herbs and bushes. I saw the withered
tendrils of the deep shade plants exposed by
the roadcut. I saw the mud from tire ruts
washed in the stream by runoff, and the
weeds which follow the human foot growing
rankly on the edge of the roadbed.

My spring, my mistress, was only a drible
among the rocks coming out of a dark,
characterless ravine. She wasn’t there. I
turned to Alex and said, “It’s different when
you see it when you are walking up the
mountain. The water is good. You can put
your lip right on that rock there and it flows
in like an upraised glass.” I showed him. I
knelt down and took a sip. The water did
taste good, but it was just a drink which I
didn’t really need.

“Is it safe?” he said. “I don’t want to catch
a bug.” I could see he has hesitant.

“It’s safe,” I said, “I’m still here.” He took
an awkward sip and gave me a quick smile,
a little self conscious, a little mocking I
thought. I felt sad.

I’ve thought many times why the spirit
was gone, why she was hiding that day.
After Alex gave me a ride down she was
there again when I walked up that hot
dusty road. I guess she just had a thing
about cars.
spirit whose voice i hear in the wind
i wanted silver  many feathers  and much glory
  but you kept them from me
  you hid them from me
  you buried my desire

far away in a lonely valley
i came to know the quiet field
  my dreams took root in fertile soil

i rejoice in the wind
  can i be glad now with silver?

the clouds wave to me
  the trees open their arms
  is there greater glory?

what have you done to me
  what do i in the world
  who are my people now?

Beverly Frederick
The Territory of Emerald Earth

Once upon a time in the wonderous Valley of Anderson, less than three hours north of the Bay Area, there was a beautiful piece of magical land named the Territory of Emerald Earth.

The woman who was lucky enough to hold title to the land (which all happened in a very magical way) was a pagan and wanted to share the land with other pagans. So she gathered together her closest pagan friends and they named themselves the Land Council, and they visited the land every month and worked and played and did ritual there.

Over the years things got better and better. The cabin got insulated so it was warm and cozy in winter. The water lines from the spring got buried so the toilet flushed and the water heater worked even on the coldest days.

The hunting camp kitchen has been dismantled so the redwood grove can function once again as a holy place. The old apple trees have been named after goddesses and pruned and new trees planted.

In the spring and early summers the creeks run joyously, and the herbalists come from all over the kingdom to forage for pennyroyal, horsetail, nettles, mullein and plantain.

The women of Elements Circle arrived last summer, stripped to the waist, and pickaxed the designated garden area. The women of Crossroads Circle went up in January and spread horse shit and green manure seeds so the soil would become fertile. The garden was fenced and planted and watered and grew. In the summer the women will come again to eat of the fruits of their labors.

Since the land is no longer used for hunting, the animals have come back. Deer, rabbits, frogs, foxes, bobcats and mountain lions (a magical Beltaine story) are seen. Overhead, big birds fly — crows, vultures, hawks, kites and golden eagles.

The Land Council wants to spread the word to our pagan friends about the Territory of Emerald Earth, so we have asked our friends at Reclaiming to help us. If your circle or coven or family would like to spend time on this magical land, please call Jess Shoup Forest at (510) 849-3616. We charge $5 per person per night, plus two hours work per person per day. And we barter.
Grandmother Moon—Lunar Magic in Our Lives

by Zsuzsanna E. Budapest

(review by Vibra)

Thirteen lunations roll through the seasons of the year in Grandmother Moon, beginning with the “Cold Moon” in December-January, and ending with the “Blue Moon”, “between the years.” For each lunation, Z describes festivals and traditions from all over the world and offers meditations, myths, and magical workings.

Z reports in her introduction to this book that we, that is humans, are the only “lunar primates.” The females of our species are the only animals that menstruate—whose very lives are truly in tune with the moon. This startling and fundamental fact is an insight which informs the entire book. It illuminates the passion the moon stirs in women everywhere, and links the diverse images and practices of the many different human societies described here whose magical and mundane work draws on lunar power.

Z speaks with a strong voice, although regrettably her Hungarian accent is lost in print. She is proud to be a witch, proud to be a woman, proud to be a Lesbian. She appreciates her own life, even when it is painful or embarrassing, and in Grandmother Moon she shares her often amused self-awareness through a collection of personal anecdotes and visions, one for each lunation of the year. These reflect Z’s sense of her place in the history of the Craft, particularly the feminist Craft, which is undeniably significant. Yet they also reflect an egalitarian impulse, and telling these stories means accepting the risks of public exposure, which few of us dare to do.

This is a resource book for both novices and experienced witches. It sets out clearly the annual lunar cycles, gives herbal, astrological and animal correspondences, and identifies a historic manifestation of the Goddess who speaks during each moon—Aradia for the Wind Moon, Ix Chel for the Harvest Moon, Selket for the Mourning Moon. As she has done in previous books (Holy Book of Women’s Mysteries, Grandmother of Time) Z makes specific suggestions for personal rituals and spells, addressing the passions, emotions, and challenges (“Moontides”) she associates with different lunations—Desire under the Storm Moon, Rage under the Tower Moon, Pleasure under the Blood Moon. There are brief descriptions of moon celebrations from all around the globe and from many thousands of years which are bound to enrich and inspire our own magical practices here and now.

Although written lucidly and well-organized, Grandmother Moon is not a book you need to read or understand in a linear way. It is more of a pick-up-and-browse sort of book, an entertaining and useful resource that will happily take its place among the basic works on any witch’s bookshelf.

(Grandmother Moon is published by HarperSanFrancisco, a Division of Harper-CollinsPublishers.)
Passages

“Everything She touches changes”

Robin Weaver

As I write, it’s May, the perfect time for a butterfly garden, a place to watch our changing seasons. This column is a place to share births, marriages, rebirths, ... you get the idea. By letting me know what happens you give the community an opportunity to bear witness, and me an opportunity to spell it right.

The merry month wouldn’t have its proper start without the Berkeley Morris kicking up their heels at Inspiration Point. This year a children’s team and a bear cub joined the foolish fray. Their May Day rendezvous at Tilden Park’s Inspiration Point is a great place to reconnect with old friends. But where does all that early morning energy come from? There’s a mystery here, somewhere.

Patti, Roy, Carl, and Mark — great job putting together the Beltaine ritual at Fort Miley. Nice weather work, too.

Congratulations to Pandora on her graduation. This is certainly a crowning achievement. But note: we were most impressed by the Gown.

The community would like to offer blessings and congratulations to recent initiates — to Valley High of Eventually..., when I spoke with her a fortnight later, she was still in the clouds — to Anne who remains radiant from her April initiation — to Minerva who was initiated in February — to Kate of She-Weed Coven — and to Jody and to Marian, who were initiated last year.

Vibra and David released one another from their marriage vows of 16 years, in a small ceremony on Potrero Hill. We honor their courage and honesty as they enter this new stage in their relationship.

We mourn the passing of Rowan Wood who died of a stroke on May 15th.

I toss a handful of words to the wind and, quick as thought, they root and bloom. Blessed Be.

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Priestess and Witch Rowan Wood crossed over to Tir na nOg on May 15, 1992 after a long illness. She was a Red Cord initiate of the New Reformed Orthodox Order of the Golden Dawn (NROOGD), a first-degree initiate of the Aiwass Oasis of Ordo Templi Orientis (OTO), a member of the Covenant of the Goddess (CoG), and a Tarot reader, often found at the Northern and Southern California Renaissance Pleasure Faires, of extraordinary talent. She leaves behind on this side of the veil her devoted, lusty and high-spirited husband and partner, Bran Blessed, and many loving friends. Donations to organizations which care for her beloved endangered wolves are appropriate, for those who wish to honor her memory this way. The Reclaiming community remembers Rowan for her dancing in many productions of the Samhain Spiral Dance rituals. Her friends knew her to be truly fey. A memorial service will be held at noon on Sunday, July 12, 1992, at the Ravenwood gathering at Alice Eastwood Campground on Mount Tamalpais in Marin County, where Rowan and Bran were handfasted. For additional information, call Prudence Priest at (415) 567-3664.
Starhawk Rants About Ritual or Ritual Responsibility.

Reclaiming has a long tradition of encouraging feedback and criticism of our rituals—a tradition which has served us well, kept our tradition alive and growing, and often sparked healthy controversy. However, at times the criticism and complaints we receive about rituals seem to reflect an unrealistic idea: that the leaders of a ritual are responsible for completely taking care of each participant, controlling every aspect of the crowd, and making every moment intensely satisfying. No one can do this. And in a tradition rooted in equality and collectivity, responsibility must be shared by all who take part in a ritual.

A ritual demands something from everybody, not just from the leaders. Following are five areas I’d like people to consider:

Personal responsibility: A ritual is a movement of energy collectively created by everyone who takes part. Priestesses and priests of a ritual can help to guide this movement, but they cannot make it happen or stop it going where it wants to go. Ritual that works is always risky, never completely under control.

Newcomers to ritual will have less experience and less conscious ability to affect the energy. But as we gain experience, we gain an obligation to help keep the energy focused and grounded. We do this first by monitoring our own energy, grounding ourselves, focusing our own attention, and then asking “What can I do to help, here?” We always have a choice—either to withdraw, feel critical, superior, and alienated—“Oh, those assholes leading this ritual, are they ever screwing up!” or to become a priest/ess, a co-creator of the magic.

Not everyone coming to a ritual will share the same expectations or understand the ground rules many of us take for granted. We cannot remedy this by reading out lists of rules before each ceremony—because being told what to do or not do puts many of us in an extremely bad mood. But we can talk to people individually. If someone is doing something that offends you—taking photographs, smoking, talking during a time set aside for silence—you don’t have to be an Authorized Dragon to politely ask them to stop. Everyone can, and must, take on that responsibility for themselves.

Support: Organizing and leading ritual, or taking on any major role, takes tremendous energy. Whether you like a ritual or not, the people who put it on deserve appreciation for their efforts. If you have a criticism, do not share it with the priest/esses immediately after the ritual ends, when they are still psychically open and vulnerable. As a rule of thumb, never critique a ritual until the priest/esses and drummers have been fed, at least. And speaking of food, when a ritual is followed by a feast, one way of nurturing and showing support is to make sure those who have been working the hardest get fed. Bring them a plate, or stand back from the table and let them go first. This is not elitest, only common courtesy—because after channelling the energy of a large group of people, you often don’t have the personal energy left to fight your way through the feeding frenzy at the picnic table.

Boredom: In no other religious tradition that I know of do people expect to be entertained every single moment of a religious service. Of course, many of us have come to this tradition out of dissatisfaction with services and ceremonies that seem lifeless, unspontaneous and deadly. But even the most powerful ritual will have moments when waiting patiently is required, when the energy is not moving at the pace you would ideally prefer, when the poetry is less than divinely inspired, or when the meditation goes on past the point where your mind starts to wander. Also, some of our rituals simply require time. Dancing the maypole takes a long time. So do the pledges at Brigid, when each person present has a chance to come to the cauldron and make a
personal commitment for the year. Keeping our own attention focused during these times is a gift we give to the community, that helps to strengthen the power of the ritual for everyone.

Time: Ritual time is not the same as clock time. No earth-centered, tribal culture pays much attention to clock time. We are forced to, because we live in a society that judges people very strongly by how closely they adhere to deadlines. But rituals don’t adhere to deadlines. We can call them for a certain time, but they will start when they are ready to start. We can project an ending time, but they will end only when they are ready to end. So if you come to a ritual, commit yourself to be there for the time it takes. Don’t get fussy if people mill around and gossip and hang out for an hour first—that’s part of the ritual. Don’t schedule a hot date right after you expect the ritual to end—it might not be over. It might not even have begun! And if you do have to schedule something that puts you under a tight deadline, don’t impose your need on the rest of the group.

Inspiration: Because our tradition is collective and open, we encourage inspiration and expression, even when it is not planned and orchestrated beforehand. This means that sometimes people will be inspired in ways you don’t like, or say things you disagree with, or invoke something you’re not comfortable with. Maybe sometime you will be inspired to do something other people aren’t comfortable with. These are the risks we take by working in an open tradition. The priest/esses of any given ritual cannot and should not control this. If you don’t like an energy that is brought into the circle, you can leave, or you can say to yourself, “What energy do I need here, now? How can I bring it in?”

Responsiveness: A ritual that works responds to what is actually going on at the time. On the night of our public Beltane ritual, L.A. was in flames, San Francisco was under a State of Emergency, kids were breaking windows and cops were breaking heads up and down Market Street, and all of us were in a state of rage and grief over the Rodney King verdict. We couldn’t do the light, happy ritual we had planned: instead we instantly created a ritual for justice, a time to cry and scream out some of our pain, to raise power together for transformation, to sing not the chant we had planned but the Sweet Honey and the Rock song “We who believe in freedom cannot rest.” At our Maypole ritual, one man was inspired to invoke the God of death. Death was already around us, present in our thoughts and our fears—to invoke death was to acknowledge What is Really Going On: another name for the Goddess. And that’s why I choose to work in this ritual tradition—because we can change and create and let inspiration possess us and all together contain and create the power.
Dear Reclaiming Community:

Some recent occurrences at large semi-open Reclaiming rituals lead me to believe that now is an appropriate time to reiterate and to review certain general and widely accepted rules of Craft etiquette, which perhaps have been overlooked or taken as understood by Elders in the community, and hence not conveyed adequately to newer practitioners of our particular brand of Witchcraft. I am well aware that ours is not a religion of “rules” (especially in the ecstasy-based Reclaiming tradition), but in order for us to be free of inhibitions, to feel we are in “safe space,” to get the most out of what we are doing and to protect those whose identity as Witches would compromise them in their mundane lives, it is imperative that everyone know and agree to abide by the following general policies:

1. First and foremost, a magickal circle is not for observers; it is participatory and experiential. A circle is religious rite and all participants should conduct themselves in a manner respectful to the Goddess. If one is not prepared to focus and contribute his/her attention and efforts to the ceremony, one does not belong in the circle. If one does not wish to participate, s/he should excuse her/himself before the pre-rite meditation and grounding begins.

2. The taking of photographs is inappropriate and impermissible. As noted in Item 1 above, the ritual, and memories of it, are to be carried in one’s heart, and not a proper subject for objective observation and documentation. The exception to this is when all participants have been asked before the ritual has begun, and all agree, or when the ritual is “staged” specifically for the taking of photographs, filming or videotaping. Photographing rituals requires special tact and sensitivity.

3. Craft groups and circles are not inviolably solemn, but they are serious in central purpose. Inappropriate talking, joking, laughing, etc. is not only rude and disrespectful of the Goddess, the Mighty Ones, the priest/ess of the ritual and other celebrants, but also they interfere with concentration and continuity of the ceremony. She commands us to have mirth and reverence; humor and laughter are gifts of the Goddess. Our attitude, conduct and energy should reflect both the joyousness and the solemnity of this our celebratory religion. There will be a period within the ritual for the sharing of food, drink and good wishes, and time for conversation and merrymaking.

4. Since traditional lore teaches that a consecrated object easily absorbs energy (becomes “charged”), tools, such as wand, chalice, athame, jewelry, drum and other ritual regalia, should not be touched by someone other than the owner without the owner’s express permission.

5. Once the circle is cast, all celebrants should consider themselves in it for the duration. It is preferable for one to take care of personal needs before the ritual is begun, but if one finds it necessary to use the toilet, feels faint or whatever, one can either ask for assistance or “cut a door” in the circle and leave, carefully closing and sealing it afterwards. The circle is intended to contain the energy and focus, and when it is casually entered and exited, that energy can become dissipated or lost and focus shattered.

6. Anyone who is drunk, stoned or otherwise inebriated does not belong in circle. In addition, the use of drugs or alcohol (this includes the smoking of cigarettes) in circle is unacceptable behavior; it can show disrespect and it puts the user(s) on another wavelength from the non-user(s). The exception to this is when the use of chemicals is sacramental and understood and accepted by everyone in the circle.
7. People who invite others to rituals are responsible for preparing the guest(s) as to what is expected of them, how to behave, etc. Guests cannot be expected to know what's going on all on their own, especially if it's their first ritual, but much can be done by the person who invites them to make them feel more comfortable and included by giving them some information ahead of time about how things work and how people are expected to behave.

8. What occurs in circle is sacred and not to be talked about with those who were not part of the circle. This mainly applies to small, private rituals, but we in Reclaiming are more casual about rehashing big public ones, but if one is invited to a ritual presented by another tradition, this rule is inviolate.

The above guidelines are freely adapted from archive material graciously provided by Valerie Voigt.

Many thanks for reading and observing these few, simple, common-sense, but essential, guidelines.

Love and Blessings,

M. Macha NightMare, P&W

letters

Dear Editors:

This fall it is possible that the United States Supreme Court will overturn Roe v. Wade in an attempt to undermine the emancipation of women.

We will not go back; our selves will not allow such an evil attempt to succeed.

I propose all women purchase, spend, or buy nothing on the 19th of every month (should Roe v. Wade be overturned) to help illustrate dramatically our disapproval of this attempt to turn back the clock.

I chose the 19th because Roe v. Wade has been the law of the land for nineteen years.

I hope we never have to institute “Choice Day” (name suggested by the Women’s Institute for Freedom of the Press) but I am writing to you to publicize the idea in advance so as many women will be informed ahead of time as possible. To that end, permission is given to reprint this letter in any and all letters, journals, newspapers, and magazines, so long as proper credit is ascribed.

As in all organic growth the acceptance of this idea will take time. If Roe v. Wade is overturned, as the months pass by, more and more women, friends of women, organizations, groups, businesses, and governmental agencies will have the opportunity to show their support for our rights by spending no money on “Choice Day,” the 19th of every month.

Love,, KDF Reynolds
Reclaiming
Classes & Events

RITES OF PASSAGE FOR WOMEN AND MEN
taught by Carol and Margaret, with Jody student teaching
The Rites of Passage focuses on dreams, myths and language, using traditional and
non-traditional tales and techniques to create a personal rite of passage. Through
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. Begins September 16, 6 Wednesdays. Call Carol for location and
registration information 550-0920. $60—20 sliding scale.

IRON PENTACLE FOR WOMEN (Marin County)
by M. Macha Nightmare and Margaret
Using our magical skills, moving and shaping energy, transforming ourselves through
trance to explore the five points of our inner pentacle: Sex (primal energy), Self, Passion,
Pride (self-esteem), and Power (effectiveness in the worlds). We ask that all applicants
be committed to attending all 6 classes. Prerequisite: Elements of Magic or equivalent
experience/study. Call Macha for dates, location, and registration information
415-454-4411.

MIDWEST WITCH CAMP: South Central Michigan, August 23 - 29.
Teachers will include Starhawk, Rose, Cybele, Suzanne, Beverly, as well as student
teachers Marni and Paul. Come spend a week immersed in magic, ritual, and pagan
community. The theme this year is SACRED STORY/SACRED DRAMA, focusing on
trance work. Camp will offer three tracks, although all students will take part in some of
the thematic work. The Elements of Magic is for beginners, the Sacred Story track is for
experienced students, and the Teachers' Track is for a limited number of advanced
students who wish to teach and who have attended another Witch Camp.
Contact The Edge Of Perception, 1101 So. Second, Springfield, IL 62704, phone (217)
744-2914. Open to women and men. Fees are based on a sliding scale $325 — $450
depending on type of accomodation. Some scholarships are available.
Teachers' Track Students: After you have secured admission to camp, apply in writing
to the teachers' track, explaining why you want to be in the track, and what your
qualifications may be — what work have you done in groups, your Wiccan studies and
activities, your political activities, etc. Remember, only students who have attended a
Reclaiming Witchcamp may be in this track. Write Teachers' Track, Reclaiming, P.O.
Box 14404, San Francisco, 94114.
LAMMAS RITUAL: Sunday, August 2, Reclaiming would like to offer a simple, home-made ritual for our friends, to celebrate the time of the first fruits of the Harvest, and the Wake of the Sun King, Lugh. This ritual is also known as Lughnasad. We will gather at the beach that is between Sloat and Taraval — walk north from the beach parking lot at Sloat — at 2 that afternoon. We don’t know how long the ritual will last, so don’t call and ask. (See Starhawk’s article on ritual, this issue.) Bring flowers, towels, food to share, and non-alcoholic beverages. If you would like to help with the baking (sun-king cornbread, star-shaped cookies, or bakers-clay [non-edible] dough-people), leave a message with Rose (415) 821-3336 about what you will bake and quantity you can bring.

SAMHAIN '92. This year will be the 13th anniversary of the Spiral Dance ritual. To celebrate,, Reclaiming hopes to release a recording of music from the ritual, to be called Let It Begin Now. Watch the newsletter for announcements. The Multicultural Ritual Group has been meeting since last Samhain. We started out of the planning group that put together the ritual Celebrating the Ancestors of Many Cultures last year, and are planning something this year to tie in with the 500 Years of Resistance theme. After the recent events surrounding the verdict after the Rodney King trial, we feel more than ever the importance of trying to envision a truly multi-racial, multi-cultural community. The date will most likely be October 30, and we are still looking for a place. The planning group has openings for more people of color who would like to participate in both personal sharing and ritual planning. Check the Events Line for contact person. Reclaiming will sponsor a Halloween ritual—which may or may not be a Spiral Dance ritual but will definitely include a spiral dance (Is this perfectly clear?) on Halloween night. Again, we’re looking for a larger space than the Women’s Building but may not find one. Check the Events Line for more information— tickets to both rituals will probably go on sale in late September, and they sell out quickly.
Starhawk's 1992 Schedule

For more information contact Harmony Network
P.O. Box 2550, Guerneville, CA 95446 (707) 869-0989

July 10 - 11: San Francisco, CA
Evening talk and ritual with Luisah Teish
Saturday workshop on the Sacred Feminine
California Institute of Integral Studies (415) 753-6100

July 13 - 19: New York
Jewish Feminist Conference
Contact: Jeff Ross  (914) 679-2638

July 24 - 26: Saskatchewan, Canada
Weekend Workshop
Contact: Candace Savage (30) 653-4595

Reclaiming Summer Intensives*
July 30 - August 6: British Columbia
Contact: Pat Hogan (604) 253-7189

August 23 -29: Midwest*
Contact: Patty Mussen (217) 744-8865

*Summer Intensives may be full. For further information, please contact Reclaiming at
P.O. Box 14404, San Francisco, CA 94114. Events Line (510) 849-0877

Check with Harmony Network for information on
Women's Goddess Sites Tour of Greece and Turkey
with Marija Gimbutas and Starhawk!!

December Weeklong Intensive in Cancun, Mexico!
Contact: Harmony Network

Starhawk's Cassettes now available through Harmony Network.
In General, at a Demonstration

[This is a reprint of a card which is distributed by the National Lawyer's Guild. During the demonstrations in San Francisco after the Rodney King verdict, a number of people I know were arrested for the first time, and talked about how they were unsure of their rights and how to comport themselves at arrest. So my roommate Marian dug out her old card, xeroxed it, and handed it out during some of the later demonstrations. It's handy, and I'd also like to recommend what we used to call non-violence trainings. They are now being called Civil Disobedience and Legal trainings, but hopefully still teach the principles of non-violence.— rmd]

IN GENERAL AT A DEMONSTRATION

If you cannot risk arrest, make sure you leave when the first loud speaker warning is given, or if you see the police being ordered to march and line up for attack.

Always stay close to a friend or “buddy” of the same gender so you are not isolated or harassed if you are arrested.

Carry change for a support phone call, and ID if you want possibly faster release. Don’t carry ID if you need to use a fake name.

KNOW YOUR LEGAL RIGHTS...

or what’s left of them.

Just say No to the FBI or Police. You do not have to talk to FBI or any investigators. You do not have to talk to them on the street, at your work, if you’ve been arrested, or even if you’re in jail. Only the judge has the legal authority to order you to answer questions.

Anything you say to an FBI agent or cop may be used against you or other people. Don’t respond to their accusations. Don’t lie, lying to FBI or other federal officers is a crime.

You do not have to reveal your social security number, HIV status, sexual preference to the police, jail personnel or the FBI.

If you are nervous about simply refusing to talk, you may find it easier to tell them to contact your lawyer. Once a lawyer is involved the FBI or police usually back-off because they’ve lost their power to intimidate.

IF YOU ARE ARRESTED OR TAKEN TO A POLICE STATION

1. You have the right to remain silent and to talk to a lawyer before you talk to the police. Tell the police nothing except your name and address. Do not give explanations, excuses or stories. You can make your defense in court based on what you and your lawyer decide is best.

2. Ask to see a lawyer immediately. If you can not pay for a lawyer, you have a right to a free one, and should ask the police how the lawyer can be contacted. Do not talk without a lawyer.

3. Within three hours after you are arrested, or immediately after being booked, you have the right to make two free complete phone calls in the local calling area: (1) to a lawyer, (2) a bail bondsman (3) a relative or any other person. The police may not listen to the call to the lawyer.

4. Sometimes you can be released without bail (“OR”) or have bail lowered. Ask the judge about it. You must be taken before the judge on the next court day after arrest.

5. Do not make any decisions in your case until you have talked with a lawyer.

THIS IS NOT COMPLETE ADVICE. BE SURE TO CONSULT A LAWYER.

[In San Francisco, the National Lawyer's Guild's number is 415- 285-1055. Become acquainted with your own local resources.]
Creation X

totem drumbeats pulse through mists seething from the guttered rivers

The Ancients pierce our paper dreams with murdered, lunar eyes, their marble diction gnarled by caustic air, to loose in our hot, rampant womb dark wings of metamorphosis.

rhythms of malefic rain stir ashes of forgotten springtime

Infolded in the humming null of space, a tightly woven nest is burning around a naked egg from which a deviant angel prances, tethered by its blood rich brain.

sacramental masks shrink into quaint, collected shells

Amorphous child-mind pervades creation, amoeba into nebula, stripped raw to scarlet soul, wild and suffocating, kicking like a drunken mare upon the gate of life.

spirit strains a perilous inch from its cradle of blind fire

Roy King
Reclaiming Newsletter Distribution List

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Announcements

The Aquarian Tabernacle Church (ATC), an American tradition of neo-Pagan Wicca, announces the receipt of Group Exemption status from the IRS. ATC focuses on providing opportunities and facilities for public worship. ATC's high level of activity and community involvement includes: publishing the Pagan religious journal *Panegyria*; representing Wicca with three delegate seats on the Interfaith Council of Washington; a recognized prison outreach program; a community outreach program and a recorded hotline; involvement in anti-defamation work both locally and in the Northwest and internationally; and support of the Center for Non-Traditional Religion, a Pagan ecumenical educational outreach program which co-sponsors the August 1992 "Pagan Church Conference" near Seattle.

ATC is now able to extend its Federal tax exemption to other Pagan groups with similar goals through affiliation with the ATC Tradition. Inclusion is simple and immediate for qualified independent Pagan church groups in the U.S. For more information contact Rev. Cindy Ravensong Davis, Archpriestess and Director of the Council of Elders, Aquarian Tabernacle Church, P.O. Box 57, Index, WA 98256, (206) 793-1945.

HELP! We Need Your Blood! If you can donate blood into Reclaiming's account (#1913) at Irvin Memorial Blood Bank, please do so! (415) 567-6400 for information/appointment. If you or a loved one needs blood for surgery, etc., contact Rose at (415) 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.

HELP! Reclaiming Also Needs a typesetter or desktop publishing-type person to help produce this newsletter. Please leave a message on the Reclaiming Events Line if you have the skills we need and the interest in becoming part of the Reclaiming production family.

Greenham Common Women's Peace Camp is still alive... and they need your support!

* Despite the removal of cruise missiles, Greenham retains all the infrastructure of a NATO premier first base. They haven't gone... Why should we? We've been reclaiming this land for ten years — come join us!

* Greenham is now a stand-by base to serve Welford, the biggest conventional weapons store in Europe.

* As recently as the Gulf War, Greenham was used to fly out equipment which was directly responsible for killing people.

* Greenham is an international focus for women involved in peace and justice issues.

* It's one of the few open, permanent, fairly accessible, women-only spaces in Britain; also one of the few full-time peace camps in Britain, and the only women-only camp.

* Cruise is just one symptom of a society which allows the war machine to continue; Greenham is a place where we create alternative ways of living.

Women are more than welcome to come and visit or stay at any time. Just bring yourself, personal sleeping bag, and warm, waterproof clothing.

Donations are welcome and needed! Money is in short supply and needed to print and mail a newsletter, for the camp vehicle, for plastic, paint, bolt cutters, and to enable women to come and stay.

For international donations: Obtain a bank draft from your local bank, convert it to British Pounds, then send it directly to us, or to our bank: Newbury Branch, Nationwide Anglia Building Society, 76 Northbrook St., Newbury, Berkshire, RG13 IND, U.K. (Account name: "Greenham Women are Everywhere, No. 0355 700398005.

Our address: Blue Gate, Greenham Common Women's Peace Camp, Burrys Bank, Newbury, Berkshire, U.K.

+
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 the earth. Write to Cambridge for more information at P.O. Box 1926, Casper, WY 82601-2.

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.)

P.I.R. Newsletter is a new publication for Pagans in 12-Step recovery programs. Contact P.I.R. Newsletter, c/o Bekki, 6560 S.R. 356, New Marshfield, OH 45766.

The Reclaiming Workbook is soliciting horror stories of spells that backfired. If you can share your experience for publication (anonymous or otherwise) please mail to Reclaiming, Attention: Beverly, P.O. Box 14404, San Francisco, CA 94114.

"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.

Mysteries of the Inca Trail. Native traditions in the Americas have foretold a time of sharing between all peoples. On the 500th anniversary of Columbus’ arrival in this hemisphere, we will share teachings of the Inca medicine wheel. In a remote location of the Tahoe National Forest, we will camp together and journey to the Incan realms of Beauty and Death. Through chanting and trance, medicine bundles and fire ceremony, we will discover together the truths of our Native ancestors. Open to women & men, $175-225, sliding scale, meals included. October 10-12. For information, call Freyja 323-4494 or Bone Blossom 368-9655.

Freyja and Bone Blossom are members of Coven Stonedancers. Freyja has explored the Inca Trail in Peru, and she has created guided visualizations based on the Inca Trail and other places of power in Nature. She has taught classes in Feminist spirituality, and she has facilitated community rituals around spirituality and the environment. Bone Blossom has lived in Colombia and has done extensive work with plant spirits of the Amazon, as well as the Bay Area. She has taught Reclaiming classes on both the East and West coasts.

Covenant of the Goddess Merrymeet '92. The Covenant of the Goddess announces plans for its seventeenth annual national festival, Merrymeet '92. The event is open to all Pagans and will take place September 3 through 7 (Labor Day weekend). This year’s setting is a large retreat center and nature preserve in south-central Michigan that has been the site of several previous Merrymeets.

To get on the festival mailing list, write to Ginny Brubaker, Merrymeet '92, Box 60151, Chicago IL 60660. If you would like to present a workshop, ritual, or other program, or have other questions about Merrymeet, write to Benita Chapman, Box 427, Midlothian, IL 60445.
Global Calling...Citizens from all over the globe are signing the "Earth Covenant," a pact among peoples to respect the planet and the life it sustains. Drafted in September 1989 by representatives from a number of concerned organizations, including Audubon President Peter A.A. Berle, the treaty has since been signed by several thousand people from more than 40 countries.

The Earth Covenant calls on people to "act and live in a way that preserves the natural life processes of the Earth and respects all species and their habitats." It recognizes the right of all people to a healthy environment and calls on signatories to work for laws that protect the environment. Signatures to the treaty will be presented at the 1992 World Conference on the Environment in Brazil.

If you'd like more information on the Earth Covenant, write to Global Education Associates, Suite 456, 475 Riverside Dr., New York, NY 10115.

Goddess Gatherers... 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 per person (more if you can, less if you can't). Facilitated by: Shekhinah, long-time local wise woman. Also: Presentations from Local Luminaries, Meditations, Healings. For more information call (408) 423-7639 or (408) 426-7923. (*Address subject to change — please call.)

The plunder of Native American lands is nowhere more imminent than at Big Mountain, where traditional Dineh (Navajo) and Hopi have resisted relocation since the 1974 Navajo-Hopi Relocation Act. Bush's Commissioner of Navajo-Hopi Relocation has stated that his first priority is to remove all Navajo from the so-called Hopi Partitioned Lands. Beside the poverty that afflicts all Indian reservations, people of the Big Mountain area are facing increased livestock confiscation, water diversion, police harassment, and visits from "relocation counselors." Nevertheless, hundreds of families are resisting these tactics, determined to remain on their ancestral land. Their resistance has inspired a broad spectrum of support. For more information, call the Veterans Peace Action Teams at (415) 753-2130, or the Big Mountain Support Group/Weaving Project at (415) 664-1847.

The twelfth annual Pagan Spirit Gathering will be held in southwestern Wisconsin June 15 - 21, 1992. This multicultural, international celebration of Summer Solstice will include rituals, workshops, sweatlodge, drumming, dancing, children's programs, bazaar, and more. Also included will be the second annual School for Ministers, a special training program for priestesses, priests, ministers, and group facilitators from many Nature-centered paths of spirituality. For more information contact Circle, Box 219, Mt. Horeb, WI 53572, (608) 924-2216, weekdays 1-4 pm Central Time.

The 1992 School for Priestesses will be held July 10-15, 1992 at Circle Sanctuary in Wisconsin. This week-long retreat includes workshops, rituals, and a vision quest and is open to women facilitating Goddess spirituality groups and rituals. For more information, contact Circle, Box 219, Mt. Horeb, WI 53572, (608) 924-2216, weekdays, 1-4 pm Central Time.
Gay/Lesbian/Queer Prisoner Anthology. Cold Iron, an anthology of writing and art by and about Lesbian, Gay and Queer prisoners, is seeking submissions. Any work that reflects the experiences and concerns of Gay, Lesbian or Queer prisoners, their lovers, families or friends will be considered.

Cold Iron will include fiction, non-fiction, and letters. Submissions should be 3000 words or less. Manuscripts should be typed or legibly handwritten, contain the author's name and complete address and include a self-addressed stamped envelope. Please avoid sending your only copy if possible. Artwork should be black and white drawings or photos which can be reproduced in black and white. Drawings can include drafts or sketches of tattoos.

Each submission should be accompanied by a short biography of the author or artist, including how long and where you have been or are incarcerated, or the nature of your experience with Lesbian, Gay or Queer prisoners.

Deadline for submissions is December 31, 1992. Please send all materials to: Cold Iron, c/o John Fall, 1457B 22nd Ave., Seattle, WA 98122.

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Workshops with Z Budapest.
June 26 - July 8: "Healing with Goddess Power, the Seven Breaths of Artemis," a weeklong workshop intensive in Bremen, Germany with Dianic witch Zsuzsanna Budapest and dance/movement therapist Hilary Cadwell. Call 0421-705258 for more information.
July 24 - 26: "Dearest Body," a weekend retreat in Occidental CA also with Z and Hilary. Using the body as a vehicle for personal transformation, we will learn how to let the Goddess move through us. Call (410) 864-7806 for more information/registration.
November 6 - 8: Grandmother Moon Weekend in Sedona, AZ. Call (602) 942-4001 or write to 15009 N. 24th Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85023.
Is nothing profane?

What do you say when you meet a witch?

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PAGAN/OCCULT/witchcraft special interest group of Mensa is an international network of persons interested in nature spirituality, magic and esoteric lore. It, and its affiliated local groups, sponsor activities as well as publishing a newsletter, PAGANA, available to its members only. Non-Mensans are welcome as associate (non-voting) members. PAGANA is $12 for 6 issues, $2 sample. POW-SIG, P.O.B. 9494, San Jose, CA 95157.

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Our page size is 6 x 7 1/2''. Divide it however you want, and send us your copy camera-ready and properly sized. Also, we can only accept ads mailed with a check or money order.

Classified, Personal, Type-only Ads: $.20 per word

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- Type-only Ads over 2'' should be computed at Display Rates.
- Include a contact name and phone, in case we have a question.
- *Please do not send dot-matrix printed ad copy.* It doesn’t print well.
- 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.*

Thank you again for your support of Reclaiming work.

## WHOLESALE NEWSLETTER DISTRIBUTION

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.

**Shipping Information**

For domestic destinations: We pay outgoing shipping costs.  
For foreign destinations: We request shipping costs to be paid with order by check *directly convertible to U.S. currency*. Each newsletter weighs approximately 2.5 ounces.

We request sixty percent (60%) of sales receipts, to be paid with your order for the next issue. Unsold issues may be returned at any time within one (1) year for credit. Merchant pays return shipping costs.

Back issues (prior to Fall 1988) are available for $2.00 per copy wholesale and are not returnable.

#### Wholesale Newsletter Order Form

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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.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $6 - $25 sliding scale for 1 year; $12 - $50 for 2 years; $2 for sample copy by mail. For foreign mailing, please add $8 per year to cover costs. Free 1 years subscription available for people who cannot afford to pay.

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

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

Be sure to tell us how many years the money you send is supposed to cover (sliding scales for 1 year and 2 years overlap). If you don't say, we will assume any amount up to $15 is for one year.

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Reclaiming Newsletter

Send to: Reclaiming, P.O. Box 14404, San Francisco, CA 94114.

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