

Reclaiming Newsletter



#62

Spring '96

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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 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.

SUMMER NEWSLETTER DEADLINE IS MAY 1, 1996

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.

Web Page: <http://www.reclaiming.org/cauldron/welcome.html>
Events Line: (415) 929-9249

This recording 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

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

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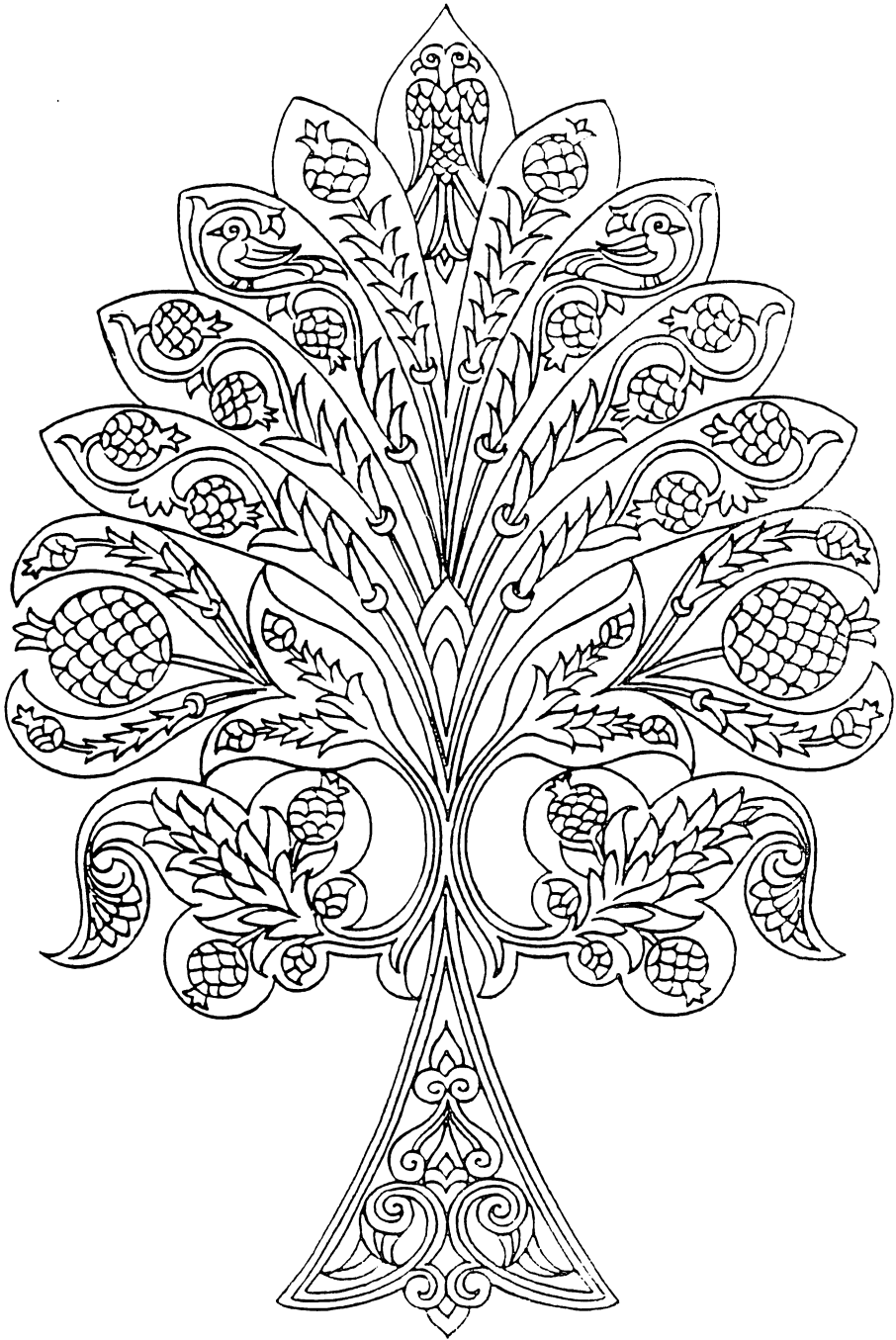
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Cover by Calla (see her article on page 16)

Well ... uh ... there were lots of people who were ready & willing to put this issue together, but that's not how it happened this time, due to life upheaval, coast to coast travel, disorganization and control freakiness. Let's say no more about it, eh?

Printed on Recycled Paper



ANOTHER LOOK AT INITIATION

by T. Thorn Coyle

In the last issue of this newsletter, the fair and mighty Oak presented some thoughts on initiation in our community. Now, this being a community of many, and one with anarchistic tendencies, we must have more than one opinion on everything! What follows are some of my own thoughts, being but a Thorn and therefore smaller than an Oak, yet seeming no less mighty when stuck in the sole of your foot. . .

I feel that Reclaiming is a self initiating community. A person decides when she is ready to begin her Path of study and proceeds to do so. No formal rites are held to allow the person in. Training and rituals are open to those who wish to come. The secrets that we hold are secrets of time, training and Divine inspiration, not of those "in the know" and those out of it. These are, nevertheless, very powerful secrets.

We are also self initiating because no-one stands between the individual and Goddess. No one says, "I am sorry, but you cannot participate but under my direction." A teacher or priestess may act as an advisor, and with their skill and training are often well worth listening to. They are, however, not above any others as far as access to Divinity. Goddess flows through all and all are able to, through self scrutiny and inner work, become clearer channels for Her Voice.

Reclaiming does have a formal initiation process, where an individual chooses advisors and priestesses who

have gone through the process themselves to give aid and challenges. The advisors help the individual to pass the gates and infuse her with the power held in the priestesses to the best of their abilities. But I posit that before going through this process, the individual must first have done some form of self initiation. This is both setting her feet on the Path and discovering it is where she needs to be and a dedication to Goddess and Her work. No other person, despite the power of their priestessing, can do that for any other. The consecration and dedication must first come from within. Then the person may decide that Reclaiming is the tradition in which she wishes to follow Goddess and that she wants to formalize that bond through initiation. Or she may feel a need to further or deepen her work by going through the challenges and passing through the gates with the help of advisors. But to me, the self initiation is primary.

I had been a student of the Craft for thirteen years before my Reclaiming initiation. I had also done a formal self initiation/consecration with a circle years before. I was teaching, planning and helping lead Reclaiming rituals before my Reclaiming initiation. There are many in Reclaiming that work this way. Some feel that formal initiations by default are hierarchical and want nothing to do with them. Others may have different reasons, from deep within them-

selves. This is their right, and none can say that they have less dedication to Goddess than another.

Since I am saying that there is foremost a self dedication, I feel that Oak's use of "first" and "second" initiation in her article are simply mis-wordings. Not only does "first" and "second" not include self initiation, it sets up a structure which I feel is incorrect. I put forth that there is Self Initiation, Reclaiming Initiation and Feri Initiation, three distinct and valid processes. Only a few in our community have opted to receive the last. We do have roots in Feri and I am grateful to Victor and Cora Anderson and other teachers through which it came (I myself studied with Gabriel many years ago). We are, however, a different mixture than that tradition, infusing more politics, non-hierarchy, our commitments to consensus process and again, our anarchistic tendencies. The call to a Feri initiation within our tradition is, like all the other calls, very individual. In any case, the three forms of initiation are discrete and not a system of advancing up some ethereal ladder. Spiritual advancement is, like so much else, between the individual and Goddess.

Initiations in our tradition are not a system of rank. We do honor leadership

of wisdom and experience but we try to work as though all have a voice. Going through the formal Reclaiming initiation was for me a deepening of my call to service of Goddess and this particular community. But my service is first to Divinity in all creation, no matter where that takes me. The different gateways I mentioned in the preceding paragraph are just that. An individual cannot become a second degree Reclaiming witch. What it takes to be a Reclaiming witch is not a Reclaiming formal initiation. It only takes training in our style of working magic and, I feel, a commitment to consensus and group empowerment through individual empowerment. There are many fine Reclaiming priestesses that have not and may decide never to go through any more initiations than those the Goddess gives Herself. Those are often more than plenty! I like to feel that Reclaiming respects and honors that.

These are some of my thoughts on initiation within our tradition. There is probably more to be thought about and said on the subject. I would like us all to listen to Her Voice within and discern what is right for each of us and for our community as our tradition spreads and grows.

Blessed be.

As usual, Thorn has an excellent point. For years, Reclaiming community members have been calling initiations "first" and "second". I think Thorn is correct in saying there is another that is private and is about dedicating the self to the Craft. There is also the Reclaiming initiation and some in this community are also Feri initiated. AnnaKorn wrote me that she was concerned that my use of the term "second initiation" felt like a co-optation of an independent tradition (Feri). Thorn's article helped me understand this more deeply. So.....the fair and flighty Oak agrees....let's let go of the "first" and "second" term and start calling initiations by their proper names....self dedication, Reclaiming, and Feri. Thank you, Thorn!

—Oak



And is begin - Over the dark of the sunless sea, you are free

Back through the deep where life comes undone, and is begun

Speak now and to thine own self be true

I am the weaker one

You are free - Make of your heart a burning fire, build it higher

The reclaiming of my younger self - Margaret El Fay

9-95

A REMINISCENCE

by Raven Moonshadow

(Raven Moonshadow, one of the early members of Reclaiming, tape-recorded these reminiscences at the Maitri Hospice in February 1996. Hilary Valentine typed and edited them for him.)

I'm going to skip around, Hilary, so do your best, o.k.? Well, first of all I'd like to say that Raven, believe it or not according to rumor, is not dead. Raven is still alive and kicking. Raven has been around the Reclaiming community now going on 13 years, which means I was there close to the beginning of the collective. And when I left my parents around the same time I ran into the collective, it became like a second family to me. I had one of the collective members as my mother, and another as my aunt, I don't think there was ever a father figure, in Reclaiming's circles that I considered father, except maybe all the men rolled up together made the perfect father. Coming to think of it now, Feathersinging was much, much of a help in the early days.

In the early days I didn't have to take any of the Elements classes, so I started right out with the Pentacle class. I really didn't know what to expect, I had heard that some people were gathering that were going to work on the Pentacle and I walked into this very warmly lit room with a huge fireplace and everybody started stripping off their clothes as a sign we "truly be free let thou be naked in thy rites." If I remember correctly, Star was the only person who was teach-

ing. It was a very intense class for me, so intense that I went right on to the next which was Rite of Passage. That I took with Feathersinging. After doing some student teaching with Feathersinging, that's when I began to teach on my own, well, not teach on my own, but when I began this spiritual journey.

My Rites of Passage class was where I got my name, by the way, Crow Baby. It comes from Crow Baby which was my grandmother's way of saying you never shut up, you always have something to say and it's never right and you make a lot of noise and you bring a lot of trouble. So I took that energy that morning of the last night of the Rite of Passage, and changed it into my name. Feathersinging and I woke up at the same time and looked up at a branch and there was a Raven sitting up on top of it and a dark crescent moon rising right behind it and that's where the name Raven Moonshadow came from.

Out of that class I also got a challenge which was to teach, because I have a heckler inside of me. The only way I can deal with the heckler is instead of being in the position of student, I could be the teacher looking back at the class and tell the bad students to behave themselves. So anyhow, I began teaching the Ele-

ments of Magic, who was my first co-teacher?... Rose May Dance I believe, and we taught at her home, no, at Sophia's home. That's where the name Raven Moonshadow was first said during a collective meeting after a class. Everybody took to it very nicely.

But somehow I was missing the community feeling I wanted. There were no men there for me, that was the basic, basic bottom of it. Not that there aren't now, I'm not really sure, but there were no men in Reclaiming, and often people would go off and pair off, or do their little doo-dee-dahs. And I often walked home, never got a ride, usually hopped on a bus, went on home, and the ritual was over. Nobody around to process the ritual with. No one around to ground this ritual with. And I began to notice more and more as the months went on that there were more people saying "Raven, you're one of the best teachers I've ever had." I hate to say it, "Tell the truth to shame the devil", but I went along with it like I knew your names. But I didn't, because I didn't know your personality as well as you knew mine. Mine was out there on the chopping board, and anybody could have taken it off.

Very soon thereafter was Pandora's initiation, and it was the first initiation I had been to. It was a very, very powerful experience for me. I was told to be there at a certain time and I got there at a certain time. She was in the process of taking care of some of her challenges. I can't reveal what those challenges are, or what those tasks were, but suffice it to say they fit her, they fit her fine. So I figure let's go the next step further, and the next step further for me was initia-

tion. And I received my first challenge, "Don't do drugs. Stop doing drugs"

Soon after I received this challenge, after a very short, very pert ritual with some gay men down on Ocean Beach, I proceeded to go home and get dressed to go to the bars and have fun. And on the bus on the way to the bars some teenagers were let on chanting "You are the victims and we are the heroes," and they got on the bus with the intention of hurting people, and they hurt me, they hurt old women, they hurt a lot of people who were on the bus.

And I freaked out, I went to my dealer's house, which was where I was going anyway, just to get pot, but I wasn't going to go back out into the craziness of that night. And my dealer's lover had taken 20 hits of acid and walked out of the house and God only knows what happened to him, I don't think he ever came back. So this big dealer asked me if I could help him that weekend. Baby, let me tell you that I've never done more drugs in my life. I probably wouldn't have done as many drugs if it hadn't of been for that challenge. Not that I blame the priestess who challenged me, I'm actually quite grateful, because it made me not only point a finger at myself and say, "This is true," but it was reflected in the community, so it must be true.

Now when I was a bad boy, I was a bad, bad boy, and somehow, somehow, I was staying with two people from the community, and my dealer moved in downstairs. I think it was magic, I think magic did it just to challenge me again. And I was high all the time. So what I did, since I knew I couldn't stop myself, was I got somebody to make me stop.

So basically I wanted to be hexed. And when I meant hexed I meant not just stopped, I meant killed. But it didn't work that way. How it worked was a poppet was made out of materials, it was filled with hair that I had left there that day; purposely I had one of the witches I was staying with cut my hair and I left fingernail clippings, hair, blood, semen-everything so they could make a poppet of me. And hexed I was, and it followed me up to Clear Lake, which was where my grandmother had a cabin, and I spent that whole winter in Hell. My cat died, Tituba, I remember she died on a Halloween night, so I was truly all alone up there.

Eventually I developed a routine while I was up there that I thought I could bring home, and using that routine, I would stay clean. So I came back to San Francisco, and I got initiated. And it was one of the most intense, most extreme things I have ever been through. I was at Pandora's, and it was powerful, I was at Robin's, and it was powerful too. But when it came to mine, mine was special. I guess it was tailored to me. And the stages I had to go through, the sicknesses that my body, the throwing up that I did, eventually I was brought to a bathtub to find my name, and I found it right Johnny off the spot.

And I was brought into the circle, and as I gave them the name they giggled and laughed, and they said "Name it shall be". And I was lifted up to the sky, and twirled around, and around, and around, till my body was pressed down to the earth and then the secret part came, which I can't tell you about, and I'm glowing, boy, after this initiation I am glowing. Of course I had a joint

sitting outside, and I did the whole thing clean, but not sober.

I refused to give up my marijuana. As long as it was natural, I felt like it was fine. Same with mushrooms, as long as they were natural I thought they were fine. It was the chemically created things that actually got me into deep trouble.

Now, I'm going along jolly teaching, I'm now teaching the Rites of Passage, I'm teaching the Elements of Magic, and I'm teaching the Pentacle class with various teachers and we're writing notes and pulling it all together, getting together for coffee, going over notes from previous weeks, and sharing ideas until we got a class all together, and who did what and how they did it.

So, Raven is teaching classes, and not only teaching, but he is creating his own classes. See, as I was growing up, there was a divided household when it came to religion, although I see it as the same myself. My mother's side of the family were active Santerios, while on my father's side he was Catholic. And when I was very young I felt that's what I wanted to be, I wanted to be a priest. I wanted to be somebody spiritual, to touch God. Of course I found out eventually about the Burning Times and that enraged me so much that just the idea of becoming a Christian now sent bumps up and down my spine. Not that I hate, not that I despise the people, just like a black man, I think some comeuppance needs to come from those who...Some comeuppance was due, like a black man, reparations, not money, nothing like that, just the acknowledgment that it happened.

I must admit that, to a lot of you out there, I don't remember you, especially

the ones who say, "Raven, you were my first teacher". Because what was slowly happening to me, and I realize this now, is I was being put up on a pedestal, as a figurehead for Reclaiming, a male figurehead for Reclaiming. I don't know if that was true or not, but in my mind, that was what I felt, and the star syndrome is a very lonely place to be. Everybody knows your name, but you don't know everybody's name. Everybody is your friend, but you don't know who you can be friendly with out in the world.

Putting people up on a pedestal, that's a dangerous place to put people. That's one of the reasons why we teach in two's, to show that no one person has the say-all in what magic is all about. Everybody has their own brand, their own style. True I was out there, but my moon's in Leo, and I'm an actor, I love to act, I love to be shining in the light, but this big sun had really nothing to shine on.

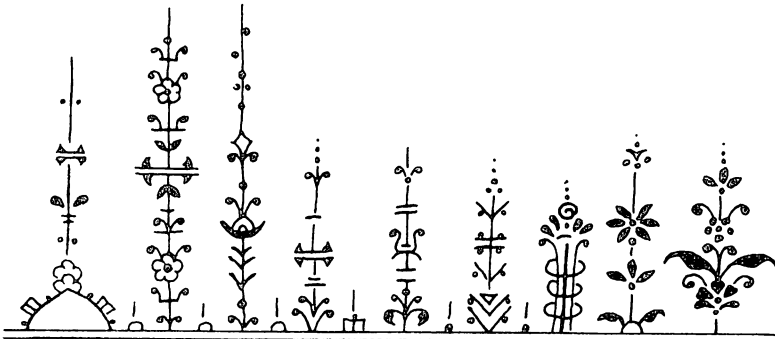
So I tried, Devil knows I tried, and at the time I had a very good job, working at Urban Health Study, drawing blood from people, and not only drawing blood from people, but HIV testing and telling them their results, positive or negative. This was a strenuous job because the head phlebotomist decided she was go-

ing to quit and I was put in her place. So there's needles all around me, there's blood, there's talk of sex, and what can I say? I slipped.

It wasn't a conscious slip. It was a slip that I felt was right on. I wasn't getting what I wanted from the world, so why not numb myself to what I wasn't receiving from the world? We all numb our pains in different ways, some by caffeine, some by television, some by drugs, sometimes I even think the air that we breathe we're hooked on, but we can get into that discussion some other time.

So what happens is I decide that I'm going to go on sabbatical, because it's a clean and sober space, and I didn't want to be clean and sober, so I didn't tell anybody that I was using, I just told everybody that I'm going to go on sabbatical. This is driving me crazy. I'm working five days a week, I'm doing needle exchange four nights a week, and whatever full moon or dark moon came up Raven was there as a teacher/facilitator. Burn-out, severe burn-out.

So I decided to quit teaching. Not to quit teaching, but to sabbatical from teaching, because it's still a love of mine. But it wasn't working, I was being put up on a pedestal. Next thing



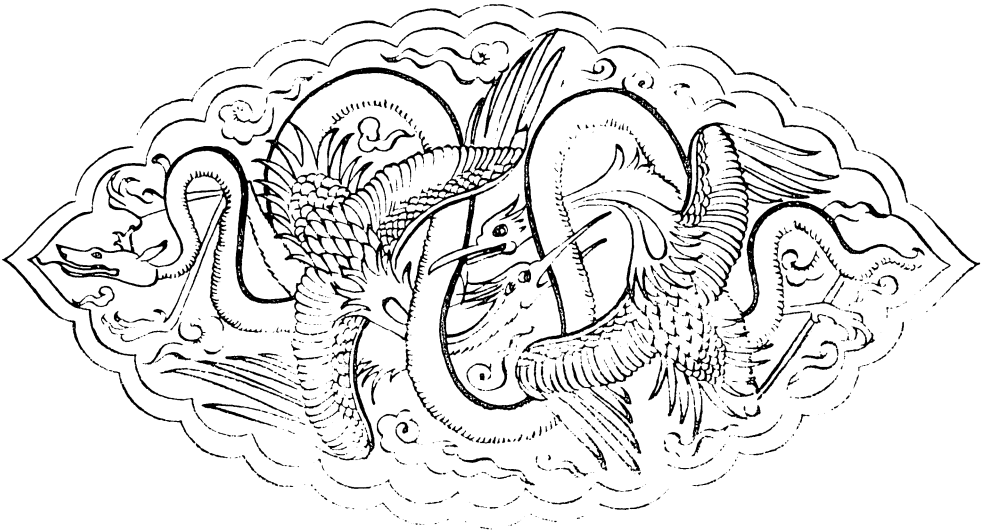
that had to happen was that it got to my job that I was using. I remember that we couldn't get high for three days before doing needle exchange, and I adhered to that rule. If I said to you that I was going to do something, I'd do it. And that challenge was taking a long time.

So, Raven loses his job. And that was my only means of support. Not only supporting my drug habit, but my living, I had a very nice house, and a nice car, and everything else in the world that was nice, or at least that got me by. The job is the only reason I stuck with Urban Health Study. Some people say that Raven hurt Urban Health Study. Of course, I didn't realize how much damage I had done. I was not being totally and 100% responsible at work. I got

sick a lot. I was working six day a week, I'm not going to make excuses, but it was strenuous.

Teachers' Cell got together and said that I'd been teaching on drugs, and I said no. Someone at the Urban Health Study gave me the ultimatum that I'd have to be in a twelve-step program if I wanted to keep my job. I went into a program for exactly three days, and I won't tell you how horrific it was. However after those three days were up I came back to San Francisco, and tried outpatient treatment. I moved in with a friend, Rosemary, and it proved to me that I needed to live alone and it proved to her that she needed to live with someone else.

*(to be continued...next quarter,
Raven's life in the Tenderloin.)*



Reclaiming's "Core Curriculum" Classes

One of the questions we were asked at the community salons in January was, "What are the three basic Reclaiming classes?" The classes, particularly Elements of Magic, are prerequisites for a number of other classes Reclaiming offers. They were created to teach the basic skills needed to work magic in circle. Here are descriptions of the three:

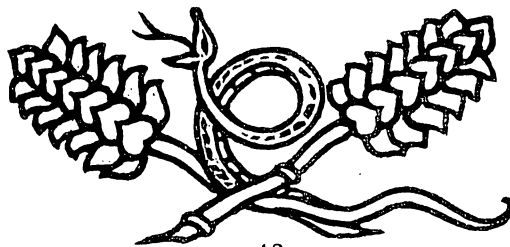
ELEMENTS OF MAGIC With the art of magic, we deepen our vision and focus our will, empowering ourselves to act in the world. In this class we begin the practice of Magic, Witchcraft, and Goddess spirituality by working with the Elements of Magic: Earth, Air, Fire, Water and Spirit. Techniques include: 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.

THE IRON PENTACLE

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 classes; the final class is a ritual created by the students.

rites of passage

The Rites of Passage focuses on dreams, myths and language, using traditional and non-traditional tales and techniques to create a personal rite of passage. Through storytelling, trance, release work and dreams we receive our challenge(s), meet our helpers, work through our blocks and emerge renewed, reborn. This class culminates with a ritual created by the students. Prerequisite: Elements of Magic class. Six classes; the final class is a ritual created by the students.



Brigid, Brigitta, Briid
My path is your path
I walk it that you may
reveal to me your mysteries

Your flame burns within me
Your well is deep and old
I drink from your darkness
To know memories that are not my own.

Your gifts are shimmering
at the bottom of your well.
In the moonlight they glimmer
I catch glimpses and fragments of understanding.

Your gifts are an ancient ache
in my heart.
To know them I must surrender
I feel your tender mercies
and yet know your steely blade.

Yours is the gift of word smithing
My mind keens for the sharpness
and clearness
The deliverance from darkness
To know the yet unborn treasures
locked in my dark
To feel the power of saying my own truth
and wisdom

Yours is the gift of healing
My body yearns to be touched in love
cherished, adored and honored
To know the blessing of being in harmony
To feel the fire burning and know it
as my own with no shame

Yours is the gift of creativity
My soul hungers to join with the
magic of your creation
My being opens to the union of
flame and water
My hands meld with your tools
We stir the brew, the universe
tumbles and spins in the pot
Revealing, remixing, transforming
the mysteries
I catch a glimmer

Your gifts come in threes, they wait for me
they must be carefully guarded and tended
The pot must be stirred awake to remind us
never to forget.

—*Morgan Le Fay Proctor*

The Child Card

by Calla

As part of my initiation, I was challenged to create a Tarot deck with images from my own inner world. Here is the story of the 'child' card.

January 95

It's been wonderful preparing to do this card over the past several months. I wanted to paint her in her natural environment, high up in a tree. So I've been doing a lot of walking and looking at trees.

I hiked into Briones park and stayed with a huge live oak. Feeling her history and how her yearnings had shaped her. And watching the patterns of light through her crown. I did a bunch of drawings, which seemed to barely touch the beauty I was seeing. Then, I went to Lafayette Reservoir and up high on a ridge found a low-leaning tree that I could climb, even with my bum leg. I drew some more. And saw a deer and a stag. I got an EBMUD hiking permit, and went onto the private trails with my sketchbook.

It got to the point where when I closed my eyes, I would see intricate patterns of bark and lichens, and light shifting through leaves. When I walked down the street, I was very aware of each tree I passed, its bark patterns and shape.

I began a series of studies with acrylic paints, some more successful than others, of trunks and leaf patterns. I found techniques that allowed me to tap into the wild improvisations I saw in nature, but also allowed me to be purposeful in

what came through.

Finally, I sat down to do a series of studies for the final card. There were several approaches I wanted to explore. I laid down the paint impatiently, and was critical of what I saw. "No, this isn't it. This isn't working." I was about to discard what I had done and move on to another approach. I thought I would just lay in the skin tones to see how they would work with the other colors. I was distressed as it emerged. Then, I thought, I'll lay in the pen lines. "Oh, this is awful. It looks like a Disney cartoon. The hair is wrong, why did I do that?" I felt discouraged, as if I wasn't going to get it right, and all my preparations weren't helping me.

Then I put the drawing up on the wall. I still kept seeing everything wrong with it. Her face was distrustful, reserved. Her hair was wrong. The tree trunk was too light. The leaves looked washed out. But there she was. It started to dawn on me that there she was.

It was very late, and I forced myself to stop obsessing over the drawing and go outside to say my prayers. In the part of my prayer where I check in with my inner child, I found a very stressed out little girl. She had come through, had been sitting for her portrait, and had been bombarded by my dissatisfaction and criticisms. I had found fault with everything. We had built a relationship of trust, and I had thrown her back into a nightmarish place of being seen and found lacking.

I realized what had happened, and

III



THE CHILD

asked her what I could do for her. She asked me not to look at the picture again that night (which was really hard). She asked that we look at it together in the morning, and that SHE would have the final say on whether we would keep this one, or do another picture of her.

The next morning I walked around the kitchen averting my eyes from the

picture until I could find some time to be undisturbed. Then we looked at the picture together. She told me that this was the picture she wanted. There was one thing I wanted to change about it, and she said "NO!" No more criticisms. No more perfectionism.

So she sits, looking down warily, safe up in her perch.

Starhawk's Schedule

March 29-31: New York, NY

Women's and Men's Mysteries with David Miller

Contact: New York Learning Alliance 212-226-7171

324 Lafayette, 7th floor, New York, NY 10012

April: Israel TBA

May 3-5: London, England

Workshop for Women and Men with David Miller

Contact: Nick Williams, Alternatives 071-287-6711

St. James Church, 197 Picadilly, London W1V 9LF

May 10-13: Neresheim, Germany

Weekend Workshop and Monday day-long workshop for Women

Contact: Inge Muff-Bongers

Seminar in Kalkwerk, D-73450 Neresheim, Germany

May 17-24: Germany Witch Camp

Contact: Anna Beeckmann 4161-54363

Lange Str. 49, 21614 Buxtehude, Germany

Summer: Week-long Reclaiming Intensives

See page 21 for details

September 27-29: Chicago, Illinois

Women's Workshop at the Oasis Center

Contact: Oasis Center (312) 274-6777

October 4-6: Minneapolis, MN

Women's Workshop

Contact: Old Arizona Studio (612) 871-0050

**FOR MORE INFORMATION
CONTACT HARMONY NETWORK (707) 823-9377**

Reclaiming Public Rituals, 1996

Beltaine

Sunday, April 28, gather at 12:00 p.m. for garland making and picnicing, ritual at 1:00 p.m., location to be announced

Summer Solstice

Thursday, June 20, at Ocean Beach south of Taraval, gather at 6:00 p.m., bring wood, things to make & decorate the Wicker Man, food or drink to share.

Lammas

Friday, August 2, at Ocean Beach south of Taraval, gather at 6:00 p.m., ritual at 7:00.

Autumn Equinox

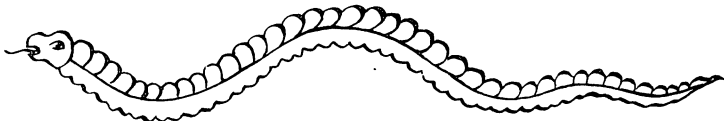
Sunday, September 22, time & location to be announced

Samhain (The Spiral Dance)

Saturday October 26 or Saturday November 2, time, location & date to be announced

Winter Solstice:

Saturday, December 21, time & date to be announced



Reclaiming classes & events

ELEMENTS OF MAGIC with Jody and Thorn

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 **Tuesdays, beginning April 9, \$60-\$120 sliding scale, call Thorn at (415) 587-8699 or Jody at (415) 665- 1522 for information/registration.**

Reclaiming Recommends:

INTUITIVE PRACTICE THROUGH THE BODY

with Cybele (AKA Suzette Rochat)

Join an ongoing practice group working with sensate intuitive practices. We will practice dropping and opening the attention while sitting in stillness, moving alone, and moving with another or as a group. We will explore the relationship between our inner and outer senses as channels for information and intuition. The primary focus will be on developing a daily practice, learning to stabilize the attention & develop physical ground and center. Recommended reading: *The Intuitive Body, Aikido as a Clairsentient Practice* by Wendy Palmer (North Atlantic Books, Berkeley)

Six Tuesday MORNINGS, 9:00-11:00, beginning April 9. \$120- to \$160- sliding scale. Call Cybele (415) 541-5650 for info/registration.

SATURDAYS WITH BEVERLY & DOUG

Each Saturday \$30-\$60 sliding scale. Register at **(415) 331-9263**

RITUAL DRUMMING & CHANTING

Learn and share invigorating visceral ways to deepen and energize ritual. If you have a drum, bring it; if you don't use one of ours. All levels of experience are welcome. **First Saturday of each month, starting September 9. Preregistrations required.**

TAROT BASICS, April 20

Learn to interpret tarot cards by doing. This is definitely a hands-on class. Bring your favorite deck or use one of ours.

SPELLCRAFTING, May 18

Whether you choose to make a grounding herb pouch, talisman, amulet, mask or doll, come prepared to play—letting Younger Self lead the way is the key to spells that allow personal transformation!

Witch Camps 1996

Join us to study magic and ritual in a week-long intensive that includes trance work, drumming, dancing, storytelling, guided visualization, healing and energy work. Participate in our evening rituals which take us into the heart of ancient tales, creating a powerful, transformative energy that builds throughout the week.

Witch camp is offered to women and men at all levels of experience. Newcomers can learn the basic skills of magic and ritual, working with the five elements, movement, sound and the mythological and historical framework of the Goddess tradition. Advanced tracks offer the chance to apply the tools of ritual to personal healing and empowerment, or to focus on taking the Craft out into the world, learning how to create public rituals and participate in healing issues surrounding leadership and power.

TEXAS: March 16-23

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

GERMANY: May 17-24

Contact: Anna Beeckman, Lange Strasse 49, 21614 Buxtehede, Germany - 0416154363.
This camp is for women only.

MISSOURI: June 8-15

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

CALIFORNIA: July 7-14

Contact: Kim Jack, 1394 McAllister St., San Francisco, CA 94115 - (415) 923-1458

VANCOUVER: July 21-28

Contact: Pat Hogan, PO Box 21510, Vancouver, BC, Canada V5L 2W5 -
(604) 253-7189. This camp is planned & taught by the Northwest Teachers' Collective

MID-ATLANTIC: August 3-10

Contact: Summer Intensive '96, 11160 Viers Mill Rd., L15-271 Wheaton, MD 20902.
Please send \$200 initial deposit.

VERMONT: August 24-31

Contact: Trillium, Box 1753A, Charlotte, VT 05445 - Raven (802) 425-2984

Reclaiming Community Survey

(The first three questions are strictly for demographics and are of course optional.)

Age:

Gender:

Sexual Orientation:

Where do you live (city, state/province, country)?

How did you hear about Reclaiming?

What contact have you had with Reclaiming and for how long?

—Do you receive our newsletter?

—Have you been to our Spiral Dance ritual?

—Have you been to other Reclaiming public rituals?

—Have you been to witch camp?

—Have you taken classes with us?

—Have you done something we didn't think to ask?

What do you like most about Reclaiming?

What things about Reclaiming would you most like to see changed?

Do you think having a space for Reclaiming is an important goal?

—Would you contribute money, time or other assistance toward this endeavor?

—What would you like to see this place be?

What other projects would you like to see initiated in our community?

Do you consider yourself a part of the Reclaiming community? ...Tradition?

Please send your responses to:
Reclaiming Survey
P.O. Box 14404
San Francisco, California 94114

All of the Colors...

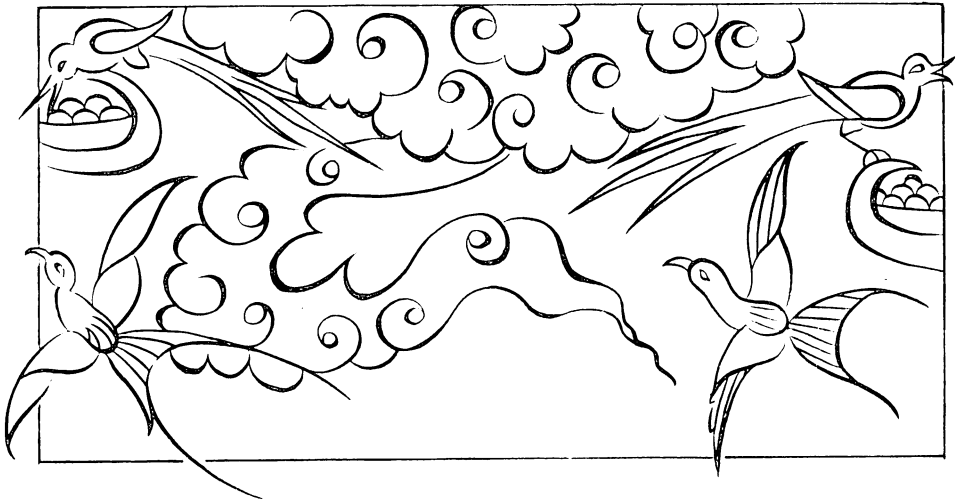
by Carlowe

With the Sister, she walked into a lush meadow surrounded on all sides by wet, green trees and high bushes, covered with a light film of rainwater glistening in the sunlight. Within the meadow were bursts of color where sixty or seventy people were scattered on the ground, covered in flowers; flowers in their hair, in their hats, in their beards, and flowing down over their shoulders onto the damp carpet around them. Each group overflowed and bled into those around it, so that there were no divisions or boundaries between the people. On the far side of the clearing the Maypole rose up under a cone of colors that spread wide around her like a hooped skirt. The ribbons billowed out and reached down to touch the earth, waiting for the people who would come to claim their colors and dance their dance.

The Sister made her way immediately to the Brother, her beloved, near the edge of the Maypole circle. She herself stopped to greet someone she knew and found she was less a stranger to those with whom he was sitting because of her friendship with him. Moving on, she came to the Sister and the Brother, now weaving wreaths with the same blending of rhythms with which they had been weaving together their lives. They sat on the edge of a ring of sisters who reached out for her and gathered her into their midst. She was swept up in the garland-making, offered flowers and string and wire and advice, and a sense of belonging stirred in her. It was often hard to feel that she was a part of this community, but its spirit touched deeply, so its magnet continued to draw her back. The ring of sisters helped; she was part of them and they were part of her, and the fact that they belonged to each other provided a base of support and safety from which to venture into the community. Deeper, older, and grounded in the beginnings of this particular birth in her life, were her ties to the Sister and the Brother; with them she had first explored this particular path for her spirit. Their work together helped nurture small green shoots of possibility in her. She opened up to the rain and the sunlight and Magic happened.

One of the ring of sisters had brought some of her family. Her small son, the others knew, having welcomed him when he came with his mother to other rites. His father was experiencing his first celebration of this kind. He was welcomed by the sisters who took this live person into their minds in place of the man-of-story they had known until now. His shy pleasure at the warmth of his welcome by so many people he didn't know was expressed gently, and he began to form his own relationships with them.

One sister had made an intricate crown of tiny, delicate, bright pink flowers which, set against her rich, dark hair, vibrated with color. A golden sister's happiness glowed from her to quietly envelope anyone who came close enough, and stayed still enough, to feel it's warmth. Another's meandering flowers drifted around her head and down



onto her shoulders with a chaotic disregard for rule and structure that echoed the wild child she sometimes shared with them. A gentle sister watched from the edges with eyes that saw when someone was without, and quietly reached out to share with them.

The community gathered to cast their circle. As the time came for the dance, she worried the childish worry that she would be excluded from the; there were so many more people than ribbons. Those with more experience knew better, and the opportunities that opened up by sharing ribbons added to the abundance. They took two, three, four, and even five people to a ribbon. They danced for a long, long time. The drummers changed the rhythms from time to time giving fresh impetus and momentum. Some dancers dropped back to join the surrounding wheel of singers, and the singers held up the energy of the music around the dancers. The faces of people she saw over and over coming towards her as she moved around the circle became a part of her. Months later she would still see in her mind their smiles, their eyes, their confidence or hesitancy as they judged their steps dancing under or over each other. She could taste their delight in the air around them.

The new chants they learned before the circle was cast were woven into older, familiar chants which the voices moved and shaped. She started out holding a ribbon with a friend from a neighboring circle whose moon rituals she sometimes shared. A man danced alone with his ribbon. After passing him a few times, she moved over to join him. She'd been aware of him at other celebrations, but they had never spoken and this sharing gave them a chance to really see each other. After some time the man stepped back to sing, and she danced on alone. Eventually she saw one of the ring

sisters standing outside the dance and offered her the ribbon, which was welcomed, and she stood back to watch and sing. The ribbons moved around and among each other in patterns of wild gaiety; she drank in the colors, the faces, and the laughter as their weaving crowded people together. Some kept meticulously to the over-under of the steps of their dance, while others paid little attention to pattern and allowed their steps to flow where the rhythms took them. The Maypole centered the different dances into one.

After a while someone offered her a ribbon again and she rejoined the dance. When the weaving stopped the Maypole began to pull the ends of the ribbons close around her base, pulling the people tightly against her. There was a bit of enthusiastic pushing and shoving by those eager for a faster pace, so again she pulled back to watch and found herself held by the energy of the music. It surrounded her and flowed out of her until it's power rose up under her ribs as if to lift her off the ground. By the time the ribbons were completely wrapped around the Maypole, a great cone of energy enveloped it, and the people dropped down to reaffirm their individual connections to the earth.

When the Maypole rested, flames rose up out of the cauldron and the people encircled it. They began to jump over the fire with those to whom they were connected. The Sister and the Brother leaped together, and she saw a ring sister springing over with her partner. She had read about this custom, but never seen it before. She knew that it was significant for those whose hearts were connected to share it, and her own narrow definition of what comprised a heart-connection made her feel a little out of place. She stood in a crowd, alone, trying to decide how to gauge the appropriate time for a lone person, only peripherally a part of the community, to jump through the flames, if at all. As she watched people running from one edge of the circle to the other, the Sister appeared behind her and took her by the hand. The Brother materialized to take her other hand, and they pulled her out into the clearing and over the fire with them. They, too, were connected; she had forgotten to hold that inside. As she watched, she realized people were leaping over the cauldron many times, in different combinations, with others who were important in their lives. She heard the ring of sisters calling and moved to join them. Gathered, they poured over the flames in a stream of laughter and the feeling of being a part of something grew. Couples, friends, Circles, and families ran from one side of the ring to the other celebrating their connections and receiving nourishment and warmth from their community as they ran through the firelight.

When the days are harsh and dirty, and the nights are cold or threatening, she can reach for the gifts of color and music, of joy and trust still safely held inside and bring them out to revel in their magic.

PANTHEACON '96: Sensory Overload & Lots of Fun

by Reya

In solidarity with the organizers of the Mid-Atlantic Witch Camp, I decided to do the "Pool Path" at Pantheacon '96*, so this article is going to be a most superficial report on an amazing event, a huge, annual gathering of pagans over Presidents' Day weekend.

Picture, if you can, the scene: The Red Lion Inn—a huge, casino-like hotel—in San Jose, California, the melting pot city of Silicon Valley.

We arrived early on Friday afternoon, and already the pagans were pouring into the hotel. There were pierced, leather-clad pagans and hippie pagans and political pagans. There were outlandishly dressed, outrageous pagans and modest, shy pagans. There were old pagans and young pagans and pagan children. I saw green hair and Vamp nail polish, scrubbed clean faces, guys wearing horns on their heads, long beards, bald heads, people who looked like they should be sitting in a library somewhere studying, musicians, craftspeople, old friends meeting after a long time, etc. etc etc. Whoa. It's a good

thing we support diversity, 'cause the pagan scene is, if nothing else, diverse!! There was such a dazzling array of pagans I felt overwhelmed after only 5 minutes.

We struggled through the long line of people waiting to register, picked up the schedule of events for the weekend and retreated in haste to the pool to drink iced tea and make decisions about what we wanted to do. My eyes went blurry trying to study the schedule, but from what I remember there was something for everyone—lots of seminars, panels, rituals and talks each day, and music, dances and rituals at night. There was also a pagan shopping mall, as Kelly called it; two rooms packed with cool stuff to buy—music, ritual clothing, lots of jewelry, athames, books, tarot decks, and so on.

I was impressed that the people around me were actually capable of deciding what activities they wanted to attend—with all the choices, who could decide? Not me. Actually, I ended up being capable of choosing a whopping 3 ac-

**Pool Path: Some of the Mid-Atlantic organizers have decided that they need a break from complete and utter transformation this year, (cuz last year's witch camp has inspired them to completely redo their entire lives) so they're fantasizing about spending their days at camp this year sitting around the pool, their lounges arranged in a circle, reading trashy novels, applying sunscreen occasionally and sipping beverages out of cool glasses. Thank you, Peregrine & Janet, for letting me borrow your concept.*

tivities (plus the Reclaiming ritual of course).

Friday night I attended Francesca Dubie's Third Road opening ritual, which was a spell for bounty and beauty, a wonderful and poetic opening for the conference, and an eye opener for me because her style of magic is so different than Reclaiming's. The only other thing I did Friday night was read tarot cards with Pomegranate and Thorn but I know all kinds of things were going on around me.

Saturday it seemed like even MORE pagans arrived, but in addition to Pantheacon, the hotel was also hosting a big military dinner/dance thing, so in addition to the wild array of pagans, army type guys began arriving. We also noticed a lot of young (elementary school age?) ballerinas running around the hotel, in jeans early in the day, but fully dressed in ballet stuff later in the afternoon. I had wanted to go hear Victor and Cora Anderson speak on Saturday afternoon, but with the arrival of the military types & ballerinas, the vibe in the hotel went way over the top and I ended up taking a nap in the afternoon instead.

Saturday night was the best—the pagans were having a masquerade ball, so they were decked out to the nines. The military types and their dates were just as dolled up, though in a very different style, and the ballerinas must have been doing some kind of performance, because they, too, were in full regalia. A bunch of us sat in the coffee shop for a long time that evening, watching a most wonderful parade of all the different groups on their way to their various events. It was a feast for the eyes—the

military guys were wearing their fanciest uniforms including medals, hats, embroidered jackets, and shiny, shiny shoes. Their dates were dressed in full length evening gowns, sequins, furs, jewels. It would take me pages and pages to describe all variations on pagan masquerade dress we saw, (I'm sure you can imagine!) and this magnificent sight was punctuated with lots of tiny ballerinas in sparkling outfits. Wow. The faeries must have just LOVED Saturday night at Pantheacon.

After the parade I retreated to my hotel room with Jody, who had a cold, but Thorn & Pomegranate reported later on that the partying throughout the hotel was lots of fun, that even the military guys were having fun, interacting with Kim Jack in her outrageously beautiful outfit and singing along with Thorn.

Sunday, for me, was more like witch camp than Pantheacon—we spent most of the day preparing for the Reclaiming ritual Sunday night. That meant meeting and talking, dealing with last minute changes about who would aspect what, and decorating the gown of the Faery Queen.

But I did take an hour out of the day to attend Mary Greer's session on the women of the Golden Dawn. She did some talking about her book, and the history of the remarkable women she has written about (*Women of the Golden Dawn, Rebels and Priestesses*, by Mary Greer, published by Park Street Press. If you haven't read it and are at all interested, go buy this book. It's fantastic). She also lead us in a Golden Dawn ritual, a scrying journey into the High Priestess card and beyond. It was a MOST powerful ritual. I'll be thinking

about that for a long time.

In the sensory overload spirit of Pantheon, the Reclaiming ritual was over the top, too. At our preliminary planning meetings we had decided we wanted to offer what we consider to be Reclaiming's strength—a ritual with a lot of people co-priestessing, as opposed to the high priestess/priest model of ritual. We also wanted to work with a sacred drama, as we have at many witch camps. We chose the story Tam Lin and then spread the components of the ritual around to as many people as possible. So we had a storyteller, a trance leader, two questioners, three people aspecting, two official anchors and one who stepped in sort of at the last moment, plus drummers, an explainer and "wranglers"—people who work with the aspecters both before but especially following the ritual to make sure the priestesses/priests are fully "restored" (is that the right word?) And of course we had people grounding, casting and calling directions and deities.

Not only did we get to offer our style of co-priestessing, but with all the different components, we were able to offer the gifts of Tam Lin on a variety of levels—the attendees could work in trance, or with provocative questions, listen to a story, and/or watch a sacred drama—it was all going on at the same

time. We love using this format at witch camp but it was one of the first rituals we've done in the Bay Area in that style. It's exciting to think about the possibility of working in this way at home more. The ritual was well attended, and though in my opinion it was a little ungainly in the beginning, it clicked into shape pretty quickly and turned out to be a very powerful event.

Monday morning finally came and the pagans began packing up and leaving, though there were activities scheduled up to the last moment. The military guys and ballerinas were long gone, and the hotel felt calm for the first time. As we packed our stuff and got ready to leave, I realized I felt like we'd been in San Jose for at least a week—lots of magic really messes around with the perception of time, doesn't it?

And though I barely sampled the opportunities offered at Pantheon, I left San Jose feeling much richer than when I arrived. In addition to the educational, eye opening aspects of this amazing event, the bottom line is that it's FUN to spend a weekend with a whole bunch of pagans.

Thank you Glenn Turner and Ancient Ways, for organizing what can barely be organized—pagans! Pantheon was a blast. Can't wait for next year.



Announcements

Witch Camp Scholarship Events Schedule

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27—7:30 p.m.

Starhawk & friends benefit—location TBA

SATURDAY, APRIL 13—TIME TBA

Psychic Fair—Readings by members of the Reclaiming Community
848 Community Space, 848 Divisadero at McAllister in San Francisco

RUMMAGE SALE & BAKE SALE

Date, time and location TBA

To donate baked goods or sale items, please call July: (415) 487-6289

Note: Look for flyers or call the Events Line for more information

TO VOLUNTEER, call **Heather at (415) 864-6922** (please speak slowly and clearly when leaving a message) or **Laura at (415) 674-1919**.

Any WITCHES or PAGANS out there who have had any experience with secular authorities around the subject of Death, and specifically the disposal of human remains? Two Reclaiming WITCHES (Vibra and Macha) are currently attempting to work out a legal precedent for WITCHES so that those of us who want a more direct involvement in literally and physically putting our departed ones to rest-or in some cases reclaiming the sacred bones of our ancestors-can have that option, without running the risk of legal proscription. In addition, we would like to have something legal in operation when one of our number passes on to the Other World so that those grieving ones who are left on this side of the Veil can carry out the wishes of the departed one timely (i.e., before serious decomposition sets in) without hassle from secular authorities. Please send thoughts and especially direct experiences to M.M. NightMare, P.O.Box 150694, San Rafael, CA 94915-0694, MMNMare@aol.com or Vibra W@aol.com.

I'M LOOKING FOR A 21 CHORD AUTOHARP. If you're willing to sell, please contact Diane, (510) 524-7729, 1523 Solano Ave., #221, Berkeley, CA 94707/ Dianebak@aol.com

SACRED ART/SACRED LIFE; COMING HOME, Gatherings to celebrate, awaken and unify the sovereignty, mystery and re-indignation of our souls, bodies and culture, Eostara/Easter/Spring Equinox, full moon weekend, 1997. For more information, see <http://www.NerveCenter.com/Temple-of-the-Lady/links.htm>.

THE EARTH CONCLAVE PRESENTS:

The Body Eclectic—Are We Our Body? April 11-14, 1996. At this Spring Conclave, we want to examine and experience the living human body as sacred. We will have a chance to explore the mystery that we are our bodies until we are not. We will look at beauty closely through spirit walks, we can feel the mysteries with our hands in the prayer bead or doll making sessions. We will have the chance to feel the magical power of body movement in a trance dance or nature walks. Spring Conclave 1996 promises to be a perfect time to practice our challenge to dwell in beauty, compassion, balance and wonder. Come and join us in this festival of delight.

CONCLAVE TWO—May 17-19, '96: Experiencing Community

FALL CONCLAVE—Autumn, '96: Paganism as Religion, Paganism as Spirituality

CONCLAVE WITCH CAMP INTENSIVE WORKSHOP—Jan.or Feb. 1997.

YOU CAN REACH US AT:

The Earth Conclave, PO Box 14377, Madison, WI 53714-0337, (608) 244-4488, FAX (608) 244-9443, EMAIL conclave@localis1.lic.wisc.edu

PAGAN RECOVERY PROJECT using the Twelve Steps

Are you in twelve step recovery? Are you wiccan, shaman, or of another nature-based religion? Would you like a safe place to talk about your recovery? Perhaps the Pagan Recover Project can help. **Won't you join us? Call (408) 559-GAIA**

I AM LOOKING FOR STRAIGHT WOMEN who have had relationships with gay men before they came out. I'm interested in how these relationships affected the women's lives. I would like to interview these women for a possible article or book. All will be strictly confidential with true identifies concealed if desired. I myself had such a relationship and the person recently died of AIDS. I'm doing this with love and compassion as a healing. My premise is that homophobia hurts everyone. Out of these, there is the potential for a support group. Please call **Phyllis Seid evenings and weekends at (415) 282-0219** or leave a message anytime. A donation of any money earned will go towards Reclaiming and AIDS agencies. Thanks.

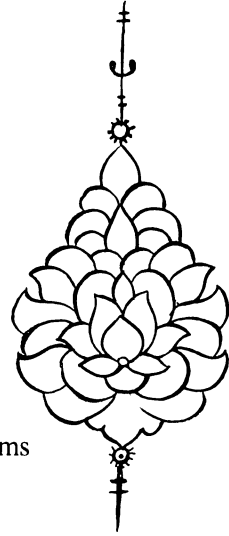
Remember

when your heart is stuck
listen for her drum
the earth's pulse is never far
feel her rhythm in your veins

when painful thoughts fill your mind
let her gentle breeze carry them away
the healing way is
whispered in her winds

when you are laden with despair
let her waters embrace your body
feel the currents of her oceans and streams
and know from whence you came

when fear has frozen your path
let her flames ignite your passion
solid walls will melt for you
to move forward in the world renewed



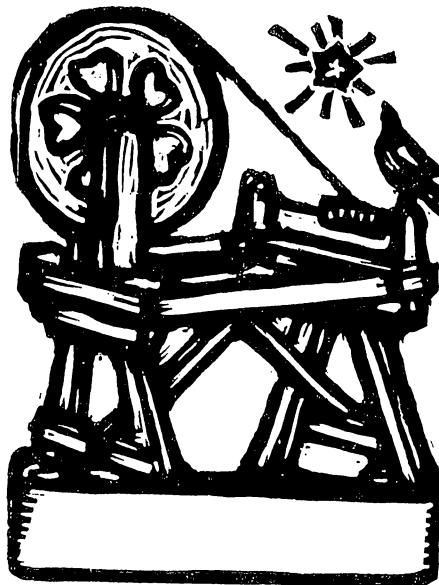
—Julie Williamson

CROSSING OVER

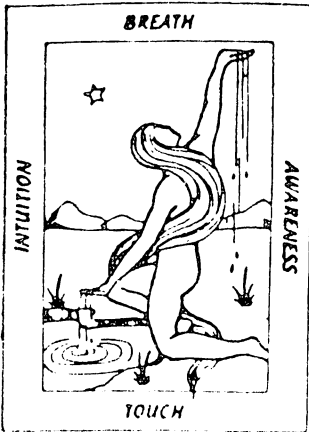
Crossing Over is a long-needed, beautiful collection of Craft theology, prayers, exercises, chants, funeral rites, and songs, including works on sitting vigil with the dying, terminal illnesses and withdrawing life support, abortion, miscarriage, stillbirth, death and children, suicide, AIDS, ongoing mourning, remembering the dead in community, ghosts and hauntings, and ongoing grieving work. Also featured are appendices of useful herbs, incenses, stones and death deities, as well as discussion of legal matters, and suggested readings. This wonderful book edited by M. Macha NightMare, with cover art by Laura Kemp, was published by the Reclaiming Collective on Samhain, 1995 and is available from the Collective for \$18 ppd.

ISBN 0-9649262-0-2. 8-1/2" x 11", 108 pgs, softcover. For wholesale inquiries, please contact Patti Martin c/o Reclaiming, POBox 14404, San Francisco, CA 94114

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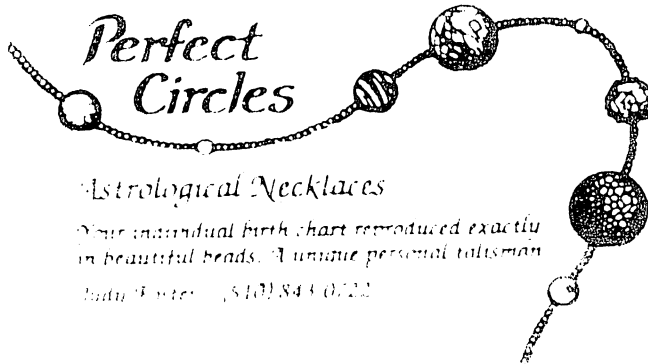


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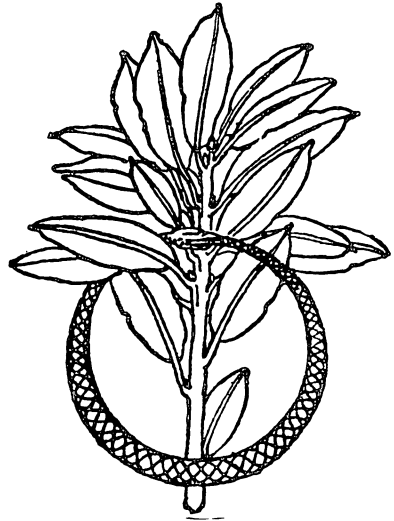
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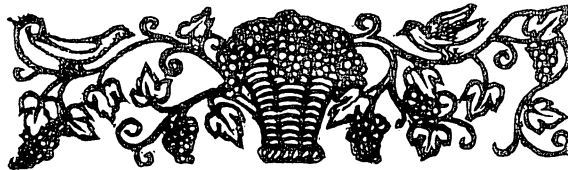
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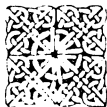
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1400 Shattuck Avenue
Berkeley

Mama Bears

6536 Telegraph Avenue
Berkeley

Ancient Ways

4075 Telegraph Avenue
Oakland

Shambhala Books

2482 Telegraph Avenue
Oakland

Rituals

1106 Solano Ave.
Albany

SAN FRANCISCO

Tools of Magick

1915 Page Street

A Different Light

489 Castro Street

Sword & Rose

85 Carl Street

Inner Sunset

Community Food Store
1319 20th Avenue

Old Wives' Tales

1009 Valencia Street

Rainbow General Store

1899 Mission Street

Curios & Candles

289 Divisadero

Modern Times

888 Valencia

PENINSULA & SOUTH

Two Sisters Books

605 Cambridge Avenue
Menlo Park

A Bustle in Your Hedgerow

1640-B Gum
San Mateo

Willow Glen Books

1330 Lincoln
San Jose

ADVERTISING RATES

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

- Display Advertising has a higher value than Classified or Type-only Ads. *When you send art or logo with your ad, we charge Display Rates.*
- Type-only Ads over 2" should be computed at Display Rates.
- Include a contact name and phone, in case we have a question.
- *Please do not send dot-matrix printed ad copy. It doesn't print well.*
- Although we do print some free brief community service announcements, *if you're charging money for an event or service, please include us as a part of your advertising budget for helping make it happen.*

Thank you again for your support of Reclaiming work.

WHOLESALE NEWSLETTER DISTRIBUTION

We are now set up to distribute the Reclaiming Newsletter to shops outside the San Francisco Bay Area. Please send us your orders before each Solstice and Equinox for that season's issue. Be sure to order enough for the season; we can only ship once per issue.

Shipping Information

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

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

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

Wholesale Newsletter Order Form

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

 (season) _____

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

The RECLAIMING Newsletter 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