

# RECLAIMING

newsletter



**#64**

**Autumn '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.

**WINTER NEWSLETTER DEADLINE IS NOVEMBER 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*

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

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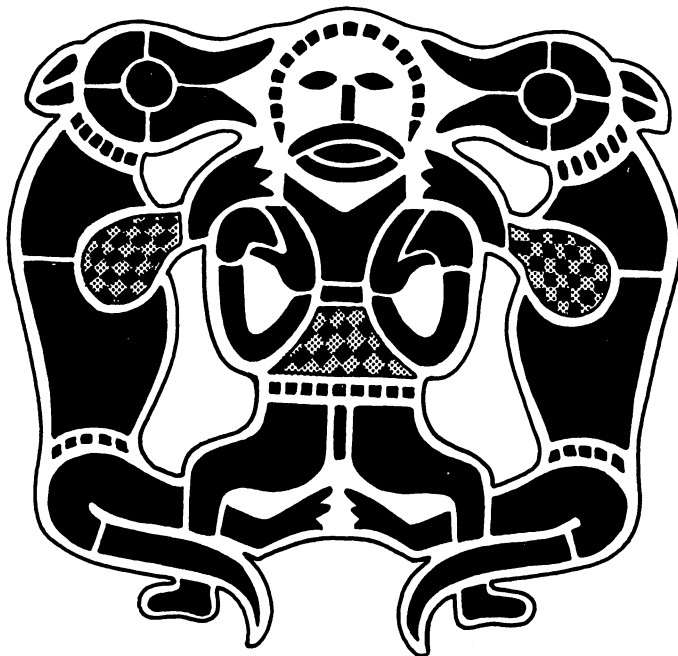
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Cover by Donald Engstrom

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*Thank you, Patti Martin, a.k.a. Lois Lane.*

*Printed on Recycled Paper*



## Weave and Heal

*by Amy Graham*

I am sitting here, table clean except for paper, pen and newspaper articles dated June 24, June 25, June 28, etc. I hardly know where to begin, how to tell this story, how to approach this article. I look out the front window, seeing the treetop blowing gently in the afternoon breeze, and my eyes follow the tree down to the ground where a memorial still rests more than two months later—two wooden Mexican crosses, buckets filled with fresh and wilted flowers, written messages taped to the tree trunk. This memorial is for the two people who were murdered there this summer, robbed of the rest of their lives, shot to a quick, violent death on the grass in Precita Park, just outside my house. Memory sends adrenaline rushing through my body as if then were now.

My stomach tightens. I decide to write through my memory of the experience step by step, paying special attention to my sensory memory as a tool to ground me in this world.

Sitting on the scratchy wool rug, chewing, tasting the salty corn chips, enjoying the company of my two teenage house guests while petting the soft fuzzy cat stretched out in the center where our energies mingle. Hearing three or four high popping sounds close outside, rush of adrenaline, too close, something's wrong, fear. Bare feet stepping across the rug, I draw the curtain aside and look down on three people immersed in a broken pool of scattered energy. Two are on the ground, the third standing closely above them, cloaked in baggy white clothes, wearing a white

wide-brimmed hat. The cloaked one holds his arm outstretched toward the woman below. Again the high popping sound echoes two or three times. They seem to know each other in that split second. I, chilled, disbelieving, ask out loud "Is this real?" and why is the cloaked one walking away? Why is the young man on the ground holding the woman for a second in such a stiff embrace? And, oh, he is falling, chest down and face in the grass. I wonder, why aren't they talking to each other? Where did the other guy go? I see the woman on her knees clutching her chest, blood on her chest. All is slow motion, surreal.

I drop the curtain, hear the loud impact of my feet running heavily down the front wooden stairs, fingers pointing down to the ground, then through the door and out into the street. Others are swarming in chaos. I tell to my neighbor, who is running in the opposite direction, "Is this real?" "Yes," he says. "We got it," meaning 911 has been called. Back inside, the three of us gather our other housemate, Sabina, who is bug-eyed with fear by the time we get to her, having heard the shots through the thin shell of the garage door. I mumble, "This is bad, real bad," then swallow the chips that have been sitting soggy in my mouth. Back out on the street, we sit, butts on the high curb, holding each other. People are swarming around, tending as best they can to the dying teens as they stretch and roll in shock, struggling through their deaths, alone, at the same time. Seeing their shirts being cut and ripped for CPR, I mutter, "They're going to die, dammit, they're going to die." People rush, lights flash, police radios spit static, yellow

caution tape separates us from them.

The police are asking questions. I hear and walk over to them, say I've seen it. I'm asked to sit in the police car with another woman and to not talk about what we've seen, to keep us from remembering each other's stories. She and I, strangers, hold hands. I smell the smoke of her cigarette as I crouch down, legs sticking to the hot vinyl of the seat, afraid of being shot. I see stretchers lifting the dying bodies into the ambulance. The ambulance screams off. A woman cop jumps into the police car, saying, "We got someone." We're off to some street corner in the Mission to identify a suspect the police are holding. Nope, not the right body type, we agree. The police radio scratches out the location of another corner and we head there-no, not him either. The police computer announces the victims' deaths, one and then the other, as we speed through the streets. The woman tightens her grip on my hand. Tears well in my eyes. Dammit we lost them. They're gone, dead.

Hours later, I returned home still barefoot, tired, hungry and in shock after being tape recorded and questioned by the homicide inspector. As I was leaving the police station, he joked, "Want to go to Marin County?" I said, "No, take me back to the scene of the crime. That's where I live." I was chilled at the sight and feel of the park, empty in the afternoon sun, the caution tape flapping loosely in the wind. I found my housemates. Relieved to see each other, we sat quietly in the garden and I told them about my experience at the police station. I suggested that we take flowers out to the murder site. And so we gathered most of the flowers in the gar-

den, filled a large glass jar with water, took it out to the spot and gathered the caution tape to tie the jar of flowers to the tree. I walked around, feeling the ground under my feet where I'd seen them lying just hours before, feeling a rip between the worlds of life and death at that spot, walking there to ground myself, to reclaim the park outside my home from the violence I'd witnessed. I wove two nasturtium wreaths and placed them on the ground as gifts to the newly dead, portals for them to use if they needed.

If I'd been camping, I would have moved my tent from the intense energy that remains saturating the earth, the

ground. But reality challenges me to witness, day by day, the slow mend still being woven by the people who walk there, who come to pay respect and feel sorrow, to tend the site by their presence.

Now, two months later, feeling the stirrings of Samhain and how the veils between the living and the dead are thinning with each moment, I light a candle in remembrance of Sylvia and Carlos' tragic crossing. I hold them as intimate strangers in my heart and with respect, bid them hail and farewell.

—Amy Graham

*Approaching the gates of initiation*

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*Sylvia Menendez and Carlos Hernandez were murdered in Precita Park on June 23, 1996. Their names will be read along with the other dead at the Spiral Dance.*

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# Urban Witch Pride

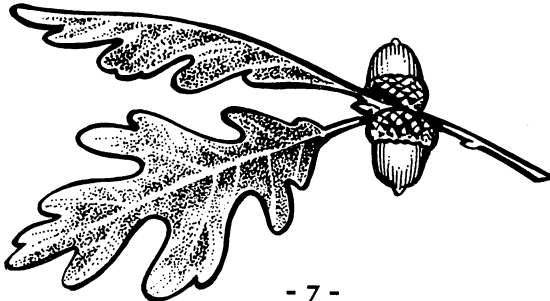
by Jody

Hello, my name is Jody, and I am an urban witch. Every time I use those two words together I feel like I am confessing to some sort of shameful pagan faux-pas. I think surley there must be a 12-step meeting for me and other witches/pagans like me to attend who are helpless over our love for urban living. I am made to feel by various sources of pagan propaganda as well as by the comments of non-urban witches that somehow my spiritual experiences would somehow be more full or complete if I only had them out in nature.

Hey, I like nature, hell I'm a biologist. I like going backpacking and hiking, bird watching, etc. But damn it, I like living in the city and it too is a magical and sacred place. I like the challenge of meditating on the heartbeat of a MUNI bus or grounding on a moving BART train. I find divine beauty in the sight of the blue sparks which fly off the electric trolley cables when the drippy fog creeps in. I learn and see magic in being surrounded by thousands of people who are and are not like me. I like finding my

magical items in downtown department stores, boutiques, divey shops, demolition sites and on the streets. I am inspired by the abundant life that persists in the heart of the city, like my neighborhood raccoon family which visit my back deck to sip from the pot of water I keep filled for them. I am touched by the evolving shrines that people erect on the sidewalks to express their grief when someone has died there. My faith is nourished by the never ending offerings left at the statue of Diana in one of our local parks as well as by the impromptu political marches which take place upon our city streets. I find joy in the public celebrations of our city's many cultures. I take pride in knowing where to find the magic herbs that grow in the park near my house, not to mention my feral backyard. I'm proud to be an urban witch.

Sure, finding the sacred and/or the magic within the city may sometimes be challenging, but each exists everywhere! They are in the city as they are in nature; it is merely a matter of learning how to see the magic and the sacred in all things.



# Those Who Have Come Before Us

*by T. Thorn Coyle*

Samhain is a time of darkening nights and the harbinger of imminent Winter. Final harvest in, it is a time to begin cozying up and turning our thoughts both inward and between the veils. During this time of year, spirits hover, disturbing sleep and tugging on our sleeves. My bedroom shares a wall with the hospice room in our Victorian house, and the men who have died there peek around my door. I acknowledge them and burrow deeper beneath the quilt. Though their living blood did not bear my family's stamp, they are ancestors anyway: ancestors of the way of life I have chosen as my own. They are Anarchist ancestors, Soup Kitchen ancestors, Queer ancestors. Ancestors of the some of the many things that make up my community family.

In the darkening time of the turning year, it is easy to remember those who are dead. It is good to do them loving honor or to lay their troubling memories to rest. Feed your ghosts, however it seems fitting. Feed those in all the other realms; fey, human, or Divine.

This Autumn time we also must look to our ancestors still living; grandparents, parents, teachers and friends. The person who first taught you to ride your bicycle and the one who showed you how to eat an artichoke, or how to dance. These living ancestors have much to teach us still. Feed the living, as best as you are able.

The Reclaiming community is blessed with many ancestors, both liv-

ing and dead. We will call our friend and teacher Raven to be with us in spirit at the Spiral Dance, as he was with us in flesh year after year until his passing this last Spring. The living ancestors I call on us to honor this Samhain are Victor and Cora Anderson, teachers, authors, God-parents and founders of the Feri Tradition as it has been passed to us.

Reclaiming, while being a Tradition in its own right, and quite different in many ways from the teachings the Andersons have given, owes a great debt to Feri. That is where our roots are watered. Many of us have studied, if not with Victor and Cora, with those who have been their students. From them we get the blue flame that casts our circle, and the Iron Pentacle that flows through our bodies. We get our connections with the small folk and the grand Sidhe from shapeshifting Victor and Cora with her penetrating gaze. They belong among our community ancestors.

As with all ancestors, we do not have to agree with everything they do or say, but we must honor them and feed them as best we can. Those of us who feel a calling to fey realms have a particular bond to these teachings as they have been passed down.

As the Reclaiming Tradition expands and changes, it feels like good and necessary magic to honor these living ancestors of ours. This honoring enables our work to grow in strength and love. We must continue to ask all of our



ancestors what they need of us, and in turn, ask for help from them. This ancestor business is a two way street, and we all benefit from the flow backward and forward in time and between all worlds.

Our God-parents, being Kahuna as well as Witches, were planning a trip to Hawaii. People in the Feri community were asked to contribute what money they could to send them there. Cora unfortunately began have some physical trouble that precluded that, so the fund-raising was called off. It didn't feel quite right to some of us to just not do anything once the energies had drawn themselves together. We decided that money should be given them in any case, in hope of a future trip to Hawaii,

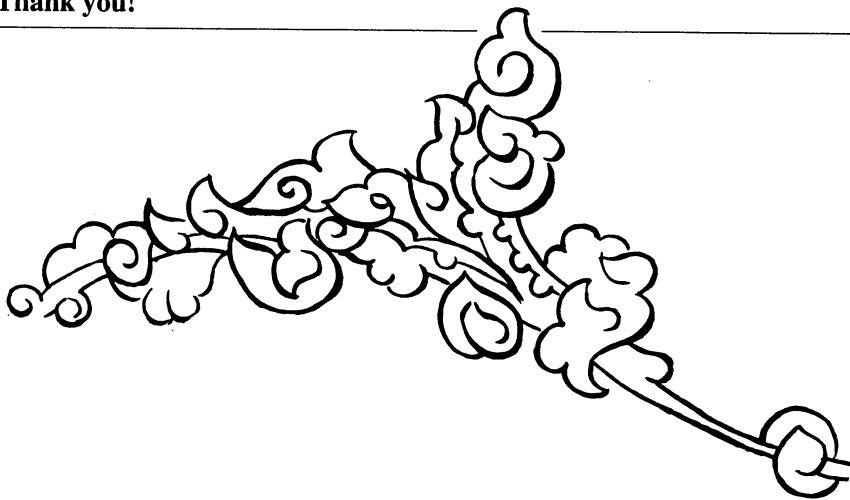
or for medical and other expenses that might arise for these two people of advancing years.

Here then, is my call and my proposal: there is money now seeded by my friends and I in the Reclaiming bank account, anyone who wishes to add to this fund for the Andersons is thanked in advance. I'd like us to think of it as a tangible way to feed our ancestors during this holy time of year. Those who are not financially able, please send good thoughts their way.

All of our ancestors need our thoughts and prayers, our continued work in the world and our magic. As we have been fed, so must we do the feeding.

Blessed be.

**Make out checks of any size to "Reclaiming" and note that they are for the Victor and Cora Fund. Send them to: Reclaiming Collective , P. O. Box 14404, San Francisco, CA 94114. Thank you!**



# Warning! Witches Heal

by Reyasdottir

I saw another one of those bumper stickers the other day, the ones that say “Witches heal.” I guess that message is supposed to be reassuring; it’s supposed to transmit an image of witches as soothing & gentle & kind—I mean that’s what the word “heal” brings to mind, right? Aren’t healers those people who put a cool cloth on your forehead when you’re feverish, who puff up your pillows and whisper to you in soft, calming tones?

Not for me. Nope. I know healing in a different way than the usual image of soothing gentleness. I see healing as a most dynamic process, often painful, disruptive, unsettling and scary as hell. And I see healers as bringers of, at the very least, disruption as they do their work to steer me towards healing. What an awesome responsibility it is to take on the label “healer.” What does it involve? Why do people do it? Why DO witches heal?

As a part of the Power of the Elements, Cybele taught us a little about healing. She gave us the following, which she calls the Verbs of Healing. I think the list is pretty amazing & communicates how dynamic that process really is. See what you think:

## Verbs for the Healer

East—making distinctions, communicating  
South—sparking, transforming  
West—connecting, empathizing  
North—touching, grounding  
Center—containing, channeling

## Verbs for the Healee

East—learning, detaching, voicing  
South—transforming, raging  
West—releasing, grieving  
North—grounding, manifesting  
Center—sourcing

It makes me wonder, what are the nouns of healing? The adverbs? Why don’t they teach these verbs in medical school?

I took a healing workshop with Vicki Noble some years ago which was one of the most frightening & powerful experiences I’ve ever had. The way she sees healing is as a bolt of Shakti fire entering the body and blasting\* through the density of blocked energy, (i.e. disease), bringing movement & connection. (*\*Blasting is my word, not Vicki Noble’s*)

She sees this energy as entering through the head from above like a lightning bolt. This image brings the Tower card to mind, doesn’t it? The healing circle she conducted in that workshop felt an awful lot like being in the Tower card which for me was both thrilling and incredibly scary. It also felt accurate. Yes, this blast of energy, the crisis of disease coming head to head with healing fire, KA-POW!, yes, this is a far more accurate image than that of being tucked safely in your bed, reading magazines and eating chicken soup. I think the magazines and chicken soup is what you do to RECOVER from a bout of healing.

By the way, Vicki Noble cured herself of terrible stomach ulcers and treats

people with devastating ailments using this method—it's real and it does work. An interesting aspect of her practice is that she sees her job not so much about being active as staying grounded so the energy can do its work. She knows better than to assume she has any control over Shakti energy, so though she cured herself, she doesn't really focus on resolution in her healing practice. She's the conductor for the Shakti, but as for how the person who needs healing reacts, and whether or not that person is "cured", is completely out of her hands.

When you think about it, healing can mean a cure, but it can also sometimes mean other things, including death. I actually had never considered that aspect of healing until I made the mistake of crafting a healing spell for a co-worker a few years ago. He had been diagnosed as having some kind of growth near his pancreas and was terrified of going into the hospital and having the biopsy, so he asked for a healing spell. I did a working for him (though I am basically opposed to doing spells for others—I still don't know why I agreed; guess I was being co-dependent again). Anyway, the working was very powerful. When I asked for healing for him it was almost like lightning struck the little bag of herbs & stones I was preparing. He kept the spell with him every moment in the hospital, and died less than two weeks later of pancreatic cancer. OK. I know my spell didn't kill him and I also know that pancreatic cancer is one of the most awful kinds of cancer and can quickly kill a person. I think that experience was a lesson for me in fully understanding the omnipotence of healing energy. You'd better believe I

won't be making any healing spells for anyone ever again, at least not for a VERY long time.

Yet I believe in & am absolutely committed to the dynamic process of healing myself. I've been a fervent seeker for many years, both physically and emotionally through therapy and bodywork. I believe it's worth the seeking, tumult & upheaval; in fact I can't imagine trying to be a priestess & witch *without* that tumult & upheaval. And I have nothing but the utmost respect for the healers I know, though I sometimes worry about the way some people think it's OK to turn healing energy on others when they're only beginning to learn a long, complicated art.

Even with all my dedication to and belief in the power of healing, I can't see that I will ever be totally healed—until I'm dead, that is. Also, I have no expectation that if I do all the right things, I'll never get sick. Getting sick is part of being human, and especially part of being a mystic. What I want to know is that when I do get sick, I'm competent to care for myself, or if I need help, the healers I call are people I know and trust, and who know me & genuinely care about me.

In a certain way, that bumper sticker, "Witches heal", sounds almost like a warning—a threat, even. It's funny to think that of all the reasons we witches are so frightening to others, possibly the most potent & fearful is that we are healers, benders of healing energy. And to all my fellow healing witches I say: Warning! Keep your healing powers holstered until you really know what you're doing!

# What's All This About Fairies?

*by Patti Martin*

The air is cold, and the night is very dark. I am with others, walking across the harvested and frosty fields towards a high spot. This place can be seen from far away, and there are patches of trees here and there on the way. We speak a little among us, but mostly walk as quickly as breath allows in order to stay warm. Each carries a basket with the summer's bounty: here apples, there corn, herbs and flowers, a good piece of linen grown and spun and woven into fine cloth.

As we near the mound people from other settlements join us, all carrying what they have to give. Some suffered from the weather this summer and so their offerings are small. But in all the baskets is a love of the life given by the earth and respect for those who live beneath. We collect near an oak tree which has a narrow borough between some of the roots. From the opening, we can hear the sounds of singing and music. Everyone shivers for the sound is beautiful beyond description and brings up thoughts of places we've never been and times we can't remember any other way. We leave our baskets of goods, our love and respect, all aware that whatever we have is most humbly offered to those who live under the mound, so that we may live together and learn from them.

For their world is lighted from underneath by the very fire at the center of the earth. They have a fierceness of consciousness which only some of us can

hold for a little while. And they will take back anything they give if the heart it is given to does not respect them, the Sidhe. Some places they are not addressed directly, but rather as the fair folk, or little people, lest saying their name summon them and some offense be taken.

This is what I know: early in the history of wandering people, the Tuatha De Dannann entered Ireland and lived there. Then came the Celts and some think they may have co-existed for awhile, but others claim the Celts drove the Tuatha into the mist and underground. I'm not sure; maybe some of each. In any case, the Tuatha did go into the mist and now enter our world only sometimes.

I encountered the Sidhe early in this life in the woods of the southern United States. I learned to trust what I saw move around me and what was told to me when they spoke. But I also learned to bear the laughter of people when I told them stories of the ones I heard and saw. And soon enough I learned not to speak of them at all. When we moved into town, and then into a city, I saw them less but still woke in the night and sat up listening. Early in my teens I became ill with a wasting illness which allowed me a lot of time away from people, alone with the friends I carried in my heart. When I was cured of this illness, I went on a long quest for something that would explain what I knew to be true.

Some years ago I found Reclaiming

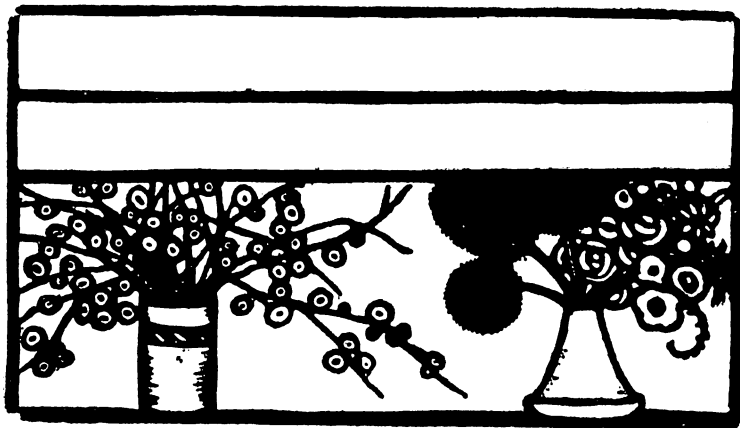
and began working among the people here. There was talk of it being “fairy tradition” but little of that was mentioned in classes or rituals. We came together eight times a year to mark the turning of the wheel of time, and to celebrate the life the Goddess has given us. I undertook Reclaiming initiation and followed the path of that process. I learned much which my friends from earlier times confirmed and gave an underlying meaning to. Then I asked for a fairy initiation from three who I knew were thus initiated.

And that is when the past and present started coming together, and time in a line came to mean less than it ever had. But the irony is, now that I am entered on a “fairy” path, my task is to stay more and more in this world of nature and humans, and visit only sometimes that other place. I found myself needing to speak more of that which I know, and am learning to live more fully with the consciousness of many planes of real-

ity. This same thing happened to many at the same time, and in coming together to work, we have all found ourselves bringing what was once only whispered out into full voice.

This is not without controversy, however. For the old way is to speak sparingly of the Sidhe and of encounters with them, and to assume that they will find any and all they wish to find. Maybe that is still true. We are in the late 20th century and all is internal combustion and cyber and virtual. Maybe the sound of human voices calling them and human ears hearing them is what they need to keep a foothold in our culture. We don't really know what will keep them with us, just as we don't really know what will keep us together. But consciousness of one another and ourselves is a place to begin.

And as Glinda the Good Witch says, the very best place to begin anything is at the beginning.



# My Week at Witch Camp: It was odd, but I liked it.

by Tiamat

[*ed. note: This year at MidAtlantic witch camp there was a camper who was on assignment from a certain popular New Age magazine. While the final article will be published for all to see, the newsletter staff has obtained access to some of the paragraphs that were deleted from her original manuscript, and present them here to give our community the full story.*]

*Got to camp, saw who I was rooming with.* Goddess, it's that Bad Barbie from the Vancouver teacher's cabal. I thought I ditched her with the Black Rider two years ago. Well, better stay perky and hope she doesn't poison my soap.

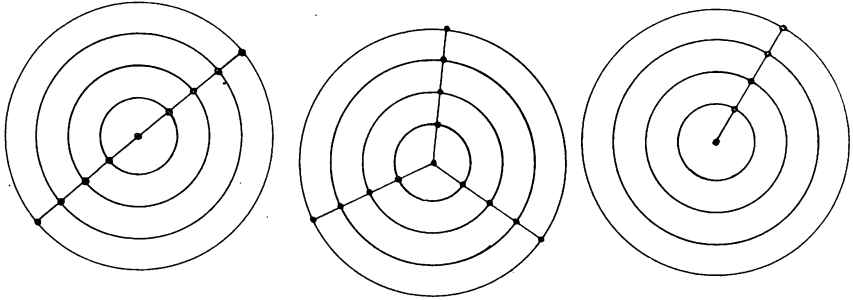
*Day One, Center path.* Was relieved to see that Donald and Starhawk had, perhaps unknowingly, dressed in complimentary colors. Maybe the week won't be so bad after all. I do feel that solid fashion sense is something we have perhaps downplayed in our thealogy thus far, and will make a note of it to model this more in my priestessing back home. But can I speak my truth here, in the face of the Pentacle of Pagan Virtues? What does "simple living" have to do with color and accessorizing? Will have to talk to Sage at lunch, to get a different regional perspective.

*Day Two, at the pool.* Saw someone doing step aerobics here this morning, felt that this was the place to do my

ancestor work. Many of my relatives moved here and put in pools behind their brick houses. Being from California, I have done fitness training and swam in many pools, but never the one beside the other. Feel that this maybe the breakthrough I have been praying for.

*Day Three, evening ritual.* I have a big problem with this "heart's desire" thing. Why do we continually overemphasize the upper chakras in all our magical work? I feel that this can potentially lead to real problems down the road when we have to be parents of teenagers, and have become out of practice at following our baser yearnings. Better not put this in the article, though.

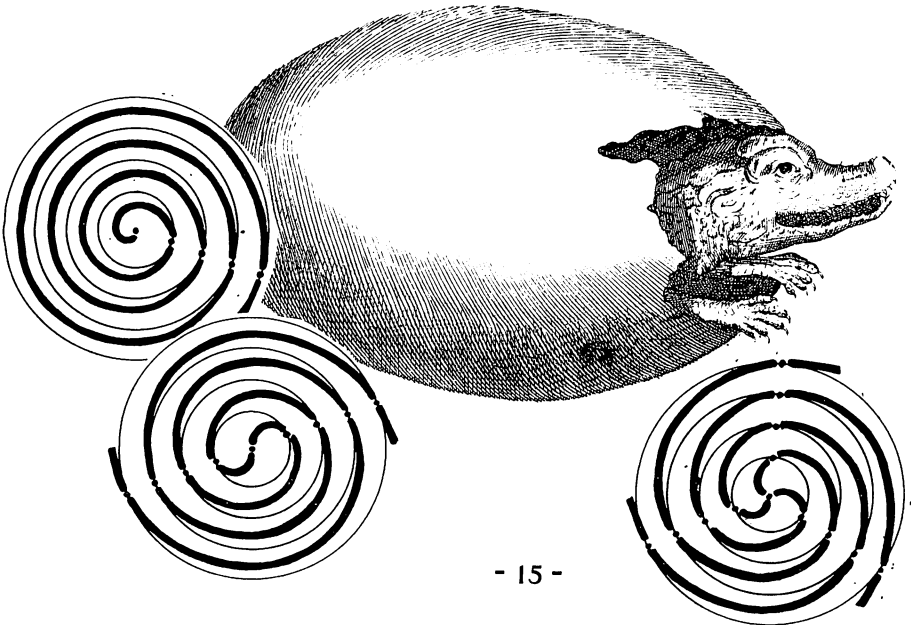
*Day Four, affinity group.* Didn't go to affinity group. Better not put this in the article either. Achieved real insight into why Reece's Peanut Butter Cups are my personal spiritual candy. See Book of Shadows, entry XII.063.



*Day Five, talent show recap.* That Pomegranate Doyle nearly blew my cover. Good thing everyone thought she was joking about the goats and Stonehenge.

*Last Day, packing up and leaving.* How will I ever explain what I have just experienced to the general public? At least I was relieved that after Reya lead such a good Chakra Dial-Down we got

to do another spiral dance, thus effectively making it impossible to read a road map correctly. This way Oak and I will have something to talk about during our four hour beer-and-seafood debriefing at the airport. Didn't get to say goodbye to Bad Barbie before I left. I only hope that the *Four Steps to Stop Smirking* pamphlet I left in her suitcase will be received in the loving way it was given. We have all done such hard work this week.



# Start Making Scents

by Oak

Ahhhhh! To be a witch! We pagans are sensualists ... reveling in the natural world and the beauty of our senses. We know that to work good and powerful magic all these senses must be engaged. Our sense of smell is our most mysterious sense. One whiff of an odor can transport us to a past memory or emotion. As such essential oils can be powerful magical tools, truly capable of assisting us in "changing consciousness at will." Working with essential oils is also working on many levels, as it is working with smell and what it evokes, and working with the very powerful spirit and soul of plants. Essential oils are not fatty oils ... they are the concentrated essences of specific plants. Made from flowers, roots, leaves, bark or sap, each essential oil is alive with its own specific vibration and energy. There is an art to the craft of blending these different essences and creating your own personal magical oils. This practice had deepened my own magical workings and I enthusiastically encourage this art to be shared! To this end, this marks the

beginning of an ongoing column for this worthy newsletter on the magical uses of essential oils. This article will focus on what books to buy and where to get oils.

There are lots of books out there full of information on "aromatherapy." Most give basic information about essential oils and general recipes for using oils for hair care, relaxing baths, and scenting the home. Many are full of good information on which to build your knowledge of the different oils. The best books I have found for specifically using oils for magic are: **THE ESSENCE OF MAGIC** by Mary Greer, **THE MAGIC OF INCENSE, OILS & BREWS** by Scott Cunningham, and **THE AROMATHERAPY BOOK** by Jeanne Rose. I like Mary Greer's the best. She focuses specifically on blends she has created corresponding to the tarot, but manage, as usual for her, to cover tons of information in the process. She is especially to be commended for addressing the politics of oils. By this I





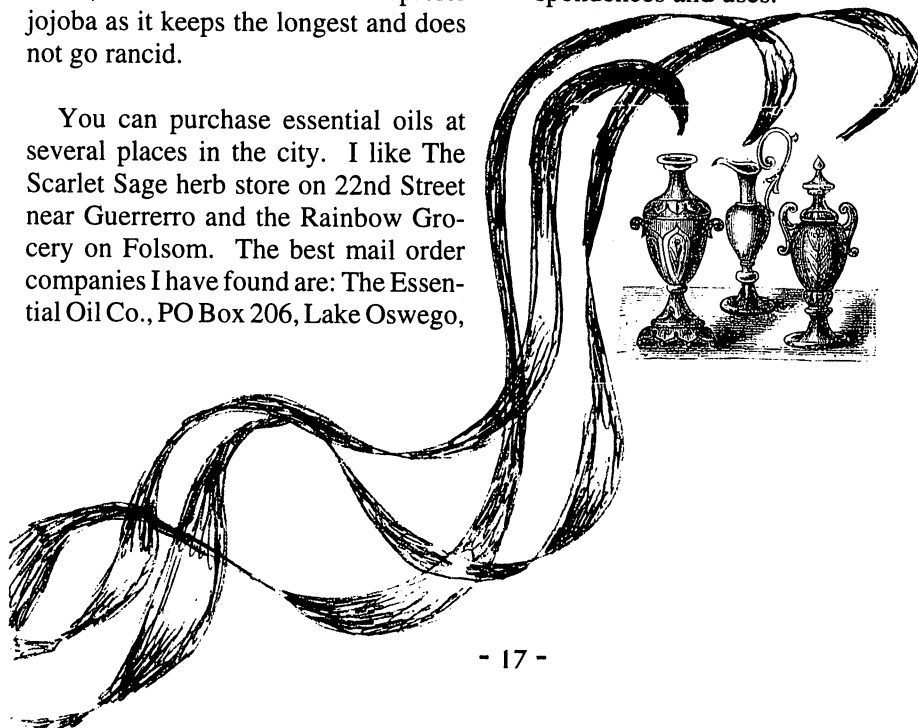
mean that she encourages readers to be aware of where their oils come from. I, for one, will never use rosewood. For although it has a wonderful smell, that smell comes from a logged tree from the rainforest. Mary Greer's book also seems harder to find than the others. The publisher is Newcastle Publishing and you can also reach her at Tools and Rites of Transformation, PO Box 720, Nevada City, CA 95959.

Essential oils are often so powerful that they are not safe to use undiluted on the skin. They can be used with bath salts, diluted in water for a floral type water, or diluted in another oil. I prefer jojoba as it keeps the longest and does not go rancid.

You can purchase essential oils at several places in the city. I like The Scarlet Sage herb store on 22nd Street near Guerrero and the Rainbow Grocery on Folsom. The best mail order companies I have found are: The Essential Oil Co., PO Box 206, Lake Oswego,

OR 97034 (800) 729-5912; Leydet Aromatics, PO Box 2354, Fair Oaks, CA 95628, (916) 965-7546; and Essential Products of America, 5018 North Hubert Ave., Tampa, FL 33614, (800) 822-9698. Buying mail order can be less costly, but all of these companies require a minimum order of around \$50. Unfortunately, this can be spent in a flash as many oils can be quite costly. When you consider how many flowers are required for one dram of oil, the price has less of a bite.

In future articles, I will focus on specific oils and their magical correspondences and uses.



## **Ariadne Tours Presents: Prepaid ferry fare across the River Styx!**

Just like the B.C. Ferry Corporation, you can pre-arrange a ticket and guarantee a place on the ferry if you arrive 20 minutes before departure. For frequent travellers such as Persephone, Orpheus, Theseus, discount ticket books are available.

If you prepay you will receive a set of **6 FREE STEAK KNIVES** (*offer void in realms where prohibited*). Your business is important to us!

### **Cost:**

It used to be a penny, that was 3000 years ago. Now it's \$100 or \$251.00 round trip. There is no sliding scale, which is one of the reasons it is called Hell. You can still pay a penny, as long as it is a 3000 year old Greek penny.

One Way:       \$100.00  
Round Trip:    \$251.00  
Book of Ten:   \$1300.00

Travel business class—sit in the bow and be served pomegranates by our friendly and smiling hostesses. Or save money and travel tourist class—below on the rowing deck.

You can prepay, you can do our popular Layaway Plan, or you can run a tab, payable in full on your last journey.

**Call now**, get your free steak knives, and a lifetime of security.

Gift Certificates available: \$17.48, \$28.50, \$63.24 and even \$107.34!

Business Opportunities in our sales department are available. Special MLM division recently created. An underground floor opportunity.

—Charon Jackson

# Reclaiming Community Meetings & Public Rituals, 1996

## COMMUNITY MEETINGS

### 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

### Samhain (The Spiral Dance)

Saturday October 26 (*see page 22 for details & to order tickets*)

### Winter Solstice:

Saturday, December 21, time & place to be announced

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## Starhawk's Schedule

### 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 DiEeno, 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 classes & events

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

Taught by M. Macha NightMare, Tami Griffith and student-teacher Heather Vuchinich.

**Six Tuesdays, Beginning October 15, 7:30 p.m. in Marin County.**

**\$120-\$60 sliding scale. Call Tami at 415-256-1766 for info and registration.**

**Taught by Madrone (Kim Jack) and David Miller**

**Six Thursdays, Beginning November 6, in San Francisco.**

**\$120-\$60 sliding scale. Call David Miller at 415-647-7337 for info and registration.**

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**

**Taught by Hilary and Reya**

**Six sessions, class will begin after Samhain**

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

**Call Hilary (415) 821-7656 or Reya (415) 239-6784 for info and registration**

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.

## **rites of passage**

**Taught by Beverly and Doug**

**Six Monday evenings, beginning November 11, 1996**

**\$120-\$160 sliding scale**

**Call Beverly or Doug (415) 331-WAND for info/registration**

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. Prerequisite: Elements of Magic class. This class culminates in a Rite of Passage created by the students.

## **RECLAIMING RECOMMENDS:**

### **INTUITIVE PRACTICE THROUGH THE BODY**

**Taught by Cybele a.k.a. Suzette Rochat**

**Six Tuesday mornings beginning Sept. 24, 9:00-11:00 a.m. in San Francisco**

**\$120-\$160 sliding scale. Class size limited.**

**There will also be classes in November and/or January 1997**

**Call (415) 541-5650 for info/registration**

Join an ongoing practice group working with sensate intuitive practices. We practice dropping and opening the attention while sitting in stillness, moving alone, and moving with another person. We explore the relationship between the inner and outer senses as channels for information & intuition. The aim of this class is to cultivate and support a daily practice that is grounded in the sensate world of the body, utilizing the breath, gravity and the imagination to come into the present. Exploring our patterns of attention (call it personality or neurosis) gives us more ground to work with ourselves in the stress of life. Ongoing practice, the use of these tools, will make them your own. This work is self-study in that it involves becoming familiar with the shape and texture of your own field, the habits and tendencies of your own attention. Creating new pathways for your attention by repeatedly dropping and opening allows you to begin to discern what intuitive information is accurate, and what is distorted by the projection.

The basic practices are focused on our relationship to our boundaries. The primary focus will be learning to stabilize the attention, developing physical ground and center. Recommended reading: *The Intuitive Body, Aikido as a Clairsentient Practice* by Wendy Palmer (North Atlantic Books, Berkeley)

**MORE BEVERLY AND DOUG CLASSES appear on page 32.**

**FOR INFORMATION ABOUT SAMHAIN & THE SPIRAL DANCE, please see page 22.**

Between Newsletters check out our current class listings on-line at <http://www.reclaiming.org/cauldron/classes/welcome.html>

# SAMHAIN WEEKEND

## The Spiral Dance

**SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 7:00 p.m., Herbst Pavilion at Fort Mason**

### **A Benefit for the Reclaiming Collective**

It's time again to celebrate and honor the Dead with music, dance, and a trance journey to the Shining Isle of Apples. We invite you to join in community to honor our Beloved Dead and dance the Spiral of Rebirth.. Tickets are **\$15-\$50**, sliding scale and will be available by mail order and at the door from 2:00 pm the day of the ritual. Tickets will also be available at selected stores this year. Call the Events Line for a list of those stores.

Reclaiming rituals are clean and sober. No drugs or alcohol, please. The floor of this huge space is uncomfortable, so bring a pillow to sit on. Children are welcome in the ritual, however, there will not be a child care person available, so please plan accordingly. Call the Events Line for information about parking. The doors will open at 6:00 p.m.

Call **Macha (415) 454-4411** with the names of those who have died in the past year. Call **Lucinda (510) 528-7858** with the names of babies born this year. Please pronounce clearly and spell the names.

### **Volunteers are Needed!!!**

To be a Grace—Call **Heather (415) 864-6922**

To be a Dragon—Call **Tammy (707) 451-9876**

For other volunteer jobs—Call **Reya (415) 239-6784**

**What is a Grace?** Graces function as "sideline priestesses"—while they don't have any official speaking parts in the ritual, they are responsible for helping move the energy. As a Grace you will be asked to attend the dress rehearsal and become familiar with the flow of the ritual so you can model for the participants what's coming up next. A few of you will be assigned to special jobs—making sure the aisles are clear, directing people to the resting area, etc.

**What is a Dragon?** Dragons act as liaison with the physical world. As a Dragon, it's up to you to keep an eye out for what's happening to people's bodies, and what's happening within the physical space of the ritual. Dragons are the guardians of the perimeter, watching the door, the altars, the light poles, etc., making sure everyone is safe.

**Set-up and Cleanup** people help get the space ready for the ritual, and stay after the ritual until the space is returned to its original condition.

We will also need a few people to help with tech, the coat room, and other miscellaneous jobs. If you know what you want to do, please say so when you call.

And **THANK YOU**. Without volunteers, the Spiral Dance could not happen.

**TO ORDER TICKETS FOR THE SPIRAL DANCE**, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope & a check made out to Reclaiming, to **RECLAIMING, PO Box 14404, San Francisco, CA 94114**. Please mark your envelope "**TICKETS**" and remember to tell us **HOW MANY TICKETS** you are ordering (because the price is on a sliding scale, sometimes we can't tell.) **Mail orders must be postmarked by Friday, October 11**. Tickets will be sold at local stores this year, (call the Events Line for details) and at the door, beginning at 2:00 p.m. the day of the ritual.

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Presented by the WEB in association  
with the Reclaiming Collective

## **A Samhain Ritual for Women-only**

### **"Dining with our Ancestors"**

A Benefit to Support Prison Ministry in Northern California

**Sunday, October 27, 1996, 6:30 p.m.**

The Women's Building, San Francisco

18th Street between Valencia And Guerrero Streets

Doors open at 5:30 p.m.

\* Remember the time change! \*

Wheelchair accessible.

Come early and view the altars!

Street parking is limited.

ASL Interpreted.

Tickets are \$7.00. There will be a limited number of sliding scale tickets available at the door the night of the event and no one will be turned away for lack of funds. But since the building has a limit on occupancy we recommend you get your tickets early. Tickets will be available in San Francisco at: Curios & Candles, The Sword & The Rose, and Different Light Bookstore, in Palo Alto at Two Sisters Bookstore and in the East Bay at: Ancient Ways, Boadecia's, GAIA Bookstore and Mama Bears.

**Volunteers are needed.** We are your community so please join us!

Set-up/breakdown — Long hours but fun and vital to our success!!

Call Tami — **415-256-1766**

Dragons, call Ann **510-455-8031**

Graces, call Toni **510-521-1875**

For more information, special needs or childcare, call Panthera at 510-521-8684 #2

## INVOCATION TO THE MIGHTY DEAD

Under a waxing October moon,  
A warm breeze blew through my mind  
And touched my hair,  
And I heard these stories  
So I wrote them down  
As they were told to me  
That night.

SHE'S A WITCH  
IT WAS WHISPERED  
IT WAS RUMORED

Our crops on the rise are failin' this year.  
Her family's crops come in bountiful year after year.  
Our cow has dried up, you know, no milk at all.  
Her cow stays as full as a creek in the spring.  
My baby got sickly and died last spring.  
Her babies are always healthy, they never get sick.  
I heard the bishop is coming to the village next month.

Whispers slithering through the grass.  
Rumors bubbling in the brook.  
Jealousies blowing through the trees.  
Fear tilling the soil.

SHE'S A WITCH  
IT WAS WHISPERED  
IT WAS RUMORED

Why is she talking to that crazy old woman?  
They say she's a Witch, you know.  
Do you think that's how she got Tom to ask her to marry him?  
Do you think she got that old Witch to put a spell on him?  
You don't believe that stuff, do you?  
Oh, I don't know.  
Heh, Did you hear the bishop is coming to the village next week?

Whispers slithering through the grass.  
Rumors bubbling in the brook.  
Jealousies blowing through the trees.  
Fear tilling the soil.



It is a heavy burden God has placed on us,  
And in turn, on you.  
It pains us so, to have to burn  
A corrupted soul.  
And we know it would pain you so,  
To have to say that a friend was  
A Witch.  
Whispers slithering through the grass.  
Rumors bubbling in the brook.  
Jealousies blowing through the trees.  
Fear tilling the soil.

It is a heavy burden God has placed on you,  
And in turn, on us.  
We know it pains you so,  
To tell us this.  
You may find comfort in knowing  
That her soul will be spared  
In the burning  
Of a Witch.

Whispers slithering through the grass.  
Rumors bubbling in the brook.  
Jealousies blowing through the trees.  
Fear tilling the soil.

THEY ARE A VILLAGE OF PAGANS  
IT WAS WHISPERED  
IT WAS RUMORED

They hardly ever talk to outsiders.  
They're a quiet folk.  
Too quiet, if you ask me.  
They don't cause any trouble.  
But are they traveling to town to Mass?  
And, are they still celebrating those Pagan holidays?

It is a heavy burden God has placed on us, my son.  
But a whole village, your worship?  
You may find comfort in knowing,  
That a soul will be spared

In the burning  
Of a Witch.

It was a hot wind  
It was a strong wind  
That night under a waxing October moon.  
And I heard these stories,  
So I wrote them down,  
As they were told to me,  
That night.

—*Tammy Zakrzewski*

# A Witch at the Millennium's Edge

*by Z Budapest*

The 21st century is already here. What does it mean? Is the sky going to change color, or the French bread will taste different? What is it that will change at 2000 ??

Hopefully it is ourselves. We need to change, we need to embark on a new agenda, we as the Goddess's people must become visible, accountable, and with a clear mission that is mainstream.. The defense of the earth of course must remain our prime focus, but there is more.

In this sub age of Aquarius (started in 1962 it will last 179 years) we have an opportunity to lead, influence, and manifest the Aquarian future even if it's not yet the proper Age of Aquarius. We are the soul mothers/fathers of the next century. This is the delivery room.

I think it's a privilege to do the work of the spirit. It is exciting to change the negative values in the world, and most gratifying of all is to bring back the female principle of the Universe to a well deserved prominence.

Having said that, I pause and think what would it take to bring this about? First of all the birth has been successfully done. Let's congratulate ourselves! The Goddess Movement is a quarter of a century old, a robust ruddy cheeked youth. "Sage Woman" magazine is a visible sign of this growth. Happy 20th Birthday! It was just yesterday that "Womanspirit" folded after ten years of

successful run. "Beltane Papers" is still the high quality teaching tool as it was about the same age. There are many, many newsletters that bind together covens and gatherings, such as the Reclaiming Newsletter or the Pagan Muse. Bless you all who keep it going and all the other magazines of the Goddess.

There are Goddess festivals in almost every nook and cranny of this country, and abroad. The long road to awakening is extended to the new generation. Morning Glory Zell at the International Goddess 2000 Festival said, it's like "herding kittens." Women came all the way from Moscow, Russia and Boise, Idaho. Women have reclaimed their own spirituality, and exploded in a rich library about the Goddess which fills shelf after shelf in most bookstores. Remember when only the women's bookstores dared to carry "The Feminist Book of Lights and Shadows", my first book? Remember when that was THE only book? Now she has hundreds of sisters! Blessings on all of you who have organized events, wrote Goddess books, bought and read them. You were the first breast milk for many centuries that womansoul was able to nourish on.

I have a suggestion right now to make our child go to college. Imagine us all being dandelions. Just as dandelions, we are indestructible. We are beautiful, and we are useful. As dandelions, we reach our hands out to each other, like

roots. Have you looked at dandelions lately? They are all holding hands! The holding each others hands can be done today in the blessed sub age of Aquarius electronically. Celebrate your Goddess spirit by merging mailing lists with those you trust. The 21st century is the information age. How to reach each other is the only information we need to grow. When you send your change of address to those who labor to get you in the know, about events and ideas, you have taken a very important magical step. You reached out your roots to hers. This will count. In order to nourish yourself, help you resource yourselves, getting together with others, worshipping the Goddess openly and joyously will build your own self esteem and courage level. Project yourself into the 21st century, and see how your role may change. Look without fear. Inhale the opportunity and exhale the inner objections and fears.

Step One, send your address to the Womens Spirituality Forum (PO Box 11363 Oakland, CA 94611) who want to be connected like dandelions, holding hands. We have 30,000 names around the world and nationally. It's nothing compared to what we could be. Women still complain that they haven't received our mailers for the Goddess 2000 Festival, that we haven't reached them. Mailing lists don't work on telepathy. Give your permission to those organizations you already belong to, to share mailing lists with us. It is stupid to have to reinvent the wheel each and every time we want to organize something important. I noticed how cumbersome this is, when I went to L.A. and could not have my own spiritual daugh-

ters share mailing lists with me because "We promised we don't give out our names to anybody." Let's get out of the kindergarten! Goddess Movement grow up and start making decisions. Let's share power, because that's what mailing lists are, the power to reach out.

The religious right gained their clout when they could mail out 35 million pieces of mail propagating their brand of fear and hatred. They can demonize us, collect a lot of money, blackmail and lobby with power. What can we do to just reach each other for a festival? A few thousand names. When the Goddess goes to college, I want her to have a smooth learning experience. We don't want her to use anything but the best and easiest tools. I want the Goddess Movement to grow in conscience effortlessly and successfully because we protect her passage into the next century. We the smart soul mothers.

Like dandelions, we can communicate directly via email as well. You want to reach me, my address is now (I may change services in the future) silverzb@aol.com. I do have an issue very close to my heart. I think this is a unifying issue, a future issue, and a horrifying one as well. I want the Goddess Movement and pagan groups to come out politically, out of the broom closet, and start acting up. I also want especially men to come and help with this issue. This is where we need both sexes, the issue is so loaded.

I would like us to protest the growing trafficking in women and children. Trafficking means women and children are being sold secretly and on open streets in cages, right now in our times. There are been some exposure about it in the

mainstream media, but ultimately this is very embarrassing for men to look into, so after the obligatory mention or article, 60 Minutes segment, it's gone. Brothers have to get over being embarrassed by this evil, and use the energy to speak out against Thailand, India, Nepal and at home.

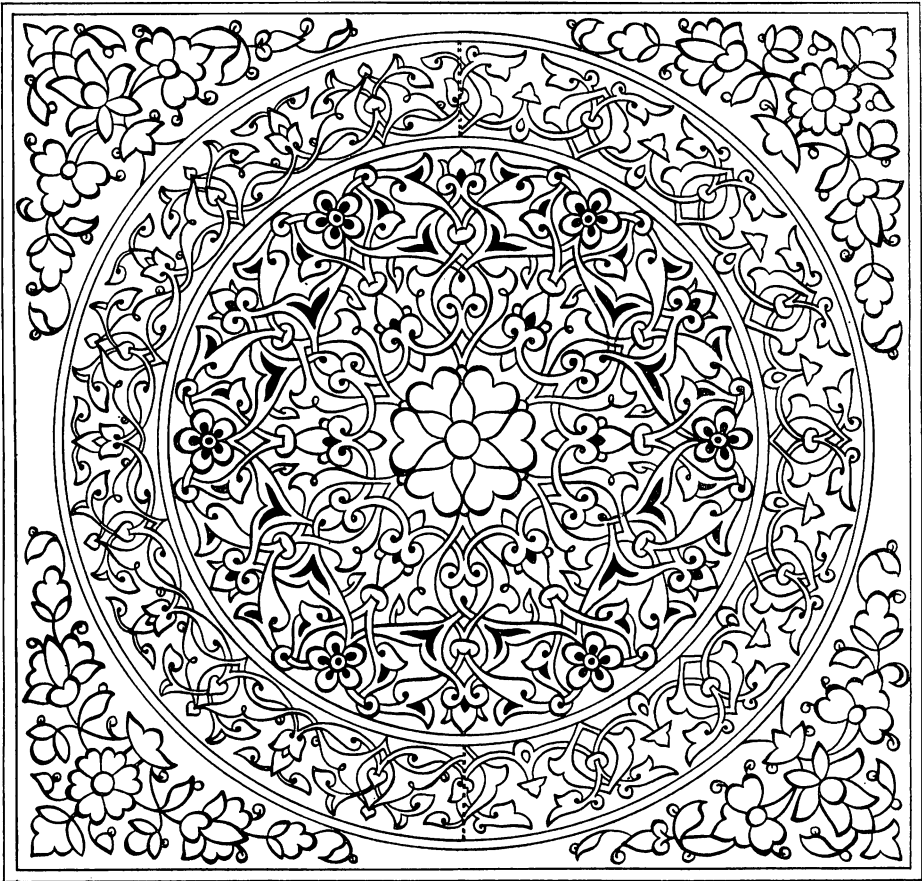
Boycott Thai! Boycott India! Boycott Nepal! Brazil. Boycott all kinds of prostitution, men don't support the sex industry anymore. Sacred prostitution is a dream. Some pioneers may experiment with the ancient concepts, even revive them, but the reality is, it's too early. It is not the time yet to bring back the sacred sexual practices in the temples. First of all there are no temples. Second, the world is engulfed by prostitution as males get wealthy. Women are getting poorer. These countries used to be holy places but no more. Here the government allows for twelve year old girls to be sold in cages. Effluent males go on sex junkets from the USA to these places where they can buy the females and males, children or youth, to use for sex and then move on. These sex junkets must be our focus. Money does not entitle men to abuse children and women. It is not acceptable to enter the new millennia with sexual slavery raising its ugly head again. This time it's not race, it's sex.

Two friends of mine experienced this horror first hand. Melissa went to Thailand after the Beijing conference. She said there were villages with no women, only very old ones, all taken to the city to work the sex industry. The poor parents are told the girls will work in shops, they never come home. Raped repeatedly on their long journey from

the country to the city, breaking their spirit. Yes, trafficking in children and women has grown to be the biggest new organized crime cartel. This new business is equal now with that of the weapons industry. Can you just linger on that thought now? The weapons industry equals that of sex slavery. Not good for the Goddess.

We know that the Goddess is all that is female in the universe. She is being hurt seriously while we are reading our meditation books, and making great advances in our personal lives. But personal lives take place in the larger context of communal lives, and when the Goddess is sold, and abused, it does affect us in our own homes, dream life, self esteem, fear level. Already, 2000 or so children disappear in the USA without a trace. Those vanishing children have strong connections to this trafficking in children business.

This is where our brothers come in. We need male faces on this fight. We need male speakers to renounce publicly abusive sexuality. We need you to call upon each other as warriors for the human race and publicize, speak out, against violence such as this. Men tend to do what is seen by other men as manly. Sex junkets must be presented as shameful and unmanly. Manhood must be redefined, Pan must be called forth in his beauty, gentleness and creativity. 21st century men must become brothers. Brothers with talent, vision and leadership. The Men's Movement must grow into their own. Enough of the drumming weekends, vacations with other men, crying over daddy. You have to reinvent daddy. Reinvent daddy and manifest the new daddy. Stand up



for your daughters. Stand up for your sons. You must come together over political issues in large numbers. You must help us stop this rising evil, slavery of children and women must stop. Are you with me? If you are, I also want to start a men's mailing list. We have none. I would like to work on this issue, organizing boycotts, protests, raising money for ads with you. Send me (Womens Spirituality Forum) your address, join the dandelions connection. The sub age of Aquarius has put the good winds into our sails, if we spread our passion around this, this can and

will grow into a global fight. Slavery is an old scab, fueled from dire poverty, the business of male sexuality is still devouring our children, eating the young's soul, hurt the future. We need the men to change manhood forever. Blessings on those brothers who have internalized the globe into their hearts.

This will take up a lot of our young Goddess Movement's energy while she matures into a global force. But this is the road that can unite all of us, and give us noble high goal towards the 21st century. Blessed be!

# FATA DENTATA

incisors: cut cut cut  
to the heart of the matter  
dog teeth: your lips curl back  
and I see your neck thrash.  
bicuspids: twin twin twin peaks  
(twin).  
millstones: grind the grain  
given of mother Ceres.  
wisdom: your third eye teeth.

In that time  
I did accept your offerings  
the offerings of youth  
and so were the losses  
sacred fact.  
My dents I'd barter  
for shrine, temple, crown, story.  
Yours would you sacrifice in childhood  
for the straight, fine stones of age.

That time is past.  
My shrines are choked and flooded  
with hurry and refinement;  
My temples are haunted, but  
by aliens: I have quit them;  
My crown dissolved; my stories phantoms.

Here I am with little left:  
My name and I,  
This string around my neck,  
And ungrounded roots.

*-through P.R. Pandew*

*Reclaiming Newsletter: I wrote this invocation for Samhain '95. It seemed to work well sung to a loose interpretation of the tune "Oh Danny Boy" while aspecting Willie Nelson! Please use your judgment about including this explanatory note.*

*—Dennis Irvine*

## The Faerie Queen

Oh Faerie Queen we ask you  
Come and join us,  
On this night when the veil grows ever thin.

Oh Faerie Queen  
Rise up from your dark hillside,  
To teach that what is out must go within.

Oh Faerie Queen  
Some are sick, and some are old, and some are dying.  
Some mourn their lost beloved kin.  
But in Tir Nan Og there is no winter  
The old grow young as the apples are gathered in.

Oh Faerie Queen  
Fey, Fate, Maeve, Mab, Shape-shifting Mother  
She who stirs the stormy sky.

Listen to our hollow pumpkins calling  
And ride forth on the last oak leaf to fly.

Oh Faerie Queen we ask you  
Come and join us,  
On this night when the veil grows very thin.

## **BEVERLY AND DOUG VELADANZA**

In addition to teaching at Reclaiming Witchcamps, we offer evening Reclaiming classes, Saturday afternoon magical events, and weekend retreats. For more information about these events or our year-round Mystery School. Call Beverly and Doug at **(415) 331-WAND**

### **THE MYTHIC KABBALAH**

with Gary Jaron who studied the Kabbalah at length before he chose not to become a Rabbi. Six Monday evenings, Beginning January 6, 1997

Through story, song and drum trance we blend feminist Craft with Jewish Esoteric Mythology, bringing to life the ten sefirahs of the tree of life and the in-dwelling Goddess-head Shekinah. This class culminates in a ritual of Tikkun (restoration of balance).

### **HEART OF THE FLAME—Ritual Drumming, Dancing and Chanting**

First Saturday of Each Month, \$60 - \$30 sliding scale.

If you have a drum bring it; if you don't, borrow one of ours. Learn and share exciting visceral ways to deepen and energize ritual. All levels of musical and Craft experience welcome.

### **TAROT AND DIVINATION**

October 19, 1996

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

### **SPELLCRAFTING**

November 16, 1996

Whether you choose to make a grounding herb pouch, talisman, amulet, mask or doll, come prepared to let Younger Self lead the way to personal protection and transformation.

### **CHAKRAS**

December 14, 1996

Learn to ground, read, cleanse and give voice to your personal energy centers.

Between Newsletters you can also check out our homepage with current class listings at <http://www.webcom.com/cauldron/market/veladanza/>



## Announcements

**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>.

### **THE EARTH CONCLAVE PRESENTS:**

#### **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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Glenn A. Turner



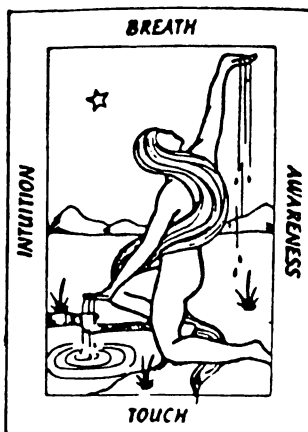
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**Thank you again for your support of Reclaiming work.**

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

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

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