

RECLAIMING NEWSLETTER

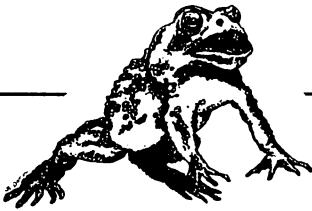
WINTER

1992



no 49

\$2.00



Reclaiming
A Center for Feminist Spirituality
P.O. 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. Submissions on 3-1/2" diskettes, created in Wordperfect or Microsoft Word, make the job of the Newsletter staff so much easier. Please always include a hard copy of your submission, just in case something funny happens during layout. **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.

Spring Deadline is Monday, February 1, 1993

NEW Reclaiming Events Line - (510) 236-4645

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

Information for **DEAF/HEARING IMPAIRED ONLY:** (510) 237-6207
(V/TDD)

Reclaiming Newsletter

Number 49

Winter 1992

Reclaiming Classes and Events	17-18
Reclaiming Distributors List	29
Ads	32-35
Announcement: 'Lectrick Blue'	30
Wholesale Newsletter Distribution	<i>inside back cover</i>
Ad Rates and Specifications	<i>inside back cover</i>
Subscriptions	<i>back cover</i>

ARTICLES

The Morning After the Election by Starhawk	1
The Craft in Art by Mark Harmon	3
Reflections on Initiation: What Does It All Mean? by Gwydion	4
Passages "A Kindly Good Janiveer" by Robin Weaver	6
Some Impressions of the Samhain Cycle by M. Macha Nightmare	10
Comments on the Spiral Dance Ritual by Leaf Firedancer	12
A Celebration of Ancestors of Many Colors and 500 Years of Resistance by Aliah K. MaJon	14
Turn and Turn Again: A Report from the Spiral Dance by Anne Hill	20
Sacred Ball Dance by Quorus	22
Review of <i>Let It Begin Now</i> , a Reclaiming Tape by Craig McLaughlin	24
AIDS Litany by Minerva Earthschild	26

POEMS

Alethea by Mark Harmon	9
Fire Poem by John Holme	5
Hawaiin Goddess by Batya Weinbaum	13
The Sumerian Goddess Nidaba by Batya Weinbaum	19

LETTER from Falcon (T.A. Fuller)	29
-----------------------------------------------	----

Cover design: Karl Auld

This newsletter was put together by Karen, Rose, Rebecca, Patti, Robin, Laura, Julie and Anne. Many thanks to our friends who give us stuff on disc.

Printed on Recycled Paper

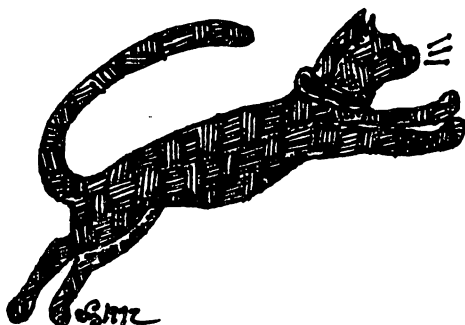
The Morning After the Election

by Starhawk

Twelve years ago, on the Winter solstice, a group of us kept vigil together throughout the longest night, chanting our rage, our fear, and our despair at Reagan's election. Had we known just how bad, and how long, the next twelve years would be, had we envisioned the homeless who would fill the streets, the trees falling in the old growth forests, the numbers of our friends and loved ones who would fall to AIDS, the spirit of lies, hatred and nastiness that would become official policy, and all the rest of it, we might have retired into mass catatonia. Instead, we decided to organize a political despair ritual for Brigid of '81.

At that ritual, we spoke of where in our lives we felt powerless, and where we felt power. We raised energy around Brigid's cauldron, lit candles, and made pledges of how we would use our power. By August, many of us found ourselves preparing for the Diablo Canyon Blockade. And so began years of activism, against nuclear power, against Reagan's weapons build-ups, against intervention in other countries, against racism and homophobia and for more money for AIDS research, for Native Peoples' land rights, for women's rights to control our bodies and our lives. We marched, demonstrated, blockaded, organized, got arrested over and over again, went to meeting after meeting. I wrote and traveled and spoke. Our Brigid ritual became a twelve year tradition, ringing all the changes on despair, determination, and commitment. And all this

activity, all this energy, was fueled by a sense of near desperation, a feeling that we were a small, brave band holding onto sane values in an insane world, facing overwhelming odds with grim courage. Especially in the early eighties, when Reagan's rhetoric made the nuclear war seem highly probable, there were many times when I felt that I was acting not so much out of hope and conviction but so that when the bright flash came, I could go out knowing that I had at least not kept silent.



What I never really expected was victory. I realized this the morning after the election, when I awoke with a sense of vertigo, almost depression. It was as if I suddenly didn't know what to do, who to be. The effort of constantly fighting hopelessness and despair had given me a stance to take in the world, a voice to write in that was powerful and dramatic. But what could I say as someone who is, however marginally, on the winning team?

I know that I am not alone in facing this dilemma. I also know that Clinton is not

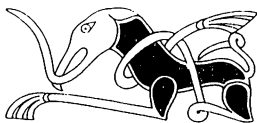
our savior, that we may well hate him in six months, that what feels like a revolution is actually the election of a very moderate Democrat, that the hatemongers lost only by narrow margins and won in many places — for example, the vote in Colorado to repeal lesbian and gay anti-discrimination laws. But on that morning, I knew, as a Witch and as someone who studies the shifts of the group mind, that a true opening had occurred. The energy has changed.

I am middle-aged now, and I will never disdain small gains and partial victories. But I have to ask myself — do I know what to do with success? Moments when mass consciousness is fluid are rare and delicate, and it can easily resolidify into rigid forms. I've spent my entire adult life (except for a few, rare moments in the Carter era) as a brave political loser. I'm used to it — it's comfortable. Noble, even. But if I can't let go of that stance, if I can't claim my right to shape the new directions and the visions that will implement change, then I will help reestablish the old order.

As we approach Solstice, the time for letting go of the old and welcoming the

new, this is my meditation: to let the old persona wash away, to relinquish the old voice to make way for a new one, to hold cynicism at bay for a while, to claim our victories. We navigated the Reagan era without blowing up the world — let us claim that victory. After nearly losing our right to choose, we seem on the verge of securing it. Claim the victory! We still have a long, long way to go on so many issues — but they are on the agenda and at least there seems to be a public consciousness that yes, we do need to deal with racism, poverty, the environment. We are waking up from our soothing but evil national dream. Claim that victory!

And meditate, on solstice night and as the light grows afterwards, on this radical and possibly politically incorrect thought: who would we be if we had not just power from within, but public power to shape the direction our society will take in the next decade, the next century? What are our positive visions? How can we reclaim the enormous energy we've had to expend in protest against things and use it to make those visions real?



**For information about Starhawk's Winter 1992 schedule, contact:
Harmony Network**

P.O. Box 2550, Guerneville, CA 95446 (707) 869-0989



The Craft in Art

by Mark Hannan

The world, the material of the world, is what we are offered. As we try to shape our lives to fit and blend into the environment comfortably, we can receive these materials of the world to reshape our ideas and imagination, allow ourselves and them to be tools of positive change.

Both Art and the Craft are about change, inevitable change and the interplay between imagination and will. Over the past year I began creating what I call "objects of transformation." And as my interest, dedication in the Craft grew, my art expanded to include that commitment and work.

I have a habit of collecting "things," picking them up, putting them in my pack, dragging them home. And they begin to pile up, just like all the book knowledge and inert ideas clumped in my brain after ten years in academia. I thought I derived power and strength from all this accumulation, that I had something, things, that would turn into answers by my possessing them.

But finally, through a transformation of self, I was able to move toward my own creativity as a vital energy of expression. My performance and writing work was enshrined in a forum with built-in distance and detachment. The tactile and tangible experience of manipulating raw materials in my hands gave me a new sense of involvement with myself and with the nature of materials from the world.

The essences of Earth, Air, Fire and Water seeped into my hands and through my body as I worked the materials. By allowing the elements into me, replacing my ideas of what they are, how they should be used, they began to shape themselves through my hands and imagination. Seaweed became dresses, rope became genitals, wire, tape, string, paint, beads, sticks and blocks of wood became body parts, fetishes, doll-wands, alter boxes and an Ancestor Stick. Each day a new personality was born through the consummation of my love for the Elements and Their nurturing love of me. We bore children of power, tools of the Craft, objects of veneration, contemplation, and meditation. Each piece gave its own lesson about the nature of existence and change, and affirmed my power of imagination and will.

As we are shaped by HER & HIM, from the mingling of their essences, FIRE, WATER, EARTH, and AIR, we can shape our relationship to them and to each other. We all have the power of creation and by engaging in that creative process we give life to the tools of change that transform us. Every time I take these objects into my hands or gaze, I am reminded, grounded, in the awe of their origin, the ripe fruit that is their creation, and, the sustenance they give me to continue in my art, the Craft and the world.



Blessed Be.

Reflections on Initiation: What Does It All Mean?

by Gwydion (a.k.a. Jody)



Initiation. The mere word conjures images of mysterious and secretive rites. But what is initiation? We know that it is an ancient rite, a rite of passage and transformation, one of death and rebirth, but what does it all really mean?

Initiation is a long, transformative process of empowerment, different for each person, yet each candidate who completes the process emerges empowered. It is not just a several hour ritual. The period of a year and a day that precedes the actual rite is a time of intense preparation involving tasks for the candidate called challenges. These challenges are designed to help the candidate to confront her or his fears. This becomes essential for the ritual of initiation in which he or she is stripped bare and challenged by the Guardian who stands, athame in hand, at the Gate.

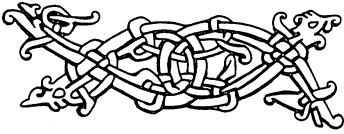
In the Reclaiming tradition, when one is ready for initiation she or he asks an initiate (usually three or more initiates) to be their sponsor. Providing that they agree, these sponsors then lead the candidate down the unknown path and eventually through the gates. Their goal is not only to aid the candidate but to empower him or her. They train the candidate not just as a witch but as a priestess or priest.

Challenges given by sponsors often tend to be the simplest, sometimes involving meditation, physical exercise, and other tasks that we may not actually

enjoy doing. Often more difficult are the challenges which candidates set for themselves. This might include working on issues a candidate may have around incest or childhood abuse. It also might include "coming out" or making the body healthy or going back to school. But the most difficult challenges tend to be unforeseen, the divine challenges which the Goddess individually tailors and presents to all candidates. For one person, this involved sobriety; for myself it was allowing myself to love and be loved; for another, it was breaking out of self-imposed isolation. These are not easy tasks. They require the breaking down of old habits and the creating of new: death and rebirth.

We learn to trust through these challenges and to have faith. These are two of the crucial lessons of initiation and are often challenges in and of themselves. A candidate must learn to trust and have faith in one's sponsors, one's self and in the Goddess. This is essential not only to allow the candidate to ask for initiation but because by asking, the candidate places her or his health and well-being of body, mind, and soul into the hands of others.

At this point, a witch might ask why initiation, then, if it is this painful, difficult and even scary? And perhaps the best and most important reason is to dedicate one's life to the service of the



Great Goddess. But as a result, the individual is empowered through the process and the intensity and purpose of their worship, magick and priest/essing is greatly increased. And as a result, their lives are transformed and begin anew.

But the process is not ended when the ritual circle is opened. As there is a year and a day preceding the rite of initiation, there is also one which follows. It is during this time that the new initiate undergoes much reflection; it is a time of maturation, of coming into that new power, and the defining of the new initiate's roles and purpose. Will that new purpose be teaching, leading public ritual, political action, public service, advising, a combination of all of these things or something completely different? Much is determined in this final phase, but the learning and service is never ending.

Initiation may not be the thing to do for all witches, though. Some may never be ready. Some may not ask and have excellent reasons why. Others may ask but never complete the process, or do, but for whatever reason, the initiation just does not stick or "hold." Only the Goddess really knows who or why some shall become her priestesses, her priests. And as such, we must realize that this does not infer that those who are not initiates are powerless nor incapable of creating strong magick and worship. All of her creatures are equally deserving of respect. All who are touched by her are changed.

*After
the fire,*

our Mother wrapped

*a heavy mantle,
soft and gray*

as mist,

*around her
ravaged shoulders.*

She wept

*a cloud
of tears*

*in grief
and anger.*

*The burnt
and battered*

*earth
called out*

*to her
for comfort.*

*She watered
the ground*

with tears.



John Holme
October 22, 1991
Oakland, California

Passages

"A Kindly Good Janiveer"

by Robin Weaver

As we step through the door of the year's midnight we can see that the god of this place has both "a sad and a gay face." He looks forward with hope to spring rains and flowers and, just maybe, a "kinder" federal bureaucracy. He also nods backwards, at the shadows of the ghostly season.



Reclaiming Collective and the greater Reclaiming community express their condolences to EarthSpirit Community of the Boston area on the tragic murder of Kathy Dempsey. "KD" was an artist, art director for FireHeart magazine, and singer in Mothertongue.

John Miller, David's father, passed away on August 18th. His impish humor survives him in his four children, eight grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

Fritz Lieber of the local coven Amaranth Energies crossed over on Saturday, September 5th. The well known Craft Elder and science-fiction author was 81.

On September 15th a memorial gathering was held in honor of Bertha Simos, who loved intellectual discussion with women. About 25 women joined in moving personal recollection of their experiences of the death of loved ones and their choices around abortion.



October 11th was a big day. The morning began with a crowd of 2000 filling the sands and stands at Aquatic Park while a brightly bannered Peace Navy of kayaks and sailboats held the high seas. After 5 hours a beleaguered "Columbus" landed at a more appropriate site — Pier 39! Still, a bad example to more conventional tourists.

In the afternoon, Moher and Christiane held a house warming at their new digs. Flamingo Heights was formerly known as the Bell Mansion after Theresa Bell, Mamie Pleasant's protege, who acquired it mysteriously following the '06 Quake. In a more modern mystery, Luis seems to have achieved bi-location: for while he's known to haunt some dark corners of this abode by night, he still maintains his address at the Palace.

About 50 folks gathered on the 22nd of September at Ocean Beach to celebrate Mabon. Patti, Rose, and Star orchestrated the affair where we turned the wheel of the year, working to renew the balance of the seasons and asking the blessing of rain.

Best wishes to Rebecca and Danny on their September 27th wedding.



Samhain brought us its well loved rituals:

October 30th offered an evening Celebrating Our Ancestors of Many Cultures. We listened to one another's stories, shared music and dance. One high point — Jack asked all Queers to stand and half the crowd was on its feet!

For the Great Eve itself we held the 13th Anniversary Spiral Dance. While small spirits roamed the city streets, looking for sweet offerings, we gathered at the Women's Building. Dancers, choreography, costumes, choir, all in top form. The list of "Thank-you's" is longer than your arm. Afterwards some mumbled that there are "other religions with only one god" but most of us were too Enthused/Exhausted/Enthralled to notice.

Coven Wind Hags sponsored a Women's Ritual for Choice on November 1st as a way of blessing our choices as we circle the cauldron of death and life. The proceeds are to go to a "clinic under siege". It was very affirming to watch the pro-choice candidates get elected just two days later.

Meanwhile, as many men as could fit in Karl's living room met to support the women's working and to honor the Green Man in his seasonal guise of Jack O'Lantern. Dare we call this an Annual Pumpkin Promenade? Squash that idea? At any rate, excellent eats by Karl and crew.

On November 2nd the Dia de los Muertos parade made its way down 24th Street in the Mission. Although the crowd was smaller than usual, the energy was high as we took our habitual detour through Balmy Alley. In character with the parade, our contingent was also scaled down, as perhaps best shown by Master Casey, who rode like a Godling in His Triumphal Cart.



David Miller's 50th Birthday Social and Tea Party was attended by the Fawning Mob on November 22nd. The Mobbing Fauns, the Mooning they also lobbed lots of loose fruit — during the very sacred Ball-Game-and-High-Jinx held in his honor. After feasting on quiche and cake, finger sandwiches and trifle, we can all say we know in our hearts, and guts, that even if he isn't electable he's certainly made of capital stuff.

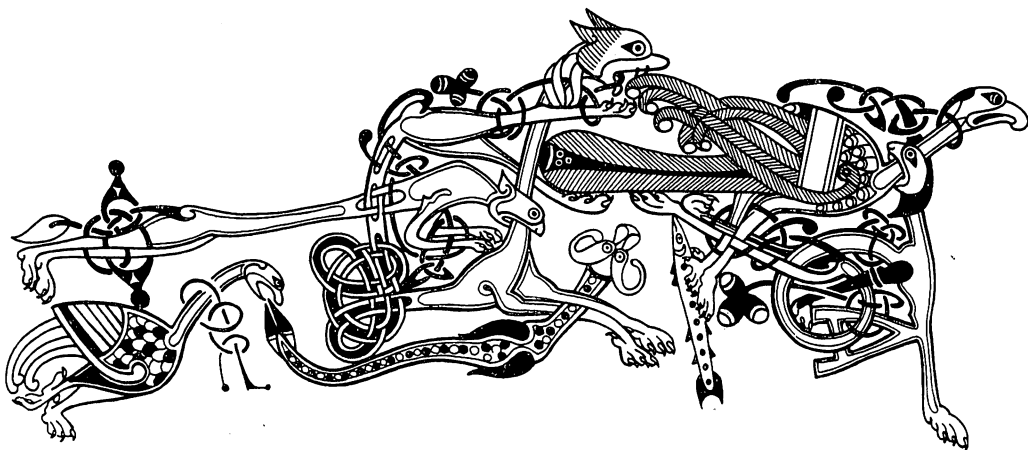
~ ~ ~

Hummingbird has once again flown forth with the promise of the Sun's warmth. Gray whales can be seen off the coast, heading for Baja, some for the courtin', others to drop their calves. We, too, peer ahead, to our pledges at Brigid's Forge, to the pleasures of the Gardening year. In the midst of Winter, thoughts of Spring's mysteries are Everywhere.

*"Oats, peas, beans, and barley grow;
Oats, peas, beans, and barley grow;
Do you or I or anyone know
How oats, peas, beans, and barley grow?"*

*"First the farmers sow their seed,
Then they stand and take their ease,
Stomp their feet and clap their hands,
and turn about to view the land."*

Blessed Be.



ALETHEA

by Mark Hannon

The need
to go
on the N Judah train
to Ocean Beach

stand alone
facing out

dig long toes in
between
blown-to-bits wrap-
pings
of the last cherry bomb

Gunpowder
hangs on
the fog

& there are

ten hundred thousand
ways to enter

Take hold, feet,
root
here
roll ankles round
flex
dig in
grab hold of her

wet entry
with each toe
touch past
salt chill
ocean beyond
down
through layers
of body into belly
deep attention -
Leave your head behind

this
has more
soul

Now enter her
enter
at the darkest point
with longing
faith
in that darkness
that you will bring light
take root
reach past
crabs burrowed there
bones
of cormorants, sea
otters & whales
push through

crusty skeletons
lost ships
& sallow dead men
clutching
their loot push down
through
rock jagged stone
through
lead tin copper
& iron step
into that ore
laden vein rush of her
blood saturate each
bone
muscle with the heat
churning
gut
reach
and crawl your body in
hot coals
that do not burn
rest let go

there in the center
glow
greater
than the sun

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE SAMHAIN CYCLE

by M. Macha Nightmare

The Multi-Cultural Ritual: While this ritual was filled with wondrous and fascinating elements, it didn't work as a ritual for me. The most moving part was the circle of storytellers and I would love to see an entire evening conducted just like that. Everyone had lots to say; no one had enough time to say all s/he had to say; we listeners were enthralled. I want a night of deep and intimate multi-cultural sharing.

The Spiral Dance: Having been involved to various degrees (mostly a lot) with all the Reclaiming Spiral Dance productions and a guest at all of the South Bay Spiral Dance productions, I feel uniquely qualified to comment.

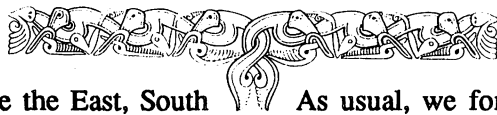
I feel that the Spiral Dance ritual has achieved a gracious and powerful maturity, in that it is now, after its many transformations and manifestations, a strong combination of tradition—in that it has a body of music and a basic form and structure—and innovation, with new litanies and new rehearsed participants.

In interpreting that body of music, the chorus, under the dynamite direction of Brigit Lutrason, was the sweetest, most harmonious and most together I have ever known it to be.

The fiddle and two flutes of Laurel, Robyn and Anne, and the magnificent drumming of Mary Ellen, Carol and Kim, and the late-arriving Shawn with his ancient hurdy gurdy, enhanced every aspect of the music and general energy-raising.

I found this year's litanies to be most moving. Some were completely rewritten (the political, AIDS and natural disasters litanies), while others were adapted (the extinct and endangered species); and others were kept virtually unchanged from the way they were originally written (the Witches' litany). The fresh voices and perspectives were inspired and inspiring. One of the most satisfying things about this year's ritual, for me, was the taking on of major priestess and priest roles by women and men who had heretofore been less public and less visible—even though many of them had been around working with the Reclaiming community for many years. For the most part, we were not the same Reclaiming folks that celebrants may have come expecting to see. More of us have become empowered and have displayed a willingness to take on the responsibility of public priest/essing—and the skill to pull it off. This is especially true of Julie, Minerva Earthschild, Valley High, Leaf FireDancer and Morgaine La Fey, and I thank them profusely. Not only is it a tribute to those newer priest/esses, but also I feel it is a tribute to the influence that Reclaiming Collective and Starhawk have had in the world of seekers.

As usual, Judy, Becky, Esther, and all the other unnamed folks helped create the stunningly beautiful North altar. Sophia's banners, which were commissioned for the very first Spiral Dance in 1979, carried their well-earned charge



in the quarters above the East, South and West altars, all of which were simple and powerful statements created by Ceres and Laura.

The dancers were splendid! This year the deities were choreographed by Amy, who has danced the maiden throughout her maidenhood, and this year danced the Maiden with her mother as Crone. We especially appreciate Keith's embodying the God at the very last minute. And not to be outdone, the Elements had the best costumes ever (primary color body paint, in case you weren't there), which showed well with their spirited dancing.

The Graces, under the guidance of the ever-competent Vibra, displayed just that—grace.

Leaf's trance, accompanied by fine drumming, and the spiral dance itself, in spite of the fact that it went in the wrong direction and broke in places, worked for me. I grieved; I felt much love in the room; my energy was renewed.

Finally, I say, as a long-time Collective member who has a very special soft spot in her heart for Samhain and for the Spiral Dance, it was a privilege to produce the Spiral Dance, with no work asked of Starhawk other than to sing the names of the new babies, in a year when she most needed to be free of responsibility so that she could experience the full magical power of the ritual to grieve the loss of her mother and to celebrate her mother's life and the lives of her new stepchildren and step-grandchild. (When I took on co-planning this ritual, I had not thought of that dimension, so the next day when I realized it, I was extra pleased.)

As usual, we forgot to thank a few people at the ritual's end. We now thank Jeff of the technical crew, and Joe, Paul and Sandra, the musicians who accompanied Morgaine on "The Burning Times."

And I would like to offer special thanks to two people: my co-coordinator Leaf FireDancer, whom I found to be incredibly organized, with unlimited energy to see that things, big and small, were attended to, and who was a pleasure to work with; and Starhawk, who wrote it, who trained and inspired all of us to one degree or another.

The Women's Ritual for Choice: I thank the Wind Hags and their collaborators for a deep and exquisitely beautiful ritual. Though much less formal and imposing than the other rituals, the women's ritual had something special that, for me, only women's rituals have. There is a bonding and a trusting that is much greater than at most other larger rituals. There is a willingness to get deeper below the surface, a willingness that was encouraged by the form the ritual took, by the moving trance conducted by Starhawk.

Not only was the ritual completely bilingual (English and Spanish), but also it was gracefully signed for the hearing impaired.

We reached deep within our individual and collective experiences as women in this world of ours and, with the products of mining our inner depths, created a very, very powerful Witches' brew—one that I would like to see recharged and respiced now and again.

May She reveal Her dark mysteries,

M. Macha NightMare



COMMENTS ON THE SPIRAL DANCE RITUAL SAMHAIN 1992

by Leaf Firedancer

The Spiral Dance ritual, Reclaiming's traditional Samhain ritual, is always amazing, beautiful, and intense. I look forward to this yearly rite to mourn our Beloved Dead and look towards the future. This is one of the most structured rituals that Reclaiming undertakes, and one of the biggest productions. There are musicians, a chorus, drummers, dancers, several priests and priestesses, various other spoken parts, the Graces (ritual "ushers") and Dragons (ritual boundary keepers). Behind the scenes, there are altar builders, the tech people, the setup folks, the cleanup folks, childcare, food prep, and coatroom. We usually do this ritual in the Women's Building in San Francisco, and because the ritual is so popular, it is usually oversold. The hall barely holds 400, and there were closer to 450 people participating in the ritual this year.

Being co-coordinator of this ritual and guiding the trance journey to the Shining Isle was an amazing and fulfilling experience. I had never taken this much responsibility in a ritual of this magnitude before. I wanted to guide the trance: it was my challenge for this ritual. Macha drafted me into co-coordinator role, and I accepted the responsibility. An incredible amount of planning and preparation go into a big ritual like this. I didn't have a grasp of everything that was going on at all times, and trusted that it was going relatively smoothly, or Macha or I would have heard about it. Macha and I are two organized types,

though, and I don't think very much got by us. We also worked very well together.

The initial planning was minimal: we had a basic script to work with. The planning group was small and relatively experienced, which meant that we didn't spend hours hashing things out. There was room for new people to take roles: we didn't put the word out, however, we let people come to us (and they did). This is one of the aspects of the organization of the ritual that troubles me: how much to outreach to others to contribute, and how much to just do it ourselves with those that find us. I also wonder about how much decision making power to give to new people, and who decides this.

The ritual worked. It was beautiful and magical. With the opening words to the Guardian Song, I felt an incredible upwelling of energy from the Earth. My eyes met the eyes of others in the chorus, and they all had the same look of amazed joy. It felt as if the floor had slid away from beneath us and we were standing on sacred ground of pure energy. We're doing it. Or, rather, the ritual is. We were no longer in control (if we ever really were); the energy flowed through us and the circle...we were in the hands of the Goddess, so much so that I wasn't the slightest bit nervous when it came time to guide the Journey to the Shining Isle. The words, the images flowed out of me. My voice filled the room, strong



and clear. My weeks of work and discussion with the Crone were fulfilling themselves.

As usual for a Spiral Dance, the crowd was hot. They were ready to raise a cone of power even before the ritual had started. We contained this energy, letting it build, until the Deity invocations and let it go wild after the God invocation. We had figured that there were three places where the energy would go wild and peak: and it did in those three places: after the God song, after the Burning Times song, and after the Spiral Dance. If the energy had wanted to peak again, or in another place, it would have, I think.

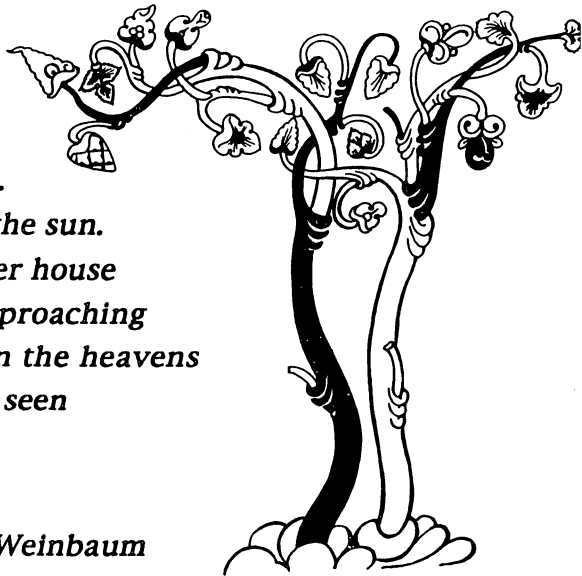
We had intentionally delayed the start of the the Spiral Dance itself. The chorus had been complaining that no one hears their litanies for the New Year, which are sung over the Spiral, so we decided to listen to the spells the litanies weave before starting the Spiral. I loved it. We were all swaying to the words, singing the chorus between the solo litanies. And then we started to move. It wasn't a perfect spiral: I'm told that we weren't one continuous line and that we wound the Spiral backwards, but it was an amazing and wonderful cone of power.

I feel blessed and honored that I could help provide this ritual for my friends and community.

Hawaiian Goddess

*Her skin was as red as fire.
Her beauty would eclipse the sun.
When she walked out of her house
red rain would be seen approaching
lightning would be seen in the heavens
and the rainbow would be seen
as though it were
her footstool.*

Batya Weinbaum



A Celebration of Ancestors of Many Colors and 500 Years of Resistance

by Aliah K. MaJon

We are changing. We are healing. We are taking steps to end all that has afflicted humanity. We are seeing “reality” from a place of truth. We are seeking love. We are celebrating who we are, and who we will become. We are crossing the threshold. Ritual has always marked our “rites of passage”; our Ceremony on the night of October 30, 1992 did this again. The title we chose was long—“A Celebration of Ancestors of Many Colors and 500 Years of Resistance”; the subtitle was a statement of great potency—“Commitment to Future Generations and A Just Life For Us All”; the event itself was spectacular—in the words of one participant, “I’ve never seen anything like it, it was so incredibly beautiful and moving!” But the healing comes not from the long or powerful words, nor the visuals in all their effect. *It comes from the realization that it is our responsibility to make new our world.*

Take a minute to palpitate what’s just been said. Be with it, inviting it to be with you. Delve in it and through it, sense its energy and feel its spirit, give in to its depth and welcome its strength, for it is only then that you will be able to receive, in the proper way, what’s being offered. Listen carefully now, for this is a crucial time. Allow yourself to look beyond my words to the whispers of your own hearts, to the promptings that each of us must heed...*for all of us are needed.*

In continuance I should say that I am one member of many (25 or more) of the multicultural planning committee. I am a woman who speaks with her own voice. My skin is brown and I have lived in the United States all my life. My background has been filled with deep experience; pain, trust, searching, joy, commitment and daring. I was asked to write this for the Newsletter. I am writing because I want to. I hope to reach you, all of you, in some way.

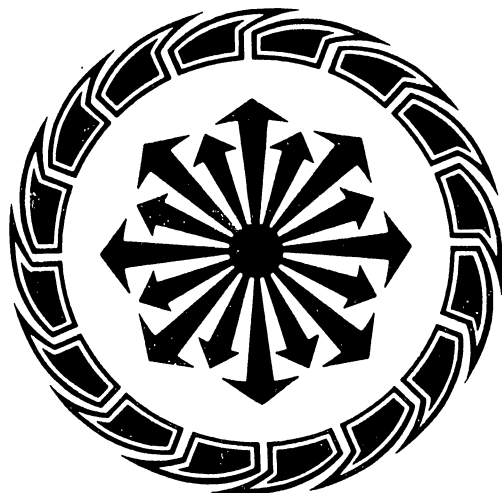
My story is the story of our group, the same as each one of us is a part of each other. For us to be “whole” we must integrate every aspect of our being, claiming and adjusting all parts, clicking them into place and functioning out of their fit. For us to be “whole” we must be here together, acknowledging and embracing our kinship, becoming a planetary community and striving to live in relationship to each other...*This requires work.*

What came before this was flowing from a kind of “altered state,” so now I have to smile. Smiling is what I always do when I notice the influence of what’s most profound about us, what I call in myself my Soul, and what many of us identify as the fullness of our spirits. My Soul seems to like to communicate in prose and allegory, and I recognize that such is the prophetic way, the way that people speak when they take on the role of “teacher.” We can all be teachers, teachers being individuals who care

and *do something about it*, people who dedicate their lives to helping by showing up for the “sacrifices” of learning so that they will truly know about what they teach. Teachers are those who are the prototypes, the ones involved in “pilots” and those on the “front lines.” We have all been teachers sometime, and many teachers are needed now. Moving on into the next 500 years (or, perhaps, a “1000 years of peace”) is about *teaching*. What my Soul gave you in the prose-like words above is my understanding of the journey of “A Celebration of Ancestors of Many Colors and 500 Years of Resistance”; what that journey means to me, how I see the “work” we are doing. But what “A Celebration of Ancestors of Many Colors and 500 Years of Resistance” really is, more importantly, and in addition to what I am saying, is what the world means to *each* of us and the opportunity to transform it into our individual and collective visions.

It has felt like a slow process, the process of realizing that perhaps every single one of us present in this society,

and, in fact, in this world, holds a place of “specialness” to be honored and made way for. Even now this statement is premature as we see around us dehumanization, division, prejudice, forms of malicious behavior and malevolent systems; as we often personally experience and/or witness blatant acts of genocide, disenfranchisement, and assault. We are a broken people. The circle of our connection of interdependence and respect has been taken from us, torn apart and rendered all but lost. We have suffered in groups and as persons. We have, against our humanness, “filled” our lives with emptiness and harbored wounds and been made to endure varieties of pain that have been both conscious and unconscious. It has affected all of us, what any of us has known as an affliction, whether that affliction has been through expressions that have targeted us or through not being targeted, it does not matter. The nature of a “circle” is inclusion, simply and profoundly stated; severed or distorted placements damage the “body” of what life means, like malignant or amputated cells dam-



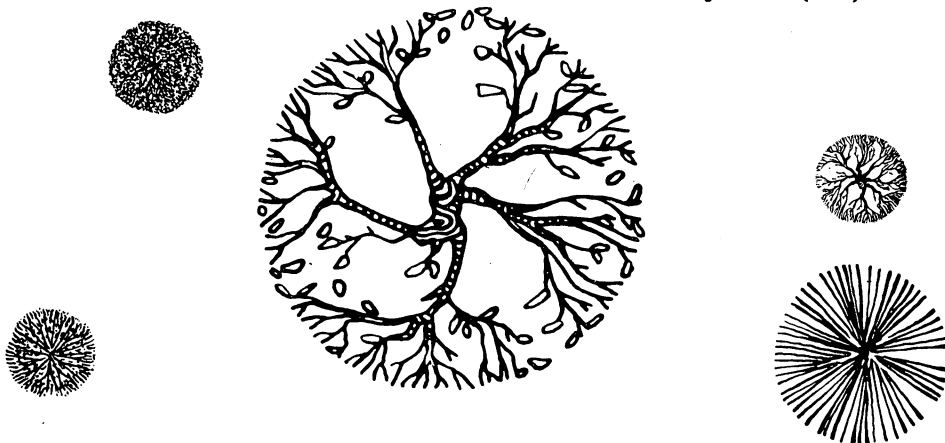
age an organism. Our ritual, the planning of it, its unfoldment, and where we shall go from here are the beginning of reclaiming "rightness" and all that the instances just cited, or those left sadly unspoken, have obscured. We have begun the joyful passage from the shadows. We are refusing and dispelling the things that keep us from "being together" well, from delighting in and profiting by our diversity. From being the "tapestry" made up of a thousand colors and textures of thread, so beautiful in its richness.

And as I end, I must tell you that we are being challenged and sometimes stretched in excruciating ways. Our union is newly born and we are tentatively ridding ourselves of dysfunction...It just occurred to me as I continue to write that I may not be saying at all what some may have expected me to say—It's quite obvious that this is not a review, but rather, a declaration of the mission that I believe we have taken on. Oh well, let it be what it will...If any of us were originally inspired by the illusion of cohesiveness

and the depiction of the opposite of exclusion, we have to date found ourselves seduced by the pungent aroma of the real thing; we have become aware that we are hungry, if not ravenous for the repast of pretense's demise. We are struggling with the perversion of our conditioning and the aberrations that separation and hatred have brought. We are innocently offending and incessantly forgiving ourselves and each other. We sing praises and dance dirges standing along the walls to keep them from falling in on us. We hold out our hands to those that are our newfound kin, the kinship of humanity, and offer our laps in constant support. This process is deep, and full, and wide.....And we welcome you to join us.

If you have questions, ideas or words for us, please call. We are looking towards several efforts beginning with a "birthing ritual" to form creative expressions of further healing. We invite you to share your visions and talents, as well as just the charm of your added presence. Folks to contact are listed below:

Aliah MaJon (510) 849-2416
Jenny Mish (510) 832-4232



Reclaiming Classes & Events

ELEMENTS OF MAGIC FOR WOMEN AND MEN

Taught by Jody and Theresa

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. Group experience follows feminist consensus process. We hope to provide a fair and nurturing environment for all participants. Beginning six-week course. Prerequisite: Reading of the first six chapters of *The Spiral Dance* by Starhawk. We ask that applicants be committed to attending all six classes, which will be held on **Tuesday** evenings, starting **February 23** in San Francisco. Call **Jody** at **(415) 282-2161** for information, registration, and location. Sliding scale \$60-120.

ELEMENTS OF MAGIC FOR WOMEN (EAST BAY) Taught by Vibra

Six Tuesdays starting February 9. For information, registration and location, call **Vibra (510) 237-6207**.

ELEMENTS OF MAGIC FOR TEENAGERS (EAST BAY)

Taught by Vibra and Annie

Three Saturdays, March 6, 13, 20. For information, registration and location, call **Vibra (510) 237-6207**.

THE IRON PENTACLE FOR WOMEN Taught by Minerva and Leaf

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 class. Taught in San Francisco. \$60-\$120 sliding scale. Call **Minerva (415) 648-6089** for dates, location, information and registration.

RITEs OF PASSAGE FOR WOMEN AND MEN

Taught by Hilary and Rose May Dance

The Rites of Passage focuses on dreams, myth 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. Prerequisite: Elements of Magic class. Six **Mondays**, beginning **January 11, 1993**. San Francisco Mission District. Call **Rose, (415) 821-3336**, for information and registration. Sliding scale \$60 - \$120.

MOVING BETWEEN THE WORLDS: RITES OF PASSAGE FOR WOMEN

Taught by Beverly Frederick with Laura and Kim Jack

We will heighten our abilities to trust and support each other through movement, drum trance, singing, chanting, chakra vocalization and symbol drawing. From that safe sacred space, we will challenge each other and create rites of passage to break the chains that bind us. **Six Mondays, beginning March 1, 1993. Call Beverly (415) 381-2675 for information and registration. \$60 - \$120 sliding scale.**

POWER AND MYSTERY FOR WOMEN AND MEN

Taught by Beverly, Carol and Starhawk

This class, based on materials from Starhawk's book, *Truth or Dare*, will explore the ways in which we have internalized the patterns of power-over in our society. Through ritual, storytelling and trance, we will work to transform these inner structures and awaken our power-from-within. Prerequisite: Elements of Magic class. Taught in San Francisco. **Six Wednesdays, beginning January 13, 1993. Sliding scale \$60 - \$120. Call Carol, (415) 550-0920 for information and registration.**

LOOKING AT YOUR ASTROLOGICAL BIRTH CHART

Taught by Judy Foster

Do you have a chart but no clue how to read it? In this class, I will show you how to structure your own interpretation for continuous self-exploration. After all, who knows you as well as yourself? Prerequisite: some familiarity with the Western esoteric symbolic system, and your birth chart (or a computer print-out of the data). **Six Mondays, starting January 11, 1993. \$75 - \$125 sliding scale. For information and registration call Judy (510) 843-0722.**

ABORTION & FEMINIST SPIRITUALITY: A WORKSHOP FOR HEALING

Taught by Vibra and Minerva

In this workshop for women who have had one or more abortions, we will use Wiccan practice and feminist process to heal ourselves. As feminists and Pagans, we believe abortion is a responsible exercise of the sacred power of choice. However, for many women, it has emotional, psychic, spiritual and physical consequences which will be addressed. Weekend of **January 16-17, Saturday - 9 am, Sunday - 2:30 pm. No fee. \$5 materials. Contact Minerva (415) 648-6089 or Vibra (510) 237-6207.**

RECLAIMING RECOMMENDS: BREATH AND BODY CLASS FOR WOMEN SURVIVORS OF INCEST AND ABUSE

Ongoing class cycles of bodily-focused work facilitating contact with Younger Self while teaching the adult self how to work *with* her body in the healing process. Grounding processes, movement exercises and body maps are utilized. Spirit is incorporated through focusing within the breathing body and in the simple creation of sacred, safe space. Instructor is a survivor, and a certified Lomi Practitioner. Next class begins **Tuesday, January 26, 1993. Ten week class. Sliding scale. Call Suzette Rochat (a.k.a. Cybele) at her new number (415) 541-5650.**

Turn and Turn Again: A Report from the Spiral Dance

by Anne Hill

As a child growing up in the Oakland hills, I spent a lot of time sitting out on the ridge on my favorite rock, staring down the canyon to the lands spread out below me. I watched the cars snake endlessly along the freeway at my feet, through the cities bordering the east edge of the Bay. Beyond that expanse of blue, bisected by bridges, was another line of civilization conquering the flatlands of the San Francisco peninsula, and edging, year by year, up into those hills. I would spend what seemed like hours staring at the spectacle, wondering how it all worked and knowing I'd never figure it out.

Now when something involving the mass of humanity interests me, I can talk about trends, and theorize about culture, patriarchy, and any number of social constructs. But at the base, human motivation remains something deeply mysterious to me. From where I sit these days, some 60 miles north of San Francisco, I look south to Reclaiming and the Pagan community in the Bay Area with much the same mixture of fascination and suspicion: What makes it tick? How can anyone hope to know?

These questions arise especially when I think about this year's Spiral Dance—the Saturday night one, the one with the script that rarely changes from year to year, the one that just doesn't fit inside the Women's Building anymore, with its lack of ventilation and limited butt-to-butt seating on the floor. Not a lot

changes in its structure from year to year, because not a lot needs to change. The Terrible Litanies get longer each year, the names of the newly dead and the newly born change, and the spiral works differently, reflecting the energy of the crowd. But after thirteen years of practice, the passage through these elements into rebirth and renewal has grown easier and stronger. The Spiral Dance ritual has hit its stride.

This year's Spiral Dance felt more jubilant than any I've ever attended, beginning before the ritual when folks up in the balcony started throwing balloons down at the people on the main floor. The music and dancing worked well together, from the Elements and Invocations, through dancing the spiral, as the chanted lines interwove beautifully with our drumming and footsteps.

I would like to take a moment here to quickly air one of my pet peeves, and mention those participants who just can't wait for the tail of the spiral to come around to them, and so create their own renegade line of people which goes nowhere. I always seem to get into these lines, and chalk it up to my characteristic luck with picking the slowest lines at the supermarket, and on the freeway. Anyway, I don't think these lines help focus the energy of the main spiral, instead causing consternation and distraction when people realize they will not be spiralling in and out with everyone else. In spite of this, however, I

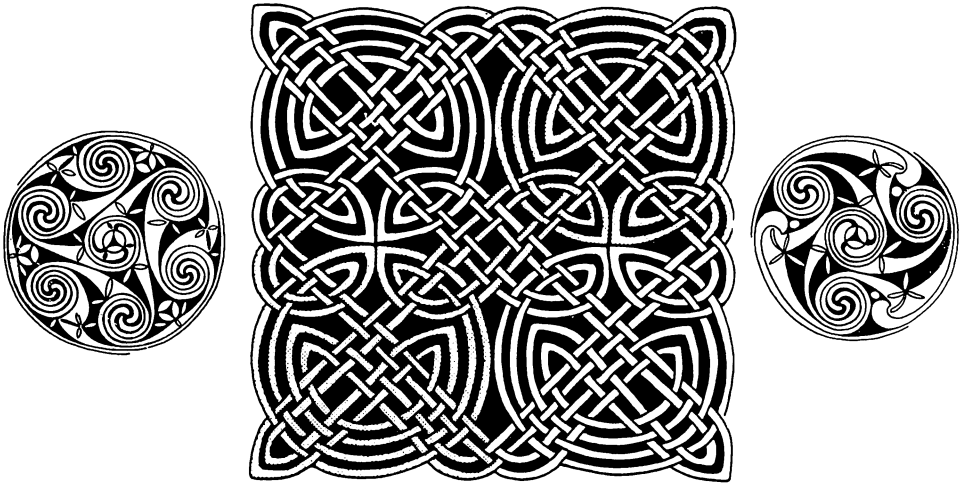
thought the spiral worked pretty well, due in large part to the overwhelming exuberance in the room.

As the cone of power soared over our heads, leaping and dipping in various shades and hues, the energy surges of the crowd were unbelievable. It felt great, and I heard people chanting, "Let it begin now! Three more days! Let it begin now! Three more days!" Aha, I thought, it's the election! This was not just cautious optimism on display here, or the product of an "on" night, this was euphoria because people felt the time for positive change had arrived.

It reminded me of the bittersweetBrigid ritual we had two years past, as the war in the Persian Gulf raged. We stood outside then, in a fine

drizzle that barely answered the call of the parched ground. As we danced and grieved, it felt like all the waters of the earth were drying up, and to conjure hope for the year ahead was an almost reckless act of faith. Had things really turned around so completely since then? Or was it just that there was more room for hope now?

I have often left the Spiral Dance with a vision of the new year rooted in grim determination and a lot of hard work. This year, I had energy left over after the hard work part to feel vigorous and inspired about what lay ahead. I do not understand the change, but I know it happened, and for this I am very grateful. Blessed be the workings of this community!



Sacred Ball Dance

by *Quorous*

The dancers were gathered on the sunny lawn of the secluded resort in the Sierra mountains. Some of us wore skirts or black leather harnesses, others were completely skyclad. A tent had been set up for piercing with the required medical supplies and equipment. After offering people scent hits from a bottle of lavender essence, I took my place in line, underneath the tent. Mark greeted me with a nod of acknowledgement. It was he who would pierce my flesh in preparation of the dance. I took several deep breaths and centered myself. The sound of ritual drumming permeated my ears. I felt relaxed and calm.

First, Mark took a sterile needle and pinched my flesh with a gloved hand. I felt the prick of the needle and winced, subduing a reflexive impulse to shudder. I moaned. Next, Mark pushed the nylon line through the needle and pulled it through. The needle was withdrawn and I was left with a piece of line pierced through my flesh. Again I breathed deeply and prepared myself for the piercings to follow. The procedure was followed twelve times until I had a total of thirteen piercings in various parts of my upper chest, back, and arms. Mark looked into my eyes and smiled. I was ready for the next stage of preparation.

A young man approached me and I nodded my permission. He began to take the embedded nylon lines and tie round, multicolored balls onto my body. I now had thirteen balls tied to my upper body, swinging freely on their lines. They were actually large, hollow, round

bells which had been chosen and consecrated especially for this ritual. I stepped back and surveyed the lawn. I could see my friends and fellow dancers in various stages of preparation. Some wore many more lines and balls than myself. Some, considerably less. This was not an "as many as you can" type of situation.

When everyone had finished the preparation stage, we all formed a large circle on the lawn and joined our hands together. The sun shone high and bright above us. The shamanic man who was to guide our quest emerged nonchalantly from the shadows. He seemed ageless. His hair was red, his body thin and frail. A playful smile accented his slightly wrinkled face. He spoke in a clear, direct voice: "We are gathered here today to pay homage to . . .," he began. The shaman then proceeded to talk about why we were attempting to revive this esoteric Hindu custom, ordinarily reserved only for sadhus, ascetics, and holy men. It was a search for the ecstatic within us all. Some faint glimmer of hope and understanding in a world made sterile by rampant overconsumption, false media prophets and ecological callousness. We stood together. We Ommmed together as one voice. Then the high priest and his helpers moved in to the center of our circle. They called forth the guardians of the directions to bless our circle with their radiance, guidance, and protection. We would need all of those things during our dance. Then, one by one we voiced the reasons for

which we were dancing. Some danced for friends and lovers. Others danced for gods and goddesses. Some even danced for themselves or simply for the joy of it. My personal dance was dedicated to Lord Shiva.

After we had gone around the circle with our various dedications, the drumming began and the circle expanded, then broke apart. The drumming started, slowly at first. Then the tempo and rhythm picked up and grew louder. As the drumming progressed, the dancers began to sway and move. I, myself, began to shuffle and prance. I felt my balls bounce against my body. They felt like many little bee stings. I danced, I yelled, I clenched my fists, I moved my body to the tribal beats. The other dancers were involved in movement as well. A large, heavy-set woman shook her naked body vigorously, causing her balls to jangle loudly. Another woman prostrated herself on the ground, occasionally howling a great, guttural wail which sounded as though it originated from the depths of her soul. Towards the edge of the circle moved a young man who struck a large drum with a stick. He frolicked with the other dancers, occasionally putting down his drum to dance a duet with some of the others.

Meanwhile, a sort of peak was being reached among the group. The movements and shrieks were reaching a frenzy, while certain people seemed to have reached semi-transcendent states of consciousness. Some moved their **bodies forcefully**, apparently oblivious to pain. Others lay motionless upon the ground, resting in a swoon of passion. During my explorations of self-motion I had found that certain move-

ments accentuated feelings of pleasure, while others caused pain. In this way I could regulate my own endorphin flow, moving back and forth between different states of feeling.

After a while, the drumming slowed and the dance began to wind down. Some dancers had already dropped out and sat by the side, resting, or having their balls removed by the piercers. A few people still danced, but their movements were slower and less forceful. I felt energized, but a little tired. I gave my thanks to Lord Shiva for guiding me in my quest for fulfillment and rejoined the circle, where the other dancers were vocalising their thanks as well. I dropped to my knees and breathed deeply. I felt whole and alive, a part of the earth and of the universe.

Postscript: The balls were removed soon after the dance with no difficulties what-so-ever. The holes soon formed small scabs which healed over in less than two weeks. There was no soreness and no scarring.



Review of *Let It Begin Now*, a Reclaiming Tape

by Craig McLaughlin

Five years ago, I made the mistake of reviewing a friend's book, Starhawk's *Truth or Dare*. Even though I liked the book, it was many months before our friendship recovered. I'd hate to think what would have happened if I disliked the book. I swore then and there that I would never again review a friend's work.

Imagine my chagrin, then, when members of the Reclaiming Collective volunteered me to review *Let It Begin Now*, the new tape of Spiral Dance music written and performed by — you guessed it — “Starhawk, Reclaiming and Friends.” Many of those friends of Reclaiming are also friends of Craig McLaughlin.

In the past five years, I learned that reviewers don't have to prove themselves by finding something wrong each time they write. But at the same time, I'm not one of those people who believes good politics, or good spirituality, justifies mediocre art. So I tried to beg off but no one would listen to me. With few alternatives, and much trepidation, I took the assignment.

Thank goodness I love the tape. No really, I do. I'm not just saying this to keep my friends. Trust me. I'm a journalist.

Let It Begin Now includes eleven beautiful and evocative songs that are part of a 13-year tradition of public rituals

hosted by Reclaiming each Samhain. As a group, the songs take the listener through the stages of the Spiral Dance ritual — the invocation of the directions, the invocation of the goddess and god, the journey to the island of the dead and the unborn, the spiral dance, the affirmation of positive change, and the devocation. The tape is co-produced by Starhawk, the executive producer, Anne Hill, choral director, and S.E. “Brook” Schoenfield, instrumental director. Starhawk wrote the lyrics for eight songs, and the music for those eight was written, singly or in pairs, by Starhawk, Amber Khan-Engel, Mara June Quicklightning, and Michael Charnes. The three other songs are “Spirits” by Susan Falkenrath Wolf, the traditional “Lyke Wake Dirge,” and “The Guardian Song” by Amber Khan-Engel.

After years of attending Reclaiming Spiral Dance rituals, it is a pleasure to be able to listen to the music in my home without having to dance, move energy, go on a trance journey, or just find a comfortable position on a hard, cramped floor. (I did find myself slipping into trance during “Set Sail” and The Gates.)

True, there are some things I might quibble about. There are a couple of ragged entries, an instance when the soloist seems to jump in early and overwhelm the chorus, and a few times when the performers sidle up to notes without fully embracing them. In some places, I want more resonance from the bass vo-



calls, or more expansive use of range from the sopranos. One song, "Honor to the Untamed God," does nothing for me — it's just too slow and medieval (even a dying god is entitled to some vitality). And, oh, yes, I want to be able to read the type on the cassette cover without holding it up to my face.

Nit-picking aside, however, the tape impressed me. The three producers

make admirable use of many talented singers and musicians (I particularly enjoy Mary Ellen Donald's percussion) and the production values are consistently high throughout.

In a culture suffering from a serious dearth of high-quality recorded pagan music (how many million times can you listen to Charlie Murphy's "Burning Times?"), the release of *Let It Begin Now* is cause for celebration.



Reclaiming Tape Order Form

<u>Tape Name</u>	<u>Quantity</u>	<u>Total</u>
Reclaiming Chants Tape	_____ x \$10.00 =	_____
Let It Begin Now	_____ x \$10.00 =	_____
California residents please add 7.5% sales tax		_____
Shipping Charges: \$1.50 per tape, \$1.00 each additional tape (Add \$3.00 for each overseas mailing, International Postal Money Orders only <i>please</i>)		_____
Total Payment Enclosed		_____

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/St/Zip: _____

**Make check or money order payable to:
Serpentine Music Productions, P.O. Box 1667, Forestville, CA 95436**



AIDS Litany

by Minerva Earthschild
for Reclaiming's Spiral Dance '92

Remembering

All those who have died in the global plague of AIDS

In every nation

On every continent

Africa Thailand Brazil San Francisco

500,000 gone from this earth

9,000 gone from this city.

We can never name you all,

But we remember.

Those who have died while life-sustaining treatments

Are politicized, defunded and exploited for profit,

of Karposi's sarcoma

Toxoplasmosis

Pneumocystis.

Those who died poor,

Who died suffering,

Who died alone,

Emaciated,

Abandoned by family,

Who died thirsting for compassion,

Who died angry,

Who died hopeless,

Who died still wondering why.

Those who died in the arms of

a lover,

a friend,

a husband,

a mother,

Who died gently,

Letting it all go,
Holding onto nothing,
Merging with the light,
Finally free of a body of pain.

And we remember
Those who have died in jails,
Imprisoned,
quarantined,
persecuted for their disease,
Those who died imprisoned by silence and fear
Who died afraid to say why.



Remembering
Those suicides who did it to themselves,
with carbon monoxide,
the lethal dose,
the long jump from the twentieth floor,
To escape the pity, the disease, the suffering,
The slow, agonizing, wasting away,
Those who died mindless
from dementia,
Wandering, lost,
Who died not knowing who or where they were;
Those who died in the streets,
Homeless and cold,
Who died from the poison of dirty needles.
What is remembered lives.

22,000 remembered in the loving craft of the Quilt,
And we remember
Those who died nameless—
Baby Girl Doe,
Baby Boy Doe,
Barely having lived;
The babies in hospital incubators

And foster homes,
Dying with a whisper.

Those who sought a transfusion of life blood
and instead were given slow death.
In France, 273 killed by their government,
And more dying every week.

And we remember
Those women who died undiagnosed,
In excruciating pain
From pelvic inflammatory disease.
We remember all those who died
With no name for their suffering.

We can never name you all,
But we remember, and
What is remembered lives,
To remind us that all life is
A precious gift from the Mother of all life,
Lives to teach us that
Her sacred power to destroy
Touches us all;
Lives to teach us that
Her love and compassion
Know no boundaries,
No distinction.
What is remembered lives
To unite us in our passion for life;
Lives to heal all our lives.

Letters

Reclaiming and friends,

The Samhain ritual (2nd night), as usual, was wonderful. Thank you! I left feeling cleansed and empowered, renewed and connected. I met some new people, and rekindled some old friendships. This ritual was put together and carried out with incredible beauty. Also, the music was a delight! WOW!

And yet, I do have one grievance. It is one that I feel very strongly about. It is this:

Indeed, what is remembered lives! It is always hard to stay with my pain during this part of the ritual, but to do so empowers and renews. But, did we not forget some very important people? Yes, I think we did! We forgot those who are NOT politically correct. It was quite an overkill to sit through the "I only remember those who are like-minded, politically correct, hip-slick-and-cool, please-think-I'm-cool, I-don't-have-a-single-tainted-thought-or-bone-in-my-being," portion of the ritual.

I felt so angry as the readings went on and on in a diatribe of political correctness.

The state of the world may be in poor shape, yes. I, or you, or we, may be working towards returning the pendulum to a more balanced position, where equality may be (hopefully) found — and this is how it should be! I, for one, work towards recognizing how the culture I live in instills in me racism, bigotry and hate. I work emotionally and ritually to purify myself of these "demons." I am learning to get involved in the world in a way that embraces all

people, even those who do not look/THINK/act like myself. And yet, not all people choose to work towards these goals; But they still die of AIDS, they still die in WAR — after casting their vote for Bush. I do not like them either! They are the source of my oppression as a gay man in a racist, bigoted culture. But they are here, and in them, somewhere, lies a soul that may one day — through the death of a family member, from AIDS/WAR/WHATEVER — come to join us, and seek solace from the "demons" that told them not to care, to vote for Bush, to ignore their sister or brother as she or he died — forgotten.

Well, I remember those who act out those demons. I remember those who died of AIDS after casting a vote for Bush; I remember those who went to war in the gulf and killed without knowing the demons that brought them there, and died by the "enemy's" hand. For in remembering them I am purified and made whole. Made whole through embracing MY demons and forgiving them. I may not like them, but to embrace them is to disempower them through the power of forgiveness.

I hope to be standing at the door when one of "them" comes to join us in circle, and return again to the kindness of the Mother. For I shall be free from the bonds of hate, by remembering the ones who are not as I. And TOGETHER we may dance, in joy, for a demon has found its way from the darkness of ignorance to the light of the embrace of the Mother!

What is remembered lives, indeed!!!

Blessed be!

Falcon (T.A. Fuller)



Announcement

'Lectrick Blue!

(510) 376-3805
(510) 798-7706
(510) 525-5332



To: all pagans, neo-pagans, Craft members, students of the occult, or anyone who is just curious about any of the above who lives in the East Bay or Contra Costa County areas, who has a computer and a modem, and who would like a chance to discuss pagan/magic topics with the international on-line pagan community can do this via this computer bulletin board for the price of a local call.

Lectrick Blue!, a bulletin board based in Moraga, has nationally networked discussion groups on linked bulletin boards with participants across the country/planet. So, if you are wondering what kind of rituals witches in London use, want to meet magicians in New Zealand, or just want to make friends with other pagans in Canada, Texas, Virginia, or even locally, don't wait around, call into 'Lectrick Blue! and start looking around.

New to using computer bulletin boards? It doesn't take a rocket scientist, just call the phone numbers listed here via modem, using your telecommunications program, when the system asks for a user name, type NEW, and follow the simple instructions in the menus that will follow. If you need the above explained, there are plenty of pagans that know a lot about computers, most pagans are computer literate and many are computer telecomm literate. For

further explanation, ask the sysops (system operators), and co-sysops, we are friendly and knowledgeable people. Don't be afraid to ask silly questions, we were all novices once. If you have trouble finding your way into the pagan/magick areas, send E-mail to A. Lizard or Bronze Dragon and we'll give you detailed instructions. If you need them, the VBBS software is pretty easy to use.

Unlike Compuserve, this is a hobbyist type BBS system, there is limited free access so you can see whether this is for you or not without making a major long-term financial commitment.

1200/8/N/1, 2400 8N1 will work on any 'Lectrick Blue! line, some lines will support up to 14,400 baud.

Lectrick Blue! is hooked into many of the largest online networks, Internet/Usenet, WWIV-Net, WWIV-Link, VBBS-Net, Fido-Net, Adult Net, Icenet, supports 100+ message bases, shareware, adult-only section, on-line games, multiuser chat...lots of intelligent, friendly people of diverse kinds and interests, in other words, there are also plenty of fun/educational/social things to do here that aren't magick related.

So come on in and say hello!

Lectrick Blue! is local to the following exchanges: East Bay 1,2,3,4,5, Danville, Moraga, Lafayette, Orinda, Walnut Creek, Bishop Ranch, Dublin-San Ramon, Hayward at 376-3805; is local to most of East Contra Costa Co. at 686-6053; is local to Berkeley and parts of San Francisco at 525-5332.

Sysop - White Sorceress

Reclaiming Newsletter Distribution List

SONOMA COUNTY

ClaireLight Women's Books
1110 Petaluma Hill Road #5
Santa Rosa

Copperfield's Trading Company
138 North Main Street
Sebastopol

EAST BAY

Gaia
Shattuck & Rose Street
Berkeley

Mama Bear
Telegraph & Alcatraz Street
Berkeley

Sound Choices
San Pablo at Dwight
Berkeley

Ancient Ways
Telegraph & 41st Street
Oakland

Mystic Gems
39159 Cedar Boulevard
Newark

MARIN

Lifeways Books, Gifts & Candles
915 Lootens
San Rafael

Paper Ships Books & Crystals
630 San Anselmo Avenue
San Anselmo

SAN FRANCISCO

Tools of Magick
1915 Page Street

A Different Light
489 Castro

Eye of the Day
250 Fillmore

Sword & Rose
85 Carl Street

Inner Sunset Community Food Store
1319 20th Avenue

Gifts of the Goddess
973 Valencia

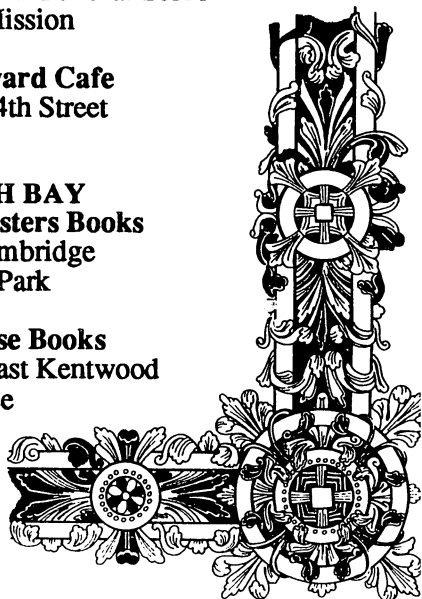
Old Wives' Tales
1009 Valencia

Rainbow General Store
1899 Mission

Courtyard Cafe
3913 24th Street

SOUTH BAY
Two Sisters Books
605 Cambridge
Menlo Park

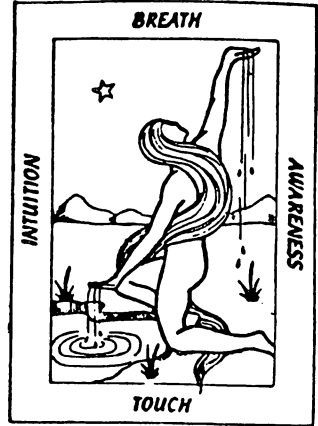
San Jose Books
1231 East Kentwood
San Jose



The Alliance
Network Newsletter

PO Box 2068, Corvallis, OR 97339
A Publication of the Alliance, an Oregon-based Network
of Alternative-Belief Systems.
Opinion, essay, poems, rituals, news, networking, and more!
\$10 Subscription, 8X Yearly (Sabbats & Esbats)

LOMI BODYWORK



SUZETTE ROCHAT (a.k.a. CYBELE)
415/541-5650



CURIOS & CANDLES

289 DIVISADERO at HAIGHT

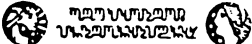
Large Selection of Pure Magical Oils,
Including Egyptian, Astrological & Voodoo Oils
Handmade Incense Powders - Occult Jewelry
Metaphysical Books - Tarot Cards - 350 Different Herbs - Unique Gifts
Crystal Balls - Crystal Points
Amethyst Plates - Incises - Stones

Classes

863-5669 Tarot Readings by Anastasia & Geraldine
Gift Certificates Available

Mon-Thur 12-6
Fri 12-7
Sat 12-6

"A magazine that doesn't offend
somebody, couldn't interest anybody"



**RED GARTERS
INTERNATIONAL**

the official voice of the New Wiccan Church
is published at least 8 times per year. We
focus on issues of particular interest to the
English Traditions (Alexandrian, Gardnerian,
Kingstone, Majestic, Silver Crescent, etc)

We aren't afraid of Controversy!

\$10.00 for one year (U.S.A. & Canada); For
e.g.r. \$12.00 surface \$20.00 Airmail. Sample
copies \$1.00 each. Sent in plain sealed
mailer. Check or Money order payable to
N.W.C.
P.O. Box 162046 R.C.
Sacramento, Ca 95816

- Do You Need Facts
About Menopause?
- Does the Stereotyping of Older Women
Make You Angry?
- Do You want to be Part of
an Older Feminists' Network?

BROOMSTICK

*A Quarterly National Magazine
By, For, & About Women Over Forty*



Annual Subscription
U.S. funds only
United States: \$15-\$30
Canada: \$20-\$35
Overseas: \$25-\$40
Institutions: \$30
Sample Copy: \$5

3543 18th St., #3
San Francisco, CA 94110

Circles of Exchange

Correspondence and creativity exchange for spiritual women (focusing on but not exclusive to Goddess religion). Active since 1984. For information send LSASE to Nan Hawthorne, 540-C NE Northgate Way, Suite 439, Seattle, WA 98125-6175.



Glenn A. Turner

ANCIENT WAYS

4075 Telegraph Ave
Oakland, CA 94609

Occult and Religious Supplies
Books, oils, incenses, herbs & jewelry
Classes • Tarot and Palm Readings

11 am to 7 pm Daily

(415) 653-3244

Healing Celebration



Shamanic Counseling

Mark Roblee, M.A.
Spirituality and Psychology,
from ICCS, Faërie Shaman.
Therapy, Goddess Spirituality,
Psychic Readings,
Transformative Ritual,
Gender Empowerment,
Spiritual Cleansing, Reiki.

(510) 486-8046

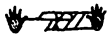
RETURN OF THE GODDESS

An engagement calendar of art that spans the ages from the Venus of Willendorf to Judy Chicago with prose and poetry from Sappho to Starhawk.



Contributors include:

Marija Gimbutas
Merlin Stone
Vicki Noble
Doreen Valiente
Ntozake Shange
Margot Adler
Irene Young
Starr Goode
Hella Hammid
Cheri Gaulke
Elinor Gadon
Deborah Kruger
Mayumi Oda
Yoko Ono
Carol Grigg
May Sarton
Susun Weed

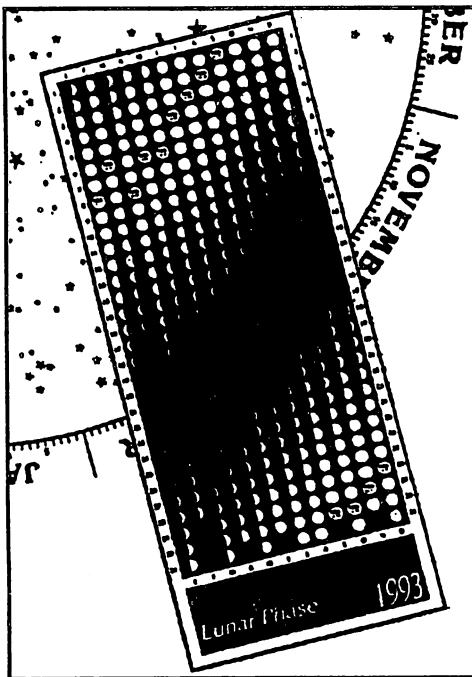


HANDS of the GODDESS PRESS

19 Kettle Hill Road RFD 3,
Amherst, MA 01002, 413-548-9572

Order direct or available in bookstores.
\$16.95 + \$2.00 postage, 5"x7" 190 pages
ISBN: 0-9631468-0-7





Luna-Sea Publications

presents:

Our 1993 Moon Calendar
in royal purple & deep gold

Pictures of the moon for every day of the year
along with the universal times of the
new and full moons.


- High gloss, high quality on bond paper
- 32 1/2" X 14 1/2"
- Astronomically correct

\$10.00 U.S. ppd. send check or money order to:

Luna-Sea
2616 Trinity St.
Vancouver, B.C.
Canada V5K 1E4

Quantity discounts available

Perfect Circles



Astrological Necklaces

*Your individual birth chart reproduced exactly
in beautiful beads. A unique personal talisman.*

Judy Foster (510) 843-0722

THERAPEUTIC MASSAGE

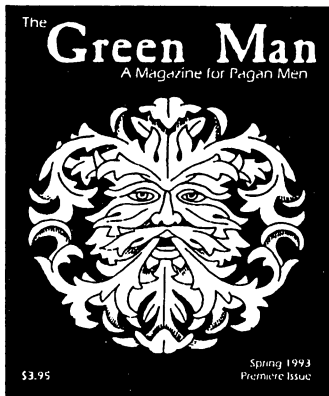
Richard Christopher RN CMT
Berkeley, California 510-644-0923



Shiatsu
Therapeutic Touch
Swedish



Member AMTA



WE'RE LOOKING FOR A FEW

Green Men

NEW! *Join our new magazine of Earth-based
spirituality for Pagan men of all faiths.
You'll be glad you did!*

The Green Man \$13/yr, \$4 sample SASE for brochure
Post Office Box 641RC Point Arena California 95468

**EARTH
RELIGION,
EARTHLY
CONCERNS!**



Read and subscribe to the quarterly Merrymount Messenger, and the activism-oriented bimonthly Broadsword Bulletin (\$10/year, \$2.50 sample copy, checks/m.o.'s out to "cash"). Send SASE for more info to:
TMA-West Box 27
3605 El Camino Real
Santa Clara CA 95051

LLEWELLYN

We can all use some free Times!

**Llewellyn's
New Times Magazine
(yours free)**

Llewellyn's New Times is a free magazine highlighting the best and most interesting subjects of the new age. The *New Times* has articles and features on healing, the Tarot, woman's spirituality, real magick, witches and Paganism, UFOs, astrology, book reviews, book sales and much, much more. Just for asking, you'll get 80 pages of some of the most interesting reading you've known in a long time. Just write: Llewellyn Publications, P.O. Box 64383E, St. Paul, MN 55164.

Ar nDraocht Féin...

- ☛ is the largest Neopagan Druid organization in the world.
- ☛ has the toughest and most comprehensive clergy training program of any Neopagan tradition.
- ☛ is headed by P.E.I. Bonewits, renowned occultist, priest, and bard — author of *Real Magic*, *The Druid Chronicles Evolved*, etc.
- ☛ enacts its motto of "Why not excellence?" in scholarship, liturgy, and the arts.
- ☛ is difficult to spell and impossible to pronounce!

For more details, send a #10 SASE (45¢) to: A.D.F. Info, Box 9420-X2, Newark, DE, USA 19714.



...A Druid Fellowship, Inc.

Most Provocative Pagan Publication of 1992!
—The Wiccan-Pagan Press Association

Is *nothing* profane?
What do you say when you first meet a witch?

Enchanté
The Journal for the Urbane Pagan

★ \$4.95 sample / \$18/year
Please make checks payable to:
John Yohalem/Enchanté
30 Charlton St., Box 6F
New York, NY 10014

"*Enchanté* is the pagan zine that always manages to surprise me. It combines serious discussion of pagan issues with utter tongue-in-cheek humor."
—Mike Gunderloy, *Factsheet Five*

To order Starhawk's cassette tapes, *The Way to the Well* or *Magic, Vision and Action*, send \$11.50 each to Harmony Network, P. O. Box 2550, Guerneville, CA 95446. Cost includes shipping.

ADVERTISING RATES

Display Ads	Size & Proportions		
1/8 page	(1-1/4" x 1-3/4")	\$20	Send us your copy camera-ready and properly sized. Also, we can only accept ads mailed with a check or money order.
1/4 page	(2-1/2" x 3-1/2")	\$35	
1/2 page	(5" x 3-1/2")	\$65	
Full page	(5" x 7")	\$120	
<i>Classified, Personal, Type-only Ads: \$.20 per word</i>			

- Display Advertising has a higher value than Classified or Type-only Ads. *When you send art or logo with your ad, we charge Display Rates.*
- 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 the Reclaiming Newsletter 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 each 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

Please send _____ copies of **TO:** _____
 the Reclaiming Newsletter, _____
 Issue No. _____, _____
 _____, 19____

 (season) _____

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 year 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 and foreign subscribers: We would appreciate payment by international money orders in U.S. currency, 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.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM
Reclaiming Newsletter

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

\$6 - \$25 for one (1) year minimal income, free subscription

\$12 - \$50 for two (2) years _____ additional contribution

(add \$4 U.S./year for Canadian and \$8 U.S./year for foreign mailing)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

This is a renewal

COMMENTS:

new subscription