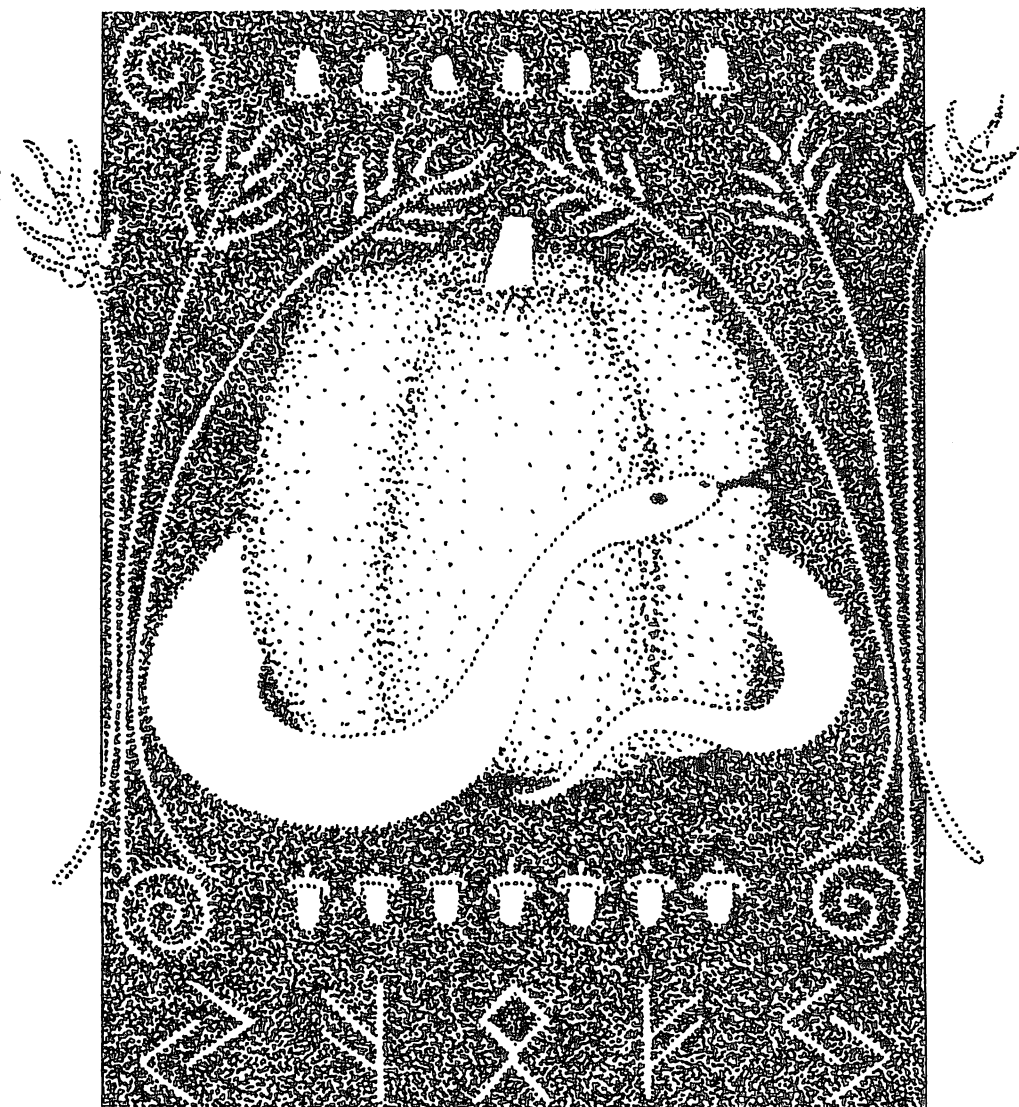


# RECLAIMING

## NEWSLETTER



#52 AUTUMN 1993 \$2



*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 much easier. Please always include a hard copy of your submission, just in case something funny happens during layout. We will return your diskettes - just be sure we know where to send them. **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.

Winter Newsletter Deadline is **Tuesday, November 1, 1993**

**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  
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# Reclaiming Newsletter

Number 52

Autumn 1993

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Reclaiming Classes and Events .....	17-18
Samhain Cycle Rituals .....	19-20
Starhawk's Schedule .....	21
Newsletter Distributors .....	29
Pagan Personals/Pagan Connections .....	30
Ads .....	30-35
Announcements .....	27-28
Wholesale Newsletter Distribution .....	<i>inside back cover</i>
Ad Rates and Specifications .....	<i>inside back cover</i>
Subscriptions .....	<i>back cover</i>

## ARTICLES

The Mysteries of the Transgendered by Dominique .....	1
No Longer a Baby, Not Yet a Teen by Anne Hill .....	11
Witch Camp was Cwyll* by Rebecca .....	22

<b>STORY:</b> Sussana's Story by Risa Blumlein .....	5
--	---

## POEMS

The Twelve Steps of Nero and Vera, Parts III and IV by D.R. Orton .....	7
Our Lady of the Flame by Michael D. Goldenberg .....	9
Jade Goddess by Sara S. Moore .....	25

<b>SONG:</b> His Mystery by Stephan Schoenfield .....	10
---	----

<b>MOVIE REVIEW:</b> <i>Hocus Pocus</i> is Out of Focus by Ezzy Violet .....	26
--	----

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Cover design, "An Autumn Blessing" by Donald L. Engstrom

This Newsletter was put together by Rebecca, Patti, Robin, Julie, Jody, and Laura with special thanks to Winston for his vigilance and moral support, and Manya for distracting us in such an irresistable way.

*Printed on Recycled Paper*

# THE MYSTERIES OF THE TRANSGENDERED

*by Dominique*

In the beginning, before time and space, there was only Us. All creation therefore is our work. For we are both She and He, and today the transgendered individual embodies this magical thought, although even amongst many TG's (transgendered people), there is an almost complete denial about this. Many contend that we are women, although our genitalia say otherwise. This is true for our brothers also. They contend they are men, despite what the truth of their bodies says. Of course, ideas such as MIND SEX (what gender we feel ourselves to be) versus biological sexual determination in the foetus (which is always female up to a point) are very complex. Some suggest that chromosomal sexual determination is the only true test of a person's gender, but what about people who are Other, chromosomally speaking? Like XXXY or XXXYY? There have been cases of both. In many other cultures there are more than just male and female. In traditional New Guinea culture, there

are seven gender classifications. Many of the Pacific Island cultures express gender in a much more fluid way than just male and female, as did many of the native North American and Central American cultures. My personal belief is that we ALL are an embodiment of ALL gender. Gender is a rainbow, a symphony, a continuum, a veil between the worlds that I have lifted. What is this division we call male and female and what about those of us for which this division causes only pain and suffering?

I knew of my Otherness from my earliest childhood. However, society, the dominant American culture, and my parents were in BIG TIME DENIAL about the endless possibilities of gender. I explored them as best I could as a child until that fateful day came when my parents punished me for my transgressions. And so their denial became my denial, and I returned to an imaginary magical world where I could live as I truly saw myself. Unfortunately, this magical world became tainted itself as I began to punish myself for having such thoughts and feelings.

By this time the other children had a word for me. They called me "fag." Did they really know? I wondered. I felt myself to be a girl and that some mistake had been made somewhere. I was under the impression that at puberty my penis would fall off and breasts would start to develop. However, when this did not happen I began my terrible and all encompassing addictions that were to stay



with me for twenty years. I gave in and became what they said I was. I thought they knew something about me I didn't know. I snuck into the human sexuality section of the library and found out about homosexuality. This is what they said I was, so I WAS. I took all my anger and turned it back on them. I AM A FAG! However, suburban America wasn't quite ready for the angry homosexual in 1972. So for four years I came to high school in my clogs, silver lamé hot pants, tube top and my Aladdin Sane David Bowie hairdo (which half the school ended up copying). I gave them what they had said they wanted all along—the Small Town Suburban Homosexual—but now they weren't so sure. I was OUT and they couldn't take it. I faced death threats, continual harassment, bottles and cans thrown at me, and a car driving off the road to try to run me over. "In your face" activism was still years away in the Gay movement, but it was working for me in the suburbs. Or was it?

By the time I graduated from high school, I had acquired daily drug habits, combined with my increasingly large vodka intake. I heard about English "punk rock" and became the first punk in my town; strains of the Sex Pistols against the Eagles and Boston. At last I had found a movement that was about who I was—angry, different and not willing to change. I visited a punk club in San Francisco every weekend and returned to college and work as a librarian in an elementary school during the week. The two lives I was leading grew further and further apart. On the weekends my spiky hair stood straight up all over my head like a porcupine. During



the week it was combed down firmly in place.

I met Robbie and he introduced me to the gay life of Polk Street in San Francisco, including the night we went to see Patti Smith at Winterland, high on quaaludes and beer, and then he took me to his sleazy room in a Polk Street hotel, where he threw me, passed out, over a chair and fucked me. I still remember the pain, despite the drugs and alcohol. This was my introduction to homosexual love.

Eventually, I'd had enough of the suburbs and moved to Polk and Post Streets in San Francisco. I was home, I thought, here with my gay brothers, but I soon found out what they thought of me. NOT MUCH. I was too angry, too PUNK (they were almost all Disco). I wore all black during the day, black raccoon eyeliner and shadow and carried a black umbrella to keep the sun off my pale pallor as I strolled up and down Polk Street hearing again and again the tsk, tsk, tsk of the clones and queens who thought I was little more than trash. They repulsed me. I began to question whether I was gay like they were. I had moved to San Francisco hoping to be accepted by my gay brothers and sisters

but found in the gay community the same values as my parents'.

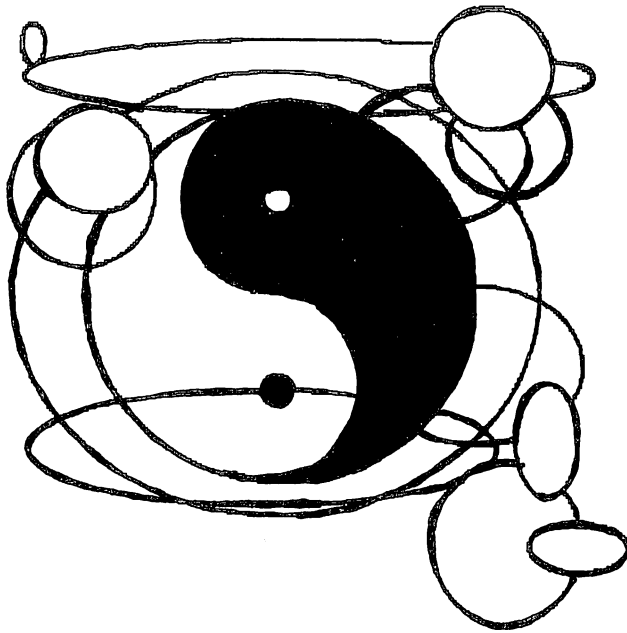
I adopted an OUT and sort of cross-dressed look and the other punks started tsk, tsk-ing at me just like society, my parents, and the gay community. The night I went to the Deaf Club dressed as a hippie chick was the turning point. Punks yelled at me, "Hippies suck!" and told me I had gone too far. Some even turned their noses up at me and refused to speak, like they were opera patrons and I was Eliza Doolittle. They did NOT get the joke and my disillusionment was total. There was no group to which I could belong without sooner or later crossing some invisible boundary which again classified me as Other.

I started a band and my costumes (in life and on stage) became more elaborate and more FEMALE. I took to wearing plastic see-through women's raincoats with only bras and panties on underneath and full, extreme make-up. My heroin addiction progressed. I overdosed, got arrested, and by the time I was sent to prison, I was living as FEMALE OTHER full-time. They let me keep my black high heels at 850 Bryant as I waited to be transferred to prison. I was wearing those heels, along with a black bodysuit and black leather jacket the day I was arrested for car theft, eight armed robberies, and possession of heroin.

By this time I knew about transsexuals and started calling myself one. I lived as a female transsexual (as best I could) in prison and when I was released to a long-term residential drug treatment program I planned to continue my transformation (I'd been taking hormones). SURPRISE. The only program that

would even talk to me told me in no uncertain terms I could not live as a female in the program. So I was forced to revert back to living as a male (not very convincingly, I might add). This of course caused me to have a nervous breakdown and I was put on heavy psychotropic medication as a treatment for my gender dysphoria. Denial of "my" gender problems was running rampant at that drug treatment program. They sent me to the Center for Special Problems which had a gender program. I was lucky to be able to see Dr. Jack Liebman on a weekly basis. After my six months of evaluation time was up, he gave me a diagnosis of transsexualism and recommended hormone therapy. The drug treatment program said NO WAY. I continued to fight, though, and by the time I graduated from the program, I was living full-time female, taking hormones. They said I was an experiment, and had me speak at the graduation where my therapist outed me as transsexual in front of 500 or so parents, supporters and political friends of the program.

I was very glad to get on with my life. I got a job counseling HIV positive substance abusers and lived, worked, and functioned in the world as female. I often capitalized on my being transsexual, but now-a-days I just try to live as who I am, a female (if the choice has to be made, and unfortunately in our society, there is no room for Other). I recently applied for and got a job without being read as a transsexual, so as far as they know, I'm just some other woman drug counselor. I think the word transsexual doesn't describe me, nor does transgender. I'm not TRANS anything,



which implies crossing or across, I just am. I embody both female and male and more. I've come a long way and still have a long way to go.

I have always been aware of the Craft and now have RECLAIMED my traditional cultural role: healer, shaman, teacher, mediator, counselor. Apparently, I'm not the only Other Gendered person involved in Reclaiming classes and public rituals. I wonder what it would be like to take a "Women Only" Reclaiming class? Would I be welcome? My feeling is that I would be, but I wonder. Anyone care to answer that one? My circle is mixed gender (any circle with me in it is mixed already). We formed from mixed gender Reclaiming classes (which there should be MORE of). We meet weekly, create sacred space and do the work of the Goddess. Sometimes I wonder why it has taken us (TG's) so long to come into our own in Reclaiming. Could it be that transgenderphobia exists in Re-

claiming? If this is so is it time to face the lie of the duality of gender once and for all? I just saw the word transgender for the first time in the Summer 1993 Reclaiming Newsletter. Are we just this year's buzzword? NOT.

Sometime after the submission of this article I will be travelling to the Blue Ridge Mountains to participate in an ALL transgendered vision quest/witch camp. The point is this (and it's the last): as a transgendered woman I have a voice and a path, and as I do this work my voice gets clearer (and LOUDER) and the path is lit brighter with radiant, healing spirit.

*Illuminated to Dominique during trances, June and July of 1993.  
Thanks to Jody for the suggestion of this article.*



*This comes from the stories of Innana and Persephine, retold by Risa Blumlein, age 11.*



## SUSSANA'S STORY

*Mo-th-er!*

*Yes, dear?*

*I need some water.*

*You need to go to sleep. That's the fifth time you've called me.*

*Tell me a story.*

*Will you promise to go to sleep afterwards?*

*Yes.*

\* \* \*

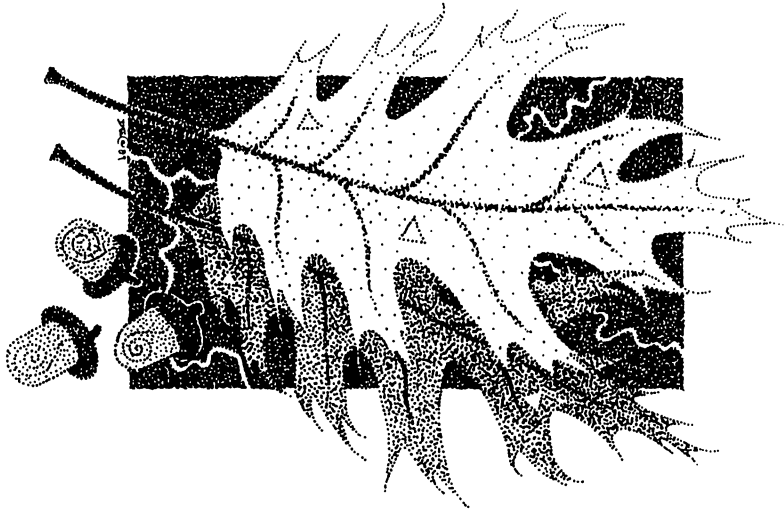
Okay. This is a story about Sussana. Sussana was the daughter of a goddess the people worshipped. Sussana's mother loved Sussana more than anything in the whole world. Sussana's mother was the goddess of the earth, and controlled what grew when. At this time, there were no seasons, and it was always spring.

Well, one day, Sussana decided to go exploring. She explored, and found a dark cave, and decided to see what was inside. With each step, she moved further into a long, dark passage way, which went deeper, deeper into the earth. When she stopped, she came to a door that had a number one on it. Since Sussana was the daughter of a goddess, she had many beautiful garments on. At the first door, they took her beautiful, sparkling crown. On Sussana went. At the second door, they asked for her necklaces. She went through all the doors, until she came to the seventh door. By then, she was

naked. At the seventh door, the person there said, "You have come to the world of the dead. To enter, we must kill you." Sussana was very curious about this place, so she agreed. They took her body and hung her on a meathook for three days, and by then, she was dead. She was then allowed to enter the world of the dead.

Meanwhile, Sussana's mother was very worried about her. She wept and wept, for she loved her daughter very much, more than anything on planet earth. As she wept, the flowers started to wilt, and the leaves on the trees started to fall. Nothing grew, for all the time that she was weeping. All the gods and goddesses came to Sussana's mother and tried to cheer her up, but she would not show her face. They decided they would have to find Sussana. One of the goddesses found the place where Sussana had gone. When she got to the underworld, she went to the king and said,





"We must have Sussana back, for everything in the living world is dying." "We cannot give her back because she has tasted the food here, and we have fallen in love and married. But I will make a deal with you. Sussana will be permitted to visit her mother for half of each year. That will stop her from crying. But you must promise me that you will

give Sussana back to me for the other half." As soon as the goddess brought Sussana back to earth, her mother stopped crying and was happy again. This is summer and spring when the flowers bloom. Then when Sussana goes back to the underworld, her mother starts crying again, and this is winter and fall.

\* \* \*

*Is that really why we have summer, spring, winter, and fall, Momma?*

*If you believe it.*

*I believe it.*

*Now it is time for you to go to sleep.*

*But what happens to Sussana in the underworld?*

*That is a whole different story.*

*Goodnight, Momma.*

*Goodnight.*

# THE TWELVE STEPS OF VERA AND NERO

## (An Inquiry into Pendulum Whiplash)

### VERA BREAKS DOWN (NERO TAKES ADVANTAGE): Step III

Reactive reactions active  
Polar bears on the equator  
Remember another age  
But that time is not now  
In terms of whale fat and bare sense  
The debarked tree differs to agree  
And the agreement barks to differ  
To the ninth degree and what matters first  
The cave dogs remember  
The originally buried bone  
"And those without shadow  
Should cast the first guilt"  
Sez the occidental book of the dead  
Manipulate my emotions will you?  
Well that was a hell of a spell  
But the damage is done  
To measure motion  
You're libel to burn up in the process  
Too fast to grasp  
Like rock repelling  
Without gloves  
And the red rope  
Shows the slide  
To the original bone  
The origin on the crossroads of marrow  
Flesh and blood  
Fire and water  
Sophie and Lily support Vera  
In council counsel counter counting culture  
But in my dreams  
"My little ygoni!  
Come to Shiva!!  
The tantrics say wine is fire!!!  
Demographically yours, Nero"



## NERO'S POSSESSION: Step IV

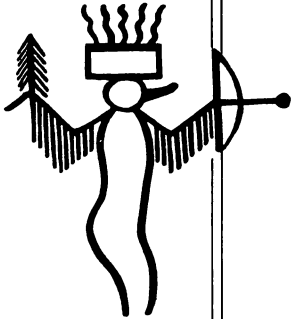
Nero makes a deal with Exu  
"Trick as my treat  
You already own the percentage  
To the worm farm of my carnate being"  
Vera tosses and turns  
In spiral waves of unrevealing sleep  
Too tired to write in the journal  
Of the night's journey  
To the crossroads of cross gender  
Between Ego and guilt  
And misdirected loyalty  
Tithe and tax  
Wane and wax  
In view of the collective goal  
Of community and commitment  
"Consensus that individual pursuit!  
Initiate that initiation!!"  
Publicly and by committee  
Suggests the voice of the cult of personality  
Vera goes to see Woody Allen  
Via large screen focus, imprint and form  
The group mind takes hold and we are informed  
Specifically the particle Vera  
That real is a reel to reel film  
We stop with the frame  
We move with the motion picture  
Picture that, this, then, and when  
And remember we have nothing to fear  
But the ghost of the unknown  
Something's fishy  
Nero makes his move  
But he's all wet  
"I won't wait another two thousand years!" He declares!!  
And there's a great weight on Vera  
Processions of the equinoxes indeed  
Such deeds of the past  
Vera begins to wobble  
Of Roman wine and celluloid intent



- D.R. Orton

*Well! What's going to happen next? — NERO LOVES VERA (VERA WANTS A DIVORCE): STEP V, and SEPARATED BUT AT A DISTANCE: STEP VI — will appear in the Winter Newsletter.*

# OUR LADY OF THE FLAME



twilight  
the crevice between the Worlds  
opens  
blue dome paling  
purpling  
into black horizons

when  
i needed you, lady  
i called out for your peace:  
come unto me  
and let my peace  
come unto you

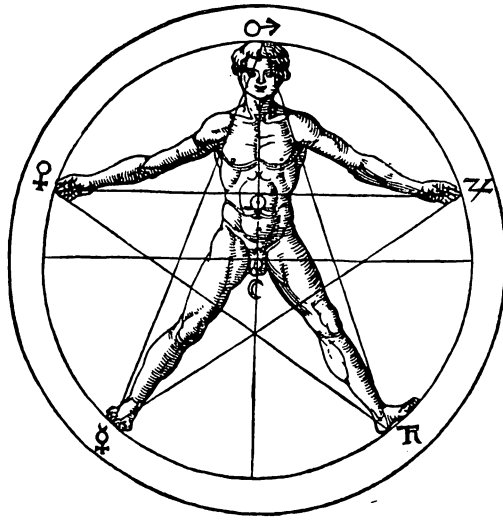
and there you were  
wrapped all in your  
orange and fire  
twirling against the night  
spinning the dark and  
beckoning to me  
with upraised arm and  
quizzical eye:

are you ready?

then you turned  
to open a door  
into a darker darkness  
a hole in the night  
you stepped inside  
and left me here  
to follow  
to listen  
into my heart

that's where  
you said  
you'd be

- Michael D. Goldenberg



## His Mystery

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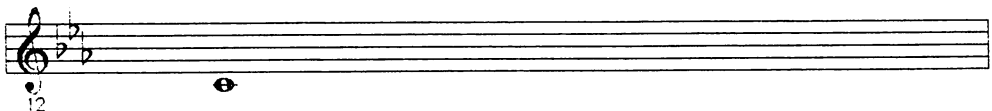
Dark - ness, the sound of the un - known. He



calls us, the mys-ter-y un - folds His rid - dles. A



fire from deep in - side re - kin - dles me - mories of



night.

# No Longer a Baby, Not Yet a Teen: A Ritual for Coming Into Childhood

*by Anne Hill*

As a preschooler, Bowen was not a demonstrative boy. Where other kids his age liked to hug or kiss their parents, Bowen preferred a high five or a wrestling match. Least liked of all his toys were his stuffed animals, with the older one's (the ones I was most sentimentally attached to) getting the least attention. He never slept with his teddy bear, Nicholas, so eventually I rescued him from his dusty home under Bowen's bed and placed him on a high shelf.

When he entered kindergarten, the first curriculum unit they did in his class was on teddy bears. All the children were encouraged to bring their teddys to school, share them, draw pictures of them, and keep them in the class for a couple weeks. Bowen, predictably, would have none of this. When I asked if he wanted to bring Nicholas to school, he shook his head in disgust, saying, "There's extras in my class that I can use; the teacher said I didn't have to bring one if I didn't want to."

About a week later, as I left his bedroom with the lights out for the night, a thin wail came from his bunk, more upset than I'd heard for a long time. I went back in to find out what was the matter. "Mama, I can't find Nicholas anywhere and I really miss him and I haven't seen him for THREE YEARS!" He was close to tears, so I reached up onto the shelf and handed him his long-lost teddy. He hugged that bear tight and fell asleep, comforted. He has slept

with Nicholas every night since.

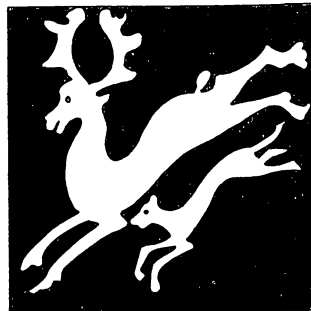
This change in Bowen, learning to give and receive affection freely, learning that it was okay as a boy to take comfort in the things of his babyhood, was one of the first which marked his transition from insecure toddler and preschooler to self-confident kid. It came just a month after his fifth birthday, and was followed in the next few weeks by many more profound leaps in growth: he wanted to walk to a friend's house by himself, he welcomed the bus rides to and from school, and he asked for chores to do so that he could earn money. He suddenly wanted to know about the earth, the stars, gods and goddesses, where heaven was; in short, he needed to know about his place in the world, not just his place in our family.

Talking with Charles, a friend from Senegal, I learned that in his country it is common to have a ceremony for children at age six, welcoming them as members of the village and imbuing them with new responsibilities. For weeks beforehand, children are taught the customs and stories of their people, schooled in the proper ways to address their elders, then finally accepted through ritual as children of the people. We heard similar stories from other parts of the world, all slightly different, but the main idea was always that of instruction and initiation.

It seemed to Ross and I that this process of sacralizing our life changes, start-

ing at young ages, could profoundly alter our lives, and might be the most important ingredient in a healthy sense of self-esteem. As pagan parents, we felt the need to rise to the occasion and create a meaningful ritual for our son as he grew and changed.

Our challenge in formalizing Bowen's passage into childhood was in finding a balance between education and celebration. With his new wide-open curiosity, how much information about the world he is inheriting did he need, and of what sort? How much responsibility should we give him for taking care of his physical needs? Respecting ones elders is a worthy goal, but in a society where obedience can be twisted into children keeping silent about abuse, what made sense? We also wanted to explore the issue of personal power with him, since he was already being exposed to cartoon violence and fighting on the playground, both examples of power by domination. But was it possible for a five-year-old boy to differentiate between wielding power over others and feeling his own inner power? How could we encourage positive growth without putting down some of his current media choices?



We began by exploring an area of mutual interest: creation myths, heroic legends, and stories of everyday life from as many different cultures as we could find. By reading to him and discussing the stories afterward, we were able to share with Bowen some of the many ways that children grow up, and how our spiritual beliefs can change how we live on the Earth. This seemed to us a vital education, if we wanted him to learn respect for other people and cultures.

We gave Bowen a lot of support for the changes he was already making. When he insisted on walking by himself to his friend's house, we pointed out that as a four-year-old, he had never wanted to do that. He responded by telling us that five-year-olds were braver than four-year-olds. When he came home from school on the bus, I pointed out to him all the things he had successfully remembered: boarding the right bus, bringing lunch box, papers, and jacket home with him, getting off at the right stop with all of his things. He said it was easy for him, now that he was five.

One responsibility we gave Bowen was to learn and practice certain social behaviors. At my parent's house, for

example, dinner manners are very important, so during relaxed dinners at our house, I would often casually remind him of the difference between how we were eating as opposed to how we would eat at “Biba’s” house. I practiced with both our children, and they came to see observing manners as a way of respecting other people’s customs, not merely as a behavior or discipline issue. I told my mother that Bowen was practicing his “manners” for dinner at her house, and she was delighted at his effort, and made it a point to compliment him every time we sat down to dinner at her table. A traditional tantrum point had become a positive experience, because we framed it in terms of Bowen’s passage into childhood.

Developing chores for him to do was a bit trickier. We knew what he was capable of: he could sweep off the porch with a child-sized broom, pull weeds with me in the garden, and help Ross with his various projects. But when we gave him these chores he immediately said he couldn’t do them. Instead of forcing the issue, we asked for his ideas on chores he could do. He suggested that he clean out Ross’s electric shaver—something he did all the time out of curiosity—and put it back together afterwards. This sounded fair to us. We were most concerned that his chores be enjoyable and challenging, so that boundaries between work and play became less than clear. Over time, what emerged was more of a seasonal chore wheel: he helped peel apples for applesauce in the summer, helped gather acorns for the Spiral Dance in the fall, brought in kindling for the fire in the



winter, and helped us with our beekeeping chores in the spring.

We talked a lot about power. Power from within, the kind you feel when you are doing something that makes you feel good. And power over others, the kind that most cartoon characters rely on exclusively. Bowen took a series of karate classes with a teacher who emphasized that fighting was not the way to solve problems, only a way to defend yourself when all other options were played out. We let him watch Saturday cartoons, but talked to him about what kinds of power his heroes used, and why. I learned that he wasn’t the non-discriminating sponge I feared he might be, and that in fact he approached his cartoon watching time with a much broader sense of reality than I remembered having at his age. Through this process, I realized that Bowen’s ceremony should be a joyful one, celebrating all the strength and inner resources that our son had gained through his first five years. We decided to make him a “power necklace,” as a reminder of all he had learned of his own power from the cultures and situations we had studied. This necklace, as it turned out, was





a major focus of his Rite of Passage ritual.

Looking back, I think the key to our success with the ritual was our discussions with Bowen beforehand. This verbal preparation closely paralleled what I had learned about the process in other cultures, and it created a sense of pride and self-confidence for Bowen. In this way our ceremony became a culmination or fruition of growth, not an introduction to how life would be after the ritual.

In the early stages of ritual planning, I contacted a close friend whose son Corey is about the same age as Bowen. Jane and I had been housemates until our boys were a year old, and through frequent visits the boys had remained very close. I hoped that their shared experience in the ritual would reinforce each boy's sense of accomplishment and friendship. There was also the Mother's Axiom for a Successful Event to consider: If you're having one child there, you may as well have two.

I wanted to include several good friends in the celebration, some of whom lived too far away to come. I called those who had been close to us, or to the boys,

including midwives, birth attendants, old housemates, and long-time friends. I told them what was being planned, and I asked them to find a special bead, rock, talisman, or other item with a hole for stringing, so we could construct special necklaces for the boys. Everyone was invited to the ritual, but we told them it would be a rather small gathering and probably on the short side, given the attention spans of five-year-olds.

As it turned out, nine people were able to come, and I collected beads and charms from many others. These beads were meant to convey a sense of protection to the boys, so that when they wore their necklaces they would be reminded of all those people who loved them and sent them good wishes. One friend who makes beads designed a bright B and a C bead so the boys could tell their necklaces apart. In the end, each boy's necklace had items from a dozen different countries and cultures.

The evening of the ritual, a friend took all the beads we'd collected, and the cords and clasps, and strung together two vibrant "power necklaces" for Bowen and Corey. We hid each necklace in a different spot in the living room for later that evening.

Shortly after dinner, we told the boys to play in the bedroom while we prepared for the ritual. Lighting candles at the compass points in the room, casting a circle and invoking the ancestors of Bowen and Corey, we created sacred space. Everyone sat on the floor, partly because our living room is very small, and partly to be on the same level as the boys. When we brought them in, it was just a short hop from the bedroom door into the middle of the circle. Given

different circumstances, I might have made a procession out of the event, but once inside the circle, they felt the change.

We told them this was a time when we celebrated them turning from babies into kids, and that in honor of this big change we would be giving them gifts. Then I brought out crayon-like body paints, and one after the other we all drew pictures or symbols on the boy's bodies, giving them the strength of a tree in their spine, for example, or the speed of lightning in their legs. One friend who had grown up around many exotic animals drew an elaborate animal picture on each boy's chest representing that boy's inherent gifts. The boys weren't the only ones who loved being drawn on. Our three-year-old daughter Lyra celebrated herself at the same time by coloring each of her feet different colors. The mood of our circle alternated between solemnity and zaniness, a spontaneous fusion of instruction and celebration.

After the body painting was done, we told Bo and Corey that many people in the world cared about them, and prayed for them, and worked to protect them from harm as they grew. As proof of this, we had for each of them a necklace of protection and power from their friends, hidden somewhere in the room. We played the hot/cold finding game, as first one then the other circled the room in search of his necklace. When both boys had found their necklaces and put them on, we all stood in a circle around them and sang a couple songs while they danced around as much as they wanted to. Then we sat down again, and shared a bottle of juice and a plate of cookies, as

the boys fingered the beads on their necklaces and we told them where each had come from.

When the children became fidgety and it was clear the evening was over, we opened the circle, snuffed out the candles, and put the children to bed. The grown-ups then had some time to sit and talk about what we had created. All of us felt positive about the ritual, and had seen how enthusiastically Bowen and Corey had responded to it. For many nights afterward, both boys went to bed with their power necklaces on, and have since suggested wearing them on special occasions.

As I make the final revisions on this article, Lammas approaches all around me. The valley oak and black oak surrounding our house, though still full and leafy, have started to shed their brown leaves, leaving a crunchy carpet on our porch. With the breeze from the ocean, a few young acorns fall and land, rolling, onto our roof. Lying on the bed nursing my baby Johanna, the sound of the first acorns relaxes me and brings to my attention the passing of another season of childhood.

Last Spring, we gave the five-and-a-half-year-old Lyra her Coming Into Childhood ritual, the details of which will have to wait for another article. Power means different things to Lyra than it did for Bowen, and her challenges as an individual are quite different than his, so her ritual took on a completely different tone. For other families who are interested in taking on this ceremonial project for their own young children, however, I have a few general planning suggestions:

- Make the ritual as brief as possible while still incorporating the most important elements. Take into consideration your child's unique temperament and attention span. Our decision to cast a circle before welcoming the boys in was an important nod to brevity.

- Keep it as hands-on as possible. I highly recommend body paint, if it can be done with a minimum of fuss, but other possibilities include drawing the child's outline on butcher paper, then helping to color it in, or creating a painted t-shirt, cape, or other item, the intent being to celebrate the child's accumulated abilities and latent gifts.

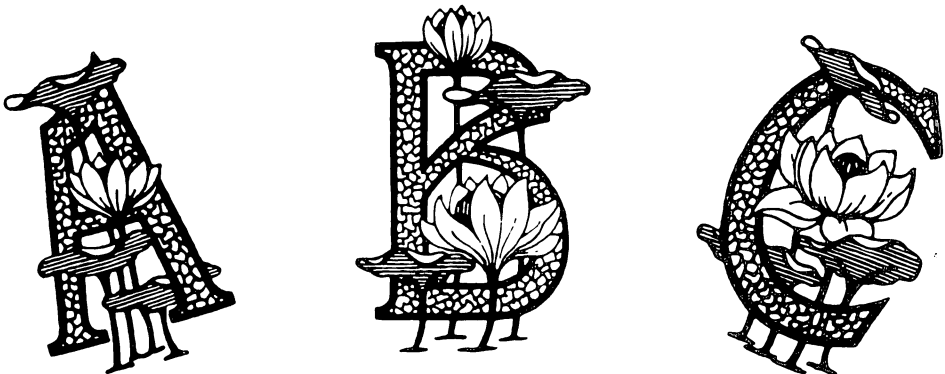
- Avoid the impulse to Say What It All Means. It may mean something different to you than to your child; finally, his or her version is the one that is the most important, and that too will change with time. Don't be discouraged if they seem to reject the attention or the ceremony, just give them time and space to process it on their own. The time for lots of discussion is in the weeks or days before the ritual, and possibly afterwards.

- The age of five is simply a guideline for when this ceremony may be per-

formed. Children vary widely in their development, and I would not hesitate to initiate a six-year-old, or even a seven-year-old, if the child seemed ready at that time. Pay attention to your child's signs, and trust that the time will come.

- Think about what balance of freedom and responsibility is right for your child, as you prepare for the ritual. It is for each family to welcome their children in a way they feel is appropriate, but when in doubt, it is best to err on the side of compassion. Our children are vulnerable in their new strengths and need support in whatever ways we can give it.

Last Fall, as Bowen turned seven, I saw our discussions of "inner power" bear fruit. Though he still fights occasionally, I think he sees his actions in a context that other boys don't. Many times he has remarked that it is a lot harder to think of ways to stop fights than it is to have it out. And shortly after his birthday he told me that he fights when he has to, "But there are other kids who fight all the time. They can't resist it," he said, "because they don't have any inner strength."





# Reclaiming Classes & Events

## **ELEMENTS OF MAGIC FOR WOMEN AND MEN**

by Beverly and Mark

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 **Tuesday** evenings, starting **October 5** in Marin County. Call **Beverly at (415) 381-2675** for information, registration, and location. Sliding scale \$60-\$120.

## **WOMEN'S MYSTERIES: THROUGH THE LABYRINTH, A Weekend Workshop with Vibra Willow and Cam Shanty**

For women who are seeking, facing or undergoing major changes, this workshop will explore one of the archetypal symbols of transformation—the labyrinth. We will be drawing upon several different interpretations of the labyrinth: its connection with the Butterfly Goddess, its significance in the myth of the Minotaur, and its association with spiritual journeys of descent. The labyrinth is a map of the territory of change. We hope each woman will come away from the workshop with her own understanding of the labyrinth as a magical tool. We will be at Salamander Camp, a beautiful retreat among the redwoods of the Santa Cruz mountains. A traditional seven-layer labyrinth path has been laid out in one of the meadows at the camp. Using trance, drumming, laughter, movement and sensory awareness, we will walk, run and dance the labyrinth, finding our way out by heading for the center. Salamander Camp has sleeping accommodations, hot showers, a hot tub and a lap pool and is wheelchair accessible. **Prerequisite: Elements of Magic or equivalent experience. October 1-3, 7:00 pm** Friday to early Sunday afternoon, **\$95-\$175 sliding scale (includes meals)**. Call **Vibra (510) 237-6207** for information and registration.

## **THE SNAKE EATS ITS TAIL, A winter workshop for women with Helene Vosters, Ann Rosencranz, and Cybele (a.k.a. Suzette Rochat)**

We welcome the inward journey of winter as a time of grounding in our bodies and letting go of habits, fears and patterns that keep us from ourselves and one another. With the intention of living more fully, we will walk the Pentacle of Dying's stages



(denial, anger, bargaining, depression and acceptance) in the rural sanctuary of Salamander Camp. Using techniques including trance, storytelling, overtone chanting, movement, altar building, drawing and writing, we will practice letting go. **November 12-14** (Friday evening to Sunday afternoon), **\$175-\$300 sliding scale**. Food and lodging included. Los Gatos area - carpooling encouraged/coordinated. Call **Helene (415) 282-8865, Cybele (415) 541-5650 or Ann (415) 826-5443** for information and registration.

**INTO THE DARKNESS, A Women's Weekend Retreat with Beverly and Francesca Dubie\***

Prepare for Samhain with movement and sound. Dance with your shadow. Find the joyous power of your body and voice. Dare to dance with the Dark Goddess as lover at this secluded redwood retreat in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Meals and hot tub provided. **October 16-17, 1993. \$75-\$150 sliding scale**. Call **Beverly (415) 381-2675, or Francesca (415) 750-1205**, for information and registration.

*\*Francesca Dubie is the founder of the San Francisco based Third Road school of Celtic shamanism and is a special guest teacher.*

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**RECLAIMING RECOMMENDS:**

**BREATH AND BODY CLASS FOR WOMEN SURVIVORS OF INCEST AND ABUSE in Sonoma County**

This class focuses on bodily experience, facilitating contact with Younger Self, on giving the body voice and expression. Learn to work with your body in your healing process. We'll do grounding processes, boundary work, movement, writing, and body maps. We will create sacred, safe space together in which to breathe, share and feel. Instructor is a survivor and a certified Lomi bodyworker. Eight-week class begins **Tuesday, October 19** in West Sonoma County. Sliding scale. Call **Suzette Rochat (a.k.a. Cybele) at (415) 541-5650 or (707) 525-4992** for information, locations, registration.

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**One day introductory Breath and Body workshops Saturday, September 25 and Saturday, October 16. Sliding scale \$30-\$80.**

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**For information about the Samhain Cycle Rituals, please turn the page.**



# THE SAMHAIN CYCLE

Reclaiming will again be presenting three rituals on Halloween weekend. As we go to press, not all details have been ironed out, so for information not included here, check the events line (510) 236-4645.

## **Friday, October 29: Sacred Feminine: Women's Mysteries at Samhain**

This ritual will be for women only, please. For information, call the events line.

Location: The County Fair Building (formerly called the Hall of Flowers). If you would like to volunteer, call Carol (415) 550-0920.

## **Saturday, October 30:**

### **A Celebration of Ancestors of Many Cultures in Shared, Sacred Space**

Noon: The 1st Gate—Creating Sacred Space

2:00 pm: The 2nd Gate—Telling Our Personal Stories, Gifts of Music, Dance, Drumming, Poetry, and Ceremony

7:00 pm: The 3rd Gate—Closing Ritual

Location: The County Fair Building (formerly called the Hall of Flowers) at 9th and Lincoln in Golden Gate Park.

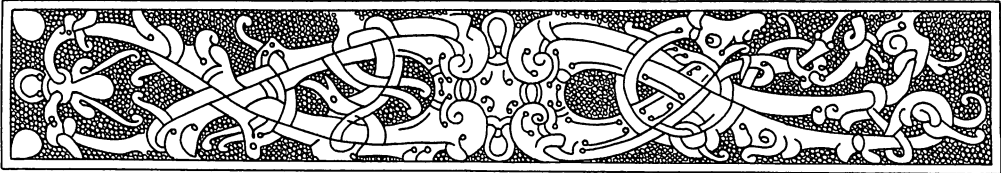
To volunteer, call Judy at (510) 843-0722.

Para informacion en Español, llame (510) 482-4682.

## **Sunday, October 31: The Spiral Dance**

Gather at 6:30 pm, ritual begins **promptly** at 7:00 pm

This year we will again celebrate the Dead with music, a journey to the Shining Isle, and what we think will be a very big Spiral Dance. This ritual will be held in the spacious County Fair Building (formerly called the Hall of Flowers) at 9th and Lincoln in Golden Gate Park. Parking on the street in front of the building is OK until midnight that night. Call Macha (415) 454-4411 with the names of your loved ones who have died since last October 31st. Please pronounce and spell the names. If you would like to volunteer, call Rebecca at (415) 826-2342. Childcare will be provided by pre-arrangement. Check the events line for a contact number.



**General Information for all three rituals:** All three rituals are drug and alcohol free. Tickets are \$7-\$15 sliding scale, \$8-16 at the door. Advance purchase is strongly recommended. Mail orders must be post-marked no later than October 13. Please mark your envelope "TICKETS", include a SASE and the order form below, and make checks payable to Reclaiming, PO Box 14404, San Francisco, CA 94114. Tickets will also be available at selected stores through October 28. Call the events line for store locations.

**P-l-e-a-s-e print clearly**

Please send me Samhain Cycle tickets as follows:

RITUAL	PRICE PER TICKET	QTY	TOTAL
October 29, Sacred Feminine			
October 30, Ancestors of Many Cultures			
October 31, The Spiral Dance			

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Mail this form and a SASE with your check, payable to Reclaiming, to PO Box 14404, San Francisco, CA 94114. Thank you.



# tarhawk's 1993 Schedule

**September 26:** Menlo Park, California

Booksigning, 12:00-1:00 pm and Women's Workshop, 1:00-6:00 pm

Contact: Two Sisters Bookstore (415) 323-4778

**October 15-17:** San Francisco, California

Midwives Alliance of North America Conference

Contact: M.A.N.A. (415) 753-1781

**SAMHAIN CYCLE RITUALS:** San Francisco, California

Information on pages 19-20 of this Newsletter, or

Contact: Reclaiming Events Line (510) 236-4645

**November 12-14:** Montreal, Canada

Weekend Workshop for Women and Men

Contact: Leslie Hine, 786 Marin Ave., Montreal H4C 2H2, or

Eric and Skye Iversen, 4619 Harvard, Montreal H4A 2X2

**December 19:** Sebastopol, California

Third Annual Winter Ritual Celebration with Starhawk and Luisah Teish

Contact: Harmony Network (707) 869-0989

Starhawk's new novel, *The Fifth Sacred Thing*, is now available at bookstores. Set in the year 2048, it envisions the world we could create.

\* \* \*

For Starhawk's cassette, *The Way to the Well: A Trance Journey for Empowerment*, a beautiful story with songs and drumming, send \$11.50 (includes shipping and handling) to Harmony Network.

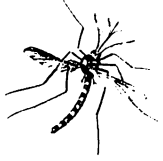
**To confirm dates, or for more information, contact:**

**Harmony Network**

**PO Box 2550, Guerneville, CA 95446**

**(707) 869-0989**





# WITCH CAMP WAS CWYLL\*

## (A Report from Vancouver)

by Rebecca



Almost everything about Witch Camp is a You-Had-To-Be-There experience. My fellow campers told me I would go home with stories nobody could understand and they were right. You see, if Witch Camp was just a week out in the woods doing magic, it might be pretty easy to write about. But it's much more than that. *Witch Camp is a way of life.* OK, so it lasts only one week according to the calendar, but group mind (and now I finally understand what this is about) gets established in the first few hours, after which a complete and rather intricate society is created. By the last day of camp, those seven days feel like seven weeks, and to some, like seven years. Everybody feels like they've been through a lot more than one week together. Hmm. How does this work?

Well, first there's the setting. The camp, just outside of Vancouver, British Columbia, is absolutely beautiful. The air is clean, the trees are tall and majestic, the lake is *incredible*. Even though the week is spent communally with about 100 other people, there are no locked doors, people don't carry weapons around, and a wide variety of personal expression is tolerated. This

year, most of the campers were Canadian—from Vancouver, Vancouver Island and the little islands in between. There were also a few from Alberta and even one from Saskatchewan. A few came up from the Pacific Northwest, some from California and one of us came all the way from Pittsburgh, PA. 100 of us were women, 10 were men, ranging in age from early 20's to mid-70's. Some of us would be considered completely socially acceptable, some of us really weird, and a lot of us somewhere in between. Not every camper calls her/himself a Witch, but all are there to seek the spirit, to expand the life of the soul. This is really an unusual atmosphere.

Then there's the "curriculum" (I guess that's what you call it): learning to make magic, taking one's power, learning how others make magic. Campers were offered three different tracks in which to work magically: the Elements Track for those interested in the basics; Inner Track for those who wanted to concentrate on personal healing and transformation; and Outer Track, for those who wanted to learn about priest/essing, organizing in pagan and political communities, and

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\**CWYLL: The Sacred Drama was a Celtic tale and you know about Celtic spelling, right? Anyway, the main character in the story was named PWYLL, pronounced "POOL," and so ... uh ... well, maybe you had to be there.*



working in circles. All three tracks focused, to a lesser or greater extent, on the theme, “Sacred Drama—Sacred Vision.” The Sacred Drama was the first chapter of *The Mabinogion*, sometimes called “The Lord of Dyfed,” a complicated and puzzling tale which was spun out, bit by bit, during evening rituals early in the week. It would be pretty tough to recap the plot (remember, I heard it while in trance), but believe me, the story contains scads of potent symbols—enough to provide all three tracks with plenty of Sacred Visions. (Symbols like, for instance, white hounds with red ears, dead stags, elusive women on white horses, characters trading places for a year and a day, tiny bags that can never be filled no matter how much food you stuff into them (!), white colts born on Beltaine and snagged by giant claws, sleeping midwives, stolen babies, and women falsely accused and cruelly punished.)

These powerful symbols inspired my psyche to go right to work—wouldn’t they do the same to you? And because of the Witch Camp Way of Life, (see

above), it was possible to work relentlessly, without interruption, coming up with Sacred Vision after Sacred Vision, day in and day out. Until I went to camp, my magical journey had been somewhat leisurely. Sure, I’ve had magical breakthroughs, but in regular life I always have time to go home and meditate on their meanings. Witch Camp is a different story. Something incredible happens magically and then, suddenly, it’s time to go eat lunch. And after lunch, something else incredible happens, but whoops, you’ve got to go meet with your Affinity Group, and something very intriguing comes up there, but then, yikes, it’s time for something else, not to mention what comes up every night in the big rituals. All revelations must be put aside to make room for new revelations. Ah-ha. This is why they call it a summer *intensive*. It is a week of deep work, transformation and breakthrough. It’s kind of hard to do anything but.

I don’t want you to get the idea that there was never a chance to process what was going on. Time was set aside



every day in the tracks, and there were camp meetings, but my favorite was my Affinity Group. Besides choosing one of the three tracks in which to work, campers also had the opportunity to work in small groups of five or six. My group, the Drumming Affinity Group, tried to find rhythms by which we could process the magical work we were doing in our various tracks. But there were all kinds of affinities that brought people together: Coming Out as a Witch, Crones, Lesbians, Men, etc. I wish I could remember more of them. One of my favorites was the Swimming Affinity Group. They met on the dock every day, often doing their check-ins while floating around in the lake.

A word about the teachers—Pandora, Starhawk, Beverly, Pomegranate, Firefly, Willow, Fern, and student teachers Patti, Jody and David—**Wow**. They're so good at what they do, it's almost ridiculous. In between Sacred Visions, I had a lot of time to admire their mastery, courage and expert comedic timing. And I also kept asking myself, "How do they stay so focused? What keeps them from running out of energy and inspiration? How do they know what's needed and when? And how can Starhawk play that tar for 40 minutes without her thumb dropping off?"

The campers also worked hard and blew off a lot of steam, too. Continuous magical work builds up a lot of energy that must be released—*or else*. This release took form in a tremendous amount of joking, general silliness and sudden outbursts of creativity. We were beholden to Linda, Kevin and others for presenting a surfer dude version of the

Sacred Drama in a series of 5-minute mummings plays during meals. We also loved Women's Obvious Facts, a continuing series of Truths revealed by various campers and teachers throughout the week. This inspired Men's Obvious Facts, Crone's Obvious Facts, and even Women's Obvious Fat. Sounds weird? Well, yes. But if you were there, these things were hilarious—and necessary. Part of the Witch Camp Way of Life is that by Friday night almost everyone has shed any inhibitions they might have brought with them to camp, so it's an excellent night for the Talent Show. Emceed by the beloved Sharon Jackson, we were witness to many astonishing feats of talent and irreverence, including several very strange skits, some songs, belly and flamenco dancing, The Mabinogion Rap, Men's Mysteries Revealed, Kevin's Contortions, a trance tending demonstration from hell, and Willow's Chakra Closing. And more.

Yes, Witch Camp is a wonderful way of life, but everything—especially extremely intense experience—has to come to an end. All week I kept thinking about what the Baba Yaga said to Wasillisa in the story "Wasillisa the Wise." She said too much knowledge can make a person old too soon. To keep up transformational work at that pace for any longer than a week might have visibly aged us. So the last day of Camp finally arrived and was sad, but also very much a relief. We danced the spiral, opened the circle, and, finally, said goodbye—until next year—farewell.



# JADE GODDESS

I crumbled a dead branch before me  
    climbed  
    down  
sliding frightened to the thickest bushes  
    an unfamiliar, unmapped place  
    shiver-crash  
    slipping-safe.  
I look with wide eyes,  
breathe hard to try and rest, but  
    something alive  
    is blanketing me.  
Green and tremendous the castle  
    I was Meant to stumble here  
    to sing for the king?  
But no king emerges, rather, the throne is empty.  
    The woven sweet wood  
    cradling only air-  
    such as I have not known before.  
    The breath of the invisible royalty  
    washing the chasm in rich breezes,  
    heralding nothing but the highest spirit to court:  
I sing.  
    All birds are absent from this tomb cathedral.  
    My ears chatter with the hiss of wind in the peak branches.  
    I imagine the Goddess.  
    In the death here,  
    she is immortal.  
    Part of me never leaves here;  
    most of me tries the futile climb up,  
back to my old life and schedules,  
    but a cavern's smile twists my lips  
    while I stumble back to captivity.



- Sara S. Moore

# HOCUS POCUS IS OUT OF FOCUS

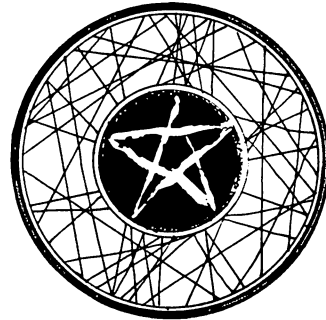
by Ezzy Violet

Over the centuries, since the development of patriarchal, monotheistic cultures and religions, Witches have been subjected to the most heinous treatment conceived and executed by humankind. In the not too distant past, countless numbers were subjected to torture and murder. The freedom to practice the Craft, until most recently, was deemed unlawful. In regards to both religious (read: monotheism) and secular laws, the images of Witches and the Craft were distorted and fearfully presented in one of the most insidious and mean-spirited propaganda campaigns in history.

But it's different now, you say, the imagic presentation of Witches is "current" and much closer to being accurate. Unfortunately, the French idiom, "*Plus ca chose, plus ca meme chose*" (the more things change, the more they stay the same), is applicable to society's continued depiction of us. *Hocus Pocus*, the latest "comedy" from Walt Disney Pictures, is a glaring example of the violence, perversion, and overall ugliness that continues to be foisted upon us by the 20th century's answer to the Inquisition — the entertainment (?) media. This film depicts Witches as physically ugly, as child eaters, in league with the forces of Satan, and in general, encompasses all of the stereotypically evil facets "traditionally" associated with Witchcraft. We are presented as being dangerous, yet stupid and simple.

There are those non-Pagans who will say that it's a comedy and no one's going to take it seriously anyway. And

there are those in the Pagan/Wiccan communities who will say, "Aren't we progressive enough to laugh at ourselves, to see critically through the smokescreen that's always been conjured up?" My reply to both possible opinions is that we as Witches have been through enough of this media-based bashing, period. We are a minority group similar in many respects to queers (I am a gay Witch),

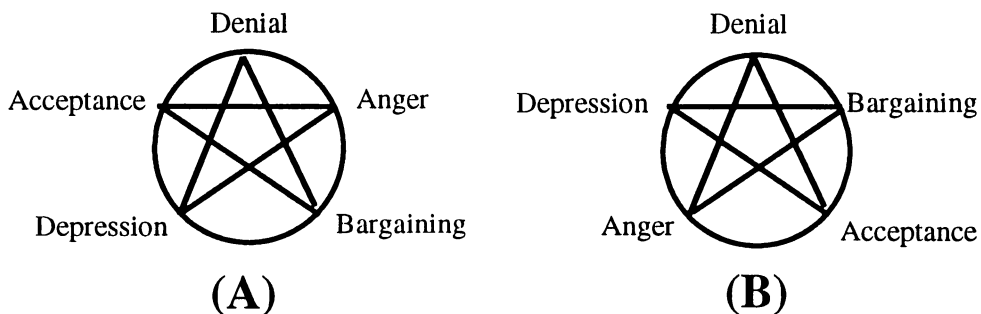


Native peoples, Hispanics, African-Americans, and other oppressed/exploited peoples, and we deserve the same rights and respect for our essence and beliefs and the expression of those beliefs. Currently, we are oppressed and exploited because the traditional and continuing image of Witches and the Craft perpetrated by the media keeps us looking ugly and mean. There is no humor in meanness, unintentionally directed or not. Let's stop this ridiculous Witch bashing. Write to Disney Pictures. Express your indignation. Make *Hocus Pocus* go up in smoke and help to present other such monstrosities from materializing.

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## THE PENTACLE OF DYING



Here are two working models of the Pentacle of Dying, using the five stages of dying as codified by Elizabeth Kubler-Ross: denial, anger, bargaining, depression and acceptance. With Fall and Winter approaching, I'm moved to explore these stages to work with loss and change. Pentacle A puts these stages in their usual order clockwise from the top and Pentacle B is set up to lead you through the stages as you draw an invoking pentacle. (Elizabeth Kubler-Ross does say these stages don't necessarily proceed in this order and that hope persists throughout them all.)

I'm interested in hearing from those of you who choose to work with these pentacles in your meditations and magic. In my own years of hospice work (and healing work in general), Pentacle A resonates better - working around the wheel. Looking at the legs of Pentacle A, it felt more true to me than Pentacle B. Which one works best for you and why? You can reach me c/o Reclaiming, PO Box 14404, San Francisco, CA 94114.

*-Cybele*

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### WITCHES WHO DO TOO MUCH

I'd like to form a small, committed, women's ritual group in the East Bay for Witches Who Do Too Much. My intention is to be part of a group which meets eight times a year on solstices and equinoxes, for collaborative, devout, but succinct, rituals. All traditions, including non-pagan, earth-based, welcome.

Please call Diane (510) 524-7729

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## *Announcements*

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### **MOVEMENT RITUAL FOR WOMEN with Helene Vosters**

**October 14-December 9\* (Thursday evenings, 7:30-9:30)**

Movement Ritual is a breath inspired dance, a moving meditation and a sacred container in which to explore yourself in motion and relation to the environment and people that surround you. During this eight-week class, you will learn the movement sequence and use the tools of breathwork, drawing, writing, trance, and partner work to expand and deepen your awareness. Helene is a certified Movement Ritual teacher and a Rosen Bodywork practitioner. San Francisco location, \$100-\$150 sliding scale. Call **Helene (415) 282-8865** for information/registration.

*\*Class will not meet November 25.*

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### **THANKS BE TO GRANDMOTHER WINIFRED FOUNDATION UPDATE:**

This foundation, which grants project support to women over 54, received 522 applications and awarded 39 grants in 1992-93, its first year. The grants ranged from \$500 to \$5,000 each. The recipients ranged in age from 54 to 83, came from a total of 21 different states, and used their grants in many different ways: to teach, write, travel, do research, create women's programs for radio and video, and to fund women's events.

Beneficiaries are limited to individuals 54 and over to encourage a segment of the population (older women) — who are generally ignored, forgotten, and considered invisible — to have courage and confidence in their ability to gift the commonweal with their knowledge and wisdom. Grants are awarded bi-annually. Application deadlines are March 21st and September 21st.

For more information, contact The Thanks Be to Grandmother Winifred Foundation, P.O. Box 1449, Waincott, NY 11975.

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### **WOMEN'S SPIRAL DANCE IN PETALUMA**

Sunday, October 31st, 7:00 pm, at the Phoenix Theater, 201 Washington Street

Costumes are encouraged but not mandatory for this evening of theater and ritual. There will be drumming, a trance journey, a spiral dance, and more. Tickets are \$8-\$15 sliding scale. Some work exchange available. For information or tickets, write The Amazon Institute, 1791 Marlow Road, Suite 6, #350, Santa Rosa, CA 95401.

# *Reclaiming Newsletter Distribution*

## **SONOMA COUNTY**

**ClaireLight Women's Books**  
519 Mendocino Ave.  
Santa Rosa

**Copperfield's Trading Company**  
138 North Main Street  
Sebastapol

## **EAST BAY**

**Gaia Books**  
1400 Shattuck Avenue  
Berkeley

**Mama Bears**  
6536 Telegraph Avenue  
Berkeley

**Ancient Ways**  
4075 Telegraph Avenue  
Oakland

**Shambhala Books**  
2482 Telegraph Avenue  
Oakland

## **MARIN**

**Lifeways Books, Gifts & Candles**  
915 Lootens Avenue  
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 Street

**Sword & Rose**  
85 Carl Street

**Inner Sunset Community Food Store**  
1319 20th Avenue

**Gifts of the Goddess**  
973 Valencia Street

**Old Wives' Tales**  
1009 Valencia Street

**Rainbow General Store**  
1899 Mission Street

**Courtyard Cafe**  
3913 24th Street

## **SOUTH BAY**

**Two Sisters Books**  
605 Cambridge Avenue  
Menlo Park

**San Jose Books**  
1231 East Kentwood Street  
San Jose





# 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)

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY:

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

This is a  renewal

COMMENTS:

new subscription