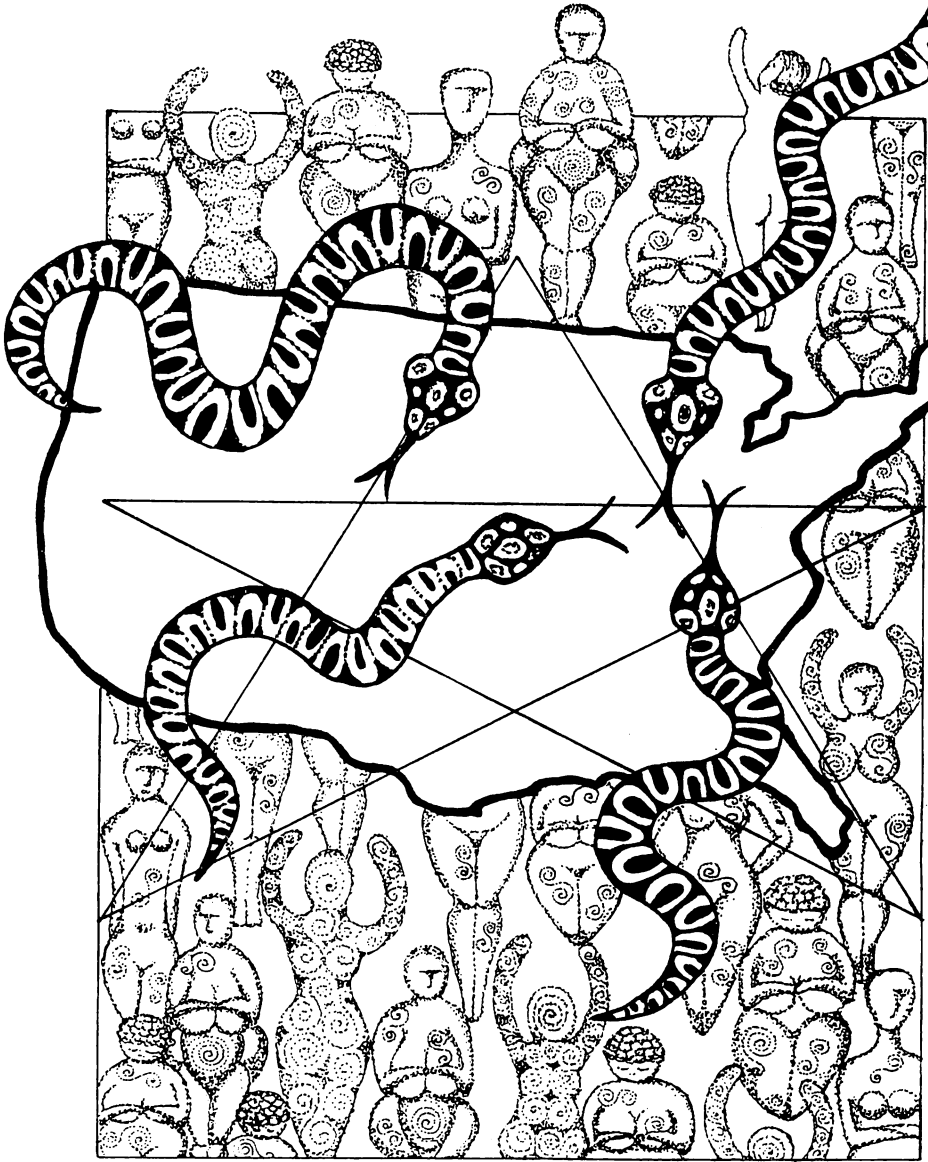


RECLAIMING NEWSLETTER



#57

WINTER 1994

\$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. **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.

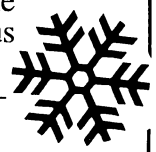
All submissions, whether we print them or not, eventually find their way into our cauldron, so keep copies for yourself. Please do not ask us to return them.

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.

SPRING NEWSLETTER DEADLINE IS February 2, 1995



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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) 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

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Reya, Julie, Robin, Mary, Calla and Patti got this issue off the ground, and in the process, we have learned the true meaning of the term "last minute." But the superheroes of this issue are Rose, Starhawk, Anne, Laura and Robin, all of whom rose to the occasion, and delivered!

Printed on Recycled Paper



WINTER



The weather came in under the door last night. We live in a house, thank Goddess, and that house is supposed to keep us from the weather, to contain us. But it rained and stormed all night and this morning there were pools of water on both kitchen floors, and probably on the ritual room floor. I don't know. I didn't look up there.

This morning the paper says that rain is here earlier than it has come in several winters. I remember when I first sang in the Spiral Dance chorus, in October 1981, we sang "as the hills turn green with winter rain." In that year there had already been two or three soaking storms and a few sunny days in between, enough to give a greenish hint to the golden grasses on Bernal Hill, Red Rock, and Twin Peaks, the hills I could see from home. The words of the song were true. I remember many other subsequent years when I sang those lines as a prayer, afraid of more drought. This year, after crying a lot at the Spiral Dance over my dead, I sang "*Rrrraaaaiinnnn*" over and over into the cone of power. This morning Starhawk blamed me for the water on the floor because of my chanting, but we both know, I think, that I can't take credit for the rain.

It's funny, trying to figure out if magic really works, if the Goddess is really there, if Death is really just another part of the cycle—to be welcomed and cel-

ebrated as much as birth. I've always learned and taught that we have to do magic "as if" it would work. I've learned and taught that the magician holds contradictions in her hands and is able to juggle them, to have a number of things be true and untrue at once. Clumsy analogies such as these sometimes help us peek at the nature of reality. But it's just a passing glimpse of the truth, whatever that might be.

I didn't sit down here to write about the weather.

My mother died on August 18. Cora Naftel May Deitrich. She was 80. She had been dancing with my dad, and they sat down to rest for a moment, to have a glass of juice. She collapsed and died. I was not prepared for this. I did not recognize that she was sick, although people who saw her more often thought she was sick. My dad had been the sick one that year and we had been concentrating on getting him well and getting them moved into a nice place for seniors. I was surprised. My grandmothers had lived into their late 90's.

My present avowed religion was not much of a comfort to me when my mother died. I did not celebrate, I did not dance. It's hard for me to imagine my Christian mother frolicking in Summerland or the Isle of Apples, ready to reincarnate. Bill brought a piece of Wiccan liturgy for the dead to the fu-



neral. It was lovely, something Starhawk has been working on since the death of her own mother in 1993. It was great to hear him read it there in the church, but the most comfort I received at that service came from the hymns and Bible passages that I chose for the service, words and songs my mother knew and loved, words and songs woven into the fabric of my being. Perhaps if my mother had been moving through a long illness I would have had time to weave my present beliefs into her dying, into saying goodbye and letting her go. But when she died so suddenly I was dropped into a basic place of automatic reaction.

I trust it will be different for the children in our community. People like Casey and Shannon who have been carried to rituals since they were born, who have heard our songs and chants and prayers, who sing them now themselves, will sing them at our death ceremonies and be comforted, even if they've gone off and become Roman Catholics or Zen Buddhists.

But I was not embracing the mystery of death after my mother died. I was sunk in grief and depression. Then, 20

days after she died, I was touched by mystery and miracle. My daughter called me.

Twenty-four years ago I had given up my child for adoption, urged by my parents to take this step since I was unmarried and still dependent on them for survival, unskilled in the ways of the world. They felt that a child born out of wedlock was a disgrace, and they needed to hide my pregnancy and their grandchild. The loss of this child has colored my life, of course. I've had a happy, productive, even fascinating life up until now, but my loss of this child and my childless state have been a strong chord of unhappiness, a minor key, beneath the other happier harmonies of my existence. And my mother, with her forceful personality and her strong shaping of my fate, whether I was near her or far away, molded me as a mother can do. She was the prime mover in my giving up my child and in a subsequent abortion I had for another pregnancy in the 1980's. I know I had choice, and I take responsibility for my actions, but if my mother had felt differently or had not been around, I might have acted differ-

ently. And if I had acted differently in either pregnancy, the consequences could have been good, bad, fortunate or disastrous. I certainly cannot tell.

But I feel that my mother died and, as Starhawk suggested, as soon as she got into the astral she saw she had some unfinished business. I had been registered and searching for my child for seven years. Twenty days after my mother died, my daughter called me. I talked to her. I learned of my granddaughter, one year old. Suddenly all of my mystical tendencies popped back to the surface and I spent days in communication with my mother as I talked daily on the phone to Melissa, my daughter. I felt the power of the Mother as she reached through the wombs of four generations, felt how She stretched back and forward through time, felt how life was a never-ending circle of birth and death and rebirth. I was floating on air. I was all that ever was. I had a future. My joy was boundless.

And I am happy to know Melissa and her daughter. Soon we will meet. She is so loving and accepting of me, so kind to me. It could not be better.

That happiness is one of the balls I juggle in the air. But there are other balls to juggle as well.

For awhile I said that happiness about my daughter had softened the edge of my grief for my mother. I had been drifting in a fog. I feel my mother, by now knowing a thing or two about the nature of death, wanted to comfort me. She sent my daughter and granddaughter. But Samhain approached. I began to put up my altars for my mother. My grief re-emerged. I'm sure that is normal and natural, but now I seem so stuck

in it, so tearful all the time. I feel guilty that even though I have so much to be joyful about, still I am sobbing every morning and crying whenever I have time to relax. Once again the mysterious meaning of death has left me and I feel only bereft.

So my craft, my religion, its liturgy and practices, are not quite enough for me in the instance of a shocking death. It's like my house in winter. It's a beautiful house, beautifully made, old and sound. But when there's a big storm, water comes in under the door, because the weather is strong, very strong. And death is strong.

When I encounter some people who seem so held up by their faith in God that they can be carried through any crisis, I am usually frightened by those people. I often find that those people seem out of touch with reality, inflexible, too brave to be cautious and exploratory. So I guess it's all right that sometimes my faith leaves me to flounder, weep, to question myself and others endlessly. But I thought that since I'm a teacher of this craft, an elder of this religion, it would be important for me to air my doubts and despair.

I hope we can create traditions and liturgies together that account for the side of death that is madness, as well as the side that is the mysterious gateway. The weather is going to come in under the door from time to time, no matter what we do.

*Rose May Dance
November 1994*



I wanted it dark
where the sound of the rain came in
knowing this could be a beginning
the end of drought.

Traveling in the desert of my longings
long wide vistas of pure unknowing
fill my view—a river's born there
bubbling up, though completely absorbed
with future dreams of flow and current.

Touch me in the darkest place ...
feathers dangle in place of flight.
Drop, drop the pool of all-knowing
cannot fathom its own root-swelling source
lapping, still, its well-acquainted shore.

The seed. The tree. The egg. The symbol
claims its rightful place in seconds known.
All bear witness in sound and silence
casting glowing shadows from revered faces
the dancer spins, alight in the soulful dark.

-Joyce Hulbert



WHAT IS TO BE DONE



by *Starhawk*

After last week's elections, I found myself begging the universe to beam me up, take me away to some planet with better people on it. In my coven, when things got really rough, we used to say, "That settles it—I'm going to move to the country and live in a yurt." Then we bought a piece of land together in the country that has a yurt on it, and the yurt leaks. We found a dead newt in the water supply (named it Gingrich and disposed of it) and we're low on wood—so that's no solution. This sounds funny, but seriously, I feel sick, scared, and I'm fighting off despair. Somehow we have to figure this out.

Can magic help? Dion Fortune called magic "the art of changing consciousness at will," and the same definition can be applied to politics. Every group, every institution, every political entity has a group mind. Elections are less about rational choice than we'd like to imagine, and much more about the influencing of the group mind. Applying our knowledge of how magic works, we might come up with a few insights and strategies:

1) Energy is moved by imagery. TV is powerful magic. If we want fair elections, we need to equalize each side's access to TV. Campaign financing reform would help, but campaign spending limits would be better. Best would be to ban political advertising on televi-

sion altogether. There are sticky first amendment questions involved, but this is something to work on. Because as long as politicians can spend money, they will have to spend money, in amounts that will guarantee that they cannot be honest and must remain controlled by powerful business interests.

2) If you want to gather power, you can't throw away any avenue of power that is open to you. In other words, we've got to vote—even those of us who are anarchists, who don't trust politicians, who don't think any good will come of it, who feel slimed by the whole scene. Otherwise, we are undermining any other magical or political actions we take to change the world. Personally, I found voting to be a very moving experience. In my neighborhood, there were long lines all day of people of every different ancestry, ethnic group, education level and style of dress—a picture of the true diversity of this city. We were all together, performing what felt like a sacred act in spite of all the bullshit surrounding it. And of course, San Francisco bucked the national trend, threw out a couple of big-money politicians and elected progressives—one bright spot in an otherwise dismal picture.

3) We need to translate our personal power into collective and political

power. That is, we need to figure out how to organize effectively, how to become a pressure group with a voice that is heard. Maybe we need to take a few lessons from the radical right; perhaps we need to form a Coalition for Pagan Values to pressure school boards, for example, to demand that they stop trying to promote abstinence for teenagers, as that is a religious value we don't hold, or to insist on curriculums that foster imagination and self esteem and tolerance. Undoubtedly, people will think we're nuts, but they do already and remember, everyone thought Fundamentalists were nut cases until they started to gain power in the 80's! Maybe we even need to consider running candidates for school boards and local offices. We also need to do all those tedious things that the right-wing pressure groups do so well—writing hundreds of letters, helping to get out the vote. Maybe we'll think of more creative, magical ways to make change, but in the meantime, if every Pagan in the country wrote one political letter a week, we'd start to be able to counter some of the right wing's effectiveness.

4) We need to stop trashing our allies. Yes, I know the men's movement is full of jerks, the women's movement is white and middle class, the New Age is full of flakes and the environmentalists haven't figured out what to do with women. Bisexuals are undermining the lesbian and gay movement, white people are appropriating Native spirituality, and everybody is racist. We spend a hell of a lot of time and energy bitching and complaining and trying to straighten out the thinking of people who somewhat

share our aims and goals but not perfectly, while people whose aims and goals are diametrically opposed to ours have turned our state into a prison camp, stolen our wealth and are proceeding to institute fascism. We need to take responsibility for straightening ourselves out, and meanwhile work together imperfectly.

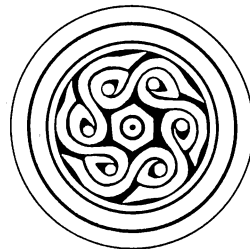
It's also time to stop trashing the politicians who are our allies. In the two years since he's been in office, I've scarcely heard a good word from anyone in my own community about Bill Clinton. Sure, he has disappointed us—but he's also a whole lot better than Bush would have been or than Dole will be in two years if something doesn't change. What if we as a community had given him not just political but psychic support? From the day after his inauguration, it seemed the media and the Republicans were systematically shifting the group mind away from support for the progressive goals he campaigned on. Suppose we had bucked that trend, had systematically visualized him surrounded by positive energies and good will? Could we have shifted the energy? Should we try, before '96 comes upon us?

These ideas don't seem terribly inspired to me, but they are a bit better than the alternative plan, which is to dig a very large hole and crawl into it. I have made a personal vow to devote myself to some serious observation/meditation on the question of the group mind, and what can be done about it. In the meantime, I guess we'll dust off the old Political Despair Ritual for Bridgid, and carry on.

Winter's Waiting

Will He return again,
After the long night
In Her womb?
The question carries
Round about the circle,
A five fold kiss of passage
In the cold.
The Sun King always born of
Trial and darkness—
Received from death
By heartbeat of the living.
We need to know, to keep alive.

Jumping into icy brine we shriek
The wail of dying and rebirth,
Emerge shaking
On the shore of time.
We vigil casting runestones,
Drinking honey gold,
The belly of the Sun.
Around watchfires we tell
Stories of our births.
We have great faith,
That He be born once more.
The dawn is always waiting.



—Theresa Thorn Coyle

PASSAGES



“Welcome winter, waning season”

by Robin Weaver



The light fails and falls from the sky, daubing the hills with mustard and lemon wherever black oak and big leaf maple grow. Soon chilling winds come blustering through the canyons and drive even these reminders of summer's brightness back to the sheltering earth.

In the dimmed light, storms blow off the sea in waves and break across the land. They wash over the coast range hills like so many upturned boats, raising a faint verdigris on their brassy hulls. The fog that lived along the coast all summer and seemed to fade away in autumn's warmth has mysteriously appeared inland, rising wraithlike above the marshes and valleys.

With the outer world's haunting comes a stirring of inner life. It is a season for stories, for ghosts and heroes, for the fruits of summer's labor laid away. A season when roots move through the soil, reaching for winter's moisture. A season of memories, of gathering together, of inner light amidst the outer dark.

And gather we did, the weekend before All Hallows, for the mysteries and rituals of the Samhain Cycle.

On Friday night, around 300 women gathered for “The Cave of the Fates.” It was a homespun kind of affair, a chance to meet those mysterious artists of life's fabric, and get a sense of the tools of their trade. It was pretty cozy, in fact, the hall at the Women's Building was packed. Mary, Heather, Laura Wyrd, Thorn, Julie, Lisa, Kiki, Kathy, Pat and Reya provided priestessing, Beverly, Neath, Alissa, and Peggy danced the directions.

Meanwhile, about 50 men gathered at 848 Divisidero (thanks, Keith!) for pumpkin carving, but that was only the shell of the ritual. The space we made within was a place of darkness, of questioning and, maybe, an opportunity for the spirit to light. Organization and priestwork was done by David, Brook, Jim, Karl, Bill, Kelly, Jeff and myself. Dancing by the whole crowd.

The Spiral Dance on Saturday was nothing short of spectacular. More than 1300 people made their way through the labyrinthine gateway, like pushing past the cobwebs of years, into the cavern of Fort Mason's Herbst Pavilion, to remember their dead and celebrate the season's beginning.

The ghostly motion of the east altar, the warmth of the south, the subtle blending of the western altar, seen from across the room, and the loving detail of the north, framed the three circles of a novel ritual space. Through these circles pranced, stomped, leaped, cavorted, and flowed the elemental spirits made visible. Beasts of earth and flame and their whirling entourage startled and amazed the crowd. At least one small



child's fears were barely held back by his little bag full of charms. Then the graceful and mysterious invocation of the center, where the dancers suspended above us suspended the limits of our thoughts. The tone of the evening was set: anything is possible here tonight.

It took around 200 people to perform the technical and priestessing aspects of the Spiral Dance. Kudos to Kim Jack whose maniacal energy drove and coordinated the massive effort; to Reya, her assistant, our MC in the glittering red hat; Dominique and her crew of 25 graces; Thorn, who guarded our treasures with a team of only 10 dragons; the band; Brigid and the chorus, including the strong support of Gaia's voice; all of Judy's crew and the other altar builders; the technical support of J & K Sound; the 848 community, Project Bandaloop, and all the dancers; WiseFool Puppet Intervention; all the priestesses and Starhawk who guided us to and from the Shining Isle; Patti, Karl and Elizabeth for feeding us; Joe Dellert and the cleanup crew who, among the wonders performed, somehow managed to clear the kitchen before the cooks got back from the ritual; and of course everyone who dealt with tickets, money, paperwork and any of those other myriad details that make any big production or festival a success. And a special thanks to Kate and Lisa of Fort Mason who were so helpful and supportive in setting up this event. Thank you one and all.

A Celebration of the Ancestors of Many Cultures was held. Over the course of the day, hundreds of people came to visit the wonderful Altar of Roots and the stark Altar of Violations, to join in the powerful sharing of personal stories, to pause at the Altar of Healing. The evening ritual included a trance journey exploring our migrations, and the weaving of a rope for El Dia de los Muertos.

It was a much smaller host of souls that joined in the Dead March on November 2nd. Was it Mission District politics or ennui with Washington that stemmed the tide we've come to expect? Also missing was the wonderful theatre of the New College crowd that has adorned Balmy Alley in recent years. The gathering had the twin political focus of countering Proposition 187, the anti-immigrant initiative, and supporting the indigenous people of Chiapas, and Reclaiming was a sponsor.

The march began with an invocation to the directions and ended with a spiral into Garfield Park where the Aztec dancers came to the center of the crowd and joined in with those ancient dances. I never made it that far, though, but was caught up once again by the drums and agogos that piled up at the edge of the park, blocking traffic and filling the costumed mob with happiness. Make no bones about it, the rhythm of the drums is very much alive.

 *"Thirst comes in buckets, wisdom a drop at a time."* 

Congratulations to Thorn Coyle on her initiation. Gaily she left her old self to assay the mysteries. Her new self is right welcome amongst us.

We'd like to honor two big events in Rose's life. First, sadly, the passing of her mother, Naftel Deitrich. A story teller and beloved school teacher, she deeply touched

many of her students' lives. She is also survived by her husband Huey. Second, on a happy note, Rose's reuniting with her daughter Melissa. In sadness and happiness Rose, you're in our hearts.

Now here's a guessing game. Who said, after a weekend with their conveniently east coast (ex) lover, "I've never met a man with such stamina!"? A correct answer wins the chance to propose your own impudent question for this column.

*Then spake Holly and set him down on his knee.
"I pray thee, gentle Ivy, say me no villainy
In Landes where we goe."*

Where does the light go when it fades from the sky? Where does the summer hide when bitter weather fills the air? No sooner are the words spoken than winter's greenery catches our eye: holly and toyon with their bright red berries, faithful ivy, the mischievous mistletoe, sitting like an imp in otherwise naked trees. The scents of rosemary and bay tug at our memories. Bring them in on Solstice Eve to join your Yule candles. Light your Yule log with the stub of last year's brand, which, saved all year, protects the house from fire. Pause beneath the kissing bush to share in the loving kindness of the season.

In these tokens, we carry our hopes through the darkest times. Although the bulk of winter's rains are still before us, we see the light returning to the sky. Look ahead now to the end of this season. Already our hearts are calling to Brigid, to the beginning of spring.

*Holy Briid,
You are the hearth, the house's altar.*

*Holy Briid,
You are the fire that fills our hearts.*

*Holy Briid,
You are the field resting through winter.*

*Holy Briid,
You are the seed quickening in the furrow.*

*Holy Briid,
You are the tree with outstretched branches.*

*Holy Briid,
You are the bird nesting among new buds.*

*Holy Briid,
You are the well, hollow in the earth.*

*Holy Briid,
You are the water, rising to our lips.*

*On your feast day, Briid, the birthday of Spring,
Come in, come in, you're a hundred times welcome.*

Blessed Be.



THE MEN'S SAMHAIN RITUAL 1994

By Brook Schoenfeld

About 50 men came together on Friday, October 28th for a men's Samhain Cycle ritual. This year's ritual was really quite different in scope from most if not all the public rituals I have attended or worked on in the past. Part of that was intentional, and part came about because of the form and energy of the ritual.

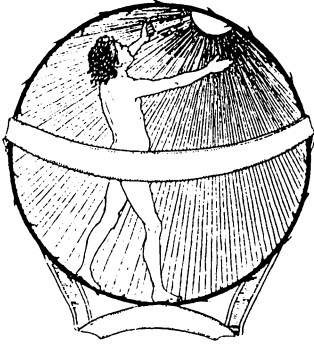
Many of our rituals, (perhaps most?) are what I would like to label "transformative". By that, I mean that one starts the ritual from one's current place/state. The ritual goes somewhere via song, mythology and/or guided trance (like going to the Isle of Apples to meet our beloved dead in the Spiral Dance) where we are given the space to achieve something. Perhaps it is healing a broken relationship with a departed beloved, or learning something about what we want to bring forth in the coming year through speaking with our dead. Perhaps it is directing our grief energy into changing our world, as in visioning more societal focus on the AIDS epidemic and then directing the energy from a cone of power into that vision. Though the actual transformation may be quite personal for each participant, our rituals give space for a discovery of what needs transformation and then space to complete the journey. The journey gets wrapped up into a package with visualizations like, "You may ask your beloved dead any questions you want answered". We get our answers, gifts, or other transformations and then come back out of the journey the way we came.

The men's Samhain, however, never wrapped up our experience in this way. I've come to think of it as "initiatory" rather than transformative. The ritual posed a series of challenges which were not resolved at the end. I don't mean power-over challenges ("are you man enough to enter the circle?"). They were challenges posed from the heart, about our relationships to each other, to the world, and to ourselves. The challenges started at the very beginning and really never let up.

The morning after, I was left with an unsettled sense of the things that I need to work through. My unsettledness wasn't depressing. I was keenly aware of the many challenges that I face, as a man, as a person, as myself. What better state when the God has died and the seed that will be planted at His birth on Yule is not yet visible? It is the state of the beginning of winter: deep, contemplative, internal.

This comparison is not a criticism, for either type of ritual is meaningful in its own ways. Indeed, I love the transformative nature of our rituals, they keep me coming back, year after year, discovering ever new places, spaces, things, mysteries. It's just that the men's ritual this year was different and this is how I now understand it.

This year's ritual focused on the nature of the jack o' lantern as creation, as spirit vessel, and the journey into the dark. Each of us brought a pumpkin for carving and a knife to carve it with. As each man was welcomed to the ritual



with a salt water asperging and if desired, loving touch, each man was given a question to ponder: "What questions fill the dark?" After every man had been welcomed, a playful description of the magic pumpkin as autumn fruit and as spirit vessel was given, which lead into a grounding trance-each of us becoming a pumpkin plant seeking our vital needs from the earth and sky. The circle was cast and we called in our elemental helpers. These invocations, however, did not just invite elemental powers into the circle, but also challenged the participants to find Air, Fire, Water and Earth in themselves. We called our own ancestors into the circle. The Goddess, Innana, who can lead the way into the dark-She who has made this journey before us, passing the gates as she goes-was called, and the God, he who goes down and arises each year.

With the invocations made, we began the business of carving our pumpkins. But before we started, we all picked up our knives, and while we held them we were asked to look each other in the eyes-friend, lover, stranger, and pause for a moment to consider the significance of the knife in our hands-yet another challenge.

Once the pumpkins were carved, we danced our ancestors into them while

looking at the carved faces held next to each other's faces. Then we proceeded in solemn silence into the dark to a heartbeat drum-a dark space had been prepared for us to journey into. There, in the dark, questions filled the dark, as had been posed at the beginning. And what questions there were! The questions came and went, wave upon wave of them. Some were silly, some overwhelmingly important, some deeply personal, some of worldwide significance, some questioned even the importance of the ritual questions themselves.

After the questions finally had died away, the pumpkins were lit, one by one, each man handing a single candle around the circle. It was at this point that the ritual was to have been tied together. At the beginning of the lighting, a thought about what the return of the light meant to the person holding the candle was shared. But this "packaging" was soon lost in the energy of the room slowly lighting up with the faces we had carved. The men began singing together, moving the energy of the questions that had been posed. For me, the questions were what we put our energy into. We chanted, danced and drummed our energy into a cone of power.

Then, it was time to return to the light. Two new songs had been written for the ritual. One about light and dark was sung as we returned to the lighted worlds. Then, once we were again with the living, we named the relationships of men to each other, to our ancestors and to our children. We shared candied pumpkin and pumpkin seeds. Then we devoked our ritual helpers. The challenges posed by the ritual were left for each of us to carry into the dark of winter.

THERE IS NO WORD FOR GOODBYE

by *Mary TallMountain*

Sokoya, I said, looking through
the net of wrinkles into
wise black pools
of her eyes.



What do you say in Athabascan
when you leave each other?
What is the word
for goodbye?

A shade of feeling rippled
the wind-tanned skin.
Ah, nothing, she said,
watching the river flash.

She looked at me close.
We say, *Tlaa*. That means,
See you.
We never leave each other.
When does your mouth
say goodbye to your heart?

She touched me light
as a bluebell.
You forget when you leave us;
you're so small then.
We don't use that word.

We always think you're coming back,
but if you don't,
we'll see you some place else.
You understand.
There is no word for goodbye.

Sokoya: Aunt (mother's sister)

Tlaa: See you

MARY TALLMOUNTAIN

19 June 1918-2 September 1994 c.e.

Mary TallMountain, a.k.a. Mary Randle, an old and dear friend of the Reclaiming Community-most closely to Bone Blossom, Starhawk, Roy King, Eleanor Myers and myself-passed through the veil in the waning of this year. A widely acclaimed Native American poet whose work has been published in dozens of periodicals and anthologies and featured on Bill Moyers' PBS poetry series, *The Power of the Word*, Mary wrote litanies for *The Spiral Dance*, frequently worked with the now-defunct coven *Holy Terrors*, and participated in the interview of contemporary American Goddess worshippers in Donna Read's film, *Goddess Remembered*.

Mary was born in Alaska Territory in the village of Nulato, 50 miles from the Arctic Circle along the Yukon River. Her mother was a Koyukon-Athabaskan Indian and her father was Scotch/Irish from California. After spending her first six years living among her mother's people, Mary was adopted out by a non-Indian couple and did not return to her homeland for more than 50 years. Her deep spiritual connection to her birthplace, her family and her Native culture inspired much of her writing.

As a Native American and longtime resident of the Tenderloin, Mary was deeply affected by the plight of the poor, the homeless and others who are dispossessed in our society. In her writing, teaching and activism, she addressed issues of poverty, prejudice and the destruction of the environment, and she advocated for those whose voices were unheard. Through her long membership in the Third Order of St. Francis, Mary brought together her radical Christian ideals with her native Athabaskan spiritual beliefs.

Mary's published and unpublished works are archived at the Elmer Rasmuson Library of the University of Alaska at Fairbanks, and the Alaskan, Yvonne Yarber, is working on an authorized biography and oral history of her. A Bay Area archive is being organized by the Mary TallMountain Circle, established to promote the writings of Native American and Tenderloin writers. Memorial donations may be sent to The TallMountain Circle, PO Box 423115, San Francisco, CA 94142.

A funeral mass was held at St. Boniface Church in the Tenderloin and a memorial gathering took place at the Tenderloin Reflection and Education Center.

With Mary at the time of her crossing were her friend Bone Blossom and her friend and literary executor, Kitty Costello. In accordance with Mary's wishes, Bone Blossom will take her ashes to the Iliuliuk Creek in Alaska.

Mary TallMountain has left a powerful legacy to those who knew her in life. She enriched the Reclaiming community, and we are saddened by her passing.

*Blessed be,
M. Macha NightMare, P&W*



Sleep comes with illness
the way poison & antidote huddle together in the forest,
the way dew follows the feverish day,
filtering through the leaves above.

The rain bites like nettles.
Inside the kettle begins to hiss.
You huddle as you walk, wind in your face,
moisture streaming through your eyes & hair.

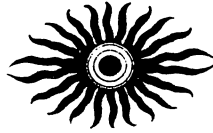
The way through the forest is filled with a soft patter
of leaves & raindrops trading tearful secrets
& water boiling from fissures in the earth.
Illness & antidote are crouching there,
somewhere along the path.

—Robin Weaver

RETURN TO ILIULIUK

Iliuliuk's friendly ripples enrich for me
hopes of my solemn search
where in the golden hills of spring
iris blow blue above the creek called Iliuliuk

her crystal currents
in their ceaseless dance
wink up at the Aleutian sun
sing in the haunting breeze



pockets of grass dot the banks
hairy with moss-green jewels dripping
seize and dazzle my memory
into the sudden reprise of a forgotten theme

drifting with Mother on a summer day
when I was ten and in my orange bathing suit
tested with eager cries the deeper
waters of the gleaming lake beyond the bend

yes just here I want my girls to stand
and smiling consign my ashes
to the faultless stream so that
Iliuliuk singing brings me full circle

I shall sing with her
shall flow on through the light

—*Mary TallMountain, 1991*
A poem to carry my ashes home.



Reclaiming



THE IRON PENTACLE for women and men

by Cybele and Anne in Sonoma County



Using our magical skills, moving and shaping energy, transforming ourselves through individual and group trance, we will explore the Mystery of the five points of this 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 **Wednesday** evenings beginning **January 4**. **\$60-\$120 sliding scale**. Call Cybele (707) 525-4992 or (415) 541-5650 for information and registration.

SACRED CENTER: A HEART AND BELLY class for women and men

by T. Thorn Coyle and Jody Logan

Explore the cauldron of your body through movement, sound, trance journey, written word and sacred play. Delve into your creative spaces, unravel the secrets swirling in the place we call Center. What is it? Where is it? Come find out ... This is an advanced class. Six **Thursday** evenings, beginning **January 19**. Sliding scale **\$60-\$120**, according to your income. For registration, call **Thorn (415) 587-8699**.

EXPLORATIONS IN QUEER MYSTERIES FOR LES/BI/GAY/TRANS PERSONS. Possible class starting in April. Queeries to **Jody (415) 665-1522** or **Thorn (415) 587-8699**.

SPELLCRAFTING by Beverly and Doug

Entice your Younger Self into deep hands-on Magic. Each week we will create a different type of magical spell working. We will make grounding herb and crystal pouches. Learn aspecting through mask work, transformation and focus through candle magic, and how to make and use a variety of magical dolls for ongoing self-transformation. Six **Thursdays**, beginning **January 19** (the class will not meet on February 23 and will conclude March 2). **\$60-\$120** sliding scale. For information and registration, call **(415) 927-2044**.



Classes & Events



ELEMENTS OF MAGIC for women and men 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, chanting, trance, creating magical space, spellcraft, and structuring rituals. Group experience follows feminist consensus process. We hope to provide a fair and nurturing environment for all participants. Beginning six-week course. Prerequisite: Reading of the first six chapters of *The Spiral Dance* by Starhawk. We ask that applicants be committed to attending all six classes, which will be held on six **Mondays**, beginning **January 23**. **\$60-\$120** sliding scale. For information and registration, call **(415) 927-2044**.



MOVING BETWEEN THE WORLDS by Beverly and Doug

This class focuses on our main magical tools—our bodies! How to know them more deeply, heal them more fully, and unleash our ecstatic transformative power as witches! Six **Thursdays** beginning **March 9**. **\$60-\$120** sliding scale. For information and registration, call **(415) 927-2044**.

BREAKING THROUGH TO DEEPER MAGIC—A SPRING EQUINOX RETREAT

Join us as we sing by the fire, walk in the redwoods, soak in the hot tub, laugh, drum, trance, dance and challenge ourselves to break through our barriers to a deeper magical life. From **7:00 pm, Friday, March 24 to Sunday afternoon, March 26**, we will retreat to a secluded camp in the redwoods of the Santa Cruz mountains. Vegetarian meals provided. **\$150-\$300 sliding scale**. Some work exchange available. Call **Beverly (415) 927-2044** or **Laura Wyrđ (408) 425-3317** for registration and information. Space is limited so register early!



THE CALIFORNIA WITCH CAMP SCHOLARSHIP FUND

'94 was the first California witch camp in 8 years. It was a great success, a warm and wacky week devoted to personal healing and building of community. Surrounded by Her elements, we came together, a cool swim, a fiery dance, sacred rituals and the best of talent shows, each giving us rich memories to carry with us. The energy grows and the connections continue to strengthen, covens are springing up and friendships have sprouted ... the crossing of paths at public rituals is a delight.

We left camp committed to build scholarship funds and with visions of people gathering at future camps—diverse, strong, beautiful. If you want to join our efforts (by sharing ideas, volunteering, donating or the soon to be popular "Sponsor a Witch Program", call Holly at (415) 474-8949 or Helen at (415) 642-1799.

Greetings from one of the Witch Camp producers:

As you make your plans for the camp of your choice and mark your calendar, please consider the amount of work it takes to put one of these together. When you think of what it costs, in time and money, for the organizers and teachers, and figure in living expenses at camp, mailing and advertising costs, phone bills, site rental and food, you'll realize no one is getting rich from this work. If you send your deposit quickly, we can repay our initial outlay of money (sometimes loans, sometimes personal savings). When you pay at the high end of the sliding scale, or send a donation in addition to your own camp costs, you provide another member of your community with the opportunity to be a part of camp.

If you're interested in scholarships, work exchange, or other ways to plug into this, call me at **(707) 869-0989**.

Looking forward to another magical camp in California with as many of you as can make it.

Love,
Jodi @ Harmony Network





UPCOMING FUND RAISERS FOR CALIFORNIA WITCH CAMP

Starhawk

January 22, 1995

Location and details to be announced.

For more information or to volunteer, call Holly at (415) 474-8949

Pagan Flea Market

*CLEAN OUT
YOUR CLOSETS!*

Garage Sale
March 25, 1995
10:00 till ?

*MERCHANTS:
COME PEDDLE YOUR WARES*

Location to be announced.
Accepting donations now.

To donate goods or peddle your wares, call Helen at (415) 642-1799

Pagan Dance

April 30, 1995

Capturing that Beltaine energy, an event NOT to be missed!

Location to be announced.

Sliding scale.

For more information or to volunteer, call Helen at (415) 642-1799

LET'S DRESS UP!

*TAKE OFF YOUR
CLOTHES!*

TAKE A LISTEN, HAVE A LOOK

a collection of product reviews by Anne Hill

There is, of course, no consensus within the larger Pagan community about what Pagan art is, or Pagan music, or Pagan erotica. I'm not sure we would achieve consensus even if we could all get to the same meeting. Yet, there are lots of artists who call what they do Pagan art, even though no one has any idea what that means. At the very least, it seems, calling your work Pagan identifies you with a rather interesting, eclectic sub-culture that presumably will want to buy your stuff. Thus, it falls to those of us who like getting free books and tapes in exchange for writing reviews to say to our readers, "Yes, this is good Pagan art, and you should buy it." Or the opposite, if we must.

This is a thankless task, aside from getting the free stuff. Why, we don't even know what to compare things to. Say, for instance, I receive a copy of a journal of Wiccan/Pagan erotica to review (which I did-actually I requested it. All in the line of duty, you know). Of course, I'm happy to look at erotica of any kind, and I know what I like, but how do I know what makes good Wiccan/Pagan erotica? I find myself going off on these What Is Art tangents when I really should be writing the damn review so there's something to print in the Newsletter.

All this is to preface this article with a solid disclaimer: These are my opinions, based on what I like, and I'm a fairly critical reviewer. Decide for yourself if these products meet your criteria for good Pagan art. Then write a long

letter to the Newsletter, so that Rebecca won't bug me for another article next time. And *caveat emptor*.



THIS WINTER'S NIGHT, A CELEBRATION OF WINTER SOLSTICE

MotherTongue, the choir associated with EarthSpirit Community in the Boston area, has a new recording out this season, *This Winter's Night, A Celebration of the Winter Solstice*. This collection of 15 songs for the Winter season ranges from the traditional to the original, ancient to modern, with some little-known gems from medieval times that are definitely worth a listen. As with their previous release, *FireDance*, all the arrangements for this group of 20 singers are very well-done. This is an incredibly well-directed and rehearsed chorus, by far the best Pagan vocal group I have heard. They are accompanied by a variety of instruments, most notably keyboard and drums, but with nice additions of recorders, flute, and even the occasional harp and tuba entrance.

The one wish I have for their next release-and I hope there will be many-is that the drum sounds come through more clearly, with all the resonance that ought to be there. I am well aware of the trade-offs between recording a live performance and striving for the best recorded

sound possible, but I think there is some middle ground to be explored here. If they have the resources to rent a studio that has a couple of isolation booths, they will improve their sound mix immensely without compromising the energy of a live performance, and we as listeners will feel that much closer to the music. This Winter's Night is available on CD for \$16 ppd and cassette for \$11 ppd, from EarthSpirit Community, P.O. Box 365, Medford, MA 02155. Bookstores wanting to stock this recording should contact Abyss Distribution at (413) 623-2155.



***PRIESTESS OF THE PENTACLE,
THE QUEEN OF EARTH AND SKY***

Lady Isadora is a performer and prolific writer that I had not heard of until recently, but she has been around for years and was good enough to send me her recordings to review for listeners out here. She is a folksinger/songwriter with a lovely soprano voice and a style that is heavily influenced by early Joni Mitchell. Priestess of the Pentacle and The Queen of Earth and Sky are her solo albums, both released in 1990.

Both albums are acoustic collections of Goddess folk (so this is how genres are born...), with voice and guitar prominent, accompanied occasionally by percussion and electric guitar. Ballads with an Arthurian bent, autobiographical anthems and some traditional tunes re-written with lyrics about the Goddess comprise most of the songs on both

albums. Many of her songs are topical—being a witch in modern times is a predominant theme. There is nothing wrong with topical songs per se, or with songs that strive to make a point or state an opinion, but they are hard to pull off without losing the poetry that keeps folk music interesting. I found many of these songs to be too much like conversational prose to hold my interest lyrically, though she sings them very well and the instrumental blend is good.

Priestess of the Pentacle and The Queen of Earth and Sky are fairly well-produced recordings, so if this is your music of choice, you won't be disappointed by the sound quality. You can order tapes directly from Lady Isadora for \$11 plus postage, made payable to Dance of Life Productions, P.O. Box 2483, Des Moines, IA 50311.



***ALL ACTS OF LOVE AND PLEASURE:
A JOURNAL OF WICCAN
AND PAGAN EROTICA***

A new addition to the burgeoning list of Pagan and Wiccan periodicals, and definitely worth a look-over, is All Acts of Love and Pleasure: a Journal of Wiccan and Pagan Erotica. Edited by George Moyer and Rhiannon Asher, the same folks who put out Hole in the Stone: A Journal of the Wiccan Life, All Acts is intended to be published yearly at Beltane.

Production wise, this is a very well-done journal. It is thick—almost 80 pages of heavy paper stock, which makes it

nice to flick through in those leisurely moments. Unlike some periodicals I could mention, *All Acts* is full of original art, of the graphic sort. The quality of the artwork is very good, though one does get a little tired of looking at white guys with antlers and lovely maidens with large breasts after a while. But there's always the poetry. I am a rather harsh critic of poetry, however, and a lot of it I thought was awful, but there are some genuinely great poems in *All Acts*.

As for the short stories, some were blessedly short and a few were not just good erotica, they were good stories and I wished they had been longer. Overall, I found the writing in *All Acts* to be rather uneven in quality. Though there are some truly original and shocking pieces, there is also a lot of repetition of the same tired themes: Moon Goddess comes down to fuck mortal man; great Beast/God comes down to fuck fair maid. Or the story of Two Seekers who meet in the night, have wild orgasmic sex (in the name of the Goddess-this is Pagan erotica, remember) and then part. It's all

so predictable. Not that it never happens, but it happens too much (and too badly) in erotica of all sorts, and it makes me worry about the state of our collective imagination.

However, there is one thing that can be done to remedy this situation, and I hope some of us can rise, so to speak, to the occasion. If you write erotica, and you think it qualifies as Pagan/Wiccan erotica (which we are carefully trying not to define), send it in and maybe next year's issue will be better. It is great that someone is publishing a journal like this, and I hope there's enough positive response to convince them to keep at it. So, here is a call for submissions, pardon the pun, for the next issue of *All Acts of Love and Pleasure*. You can send a SASE for writer's guidelines, or just send them a copy of your stuff. The deadline is March 1st, so get to work! And if you'd like to check out this issue, send \$12.50 ppd for a copy of Volume I to High Plains Church of Wicca, 2125 W. Evans Ave. #286, Denver, CO 80223-3816.



Grounding Center to Center

by Calla

Move your body and shake out any tensions that you are carrying.

Breathe in and release your breath with a sound.

Feel your body with your hands, feel its solidity. Be aware of the space you take up.

Now put your attention into your eyes and ears. Notice your surroundings, the colors, sounds and smells.

Gently, let your attention move to your center. Find the place in your body that, right now, is your anchor, your center of gravity.

Notice any colors, textures or images at your center.

Feel your center as it anchors your body, your feelings, your perceptions. Let your center resonate with your own unique energy.

Now move your attention into the ground beneath your feet, down to the very center of the earth.

This is her center. It is a place of unimaginable strength and purpose, the center of her desire for herself. From here, she calls to her own body and spirit.

From here, she holds to herself millions of tons of molten earth.

From here, she holds to herself her cool skin. Vast plates of rock grinding against each other. Every mountain in the world, every valley, every plain, she holds to herself.

And all of the waters of the earth, she holds. The vast oceans, and tiny streams.

She holds the shifting glaciers, and the underground water deep inside her.

The atmosphere itself, she holds to her body. All of the weather of the world, every breeze, every wind that blows. She holds the mighty thunderclouds, and pulls down the lightning to her breast.

And even the moon, she holds. Gently, as one would a child or a lover, feeling it pull its own way.

And on the surface of her skin, she holds the world where life and death meet.

Here she holds every living creature to her body.

Now feel her reach up and touch your center.

Feel her gentle pull, her recognition of you. You are part of her body.

Imagine the connection between her center and your center. Give it a color and a texture.

Take a moment, and release any energy that you don't want to carry. Let her pull down any thoughts, emotions or physical sensations that you would like to release, and feel her drink them in. Release them with a sound ...

(Pause until energy is released...)

Now, through this connection, pull up whatever nurture you need. And feel how willingly she gives it. You are her child, of her body. Draw it in from the earth and from the air around you.

Now gently move your hips and your feet, and see how she holds you as you move.

You can remain grounded, as you walk and run. As you sleep. As you dance and make love. She will always hold you and recognise you as her own.

This is her gift to you. *(Such a deal!)* To be always connected, and always free.

Now embrace her, and give back any extra energy you don't need.



THE STATE OF BEING QUEER IN AMERICA, circa 1994

It is only when I'm with my Tribe, those whom I Love
And who Love me
that I feel the warmth of Security and Care,
the Essence of the Circle of Life ...

For when I venture out, away from those who truly feel me,
I face a world devoted to my exclusion,
hoping for my extinction:

The people on the street try to beat the specialness out of me.
(My spirit can't be touched by fist, bat or bottle.)

The people on the subway hope I won't sit next to them and move if I do.
(Don't be afraid; it doesn't rub off.)

The people on radio and TV scream that I am the reason for the decline in Family
Values.
(What about my Family's values?)

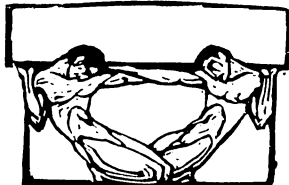
The people who write for newspapers and magazines insinuate that I am Disease
and Death.
(Do they not realize their complacent role in the epidemic?)

The people in the churches declare that my ways are scorned by their God and that
Hell awaits me.
(Take a good look around, people; you've created the Hell you profess about.)

So, to overcome this man-made mess, I have to ...
Love harder, Work harder, Care harder, Live harder.
I have to send down those roots that will connect me, ground me.
Like the Tree, I will drink in each drop of Life offered to me
by my Tribe. Savoring it, yet realizing it is not mine to keep.
Like the Tree, who lives, dies and is reborn, I, too, shall weather these hard times
and when I return,

my Tribe will be stronger because we stayed strong
my Tribe will be wiser because we sought wisdom
my Tribe will be lovelier because we honored the beauty and art found within and
without us.

We will be Whole
One Day ...



—Ezzy Violet, Chicago

Alchemy

The tools
Are in your body.
You are the knife,
Follow the wind inside.
What lies beyond the air?
Drop down deep.
You are the wand,
Follow the fiery pile.
What lies beyond the flame?
Quest deeper in.
You are the cup,
Follow the wandering stream.
What lies beyond the water?
You are the dish,
Follow the path inside.
What lies beyond the earth?
You are the cauldron,
Listen to the swirl.
The tools are in your body.
Drop deep, down deep.
The source you see outside you
Lies within.
What feeds you,
Can be fed by you.
What loves you,
Is beloved by you.
Drop down deep.
You are the crucible
And the base metal.
You are the alchemist
Becoming gold.



—Theresa Thorn Coyle

BAD BARBIE WRITES TO GOOD BARBIE



Dear Aerobics Barbie,

Hi, toots. How's the workout world? Been meaning to write for ages, but don't cha know that things have been just a little crazy since I rode off with the Black Rider from the Baba Yaga's house at Walker Creek. Last time I saw you, you were in the middle of a workout with Vasalissa and the Yaga herself.

So what have I been up to, you ask? Honey, you've gotta leave the beach house sometime soon and venture up to the wilds of British Columbia. After I left Walker Creek, I ditched the Black Rider, stole the Harley and rode on up there myself last July. Been here ever since. And baby, it's a Barbie's dream come true. See, I headed up to a place called Loon Lake, where I heard the Baba Yaga was hanging for a bit. She never did pay up on the drug money, so I went lookin' for her. Well, I found her, masquerading as some Starhawk babe. She wasn't telling no one about her real identity. But it was the Baba Yaga alright, crooning Jim Morrison and hanging in the rain forests of the west coast. And honey, these are the REAL woods, where you can wander around not knowing where you're going—it's great til you run into a bear. We're talking the real shit here.

Not that anyone was wandering around the woods at Loon Lake. Think of it, Barbie, a hundred gorgeous witches, not one of them a babe in the woods, if you know what I mean and I'm sure even you do. Seems that as part of her role as this Star chick, the Baba had 'em all walking pentacles up at this Loon Lake place. That's right, around and around the five points of the star. I decided the best way to crack the Yaga's charade was to hang out for a bit, so I went looking for my own pentacle to walk.

There was quite a selection to choose from: the Pentacle of Pearl, Pentacle of Iron, Pentacle of Lead and Rust and ... hold onto your hairband here, honey, there was even the Pentacle of Barbie! That's right, girl, we're talking our very own pentacle! Just imagine it. Walking the points of Barbie! Now I understand all the hoopla about this pentacle meditation stuff. I was so excited about it, I forgot all about the Yaga.

Honestly, toots, you gotta find a way up to this place. There's some Barbies I really think you should meet. Malibu Barbie, Convent Barbie, Grunge Barbie, and Dominatrix Barbie—well, I got dibs on her, and on Convent Barbie, who is positively ripe for a conversion if you catch my drift. But I think you'd hit it off with the Malibu chick. She was hot, and kind of your style. Vasalissa was there too, of course. Still wearing that dippy little kerchief and grin of hers.

What'dya say, toots—I think we could scam the Yaga and offer our very own pentacles next year. I've been workin on the mysteries of the Pentacle of Bondage, and I'm sure there's a Pentacle of Dancersize just ready to be discovered. Drop me a line and let me know ...

Yours in leather,

Bad Barbie

Bad Barbie

GOOD BARBIE RESPONDS



Dear Bad Barbie:

How absolutely PERFECT to get your letter the other day. The weather here has turned cold and soggy, so I can almost imagine your woods up there. I think Ken and I drove through there once, trying out my new Mustang on our way to the Rock & Roll Barbie Awards. It was sunny then, so we could ride with the top down, and I let Ken drive. You have some nice trees, but I didn't see very many malls. Maybe you should contact the planning department.

Anyway, it's nice to hear there were so many Barbie fans and admirers up there by Duck Lake. You know, our fan club IS worldwide now, and I'm surprised you didn't have a sign-up sheet there where all the witches sell their accessories.

Oh yes, and I TOTALLY agree that we should work on this Pentangle thing—they were such a great band and you know, I think their music is having sort of a comeback. The one I'm working on is the 5 Points of Accessories. You know, Bags, Shoes, Hairbands, Jewelry, and More! The "more" point is really freeing to work on—I find it SO expanding. In a personal sense, I mean.

One thing I have to say about the wonderful California witch camp. Not only did we have nice sunny weather, but the people there really knew how to wear color. I took notes and I may come out with some of those combinations for our new Spring Fashion Line—sort of a 60's look with 90's hair sensibilities.

And we really should get together for protein shakes sometime. So much has happened since this summer that I'd like to tell you about. My new dancercise tape, "Second Dance," is quite popular, and I wish you could help me on some of the choreography. It would be SO nice to exercise with you again!

Well, I've gotta run. Midge is coming over to try and patch things up between us, but I'm still miffed at her. Ever since she started dating Skipper, she's been trying to wear flat shoes and hasn't been working on her tan the way she should. Oh well. Life is simple, so keep smiling!

Friends forever,

Good Barbie

Good Barbie

Editors' Hint: Good Barbie and Bad Barbie were popular characters at last year's California Witch Camp because of the camp's theme, the story of Vasalissa the Wise and her doll. G & B Barbie also refer to the Vancouver camp's theme, The Pentacle. Maybe you had to be there, but maybe you'll somehow get this anyway.

STARHAWK'S SCHEDULE 1995

January 6-8, 1995: Santa Cruz, California

"Honoring the Sacred Mysteries" workshop for women and men with David Miller
Contact: Mount Madonna Center (408) 847-0406

February 10-12, 1995: Minneapolis, MN

"Urban Magic" and "Reclaiming the Sacred" workshops
Contact: The Winged One, 2821 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55408

April 7-9, 1995: Vancouver, B.C., Canada

Evening presentation and weekend workshop
Contact: Pat Hogan (604) 253-7189
PO Box 21510, Vancouver, B.C. V5L 2W5



April 21-23, 1995: Toronto, Canada

Weekend workshop for women
Contact: Judy Rumak (415) 253-1241
23 3rd St. Apt. 1, Etobicoke, Ontario, Canada M8V 2X5

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

WITCH CAMPS 1995

March 11-18, 1995: Austin, Texas

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

June 3-10: Missouri

Contact: Diana's Grove, PO Box 159, Salem, MO 65560, (314) 689-2400

June 17-24: California

Contact: Jody @ Harmony Network (see below)

July 23-30: Vancouver, B.C.*

Contact: Pat Hogan, PO Box 21510, Vancouver, B.C. Canada V5L 2W5 (604) 253-7189

August 5-12: West Virginia

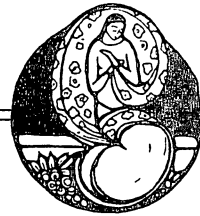
Contact: Lynn Grosz, Summer Intensive, PO Box 1303, Fairfax, VA 22030-1303, (703) 532-3874

August 22-29: Vermont

Contact Raven (802) 425-2984

**This year, the Northwest Teachers' Collective will be teaching the Vancouver, B.C. Camp, along with members of the Reclaiming Teachers' Collective.*

ANNOUNCEMENTS



Dear Friends,

This letter is a gentle, yet urgent, plea to mobilize a growing community of people who, until recently, have not been fully represented in either the pagan or the mundane world. We are talking about the community of pagans and other Craft-folk who are challenged. By “challenged,” we mean people with diverse abilities, exceptionalities and attributes which are most often seen by society as disabilities or impairments. We include among these special people the increasingly large group of elders in our community, those who care for infants and small children, those who fall outside the “normal” range for physical size, and others who face temporary or permanent challenges of various sorts, as well as those traditionally termed “challenged.”

Because of the Americans with Disabilities Act, among other legal precedents, more people with visible or invisible challenges are finding it possible to interact more fully within the mundane and spiritual communities. In response to this development and because of our direct involvement in the field of special services, we feel the need to develop a working book which addresses issues concerning the particular needs, requirements and talents of this emerging population within the pagan community. By doing so, we may all become a little more aware and responsive to others and ourselves. In the process, we will preserve dignity and respect in a world that needs more of the same.

Won't you be a part of this joyous endeavour? We need articles, art work, poetry, RITUALS, stories of triumph, inspirations and insights from all who are directly or indirectly involved with people of exceptionality. How might we help increase others' awareness in choosing ritual sites, programs, interpreters, sighted guides and so on? Here is a chance for many to be heard and to be acknowledged as equal participants upon their chosen Paths.

Join us on the journey and help us celebrate diversity!

Selene Emrys K'Lugh
Caer Myrddin
PO Box 4055
Bristol, TN 37625
(615) 929-6586

Arachne GentleHeart
Wyvern's Way of the Dragon Tree Grove
PO Box 420541
Atlanta, GA 30342
(404) 565-9232

ANNOUNCEMENTS

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



THE EARTH CONCLAVE, INC. ANNOUNCES:

Spring Conclave: THE POWER OF WORDS AND THE CREATION OF CULTURE, April 21-24, 1995—A conference on the influence of literature, poetry, film/theater and music on the creation of pagan culture an in-depth exploration of how writing influences and is influenced by Pagan Culture.

Ongoing: PAGANMODERNPOSTART—A mail art show for all! Maximum size 5"x7" artwork mailed to the Exhibitions Coordinator of the Earth Conclave, Inc. Any medium, any topic/theme related to the Earth, Magic, or Nature Spirituality. Paint, sketch, collage, etch, carve, assemble, photograph, knit, crayon, or whatever you fancy and send it to us (no envelopes, please). Pieces will become part of a traveling exhibit of Pagan Art. Come see it at a Conclave!

Contact: The Earth Conclave, Inc., PO Box 14377, Madison, WI 53714, phone (608) 244-4488, fax (608) 244-9443, email: conclave@localis.1.lic.wisc.edu

PAGAN LEADERSHIP CONFERENCE, May 13 & 14, 1995

If you have started or led (or are thinking of starting/leading) a Pagan group, class, newsletter, ritual or gathering, you are a Pagan leader. The Conference offers training, trance and ritual work, and networking with your peers on Wiccan-owned land in Missouri. Contact Goddess Studies, c/o Lori DeGayner, 1402 Hill Street, Ann Arbor, MI 48104.

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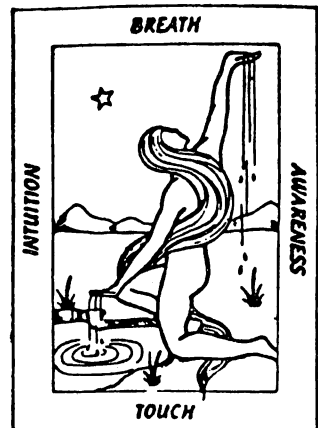
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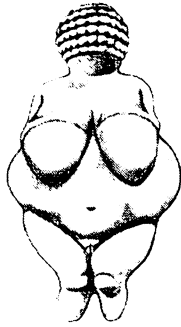
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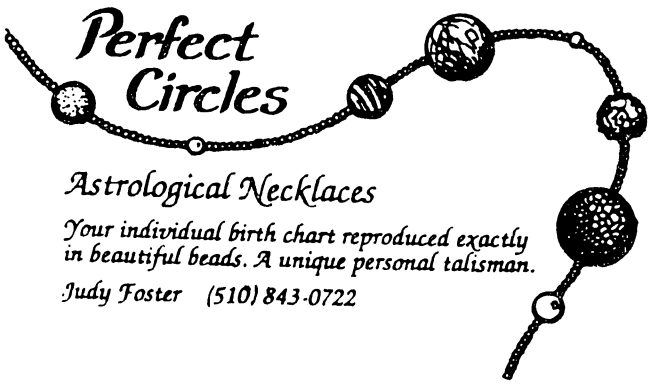


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- Although we do print some free brief community service announcements, *if you're charging money for an event or service, please include us as a part of your advertising budget for helping make it happen.*

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

The RECLAIMING Newsletter costs \$2.00 if you get it at a store or an event. Additional contributions are welcome.

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