# RECLAIMING

## NEWSLETTER



**#**55

**SUMMER 1994** 

\$2



#### Reclaiming A Center for Feminist Spirituality P.O. Box 14404

San Francisco, CA 94114

When requesting information from Reclaiming, please include a selfaddressed, 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. 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.

#### **AUTUMN NEWSLETTER DEADLINE IS Monday, August 1, 1994**

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.

#### **Reclaiming Events Line – (510) 236-4645**

This recording (listed in the residential pages under "Reclaiming E L" in Berkeley and "Reclaimig E L" in SF-yep, it's misspelled) 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. Please allow plenty of time, and remember to say where we can reach you with questions.

-The Recording Faerie

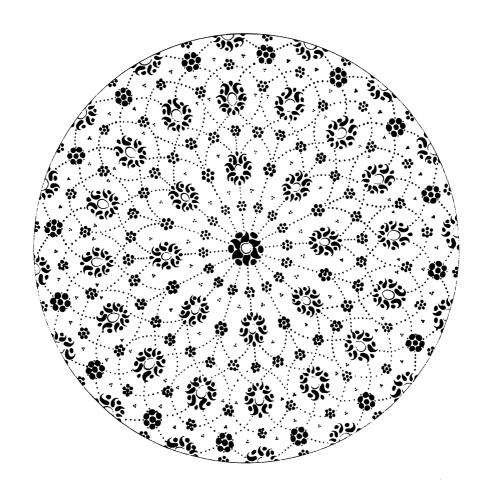
Information for Deaf/Hearing Imparied ONLY:(510) 237-6207 (V/TDD)

Reclaiming is a member of the Wiccan/Pagan Press Alliance.

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It was just Robin, Julie, Reya and Calla this time—reminiscing about Woodstock and running late, but if you're reading this, we did get it done somehow. Oy vey!



#### Interview with an Archetype

by Cynthia Jones

The Goddess of seasons and cycles arrived in my garden on a June day. Spring flowers were in her hair. She carried a basket heavy with the abundance of autumn's harvest. Winter was behind her, blowing cold swirls in the air. Icy crystals collected in the clouds that followed her. The look on her face told me summer was before her. She came toward me. The trees around me leafed into fullness, dressing in their celebratory best to welcome her. I stood in the summer of her vision.

She held me in her gaze. Time stopped. She who spins the great wheel of time and life, fate and the seasons, has the ability to stop time. She sat at my table and the world paused in her endless rotation of Spring into Summer and Autumn into Winter.

"Cycles." she said. "You live in a kaleidoscope. People, events, moments, fall into patterns in the glass of your life. You breathe in the beauty of the pattern. 'Yes,' you say, 'I like this one. Now my life is artfully arranged,' and then the circle turns and all the pieces fall. The pattern you saw is gone. Another one appears."

She laid an old paper kaleidoscope on the table. It looked very familiar to me even though I had never seen it before. "When you play with this, do you mourn the old design and its passing?" she asked as she touched the toy, "or do you find yourself enchanted with the new colors that flash before your eyes? The circle turns. The pattern changes."
"You are always surprised and I am endlessly surprised by your surprise. Moment by moment, day by day, the moon and the sun tell you about endless change and constantly repeating patterns.

"I watch people move through peaks and valleys, moments of wonder and despair, personal summers and winters. Rarely do you mark the seasons of your life and celebrate your own summertime. Don't you know your own times of growing and blooming from your seasons of slumber? You so often act betrayed by your dark moments. Times of wonder just pass away like dreams. Have you considered building a Stonehenge to commemorate your own life, clearly claiming those turning points and freeing yourself to go on?"

I remember my friends on an August night filled with falling stars. They were literally shimmering with their own awareness ... of each other, of life, of all the possibility that stood before them. That moment called for a great stone and a pilgrimage to touch the energy that was born there.

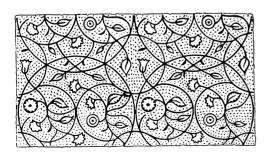
The circle on the kaleidoscope turned. People moved into a wonderfully colorful star, shimmering in a house of mirrors. The circle turned again, and they were gone. Each individual, gone a separate way, taking a piece of that night into a new design. August's star gave way to a snow flake in the kaleido-

scope of time. That moment ... lived and gone. No one set a stone to mark the season of the heart. The anniversary will pass uncelebrated.

She stood and turned to leave. Winter rushed at me. The trees around me lost their leaves in an icy blast. I was alone in the winter of my own soul. "This time also deserves a great stone set in your circle." she said. "Not to glorify your pain, but to acknowledge it. Let the stone remember. Mark the place so you will know life has gone on. There are dark winter nights when you are alone with only the companionship of a thousand stars. There are times when tears freeze on your eye lashes. Morning brings the warming sun, over and over again."

Her back to me, she raised her arms over her head, this graceful life dancer. Her back was elegant and strong under winter's cape. She twirled in her dance of life. Winter turned into spring, and spring into summer. The seasons danced around her. Her swaying skirt brought cold spells and Indian summers to places on the earth.

"You let it slip through your fingers,



time and life, each other, the patterns of relationships, the moments of really seeing each other, opportunities. They do slip through your fingers, but you don't notice what is in your hands ... until it is gone. For some of you, memory has a more sensual body than reality. Others of you write sonnets to a distant future while today stands like a wallflower at the party of your life.

Her look held both promise and threat, "I will turn the circle. It is all passing. Why do you look at me as if you didn't know it wouldn't be forever?" She said. "If I had told you seven years, or six, thirteen or one ... would you have done it all differently?" she asked.

"Yes." I seized the kaleidoscope. "I would have. I would have seen with my eyes less clouded by trivial complaints. I would have looked more deeply into the eyes of my friends and less at the surroundings. I would have reached into life more fully and felt my days in my fingers. I would have set the great stones and marked the seasons of my soul. I would have taken time to honor and celebrate my own experiences. I would remember the passing of the cold across my soul and dance in the circle of my life."

"So be it," she said. "This life, this place you have created here in Springfield that you treat like forever, it is a brief and passing moment. Seven years or thirteen—or it may end today. It is a pattern in the kaleidoscope of life. Look in the glass."

She came toward me. Like a Mother instructing a child on how to see forever, she turned me around and embraced me, my back to her, her strong arms around me, directing me. I was



centered within her embrace. All the seasons were moving around us yet we were untouched by the weather.

I looked out. We were standing within a stone circle that held the story of my life. One stone marked my summer solstice, a time when the light was the closest to me. Another stone held the place of my darkest night that gave birth to a new cycle. Primitive but enduring, my memories stood, leaving me free to move within my story.

She guided my arms to lift the kaleidoscope in my hands. I looked in the glass. Mirrored and repeated in vibrant complex patterns, I saw my entire life. Childhood and old age, great love and love lost, timeless moments of magnificent connections, cold times of utter despair, pain, joy, hope and betrayal. Springfield, California, Michigan, Steven, my mother on an ordinary day in 1954 when my father was alive, a mimosa tree blooming in the back yard, my daughter as a baby, child, woman, mother, circles of people who came together and parted in a place called Earth. My entire life, all present and all gone in a shifting design in the glass of fate held by the Goddess of time.

"The ordinary," she sighed, "seen in its fragile, transitory glory." She was gone. Time stirred the air. The season changed ever so slightly.

#### **OLIVIA CARSON, DANCER 11/19/93**

Who is this woman who weaves through gardens and graveyards, twirls through ruins and rainbows? I strain to remember how she whirls, bends, lays speckled stones, abandons them in sand like turtle eggs; becomes a ballerina, winged, hovering a sharp white pinnacle; now she is a crone, gnarled, eats children's flesh with glee, licks clavicles like a walrus licking oyster shells. Whirls again, fingers reaching out to the Oracle of Stone with such tenderness of touch that defies the rigidity of bone. Now a young girl lost in a forest of ebony, no moon, no stars, leaves crunch beneath her feet like desiccated hands. No matter: joy lurks beyond in the Temple of the Jewel.

In this our Nation of Separation; In this our Land of Sticks and Broken Glass; in a field without blooms or the promise of buds, without the flame of the stars for consolation, stands the house of the dead, a Third Stone from the waters of the Styx. The Ferrywoman unlatches the door with her skeleton key. Laughing feebly, we tremble in like the Damned, hunched with sin. and niche our spindly bodies, like spiders, in nooks of darkness. Caught in our own webs, we wail and rip our bellies to better grip and pull our bowels like long wet rosaries. The Ferrywoman lays with us and moans; she knows well it is always a bitter cold hard birth when one's first-born is the sea

Who is this woman who is three: Dancer,
Ferrywoman, Midwife—who dives through ice,
swims through the rooms of the shark and the squid,
and disregards the stings of the Red Tide?
I, who hide from rain, no friend of the bath,
and heretofore avoider of puddles,
watch her spinning, light as green foam over
the waves of the floor, limpets on her toes,
seaweed caressing her face as she hums with such grace of anguish that
even I, greying spouse of the sand, hear the summons:
shamed finally to rise and risk the dark
of a sea stained safe by her woman's blood.

-Jim Carcioppolo, poet, father, painter, dance-maker



#### **NERO GIVES BIRTH: Step IX**

Nero and Horus

Father Horace long and cooly defected

As in feckless and fecal

A Kiss away from fecund

With vitamin A and E before the factitious

Before the fruition

Short and hot the rev engine is a truck driver now

Sowing seed where he lay

The ley of the land

Witch always runs toward Vera

Tied a tad too late

Tadpoles like salmon sambaing upstream

Pole shift

"Krakatoa spermatzoa!" bellow the tectonic plates

Nero rejoices in a way Father Teiresias never knew

Rome kindles with both ends burning

A phoenix rising

In Vera's womb

Seals the hexagram of Solomon

And the pentagram of homo whatever

Color and texture

Rigidity and frangibility

Conductivity and softness

Taste is seven in dictionary numerology

The offspring of Vera and Nero

Of all habits that inhabit

That habitually manifest

Now and then

Father Horace loaded on old english eight hundred

Races toward a moment

In the crossroads of momentum

While Vera considers change

Planned parenthood for the non-parent

Vera's truth is her choice

Nero waits

Patiently

And feels the wind blow

Through his unearthly hair

The advancing wave

Of Anubis in anti-climax

Bittersweet

# THE TWELVE STEPS OF VERA AND NERO (AN INQUIRY INTO PENDULUM WHIPLASH)

#### ROME BURNT AGAIN (VERA'S CITY): Step X

If electricity is the bond Then electricity is gravity Thus follow your fascination Intersects the wave of chance If force is an obsession What pulls your eight wheel drive? Vera cries Nero's tears And aborts in the name of the Vatican The silent scream of the Pope In flagellant prayer Is not so silent His lead passion of power Short circuits But this is not Vera's problem Nero is Isn't he? And before Nero?

Is that Vera's problem as well? So many wells So many offerings So many sacrifices Soul food

Hot links

Zoroaster made a hell of a barbeque sauce And handed down the secret recipe to Mithras

To St. Paul

To Father Quanta

In memory of Horace the excommunicated

Mummy juice and gasoline

The secret's out

The transmutation of Vera

Meaning Nero

Meaning the original cave dog

Being the unbarked tree

Baphomet the amoeba wags both tales

And Vera plays Nero like a shock in a rug

Insurance doesn't cover Pendulum whiplash



- D.R.R. Orton



#### **PASSAGES**

"To reche the rloures rreshe"

by Robin Weaver

Much coursed be the fertile sea, fertile be the fruit-strewn mountain, fruit-strewn be the showery wood ...



So chanted the poet Amairgin, long ago. And how did you bring in the May? What visions attended you? What songs did you sing to invoke the season's bounty?



Here's a glimpse of some of the Beltaine happenings:

Reclaiming started the holiday off early, with a May Eve picnic in Golden Gate Park. Although our usual place, Fort Miley, is rather windy, it's secluded and familiar, so I admit, I was a little doubtful about going to a new site. But the sheltered meadow, the perfect weather, and the Blue Heron who came to visit us there on the banks of Middle Lake have proven it a wonderful spot.

Theresa, Kim and Jack guided us through a joyous celebration with inspiring invocations by Kelly, Rose, and Deborah. Jack's evocation of the mysteries and dangers of sex raised quite a few eyebrows; the writhing mass of dancers inspired more than a few flirtations. High above us floated the beautiful May doll. With Theresa's new song filling the air, we knotted the hem of her dress, securing our wishes to the power of the season. Afterwards, we leaped the flames in twos and crews, affirming our friendships in the happiness of the day.

Later that night, at Avalon, a dozen women gathered to make May wreaths. I know this because my spy, Shannon, went along for the good food, good talk, and the chance to "kiss the dew" on May morning, when Berkeley Morris danced up the sun in Tilden Park.

Their dancing did the trick, I can testify, for I saw the very sun dancing above our weekend cottage in the Sonoma hills. The night had been short on sleep, as May Eve often is, but good spirits seemed to fill the day. After saying, "good morning, merry May, and farewell" to some garden variety rattlers, we were still inspired to do another ribbon dance.

Also inspired was the East Bay Women's Ritual Group, "The Web." They formed after last Beltaine's adventure, and they haven't let up yet. More than fifty celebrants made their way to this year's May celebration which was held in Wildcat Canyon Park.

The Web holds moon circles as well as sabbats, and can be contacted by calling Moonfire between 3:00-8:00 pm at (510) 845-5111.

Will the stories ever end? Let's hope not! I asked Anne how Beltaine went, out her way, and got this wonderful reply:

HI Rokin!

Weather was perfect.

Hot tub was up and running, first for the kids to splash around in, and much later for the exhausted adults to relax in. Counted fifty people or thereabouts, quite a rew sleepover guests.

Fight year running in the same spot—things are getting quite blossomy around here. One of the wildest maypoles I've ever seen, actually. Lots of erotic energy, and the pole still feels like an erect nipple. Pity the unsuspecting visitor who leans against it unknowingly! Circle Under the Hill members past and present invoked the Goddess, their last public performance for quite a while, as Marian is off to Tufts in the Fall and Karen & Co. are moving to Olympia in a couple of months. They will be missed! Thanks to Cindy for helping plan the ritual, to Ross and his mother Vance for helping with the ribbon production, to Deborah for the garland fixings, and Chuck and Carolyn for helping out with the music. Memorable moments: Ross's instructions to the crowd for the dance (In & out, in & out. Got that?) and Kenny's chocolate mousse birthday cake (I thought the birthday person was supposed to EAT the cake, not get it eaten off him ...). Can't wait for next year.

Also overheard between Allison and Arienna: "This time I'll be the priestess and you be the princess!" "No, I want to be the priestess and YOU be the princess!" Barbie, watch out!

Love to all, Anne

Congratulations to Reya on her initiation. The warmth and intensity she has brought to her priestessing through her year of challenges has been noted and applauded. The whole community welcomes you to your deeper role in the Craft.

And congratulations to Susan Wolf on gaining her Master's Degree in Early Childhood Ed. I was going to say something clever like, "Now that they know that she knows how to do what we knew she knew how to do, Berkeley will never be the same," but thought better of it, so I'll just wish her the best.

We mourn the death of Hilde Auld, who passed away on April 2nd after a long struggle with emphysema. She was 72. She came to stay with Karl and Patti last summer after her husband, Homer, had passed on. Karl was able to be with his mom through the end.

Hilde was born in Germany, and was a Morse code operator during the war. She and Karl moved to Corpus Christi, Texas in 1953, where she applied for work as a telegraph operator Although she was the fastest applicant they'd ever had, women weren't hired for that job in those years in Corpus Christi.

We'll miss her charming German drawl, and sharp wit.



So here we are at the year's very noon. The bonfires are particularly potent on Midsummer's Eve. They bring health and long life to those who jump through their flames, and are a traditional place to deposit old charms. Such Midsummer herbs as yarrow and mugwort, foxglove and figwort, orpine and vervain, St. John's wort and plantain, are most powerful when gathered now. Collect them, as well as dwarf elder, corn marigold and ivy, anytime this week to take advantage of the season, though folks consider the best hours to be before dawn on Midsummer's Eve. If you aren't going to use them as simples, weave them into a garland. Hang it on your door as a house blessing; look through it to strengthen your sight.



Lughnasad, make known its dues in each distant year Tasting every famous fruit food of herbs at Lughnasad.

As you peer into the future, look to Lugh's assembly, where it marks the beginning of harvest. Although the sky may be damp (tradition holds that there are three days of Brigid weather at Lammastide and three days of Lammas weather at Brigid), often the weather matches our joy in the fruits of the earth. Lugh's skill won the secrets of harvest for us, a certain earthy wisdom that we can, perhaps, take with us as we enter his season.



This has suited us:
Spring for ploughing and sowing,
Summer for strengthening the corn,
Autumn for the ripeness of corn and reaping
Winter for consuming it.

# DON'T LET RELIGIOUS FREEDOM DISAPPEAR!

by Jim Cairo

after Cromwell's death, the same attitude of official intolerance led to the inclusion of the freedom of religion in the Bill of Rights. Yet we must conclude from the current Court's position in the *Smith* decision that in religious

matters the majority of sitting justices

would have sided with the British against

has been a pillar of American culture since its beginning. It was for freedom of religion that many of our ancestors crossed a hostile ocean to face unimaginable dangers on a new continent. But many American have grown complacent about this most precious of rights—which may explain why the elimination of the right of all Americans to practice their religious beliefs went largely unnoticed.

The freedom to worship as you choose

In April of 1990, the Supreme Court shocked religious observers when it essentially gutted the free exercise clause of the First Amendment which iswas—the part of the Constitution that protected your right to believe whatever you think is the religious truth. Writing for the majority of the Court, Justice Antonin Scalia called the right to practice those religious beliefs a "luxury" that could no longer be allowed because it could lead to "anarchy." According to Justice Scalia, practicing your religious beliefs is a privilege that can be granted or withheld at the whim of the government.

Ironically, Justice Scalia was echoing the words of Oliver Cromwell, who ruled Britain during the English Civil War. Cromwell stated that people were free to believe whatever they thought was the religious truth, but that practicing those beliefs was a privilege granted by Parliament. More than a century our country's founders.

In the wake of the *Smith* decision, dozens of state and local governments have taken advantage of their new power. Michigan upheld the legality of autopsies performed on Orthodox Jews and Rhode Island upheld the legality of autopsies performed on Hmong—in both cases in violation of their religious convictions. The *Smith* decision has also figured in such far-ranging matters as zoning restrictions, prisoners' rights,

taxation of church income, and the use

of wine in communion services.

Make no mistake, even if this trend toward subordinating religious practices to every law, ordinance, or rule, were to continue in the current direction, many Americans would, without question, continue to practice their religions in defiance of the law. This would put the United States in the undefendable position of being the only major democracy to persecute its religious minorities.

Recently, President Clinton signed into law the Religious Freedom Restoration Act. With one stroke of the pen, the president reversed the *Smith* decision

and restored religious freedom. Or did he? The Religious Freedom Restoration Act instructs Federal judges to exhaust all less restrictive alternatives before rendering a decision that would place any restrictions on the ability of people to legally practice their religion. However, a judge need only state that he or she has weighed the evidence, and believes there is no reasonable alternative. A judge's opinion can be appealed, but the ultimate arbiter of the appeal would be the same Supreme Court that saw fit to pass the *Smith* decision in the first place.

In a 1943 decision of the Supreme Court, Justice Robert Jackson wrote that there are some rights that are so fundamental, they should be beyond the vicissitudes of the political process. We believe Justice Jackson was right. The right to practice religion without having to beg permission from elected officials should be a right beyond the reach of Congress, and if possible, it should even be protected from the caprice of the Supreme Court.

The Citizens for the Restoration of Religious Freedom (CRRF) was formed by incensed individuals who are determined not to surrender this right without a fight. We are not affiliated with, sponsored by, or funded by any religious or any other kind of organization. We support the Religious Freedom Restoration Act, but only as a temporary expedient—the only effective way to restore and protect this fundamental right is through the passage of a carefully crafted Constitutional Amendment.

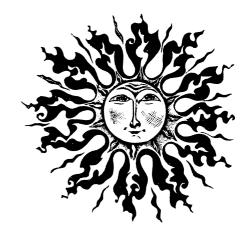
After due consideration, research, and thought, we came up with eight points that an amendment would need to ad-

dress. We realize that getting a Constitutional Amendment passed is an exceedingly difficult task, but we believe it is necessary.

CRRF is asking everyone to join us in restoring our right to practice our religious beliefs. No matter how much or how little you think you can do, everyone's help is needed. Send a self-addressed, stamped business-size envelope to:

#### CRRF PO Box 102 Hampstead, NH 03841-0102

We'll send you a copy of the eight points, the amendment, and specific information on how you can help secure the restoration of the right of all Americans to practice their religion to the greatest extent possible in a free democracy.



#### WITCH CAMPS '94

by Starhawk

The most intensive teaching, and some of the most powerful magic I do all year happens at our annual summer intensives. The camps in Vancouver and the Midwest have proved to be powerful seeds for local community as well as invaluable training grounds for new teachers. For me, personally, I find the depth of work I can do teaching collectively for a week at a time is far beyond anything that can happen in a weekend workshop. Somewhat to our surprise, Reclaiming teachers who have taught both here in town and in camp also find that the intensity of the work in a week-long, protected setting, far outweighs the level we can reach in evening classes, even over a six-week span. So

we want to make the camp experience available to as many people as possible.

All the camps offer three tracks: the Elements of Magic, for a solid grounding in the basics of ritual creation and Goddess traditions; an Inner Track, which uses more advanced techniques of trance and energy work to explore the participants' personal issues; and an Outer Track, which also uses advanced magical techniques but focuses on how we take our skills and ideals out into the world, teaching, organizing, and creating new culture. Each camp also is oriented to a specific theme. We work in tracks during the day, and celebrate in larger rituals together during the evening.

This year Reclaiming has expanded the number of week-long Witch Camps to five:

#### • March 18-24, Austin, Texas

Contact Sylvia Adame 8702 Appaloosa Run, Austin, Texas 78737 (512) 288-6615

(Obviously, this already happened, but another is being planned for '95, probably in April. Contact Sylvia to get on their mailing list.)

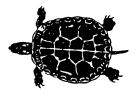
#### June 26-July 3, Sonoma County, California Contact Jodi Sager

PO Box 2550 Guerneville, California 95446 (707) 869-098

FAX (707) 869-3855

Theme: Sacred Story, Sacred Drama.

(It may be too late by the time you get this newsletter to come to camp—but it may not be! As of this writing, we still have many openings, and discounts and payment plans are available. I'm especially looking forward to teaching at this beautiful site, near Tomales Bay, on my own home ground!)





#### July 23-30, Vancouver, British Columbia

Contact Pat Hogan

PO Box 21510, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada V5L 2W5

(604) 253-7189

Theme: The Pentacle

(Sorry, this one is full with a long waiting list, but it will happen again next

year.)

#### August 13-20, Washington DC/West Virginia

Contact Heather Sutherland

6208 Walhonding Road, Bethesda, Maryland 20816

(301) 229-8816

Theme: Sacred Story, Sacred Drama.

(We're all excited about this new camp on the East Coast—and because it's

new, there's still plenty of room, so help us spread the word!)

#### • September 3-10, Midwest Camp at a new site

Contact Patti Mussen

1101 South Second Street, Springfield, Illinois 62704

(217) 744-2914 or (217) 744-8865

Theme: The Pentacle

(This is our old Michigan Camp at a new site in Missouri, on Cyndy and Patti's own land which we will be able to love and develop as a magical site for years to come. And there's still room! Patti reports they are getting a lot of letters that assume camp is full, but at this writing it is not, and in previous years they've accommodated everyone who is willing to be on a waiting list.)

Camps necessarily cost money—how much depends on the cost of the site we're using and varies from place to place. (It's higher in California, for example; why has the recession only lowered income here, not costs?) We try to provide as many scholarships and work exchanges as our funds allow. If

you have some extra cash lying around, consider donating to Reclaiming's Scholarship Fund. Send a Deprived (or depraved?) Pagan to Camp! We could really use the help to make this experience accessible to everyone who would like to come.



#### Midwest Summer Intensive 1994

by Cynthia Jones

#### A request from Between the Worlds:

Diana's Grove was born in a Witch Camp cauldron. The Midwest camp will be offered on our land, 100 acres dedicated to community and magic. Witch Camp is an ancient future memory, ever present here. Free from roads and buildings, you can literally spend a week in the hand of the Goddess while all your creature comforts are provided for.

Preparing for camp, the highlight of our week is the trip to the Salem mail box. Who has written? Who is coming? Campers new to our Intensive, and returning campers venturing to our new location, will mix in the center of this year's experience. We appreciate each individual's participation in camp. Over half the letters we receive indicate people think camp is full. It is not; there are spaces available at both the Mid-west and West Virginia Camp.

In order to have the full complement of teachers scheduled for camp, we need your help. If you have experienced the awesome magic of camp: ritual under the stars, community forming with magical bonds—tell your friends about it. If you have been too late in deciding to attend in the past, then this year is the year! If your area has a publication that prints a calendar, please give them camp information. The budget does not include advertising; information shared

by friends is more our style.

Campers create the Midwest Camp. Ruth Zachery designed the flyer. Colletta, the graphic artist, will attend this year. Peter and Lisa have spent countless hours brainstorming, planning and designing every phase of the improvements needed to accommodate you. From the showers to the swimming hole, they are assisting us with their skill and wisdom in landscaping and design.

This year's head chef assembled the hot tub. Kitty and Leyah have migrated from campers to kitchen staff. As of early May, we have 42 campers registered. 100 participants will to bring the full complement of teachers to Missouri. With your help, we can co-create a great camp.

Thank your for you awareness and support.

Cynthia
Diana's Grove
P. O. Box 159
Salem MO 65560

## 



#### **ELEMENTS OF TAROT: The Pips & Court Cards, by Reya and Julie**

In this class, we will spend some time with the Elements of Tarot—the swords, wands, cups and pentacles. With story telling, meditation, and energy work, we will follow the sequence of each element from ace through ten, noticing how these cards reflect everyday events in our lives, and we'll look at the Court cards, examining the personae we take on to get us through the day. Class will meet four **Thursday** evenings, beginning **July 21**. Prerequisite? Yes, you must have a tarot deck. Call **Reya (415) 826-2342 or Julie (415) 642-1185** for information and registration. \$40-\$80 sliding scale.

#### **ELEMENTS OF MAGIC by Beverly and Doug**

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, breathing/chanting/singing, trance, creating sacred 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. Class will meet six **Tuesday** evenings beginning **September 20**. Call **Beverly (415) 927-2044** for information, registration and location. \$60-\$120 sliding scale.

THE IRON PENTACLE for women by Vibra and Minerva in the East Bay 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 six classes. Prerequisite: Elements of Magic class. Six Fridays, beginning September 16. \$60 - \$120 Sliding scale. Call Vibra (510) 237-6207, or Minerva (415) 648-6089, for location, information, and registration.

#### POWER & MYSTERY by Beverly and Doug

"... When you hear the call from the Land Below, it sounds both strange and familiar, like the chorus of a song whose words you can't remember, like the promise of a lover you don't completely trust ..." —from Truth or Dare.

This six week class is based on Starhawk's book, *Truth or Dare*, and will begin **Tuesday, November 8**. Prerequisite: Elements of Magic, and it is recommended that you read the first four chapters of *Truth or Dare*. Call **Beverly (415) 927-2044** for information, registration and location. **\$60-\$120 sliding scale.** 

WITCH CAMP UPDATES appear on pages 17-19.



RECLAIMING'S NEW CHANT TAPE, "SECOND CHANTS," will be out by the time you read this. There are a lot of fine songs on the tape, including: *Inanna, I Am But One, Wings of Change, The Fool*—all from Witch Camp. Theresa wrote a couple—*Harvest Chant* and *Rhiannon*. There are two rounds—*The Awakening*, by Anne, and *Return of the Goddess*, by Rose. Other songs are a bluesy call and response element invocation, *Circle Casting Song*, by Susan Wolf; *Who Is She*, the triple goddess invocation Susan and Vibra wrote for the Women's Samhain last year; *Barge o'Heaven, Powerful Song* and *Free the Heart*; *Sparks*, a lovely medieval-sounding chant by Robin Weaver; *His Mystery*, a sort of artsy, instrumental, conceptual-invocation piece by Brook; and *When We Are Gone*, a great neo-pagan gospel-appalachian rock ballad by Starhawk and Anne.

Not all the tunes were recorded in simple vocal/drumming style because variety is the spice of life, and we wanted to have something pretty to listen to. So we added violin, cello, guitar, and/or pipes to some of the songs, and amped up the production values for the whole tape. **SECOND CHANTS** sounds great.

How can you resist? We were supposed to print an order form in this issue, but it didn't happen—sorry. However, you can still order the tape and here's how: Each tape is \$11.00 plus tax (7.5% in California) and \$1.50 for shipping. If you order more than one tape, shipping is \$.75 for each additional tape. Checks should be made out to **Serpentine Music Productions** and sent to **PO Box 2564, Sebastopol, CA 95473**. For more information about ordering, call (707) 823-7425.



#### **SUMMER GAMES FOR LUGH-'94**

#### -a Bard Musencraft production

Welcome to the annual Games of Lugh and the Sephiroth Run. This year our final contestants were Greece, Italy and Egypt, all competing today in this Oabalistic Tree of Life race in honor of With the first heat near, Lugh. Persephone, Proserpine and Geb are warming up for the first leg of this zigzag saddle back and are taking their Malkuth positions. Among cheers from the crowd, Lugh enters, smiling, and "Aga-doh-najij-Haga thunders: Aaaretz!" and the race is off! Persephone takes the lead but is caught by Geb. Proserpine is behind, but with a steady pace. As they cross the level of Yesod: Persephone passes her baton to Hecate, Geb passes to Bast who leaps ahead; Proserpine passes to Diana, trailing just behind. Lugh yodels: "Sha Dai El Haii" announcing that the second heat is on. As Jane Goodall would say, "What a display!" but Holy Eye of the Mother! Bast has tripped! Diana races past to gain the lead over Hecate. Bast regains momentum, but dogs behind. Hecate is making wyrd gestures with her baton while Diana is the first to cross into Hod of the third heat, handing her baton to Mercury. Hecate throws her baton into the waiting arms of Hermes and he's off in a flash. Yes, there's a real sense of deja vu watching Mercury and Hermes race neck to neck. Lugh declares. "Eloheeem Tzaabayoth!" right as

Anubis grabs the baton from injured ankled Bast and makes way his will to catch up. Such determination! Lagging a bit at first, the Roman team this year is mobilizing; however, neither Mercury or Hermes can out-pass each other. Anubis senses the deadlock and is gaining. Lugh proclaims, "Ye-ho-waaa-Tzaabayoth!" and the fourth heat of Netzach is upon us. Simultaneously, Aphrodite and Venus snatch the batons from the master debatable Hermes and Mercury. However, Aphrodite and Venus, though with a different subtlety, seem to be having the same problem as the wingtip twins. This time it's more undulating with Aphrodite gaining a hair only to have Venus catch up and gain a hair. Furthermore, they seem to be enjoying it! The friction is driving Lugh crazy. Meanwhile, Hathor has taken Anubis's place and in a surge of ancient Egyptian "go", races past the vibrating duo. A third of the crowd cheers, the other two thirds are immersed in cat calls. With a tour de force, Hathor crosses over the Tiphareth threshold and in a glow, hands off to Osirus. In a throaty appeal, Lugh dryly squeaks: "Yeho-waa-Aloaaa Vaaa Daaath!" and there seems to be a look of relief on his face to see Aphrodite and Venus hand off to Dionysus and Apollo to fully integrate the fifth heat. Sacrifice is in the air and all three seem to be offering



the lead to each other. Offers continue until all three are at a trot. No, they are walking! and visibly arguing who should have the honor of going first. Lugh blows his spear whistle and bellows: "Eloheeem Giiborrr!" almost hostile. All three gods, Osirus, Dionysus, and Apollo, flustered, trot side-by-side and very respectfully hand over their batons to Ares, Mars and Horus, precisely on the chalked line of Geburah. Ruthlessness now pervades and all three gods start elbowing each other in the explosive sixth heat! It's as if the games have entered into an abyss. Ares offers Horus the lead only to deliberately trip him! Mars snickers and pushes Ares into Horus's lane and the two stumble over each other into a heap. So much for advancement! Ares and Horus, with impeccable aim, team up in the dust and launch their batons at Mars's moving body. One baton lands neatly between his two calves and thus trip his foiled ambition, while the other baton neatly lands at the base of his head, sending Mars into a somersault of chaos. Lugh is jumping up and down, throwing flags left and right, but no one is paying any heed. Fortunately, Mars's somersault rolls into a slide over Chesed and Jupiter, a bit red at his colleagues' antics, nevertheless grabs the baton and proceeds into the seventh heat. Not to be outdone, Zeus and Ra reach down and

scoop up their heaped colleagues' batons, lying in the dirt around Mars' crumpled form, and quickly make haste. A bit taken aback, Lugh grumbles, "El!" shaking his head, collecting his flags. Technically on the field, what is going on is getting a bit abstract. A lot of unconscious action is moving between these three talents. What we do know is that Jupiter is slightly ahead with Zeus and Ra right behind. Things have lightened up a bit—literally. Our athletes seem a bit transparent so it's hard to keep a firm position on them. Before Lugh can forecast, a harmonious chorus voices his intention: "Ye-ho-waa Eloheeem!" and it's Rhea, Demeter and Isis grinning from ear to ear. In the judges' dug-out, it's a bit confusing just who Rhea and Demeter are representing. As they've torn off their competition identification, apparently no one's telling. Jupiter, Zeus and Ra pass over Binah in a bunch and we can't see the baton hand off, only that Isis takes the lead, skipping, making lewd gestures with her baton, teasing Osirus over his lost phallus. From the sidelines, Osirus is not amused. This eight heat seems more like a dance. Rhea and Demeter are holding hands, laughing and taunting Lugh, and they seem to be flickering. One moment all three are there, the next, they're not. And every time they manifest, heaven knows who's in the

lead? Suddenly they are all gone, the next they seem to be waving a banner with the words, "Virgin Mary" on it, and now they're gone again! The sphere of Binah is always like this. Lugh is amused and somehow Isis crosses Chokmah, slipping her baton through Ptah's legs. The crowd roars. The next moment, two batons just appear in Kronos's and Saturn's hands. Lugh, in a most operatic fashion, climatically intones, "Yeho-waa!" and the ninth heat is on. Now these specters are literally floating above their lanes. They've got all the time in the world and they start tossing the batons back and forth between themselves, chuckling. Little trail sparks are left behind and sometimes it just seems like batons, by themselves, fly alone toward Kether. And somehow, they do! As the batons soar over Kether, they start twirling about each other slowly, making a weave until there is one vibrating line of light. Lugh, a bit baffled at this wonderful terror that is so terribly wonderful, that strikes so close to home, gleefully as a fool, gestures, "Eee-Heee-Yeh!" and at his call ... all disappears. Batons, light, lines, all.



In the silence, there is an androgynous laughter which echoes into nothing. Lugh walks into the center of the field, beaming, and announces: "ALL WINNERS!" Over the loud speakers, Sly Stone's "Everybody is a Star" plays while the Egyptian, Italian, and Greek coaches of Malkuth throw up their hands in wonder. Lugh winks at their curious confusion and makes them shake hands until next year. Lugh is well pleased, and now it is time to eat.



#### **SACRIFICE**

Ishtar
Had to give up
Every piece of silk
And every jewel.
Her belt, her crown,
Even her shoes.
The seven gates
She passed through
Left her naked.
She got what she wanted
In the end.

—Theresa L. Dutton



#### STARHAWK'S 1994 SCHEDULE

July 11-17: Cortez Island, Canada

"Honoring the Sacred Mysteries" with David Miller

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#### September 16-30: Goddess Sites and Ritual in Greece

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November 11-13: Washington DC

Common Boundary Conference: "Embodied Soul" Contact: Common Boundary (301) 652-9495 4303 East-West Highway, Bethesday, MD 20814

1994 Witch camps

June 26-July 3: Sonoma County, California

Contact: Jodi Sager (707) 869-0989, fax (707) 869-3855

July 23-30: Vancouver, B.C.

Contact: Pat Hogan (604) 253-7189

August (exact date TBA) Washington DC

Contact: Heather Sutherland (301) 229-8816

September 3-10: Midwest camp in Missouri

Contact: Diana's Grove (314) 689-2400



To confirm dates, or for more information, contact:
Harmony Network
PO Box 2550, Guerneville, CA 95446
(707) 869-0989

#### PAGANS IN RECOVERY PROJECT

by Selena Fox

Are you a Pagan who is in recovery from alcoholism? If so, I would like to hear from you. I invite you to share your ideas and experiences with me.

I am doing a Pagans in Recovery Project in connection with some of my graduate studies. I have begun this project: 1) to examine how Wiccan and other Pagan forms of spirituality can help in the recovery process; 2) to compile and develop self-help approaches for Pagans in recovery to use on their own and/or in groups; and 3) to educate mental health professionals about effective and ineffective ways of doing treatment with Pagans with drinking problems.

As part of this project, I will facilitate an art therapy workshop with a Madison-area Pagans in Recovery group and will do a presentation to students and faculty in the Department of Counseling Psychology at the University of Wisconsin in Madison. I also plan to write up a report about the project, which I will make available to those who have shared experiences, ideas, and information with me as part of this study.

To take part, please send me your name, address and phone number. Please let me know if I can interview you by phone, and if so, when the best times are to call you. Confidentiality is assured.

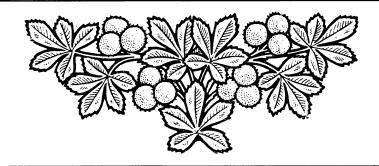
Written accounts of perspectives and experiences are also welcome. Briefly describe your Pagan orientation and involvement. Summarize your journey of recovery. Comment on one or more of these questions:

- In what ways is your Wiccan/ Pagan spirituality helping you in your recovery process?
- What rituals, meditations, invocations and/or other spiritual practices have helped you with recovery?
- Does your involvement in Paganism present any special challenges to recovery? If so, please describe.
- If you have been part of a Pagans in Recovery group, describe what group process approaches have been most effective.
- Have you disclosed your involvement in Paganism to the therapist(s) you've worked with? Why or why not? If you have, what has been the response?
- If you have been in Alcoholics Anonymous as part of treatment, how has this worked for you? Have you adapted any of the language/concepts in AA literature to be more compatible with Paganism, and if so, what? Have you mentioned you are a Pagan to others in the program, and if so, what has resulted?
- What do you think therapists need to consider in order to help Pagans with drinking problems?
- What suggestions do you have for other Wiccans/Pagans in recovery?

Pagans who are mental health professionals are also invited to share their ideas, approaches, and experiences with Pagans in recovery. If you know of any journal articles, academic papers, and/or other literature that could be of help to me in this project, please send me copies or cite sources.

Please pass the word about this project and encourage the Pagans you know in recovery to take part. Thanks and Blessed Be,

Selena Fox Recovery Project Circle Sanctuary PO Box 219, Mt. Horeb, WI 53572 (608) 924-2216 (leave message)



The Newsletter starr bids a sad rarewell to Karen, whose diligence, good taste and sense or humor have helped keep the newsletter together for many years. OK, life in Olympia will probably be great for you, Karen, but we will miss you!



Blossom of Bone: Reclaiming the Connections between Homoeroticism and the Sacred Randy P. Conner HarperSanFrancisco, 1993.

reviewed by Donald Engstrom

Over the years, maps of particular sacred geographies have come my way; up out of dreams, while on trance journeys, as I sat listening to other travelers talk of their experiences on the many paths winding through the Sacred Lands of Mystery, etc. A few examples of maps that have opened up vast territories for me in the past are: 1) My first Radicle Faerie gathering; 2) Starhawk's book, The Spiral Dance; 3) The afternoon that the Queer God first came to me. I now list Randy Conner's Blossom of Bone as one of these seminal/ovanal maps. This book is one of the most exciting guides to come my way in some time.

Conner has given us a bird's eye view of a land that most know of in only bits and unconnected pieces. Now it appears that a basic map (much more than a rough draft) of queer spiritualities, throughout a rather large chunk of time and space, has been put into our hands.

Specifically, Conner explores "... the interrelationship of homoeroticism, gender variance, and the sacred." He suggests that "these three traits may be characterized as a 'domain' or 'web of associations." Conner presents evidence that this "domain" has been a pattern throughout most, if not all, of human existence. But do not fear, Conner recognizes the fluidity of this "domain" as

he guides us on journeys up rivers, over roads and beyond seas both ancient and contemporary.

Just who will you meet on your travels when you use *Blossom of Bone* as a queer spirit map? You will have a chance to visit a gender-variant male Yukaghir shaman, the galli, priests of Cybele and Ma's Fanatics. You will spend time with the Pre-Raphaelite painter Simeon Soloman, Lan Zai He, a deity of ancient China, King Henri III of France, the Radicle Faeries, the siederman, various priest of Santeria, and many, many more whose lives and culture were/are a blending of the homoerotic, gender variance, and the sacred.

Randy Conner has truly begun the cartography of regions in which many queer Pagan, Wiccans, and Faeries already live. He has given us a tool that not only helps us to reclaim our spiritual ancestors, but helps us to build the communities that are emerging from our dreams into the light of day. Conner has also given us a special gift, clear visions of possible queer roles within contemporary Earth-centered spiritualities.

Do yourself a favor, read *Blossom of Bone*. It's a pleasure and a challenge. It's as good as a trip to Paris ... and it's cheaper.

Dear Folks.

I am submitting this to you in the hope of having it published in your newsletter. I know you reach a politically and spiritually active community, and since I lack that at the moment (currently my activist and spiritual circles have one member—me) I am hoping you can spread the word about a grave miscarriage of justice better than I.

Leonard Peltier is a Native American who has been in prison for eighteen years. He is serving two consecutive life terms for the murder of two FBI agents—even though the government has admitted, on the record, in appellate court, that it doesn't know who killed the agents! (Typical government logic, and your tax dollars at work).

I was alerted to the FBI manipulations of this case by Peter Mathiessen's excellent book, *In the Spirit of Crazy Horse*. It details how they went about concealing some pieces of evidence, manufactured others, and coerced practically every prosecution witness into committing perjury. The case is too complex to summarize well, but the book is an excellent read.

What makes this a pressing issue is that a motion was recently filed to grant Leonard executive elemency, but without tons of public pressure, you know how likely that is! So I urge you now to join your voices to the 25 million world

citizens who have already petitioned for his release and write the president demanding executive elemency for Leonard Peltier

For more information on the case, including details on the rally in DC being planned for June 25 and 26, write to:

Leonard Peltier Defense Committee PO Box 583 Lawrence, KS 66044 (913) 842-5774

Yours in the Mother, Jennifer Flamingo, Florida



#### ANNOUNCEMENTS =

**PANTHEOS** — National Pagan Gay Men's Network. Send stamp for info: Pantheos, Box 9543, Santa Fe, NM 87504

#### **ATTENTION POETS:**

The National Library of Poetry has announced that \$12,000 in prizes will be awarded this year to over 250 poets in the North American Open Poetry Contest. The deadline for this year's contest is March 31, 1995. The contest is open to everyone and entry is **FREE.** Any poet, whether previously published or not, can be a winner. Every poem entered also has a chance to be published in a deluxe, hardbound anthology. To enter, send ONE original poem, any subject and any style, to The National Library of Poetry, 11419 Cronridge Drive, PO Box 704-YI, Owings Mills, MD 21117. The poem should be no more than 20 lines, and the poet's name and address should appear on the top of the page.

#### WICCAN HOLIDAY COOKBOOK

I am writing a cookbook based on the Wiccan Holidays and Traditions. Any recipes and stories you would like to contribute will be greatly appreciated. All contributions will be acknowledged with your name, coven name or in any other manner you choose. Please send contributions to: **Nicolina Nicthe, 11024 Montgomery NE #123, Albuquerque, NM 87112.** Thank you and Blessed Be!

**CRAIG STEHR** would like you to know that he founded the **Cosmic Consciousness Theatre** March 26, 1994 in Ukiah, California, USA, to promote cosmic consciousness world-wide.

**BEVERLY & DOUG** host a community dance jam every **Friday night, from 8:00** to 11:00 pm, at the **Mindful Body, 2876 California,** near Divisadero in San Francisco. Come dance and play in a smoke and alcohol free environment. Live drumming must stop at 9:00 pm.

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#### AFTER RAPTURE

I AM A MOON, ANOTHER DAY, YOUR NARROW BED.

LAM LIGHTNING IN YOUR BODY, DUST IN YOUR BLOOD, A DARK SAIL.

IAM SOMETHING THAT YOU NEED.

I AM THE SECRET OF YOUR GRIEF, DREDGED FROM A LAKE IN FLAMES.

I AM WHAT IS LEFT AFTER RAPTURE.

-TERRI WILSON





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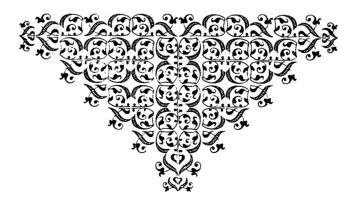


# SIXTH ANNUAL ELOERFLOWER WOMENSPIRIT FESTIVAL AUGUST 25-28 1994

The festival site is in the Mendocino Woodlands. Registration includes vegetarian dinners, prepared by a professional cook.

Campfires, plant walks, arts and crafts, natural healing, movement, psychic skills, open air market, discussions, women's rituals, and relaxation. All programs are led by festival participants. Anyone may offer a workshop. Participation in all activities is voluntary.

All women and girls age eleven to seventeen are welcome. Girls younger than fifteen must come with an adult. One section of the camp is a Clean and Sober area. Each registrant is asked to volunteer two hours assisting with the festival. Registration fees \$150-\$195 for women and \$80-\$125 for girls. For more information call 916-556-4840 or write Elderflower, P.O. Box 7153, Redwood City, CA 94063.





Glenn A. Turner

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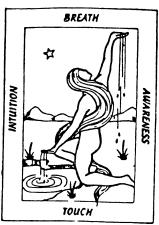
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Judith May holds a Master of Music degree from the Juilliard School, and an M.A. in psychology from Antioch University.

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Sample copy is \$4. Subscriptions are: \$13 per year (US, third class), \$18 per year (US, tirst class) and Canada (US dollars or Money Orders only please), and overseas \$23 in US dollars. Please make checks payable to. *Tides* 



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Sat. 12-6

#### **ADVERTISING RATES**

Display	Ads	Size &	Proport	ions
1/8 page 1/4 page 1/2 page Full page	(1-1/4" x (2-1/2" x (5" x 3-1/ (5" x 7")	3-1/2")	\$20 \$35 \$65 \$120	Send us your copy camera-ready and properly sized. Also, we can only accept adsmailed with a check or money order.
	Classifie	d, Persona	l, Type-onl	y Ads: \$.20 per word

- 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** 

(season)

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 the Reclaiming Newsletter, Issue No.	TO:			
, 19				

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 costs \$2.00 if you get it at a store or an event. 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				