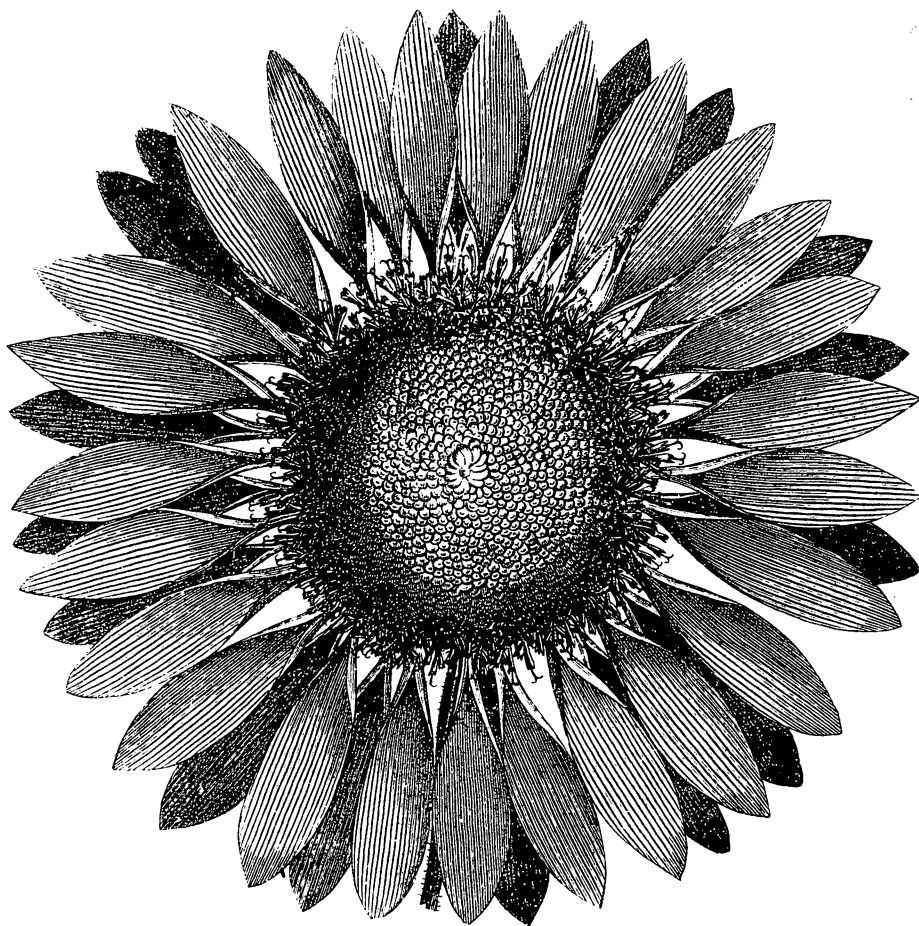


# RECLAIMING

newsletter



**#63**

**Summer '96**

**\$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 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.

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*—The Recording Faerie*

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

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# A REMINISCENCE

by Raven Moonshadow

*(Raven Moonshadow tape-recorded these reminiscences at the Maitri Hospice in February 1996. Hilary Valentine typed and edited them for him. On March 26, 1996, Raven died at San Francisco General Hospital surrounded my family, friends and community. Macha has written an article about the last weeks of Raven's life, which appears on page 13.)*

*Continued from the Spring Issue of the Newsletter ...*

From there I got a job taking care of mentally retarded people, and I got right back into the drug game. I had someone who would deliver, and I would deliver, late, late, at night, when the extra help would come on and I was supposed to be asleep. In 20/20 hindsight I'm glad it happened that way. They stopped paying State, and there was no money coming in and I didn't get paid for seven months straight. I was there cooking, cleaning, and taking care of thirteen mentally-disabled women by myself basically. I decided to quit there, and since they owed me so much back pay, they put me in a place that turns out to be a shooting gallery. My luck, right? Right.

Well, I lived in the shooting gallery for a while, until I got sick of Food Not Bombs food, and I decided to create my own needle-exchange. I was told I couldn't do needle-exchange, well, I'm going to do it anyhow. And I created a way that nobody else had thought of, which was going door to door to people I knew and saying "Needle exchange, you can give me and I will give you, or you can front me and I will bring them

back, I'm trustworthy. What you give to me I will always bring back to you."

I would never charge, I would never say this is a flat fee for doing it, I told them whatever you feel you can spend, if you can't spend anything just remember me and that's basically how it worked. So I'm exchanging now and I have something to do, I've moved out of the shooting gallery, there's a fire at the shooting gallery, which makes us move out, and I've moved into a hotel, so I've lost a lot of stuff. I moved into the Nazereth Hotel and lived there for three years, until the rats and roaches and everything got so bad, I refused to pay rent and went on a renters strike. Needless to say, after three months I got tossed out, and moved into the Ambassador Hotel.

Now this is drug central of San Francisco, the heart not only of drug traffic in the city, but also HIV addiction spreading. And from my bed if I bungie-corded my door open in such a way, I was open 24 hours. And I became more and more popular, because you could go get a rig from Raven, or you could trade in one-for-one or whatever you wanted to do and they were, you know, grateful, and I was grateful for the money.

The thing about needle-exchange

which is different from how it's practiced now is that now, people don't go door to door, I went door to door for four years of my life until I found out, I don't know which came first, the numbing wasn't taking effect any more, abusing, I don't know if that was it, or my survival instinct kicking in, saying hey, wait a minute, I don't want to get paid in drugs, I want to get paid in money, because with money I can do whatever I want. I can go buy drugs if I like, I can go buy cigarettes if I like, but no more drugs. And people really didn't listen to me. I moved again, this time after a fire at the Ambassador, I moved into this house, I moved out one month later, and in that one month I was back full-steam doing needle exchange for people. It finally had to stop, I had to find some way to make it stop, so I decided since there was no needle-exchange on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, that I would be the Saturday/Sunday exchange.

That was a good idea, and it brought in lots of money, it brought in some drugs, it kept food on my table, but it kept me at home most of the time. That was the only way to make money. I wasn't going to go out into the streets saying "Rigs, rigs, rigs," I just sat at home and people would come by, and exchange rigs, twenty-four hours a day.

So, this goes on and during this time I find out that a good friend of mine, she hadn't sent me an invitation for her marriage. Now this friend and I were very, very, very close, I know how I feel about her. I'm not exactly sure how she feels about me. However she was getting married and I wasn't invited, so that hurt me to no end. It was like having

your own flesh-and-blood flush you down the toilet and say, "You're no longer wanted or needed here." So then I wrote a letter to another friend to try to get some explanation. I got back an even more caustic letter. Both of them dealt with trust.

And I understood about perfect love, but I was learning about what perfect trust is. Perfect love to me was the cone of power, settling down into the ground, touching Mother Earth and feeling my heart beat with hers. Or just touching the hands of other coveners in the circle, who I'd worked with for a while, and it was just automatically roots down, branches up, and we'd be connected to sky and earth, and our magic was so flowing and so there. But this issue of trust, that perplexed me. What was it they didn't trust me for? I couldn't get any response. I trusted myself to do the things I said I would do. In needle exchange when I told a person I would bring back what I got from them that's exactly what I did, brought them home, bagged them, put their names upon each bag, and then went out and delivered. If there were mistakes it came out of my pocket. If I was arrested it came out of my pocket, and I wasn't arrested, but I did have my needles confiscated once.

So what eventually happens is, Raven moves out of this little hovel, he moves to the Bristol Hotel and finds himself very, very, very tired and very sick. And he decides to work out of his room like he used to, and he does, but something wasn't there anymore, the numbing wasn't taking effect. And the reason I guess I was doing the drug was, I was HIV positive, in fact I had full-blown AIDS, and when I did the drug it gave

me life, it made me feel like I was still alive.

Not that the Goddess couldn't do that, but the Goddess couldn't help me clean an apartment, or help me cook. Now, in 20/20 hindsight I found out she can, later on then with Urban Street magic. And I start getting restless, I mean I'm doing lots of drugs, and I'm not getting off on them, and all of a sudden the Spiral Dance comes up, and I'd been wanting to go to the Spiral Dance forever, it had been a while, it had been a long time. So I went to the Spiral Dance which kind of intrigued me and kind of didn't. That star quality, I mean the pedestal was so high not even I could see the ground. There were so many people there at the first Spiral Dance at Fort Mason, and I was the person who taught their first class, and "Do you remember me, do you remember me?", and to tell a person, "No, I don't remember your name," I don't know if that's rude or not, my mother never taught me etiquette like that. But let's not talk about my mother.

So anyhow the first Spiral Dance I go to, I feel, I feel, so intensely I feel sitting in one spot in front of the cauldron while the spiral is actually going on and a very good friend of mine who had died that year, who went by the name of Jodie, I met her on the Isle of the Dead, and together we washed each other's track marks away, and did our healing work that way. In her I recognized a junkie who had been a junkie for eons, for lifetimes, and she knew what she was doing and I gave in to her healing. So the Spiral Dance is over, and of course Raven leaves once again by himself. And I'm in pain again because of the

distancing.

So I go directly to my dealer's and I get a quarter and I go home and I do it, and I clean up the house and invite in the Dead, I even stuck their names all over my door. And in that year, I had more people than I care to count die, not necessarily of speed, but die, and at this point I have a matter-of-fact doctor who tells me not only the truth but the blunt truth, because I ask the blunt questions. "How long do you have to live? One, maybe two years at the outside."

I find out I'm adopted. Time to use because we're not going to feel it. And it shut me down emotionally, but it set my mind afire with questions, who I am, where do I come from, what is community, who are the ancestors, who are the Mighty Dead, because it's my understanding that the Mighty Dead are the Mighty Dead of the Craft, those who have gone on their merry way to Summerland, not just anybody who died this year, but those who are Mighty Dead witches in the Craft. So the Mighty Dead helped me through this year, at least 1995, and things got worse, and worse, I got beat up for the money in my pockets, and I often wondered what it would be like to live someplace else.

Nobody came, ever to visit me, except for one person, nobody ever came to visit me at any of the places where I was living at the time. So that made me think about what is community? Is my community the people I work with out in the streets who knock on my door at four in the morning. Are they community? Because they are in a way a strange kind of family, kind of hillbilly-ish, kind of Ozark-ish. They love each other to death, but the second one's back



is turned, watch out!

And I don't know how many times I lost my athame. First, was at the Nazareth Hotel, second, third and forth were at the Ambassador, and so then I decided to really go big guns, and I got the most beautiful, beautiful sword, with a crossbones and skull, scrimshaw set in ivory, and there was a place on the other side for a picture, could be inscribed on there, or maybe words. Of course that was stolen too.

And the same year after my arm was washed by Jodie, Hecate night falls not too long after it, and I went to the statue of Diana, who I consider Hecate of course, a version of her, the Lady of the Three Ways, and had a geis put on me by her, that I shall not cast a spell upon another. It was very hard, it was very difficult, but one thing it did do, it made me think about self. How to take care of self instead of how to take care of somebody else's needs. If you need help, fine I'll teach you how to help yourself, but I can't do it for you.

Now these are prostitutes, these are drug-dealers, people who've just moved into the hotel, people who come to get readings from me, or just to sit back and talk, to have someone to talk to, so in a way I began to feel like this community

was my ministry. This was my community. It wasn't living at home with parents, that's for sure, and Reclaiming came close, because the rituals are powerful. However, in this community of downtown Tenderloin I wasn't put up on a pedestal. At least not the same kind of pedestal, because like I said, watch out for your back, although I did nothing to ask to be harmed in any way down there. Although a few times I did hex, and I think that's why I had the geis placed upon me in the first place.

Anyhow, what part of community was I experiencing? Why was I so alone when I had a vast pool of people I could call upon, and why did this vast pool of people not come drizzle down into my life and say Hi! every once in a while. So I decided to start to go back to Reclaiming rituals, and I'll never forget the day walking up the beach for the Llamas ritual with my cane, that a member of the community, who was a very, very heavy twelve-stepper to say the least, and I don't know if that is still true or not, however she was the one who greeted me back into the circle. And she admitted to me that it was her stuff that she was dealing with, not my stuff, it wasn't her life it was my life, and I should live it as I see fit, and I said



perfect love and perfect trust and I was entered back into the circle. Some of the circles I made, some of them I didn't, yet I always found that before a ritual would happen, somebody would come by to get me high.

So I was beginning to wonder what community was, and I guess one of the reasons why I was wondering this was because the numbing wasn't working anymore like it used to, it didn't make me feel as alive as it used to. And I don't know exactly how it worked, but a social worker hooked me up with B and H and I had a social worker to come out every couple of days, to take my temperature and whatnot. And it was the nicest feeling to have somebody come and visit, to say they were coming and come by to visit, and she has such a bubbly personality, she reminds me of many witches that I know. She brought me a cat cage, and she helped me get into a Hospice called Maitri. I'm not exactly sure what this word means, I think it's my beloved or something like that, however My Tree and a Raven seemed to fit, so I started working all my magic around Maitri, a nest in my tee. Knowing full well that this is a hospice, and hospices you go to die. So I wasn't receiving support from family, I wasn't receiving support from the Reclaiming community, I wasn't receiving support from the drug using community, and I wasn't receiving support from the drug itself. So Samhain rolls around again, and we're back at the cauldron of death and rebirth. And this time two friends are there, not only Jodie, who has masks of many, but Chang Ju Dar DeBulio (sp?), somebody, I taught him years ago many of the things that I know. I'm not

exactly sure how he died, he wouldn't reveal that to me, but the three of us from three different points around the cauldron splashed stars, stars from above and stars from below, all over ourselves. Feeling the healing energy of the hot and cool, and the electricity and the magnetism, all the opposites, life and death, and we plugged ourselves into the cauldron by our elbows, and we asked the Mighty Dead, and I especially asked the Goddess, find me a way that I won't want to do this some day. And she did.

Two weeks later, on Hecate's birthday that night, I had come back from celebrating, I wasn't able to hit. You see I'm an IV drug user. There have been times I have abused. But I considered myself this time a user. I never let it get out of hand. For every three days up, if that's how many days I stayed up, I gave myself seven days down. And I took care of myself. And it seems that moving into Maitri was moving into a different community. A community of men who are dying. At various stages of sickness. And I know how I feel helpless sometimes, I see how others feel helpless. So I have another definition of community here. Early Reclaiming times didn't give it, going to rituals now didn't give it, down in the Tenderloin I was a minister. That was my ministry, I was a priestess. Who's to say that my job was any different from anybody else's job, say a witch who works in a methadone clinic, or a pagan who is selling mushrooms or marijuana? Who's to say what is right and what is wrong, let the world judge. And it seems that when the collective, over this magical thing called email started to hear that

Raven is hooked up with this, Raven is moving into a hospice, I'm still not sure about moving into the hospice, it frightens me. Two years, yeah, but I think I still have another good year in me before I really start dwindling. I think I'm here a bit too early. That must bring up the subject of midwifery of death.

There is one thing I'd like to know though. This new community I've discovered. It's like when the electric mail went out that Raven is moving into his own tree, all of a sudden from everywhere people were calling to help. And it often bothers me now, were they coming to visit me or help me? Was it the neighborhood they were afraid to come into? The people? What was it that allowed them to cross that barrier that I had crossed? I'm not speaking about drug using, because there are a lot of other people who live down in the Tenderloin. There's old people, there's children and families. Everything that's out here is microcosm in the Tenderloin. So we have community with Reclaiming, community with the users and abusers, and now, a small community of men who are dying. If I could have but one hope, my hope would be to help some pass easily, across that great thundering ocean the sea, back to the isle of rebirth,



and back around if they so choose. For where there's fear there is power, passion is the healer, desire cracks open the gate, if you're ready it'll take you through.

So now my fear is, I guess, reaching out more. Taking time not with just myself, but with people as well. Who's to say my ministry is any different from any other person's ministry? We heal, we are witches. We heal what is hurt, we balance what is not right. We bend with the wind. We are witches by right. We are the midwives to the living and dying that each one of us is continually striving to live and eke out everything to find their purity in the fairies' ring.

Moving to the next subject. I've talked about connecting, nurturing, community, life in the Tenderloin, midwife to the dying. And in the midwife to the dying, last Spiral Dance I was amazed, not only by the center, but by something I always knew was there, but hardly ever called on as a folk, the fair ones who like a little bread, a little milk, a little cheese, bread and eggs, butter and honey, sharp, drought, to work it all out, the fair folk. We ground, we purify, we cast the circle, we invoke the directions, we call Her down and Him down, we call the Mighty Dead and the fair folk, and past the fair folk are the summerlands. There are some things I'd like to do with midwifery of the dying, I'd like to explain to people exactly what happens, where they go to, where they end up, how they come back, if they want to come back, what form they take, all of these, small insignificant things are what separates life from death, silence from sound, shout from echo. Since it is the gay movement

that's being eaten alive, there must be thousands, billions of fairies. Some have come back around again, there are fairies all over the place, and I do mean fair, I'm not sensing any hostility.

So now my challenge is, I suppose, to reach out, to talk to somebody, to not be shy. Yeah, me, shy. And to help me balance my powers with a name, My Tree. I have to learn how to give up control, having things my way, let go of doing for myself. Like shedding a skin. Let Your transformation take me, and like a chrysalis hangs by a thread, I know You are inside me. Untie the knot, tie the knot, bind it to set it free. Mother of the ancient web, check each line of pure thread, warm this night into a ball of Fairy blue, Fairy blue fire, and let it rise to the peak, and settle to the ground, a sight, sound, hearing.

Even though the way you walked was funny, it was through no fault of your own. As the rain enters the soil, so the river enters the ocean. Everything passes into the bigger. Everything bigger becomes smaller once again. (Raven sings some beautiful songs)

So we've talked about just about everything. I want to add to this another topic that's been on my mind. Raven believes that his greatest challenge is to learn how to write, Not that I don't know how to write, I know how to write, I know how to spell words, it's just that I don't know how to write. And I'm hoping that this is the first step in the completion of a book that I've been mulling about in my mind for centuries. Hedge-witching, ditch-witching, urban guerrilla street magic, how to work with all of the world, not just a piece of it. This would include attack and defense,



this would also include scrying, or seeing, honing the senses, learning about your body and how it relates to the world, and how the world relates back to your body.

Where this idea comes from is living in the Tenderloin, and there are many things that I had to do just to survive, not to survive on a daily basis, but just to survive as a witch, that only a witch can do to get what they need. Invisibility for one, chameleonability, throwing your voice, scrambling somebody's head, or looking in somebody's head. True, some of this sounds power-over, but all in this book would be written with the intent of perfect love and perfect trust, let it harm none. This would also deal a lot with Chaosism, I'm not sure Reclaiming is quite familiar with this yet. The first book is Introduction to Chaos Magic, the second book is Lieber Chaos, then Lieber Know and appendices. It's modern magic for the nineties.

True it's nice to touch the fairies in the past, but what's even nicer is to get to know the fairies that live beneath the hills here, on the ground here, that fly through the air here, that burn in fireplaces instead of raging infernos, where it's controlled. Urban Guerrilla Magic, would be, I guess, the ongoing title.

And while I'm at it, I need to get the rest of my knowledge back in the Book of Shadows. My challenge in this airy season is all that needs to be rewritten into the Book of Shadows must be done by Beltane. Hedge-witching. Do you know what a hedge is? You walk along the edge of the street and you find things. Things to do magic with, things that will only work with such and such a charm. Finding crossroads, they don't make crossroads like they used to, but where four roads meet, there are a few. I have to get these things out of my mind, off of the precious pieces of paper, back into the Book of Shadows, and make a copy page for page. Sell that as well as doing a scent book. Wort cunning in the city

also. That's something that's hard. You might find it easy, but when you're living in the Tenderloin it's definitely hard. You don't find rosemary growing, or mugwort growing, or artemisia, there's a very small amount of herbs to be found growing down here. Up here at Maitri, oh—ho that garden, I can't wait to dive into it. I'm going to be making some scents that will knock your blocks off.

And if they do find a cure for this, I'm going to do what I've always dreamed of doing, have what I've always dreamed of having, and make work what I've always wished to make work. My own occult shop, home-made, shop-made everything. Well, that's it for that.



# RAVEN REMEMBERED

by M.Macha Nightmare

## RAVEN CLOSES THE DOOR

Raven Moonshadow closed the door on the Reclaiming Collective and community when he broke a geis. He did this in many ways. At that time he entered the Tenderloin, where he lived his last years.

## RAVEN KNOCKS ON THE DOOR

At Samhain 1994, Raven executed a durable power of attorney for health care and mailed it, with no prior conversations about it with the persons whom he designated. With this action, Raven knocked on the door of the collective/community.

When he became very ill not only with AIDS but also with hepatitis in late '95, and was not able to be contacted at his hotel, I, as one of the DPOA designees, called West Side Health Clinic to see what was wrong. Then began a series of telephone calls among various health care people, social welfare people, Margaret and me, the upshot of which was that Raven was willing to move into Maitri AIDS Hospice.

## RAVEN OPENS THE DOOR

That was the point at which I think Raven began to open the door. People from his community, plus other close friends, packed, helped him move, adopted his pets and such things. His friends and family were greatly relieved to see him in a loving, caring, clean environment where they could visit comfortably.

Many old friends—Reclaiming connected and otherwise—visited Raven during his last months. Among them was Hilary, whose work with Raven during that time is evidenced by her transcriptions of audiotapes of his thinking during his last months published in this newsletter. (*Part 2 of Raven's reminiscences appears on page 5. —eds.*)

I find his memory in his dictations quite selective, possibly because of his increasing dementia. Some of the things he said were untrue. While I find this annoying, and unjust to some of us, in the long run it doesn't matter.

During the last two weeks of Raven's life I saw him make huge leaps of spiritual evolution.

He told several of us that he wanted to go to all the Reclaiming Sabbats he could. He wanted to get to Golden Gate Park to attend the Spring Equinox ritual. On the day of the public ritual, Raven was hospitalized for treatment of meningitis and of grand mal seizures with which he had recently become afflicted. We tried to bust him for the day, but realized that his delicate condition made it too risky. So ...

Four of us went to his room at Maitri, to which he had just been released a couple of hours earlier, to do a Spring ritual with him. Raven was very magical that evening, accepting the working we were doing like a thirsty man at a desert oasis.

Raven had told Vibra that he wanted colored eggs for this ritual, so some

Witches in San Rafael, where I live, colored and consecrated several eggs at the Spring ritual they had done that afternoon, and we had them for our ritual with Raven that night. Also, Beverly had brought Raven a special world egg from the Saturday ritual in the park. Jim buried it in the Maitri garden because Raven wanted it buried there and couldn't do it himself.

We sang "Jack in the Green" about the seasons of the grain god; Raven saw and welcomed Jack when I was teaching the song to the others, before we had even used it to invoke Him.

Raven wanted to call Death, or a death goddess. We sang in the Three Fates—Lachesis, Who apportions each of our lots in life; Klotho, the weaver; Atropos, Who cuts the cord—with Thorn's chant.

Raven remembered a guided meditation that Kat had done many years before, and he asked her to do it. It was a meditation about an old blind woman in a cave, sightlessly scratching marks on the walls. "Scritch, scratch, scritch." The cave walls became the inside of an egg, full of all possibilities. The scratch marks were DNA patterns. Raven's wish and desire was for "tomorrow."

It was an unconventional Spring Equinox ritual performed in an unusual setting at the request of a unique dying Witch with four of his middle-aged sister Witches. The magic worked. We all went far, learned much—with Raven going the farthest and learning the most.

Though Raven was very, very sick and weak that night, I believe that (perhaps because of his extreme illness?) He was very, very magical as well.

At the end of the ritual, Raven be-

came sick. Vibra held him and rocked him to soothe and steady and ground him.

He said Kali was on him. I said, "Kali likes this—Like a bee my mind is buzzing round the blue lotus feet of my divine mother, my divine mother." We chanted that to steady him. I could see the influence of those chanted words, and the prayers that they were, on Raven right away.

We left him much soothed, with the help of medication from a woman on the Maitri staff. It was an Equinox which I will never forget.

That was on a Wednesday. The following Monday, Kat and I took Shadowfax and Lilith Nightmare, Raven's two black cats, to visit him at Maitri. Raven was even weaker and sicker.

On Tuesday morning, he was scheduled to go to Laguna Honda Hospital for a procedure to counteract some of the effects of his meningitis medication. His condition declined. At 2:10 p.m. Raven's mother called me to say that Raven was at SF General Emergency and was not expected to make it through the night. I phoned two people who phoned others. The first person I called was the one who was geographically closest to SF General—Vibra. Margaret called Starhawk in the country. I put a message out on email to those near and far who loved Raven and wanted to be included in workings.

By the time I arrived at the hospital at 4:00 p.m., four Witches were already there with him. Vibra had put a circle around him at 2:30, so he was in sacred space from then until he passed on.

For the last night of Raven's life, five

of his Witch sisters were with him the entire time—Vibra, Margaret, Rose, Rosemary and me. Jody and Thorn were there most of the time. Many others came throughout the evening, including Raven's parents and long-estranged brother. Still others worked on the astral that night, with candles and other spells to aid Raven's crossing. (I believe Pomegranate said she counted 50!)

At one point we Witches were surrounding Raven, chanting, "Listen, Raven, listen to my heart song; I will never forget you, I will never forsake you," with our hands on our hearts, while Raven's weeping father patted Raven's foot and held his other hand over his heart and chanted with us.

Each of us did what we could. We chanted a lot, especially "Like a bee ..." and some of the chants Raven had written. Raven appreciated the chanting, and tried to participate as much as he could.

I told Raven that I would go part way with him. I did. She delighted in the sleek splendor of his shiny black feathers. He and I saw Her jeweled toes. Raven was very afraid, but She dispels all fears, and She grants all boons. She welcomed him, with no concern at all about what he had or had not done in this life. She's like that, our Ma Kali.

After Raven breathed his last breath, and his family had been informed, we washed his body in spring water and laid him out. We put daffodils and other Spring flowers on his body along with the raven feathers I had used to help him

fly to the other side.

I count myself privileged to have been among those who helped to priestess Raven's crossing.

One of Raven's challenges to us was to see if we could or would walk our talk. In my opinion, we met his challenge. For years I don't think any one of us—perhaps especially the black bird himself—believed that we would be with him to help him at his time of crossing. He and we feared he'd die alone in an alley or hotel room. Dominique attended him in the Tenderloin before he went to Maitri. Those of us who do needle exchange saw him sometimes. Most of us only saw him if he made it to a Sabbat, or if he remembered a date he'd made with one of us.

Raven's dying lead many people back to him, and back to each other.

He had wanted to see the children. Amie, Julie, Bethany, Delaney, and Shannon all saw him in his last weeks. He had wanted to see Cerridwen; Cerridwen came to Maitri and did Reiki work on Raven in his last weeks. He had wanted to see Bone Blossom; Bone visited him at Davies in his last weeks. Rose, Rosemary, Robin, Rocky, and many more attended Raven on his deathbed.

So in addition to challenging us to walk our talk, Raven gave us the gift of healing. May we make good use of it.

*"He steps into the dark to guide  
the way."*

## I AM ME

I am me  
hair like white fluffy clouds

I am me  
eyes like two blue dolphins playing in the sea

I am me  
freckles like stars scattered in the sky

I am me  
teeth like diamonds in a cave

I am me

*Nicholas Proctor Wayham*  
*9 years old*





## 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.

### **RITE 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.

## Starhawk's Schedule

**September 27-29: Chicago, Illinois**

Women's Workshop at the Oasis Center

Contact: Oasis Center (312) 274-6777

**October 4-6: Traverse City, Michigan**

Community Organizing Workshop for Women and Men

Contact: Neahtawanta Center (616) 223-7315

**October 11-12: San Francisco, California**

Evening Talk and Workshop

Contact: California Institute of Integral Studies (415) 753-6100, extension 236

**October 26: San Francisco, California**

The Spiral Dance

Contact: Reclaiming Events Line (415) 929-9249

**November 15-17: St. Augustine, Florida**

Contact: Tina DiEno, 103 Third St., St. Augustine, FL 32095

**December 15: Sebastopol, California**

Winter Ritual Celebration with Luisah Teish

Contact: Harmony Network (707) 823-9377

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

# Reclaiming Community Meetings & Public Rituals, 1996

## COMMUNITY MEETINGS

### **For Autumn Equinox and Samhain**

Sunday, September 8, 1996, 3:00 p.m.

The Audre Lord Room at the Women's Building, 18th Street  
between Guerrero & Valencia

If you're interested in working on the Spiral Dance, please try to  
attend this meeting.

### **For Winter Solstice and Bridgid**

Sunday, December 1, 1996, 3:00 p.m.

The Audre Lord Room at the Women's Building, 18th Street  
between Guerrero & Valencia

## PUBLIC RITUALS

### **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

## **Chants and Enchantment : A Reclaiming Collective Workshop**

**facilitated by M. Macha NightMare**

**Friday, September 13, 7:30 p.m. in San Francisco**

**\$15 - \$25 sliding scale**

Using our bodies, breath and voices, we will explore the tremendous potential of enchantment (intense, prolonged chanting and/or singing) to effect personal and social transformation. We will practice devotional chants to particular deities; seasonal chants and songs for celebrating turning the Wheel of the Year; and “working” chants to change inner consciousness and thus outer reality. The facilitator draws material from Eastern meditational and traditional Pagan sources, as well as from contemporary “living” neo-Witchcraft. No prerequisites. Wear comfortable clothing.

This two- to three-hour workshop requires a space with minimal distractions and with carpeting/rug/cushions, as most of the work will be done with participants either sitting on the floor or standing. I can accommodate up to 20 people. If you wish to volunteer a space in San Francisco or to enroll, call **(415) 454-4411**.

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## **Evening Classes with Doug & Beverly**

**\$120-\$60 sliding scale**

**Call (415) 331-WAND for information and registration**

### **Elements of Magic**

**Sept 23- Oct 28**

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 by working with the Elements: Earth, Air, Fire, Water, and Spirit. Six Monday evenings .

### **Turning with the Wheel of the Year**

**Sept 26-Oct 31**

Through storytelling, drum trance, devotional chanting, drumming and dancing we deepen our connection to the Goddesses and Gods of the Wheel of the Year: Brigid, Lugh, Demeter, Persephone and many others. This class culminates in a Samhain Eve ritual! Six Thursdays.

### **Rites of Passage**

**Nov 11-Dec 16**

Through storytelling, dream re-creation and a variety of trance sharing techniques we receive our challenges, meet our helpers and work through our blocks. Prerequisite: Elements of Magic. This class culminates in a Rite of Passage created by the students. Six Monday evenings.

## **Saturday Afternoons in Sausalito with Beverly & Doug**

### **Heart of the Flame**

**First Saturdays**

### **Ritual Drumming, Dancing & Chanting**

If you have a drum, bring it; if you don't, use one of ours. Learn and share exciting visceral ways to deepen and energize ritual. All levels of musical and Craft experience welcome. **THE FIRST SATURDAY OF EACH MONTH: Apr 6, May 4, June 1, etc.**

### **Tarot and Divination**

**October 19**

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

Saturday sessions meet from noon-5:00 PM

\$60-\$30 Sliding Scale

When weather permits, Saturdays finish with a ritual in the beautiful Marin headlands

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## **Nature Walk and Equinox Ritual in the Marin Headlands**

**with Beverly and Kathy Tang**

**Sunday Sept 15, 3-6pm**

Learn about wild growing herbs and celebrate the approaching Equinox

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## **BALANCING DARK AND LIGHT- A Day of Magic in Sonoma County with Anne and Cybele.**

Join us for a day of meditation and ritual for the Autumn Equinox. We will do trance work, moving meditation, altar building and chanting, as well as creating ritual together. We will ground our focus by working with the tool of the West—the chalice. Participants must be familiar with the Reclaiming Tradition. Bring your chalice, whatever needs balancing in your life, and food to share—lunch will be potluck. **Saturday Sept. 21, 10-6. Sliding scale \$60-\$100, Sebastopol location. Call Cybele @ (707) 525-4992, or Anne @ (707) 823-8410 for info and reservations.**

# 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?

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

## **Listen to the Sidhe**

We move in,  
Stamping concrete, holding knives.  
You have taken our strange places,  
Left us shadows and cold steel.  
You are cowards,  
Stolen power by deceit.  
True fighters stand and fall  
On their own merits.  
Have some courage!  
Cease your skulking among garbage;  
Useless glitter.  
We ourselves have shrunk too long,  
For you caught us unawares.  
You grew in strength when our fine faces  
Were upturned in always evening,  
And the songs of moving birds.  
Bring back our beauty!  
Fierce gorgeousness in the nature  
Of the wildness of your souls.  
Root something fresh in this decay.  
Fight firmly if you must,  
Do not strike behind and run.  
We are ready now, faced forward,  
Built up strength.  
These knives are used to kill  
Who treat us lightly.  
We saw you lightly. We were wrong.  
Do not make the same mistake.  
Hearken to our stamping feet.  
Awaken from the hours  
Of your greed.  
Put arrogance to rest,  
Live out the truth.

—*T. Thorn Coyle*



# Reflections on Challenges, Gratitude and Community

by Beverly

On March 31, with the Moon in the east and Venus in the west, we said our final farewell to Raven Moonshadow. It was a painfully beautiful ceremony and many were thanked for their participation. I would like to add thanks to Paul and Shelley, Eron, Pali, Dana and Corby for standing Dragon Duty at a moments notice.

I also must publicly thank Kathy Tang, Kiki, and Ray for organizing an incredibly energetic and powerful ritual benefit to help me meet my medical bills, with special thanks to Jeffrey Alphonsus and Sara Taub for their masterful drumming and July Lewis for a wild and springly trance.

As Doug and I wind down our second year facilitating on-going weekly magical training, I look back. It has been a very challenging year! We returned from our summer writing and studying Brazilian ritual in Bahia to a cat in need of surgery, a car that wouldn't run and 30 days notice from our landlord .

Still we proceeded with our plan to begin our year's activities with a Fall Equinox Retreat; a journey into the land of Demeter and Persephone. I can still picture the twenty three of us wandering amongst the redwoods, red glass- encased candles in hand, some whispering, some calling out "Persephone"; and later, watching the candle lit faces through the trees as they returned from the labyrinth to the fire where Laura

Wyrd and I called them with our drums.

Later that weekend I made a personal plea to Persephone to help me let go of my workaholic patterns. Five days later, with a torn ACL (the ligament that keeps one's knee in alignment) and a bucket tear of the meniscal cartilage, I remembered that such requests can be tempered by the words "gently and kindly". In pain and unable to stand or walk without crutches, not only was I not able to work, I was forced to ask for help, over and over, and over again.

Now some of you may be thinking to yourselves, so what's so hard about asking for help? And though rationally I agree, my younger self is sure that all those people she loves so much will simply turn around and run for the hills should she ask them for ....help.

So I struggled with my now unavoidable challenge unsure whether or not I would dance or cartwheel again. Baffled that the main establishment I had taught under for over six years was refusing me any benefits or compensation whatsoever, I filed for a workers comp appeal, went on welfare and food stamps and tried hard not to get really depressed.

Still, no one disappeared! The day of our move friends were everywhere (many from our year-round magical training). July and Georgie even came in to wash the floors and vacuum the rugs before and after the move! My frightened younger self, though still ter-

rified, was taking notice.

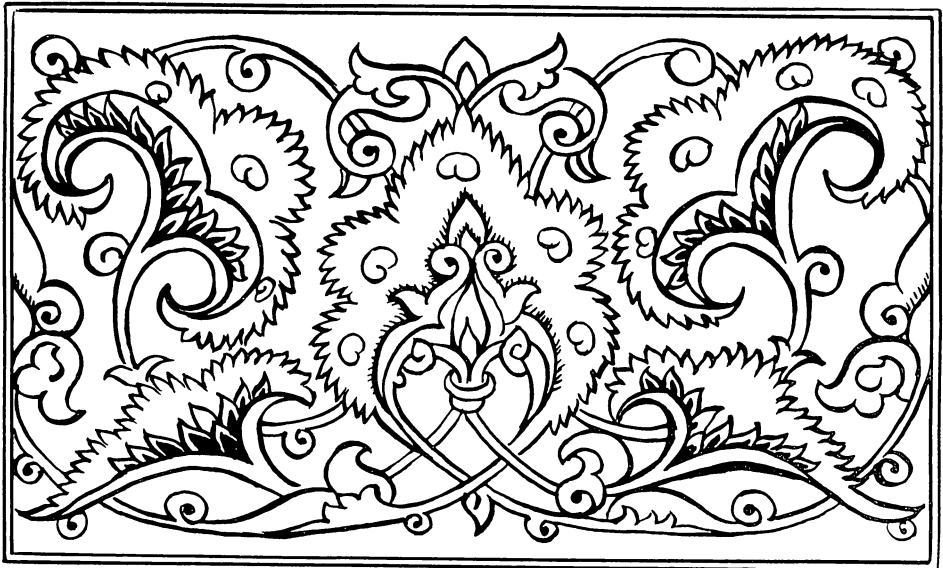
I woke up from my surgery to find my doctor had cut out the entire mid section of my patella tendon to create a new ligament, adding new heights to the sum total of pain and disability in my short 38 years. More terrified than ever, I even had to ask for help to relieve my bladder, issuing guttural Kung Fu-like shouts to muster up the strength to lift my swollen purple and blue leg out of the passive motion machine and lower it enough to piss into the Nancy's yogurt container.

It was during this 'unbearable period' that my younger self was shown again and again, through word and deed, that the man she lived with was not going to leave her, no matter how much help she needed. Again she simply took note.

It is April. The appeal hasn't yet been decided and I still can't really dance or cartwheel, still, I look back on the last seven months with gratitude; to Doug, to the students and student teachers of our year-round magical training, to the community we've created together and will continue to create.

And I look forward to the fall when we will again go searching for Persephone. I look forward to welcoming our students Mary Dedanan, Kathy Tang and Gary Jaron into their new roles as co-facilitators. Most of all I look forward to dancing with you all again in wild abandon.

*\* If you are interested in receiving our magical training schedule of classes and events for the coming year call us and leave your address at (415) 331-WAND.*



# The Dolphins

*by Tall Woman*

I'm wrestling with a complication of friendship with passion. My body and spirit are responding to a siren call. My heart leads in opposite directions at the same time. The intellect says one way is right. Hmm, how best can these thrilling and treacherous waters be navigated?

Tonight the mountain offered help in charting a course. We're near the new moon. There's a storm headed this way. All is in that quivery, dark mood that precedes new moons and storms. It's a great time to turn down into the darkness in search of support. It's one of those nights that metaphysical gravity is at its strongest.

I walked out to a remote ridge back through the darkness. Getting there helped synchronize me with the mountain. The calls of owls and close encounters with bats initiated the rhythm for the trance. Small, bright lights danced along the ridges. They're an occasional dark night happening here on the San Andreas Fault. They forecast powerful reveries.

When I slipped through the material veil, the mountain drew me down between the plates. They were keeping the rhythm for the lights above. The decent was smooth. Soon I found myself buoyant in cold, briny waters. I floated there alone in the darkness until it seemed my bones would be crushed by the cold. I surrendered to the water.

Time passed. A distinctive rhythm of clicks and beeps entered my consciousness. My spirit pirouetted as a dolphin appeared. She was sounding me. Each beep and click infused my soul. I felt her body brush up against my sensibilities. She nudged and bumped me. I could feel the compassion and humor inherent in her spirit. I wanted to play but didn't know how. Then I realized that I was in a dolphin's body too.

I followed her and found my own set of clicks and beeps encoded in the form. When I turned them to her, they entered her deepest recesses. The sound echoed back her essence in all its beauty and complexity. I knew her as she knew me. I was entranced by her grace and our mutual vulnerability. Here, complete knowing held no threats. It was embedded in the trust that only full disclosure can give.

We came upon the pod. We were engulfed in a chorus of sounds. Each rhythm and tone was unique. They blended, forming a web of knowing and being that embraced us fully. For a moment I felt embarrassed to be so exposed. An elder nudged me. His lightness and humor reflected back in the sounds I sent to him. He laughed at my discomfort as he bumped me into the paths of a pair of cavorting youngsters. I was swept into their play. All was innocence and fun. Tag was our game.

When one was touched, we all rolled into each other. We relished the softness of contact even as we scampered off on another race. Our elders held us in the safety of their web of understanding. We were practicing being the best we could be.

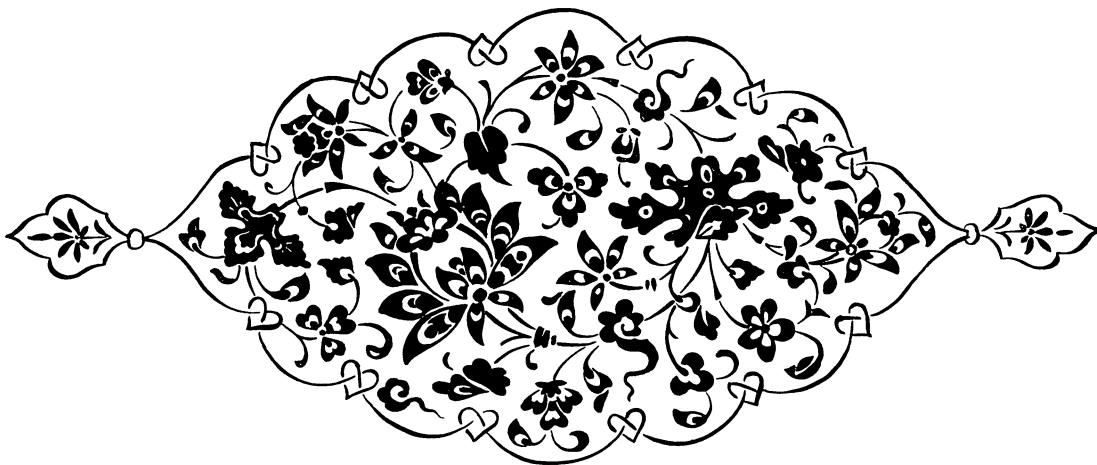
The game subsided. The dolphin who led me there returned. Our bodies touched as we broke the surface for a breath. She wanted to know what I had absorbed from the game. It was a test.

Truth works. It's the only applicable morality. We are all imperfect. We can compensate for our respective inadequacies when they're freely shared and compassionately received. The answers are embedded in the joining of open hearts. The proper course emerges through the act of knowing and being known. Anything that veils the heart will interfere with emergence. Any failure to sound or be sounded will af-

fect the outcome. Passion's place is in the bed of compassion. Without the latter, the former has no place. Properly embedded, passions can be channeled into all manners of creation.

The dolphin passed me. She led me back to where we had first encountered one another. She prepared me for her departure. My job was to take the lesson back to the material. The dolphin took her leave with affection. I thanked her.

I became aware of a pair of owls calling to one another across the canyon. Consciousness arose of shoulders, back and legs pressed into the cool ridge back. My human body felt energized by the chill. The walk home across the dark mountainside warmed my bones. I had received no preplanned course. The gift was better than that. It was the formula by which a course can always be discovered while moving through life's currents. It's simple. It's the truth.



## MY WAND

It had to be a Cypress Tree  
Strong enough to live by the sea  
    Twisted and gnarled and shaped by the wind  
    You learn to bend, you learn to bend

Your tangled roots they hold earth light  
and earth hugs you with all her might  
    The rain and mist and fog and dew  
    They kiss your branches, they love you too

You are a channel burning bright  
Reaching stretching day and night  
    Of earth and wind and fire and sea  
    You bend to show your gift to me

A storming wind has set us free  
You crack and break a branch for me  
    I hold your wand burning bright  
    We are a channel filled with light

Strong enough in the tearing wind  
You learn to bend, learn to bend  
    Growing strong and growing free  
    Flowing, healing me through thee.

—*Morgan le Fay Proctor*

## Announcements

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### **WELCOME RHIANNON**

A baby girl was born to Tami Griffith and Rick Bowman on Monday, April 29, 1996 at 12:24 p.m. (She's a Taurus with Leo Rising, Moon in Gemini). Rhiannon was born at home in San Rafael. Mother and baby and father are doing well.

### **WELCOME KORE**

Rose and Bill are the happy parents of Kore Margaret Simpich, born May 24, 1996 (Kore is a Gemini with Taurus rising and Moon in Leo).

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**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.

**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>.

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## **THE EARTH CONCLAVE PRESENTS:**

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

For many in this society, any religious/spiritual path that is not Judeo/Christian is considered "pagan". But the term Pagan now holds a special meaning for some, it is being applied to and used by those who follow earth/nature centered spirituality or the "Old Religion", or the reclaiming/discovering of pre-Christian religions (or other cultures. This spiritual path is growing in popularity and practice and was recognized by the World Religion Congress held in Chicago in 1994. Let's explore our paths together for a long weekend of sharing and growth.

### **CONCLAVE WITCH CAMP INTENSIVE WORKSHOP—January, 1997**

The Conclave is excited to present a magical week of Wiccan Studies, Magic as a form of personal activism and as community building is a focus of this witch camp. Longtime priestesses and teachers Pomegranate Doyle, Donald Engstrom, Karen Fisher and Sharon Jackson will facilitate. All teachers are trained in the Reclaiming tradition of witchcraft. Their work with this and other witch camps, Men's Fest, and Conclave events will influence the content and structure of this camp. Each facilitator will also bring a strong and unique vision, as will each of the participants.

### **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](mailto:conclave@localis1.lic.wisc.edu)

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### **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.

# Iron Oak Update

Last April, we said: THIS IS OUR BIGGEST APPEAL! PLEASE HELP! And you did! The Iron Oak Exchequer (accountant) is still adding up the figures, but so far, we received:

From Orren of Four Quarters Farm, a donation of one-half of early registrations: \$1550.

From the Iron Oak Freedom Fest: About \$2000.

An unknown (for now) amount from many personal donations from across the US and catalog orders continue to come in (also not tallied yet).

This, added to the money in the Freedom Fund, has helped us reach a little over halfway to the goal of \$10,000 needed to continue the suit in Federal Court. The rest is still on our personal credit cards which we are chipping away at to get paid. Our lawyer, Mr. Jacobson, is off and running, ready to make Pagan history for us!

This is the time for us to express our gratitude to all of you, our friends. Many of you are Pagans and are directly affected by our suit. Others of you are not Pagans, but feel strongly that America cannot survive as a nation with a state religion. We must not become another nation in the world where religious freedom is not even in the vocabulary!

We are Pagans. We are the canaries of religious America. In the event of a national movement to establish Christianity in America, we will be one of the first to be disallowed, poisoned by the fumes of religious intolerance. We cannot let this happen! It will not happen, if we turn away from apathy and toward freedom, embracing a willingness to fight for our right to exist!

## NOW, WE HAVE ANOTHER JOB:

Our lawyer needs to show the court the pattern of Witch hysteria that exists in this country. We have collected some examples, but we need you help as well. Help us by giving us examples of Witch hysteria. Give us cases of religious discrimination of Pagans. We need newspaper accounts such as “x loses custody of children because of accusation of being a witch” or “y loses job after being reviled as being a witch”. We need title of newspaper, location, date, page and section or other identifiable media publication. Our address is:

The Church of Iron Oak, ATC  
Box 060672,  
Palm Bay, FL 32906-0672  
Phone: (407) 722-0291  
Fax: (407) 724-9693



## 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

To order, send your name, address and a check for \$18 to CROSSING OVER, c/o Reclaiming, PO Box 14404, San Francisco, California 94114



**Green Man**  
A magazine for pagans/men

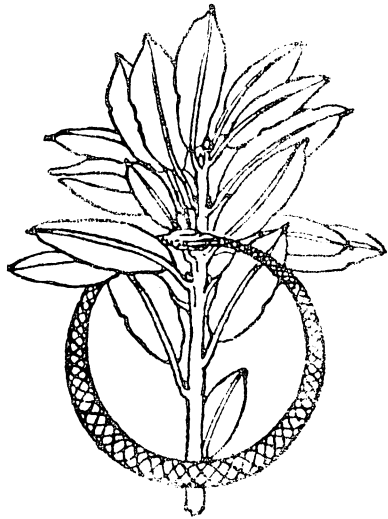


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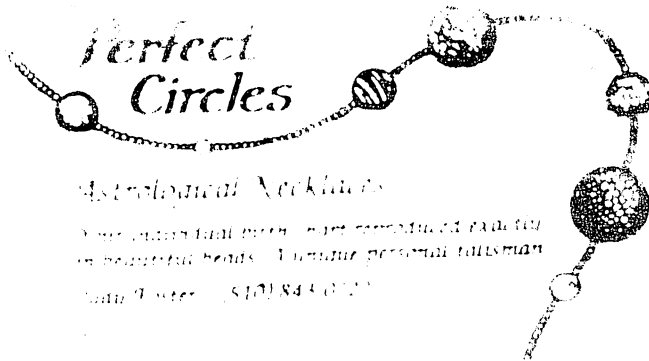


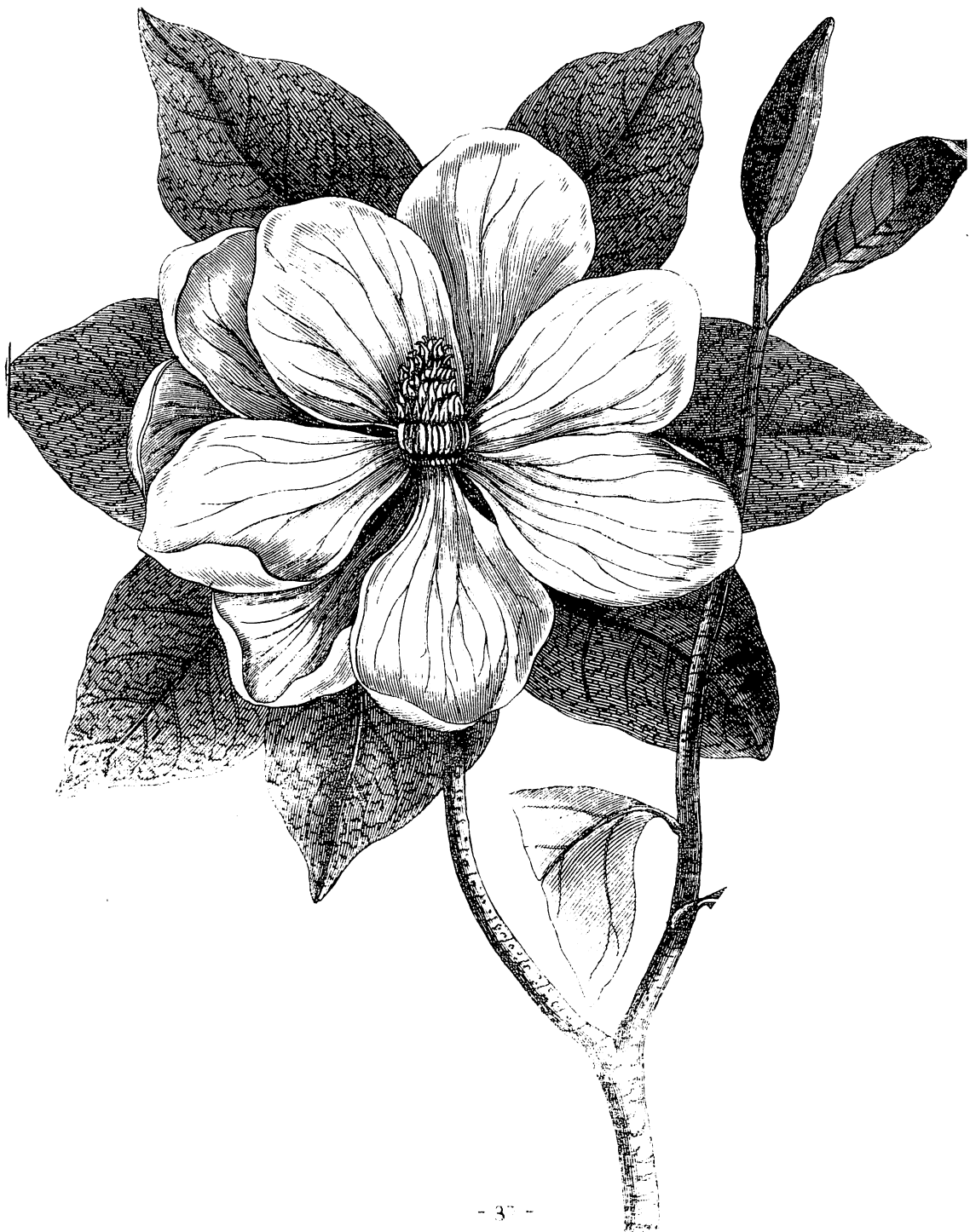
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1400 Shattuck  
Berkeley

**Mama Bears**  
6536 Telegraph  
Berkeley

**Ancient Ways**  
4075 Telegraph  
Oakland

**Shambhala Books**  
2482 Telegraph  
Oakland

**Rituals**  
1106 Solano  
Albany

## **SAN FRANCISCO**

**Tools of Magick**  
1915 Page

**A Different Light**  
489 Castro

**Sword & Rose**  
85 Carl

**Rainbow General Store**

**Curios & Candles**  
289 Divisadero

**Modern Times**  
888 Valencia

## **PENINSULA & SOUTH**

**Two Sisters Books**  
605 Cambridge  
Menlo Park

**A Bustle in Your Hedgerow**  
1640-B Gum  
San Mateo

**Willow Glen Books**  
1330 Lincoln  
San Jose

**Sisterspirit Bookstore**  
175 Stockton  
San Jose

**Herland Book-Cafe**  
902 Center  
Santa Cruz

# 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. <b>Also, we can only accept ads mailed with a check or money order.</b>
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