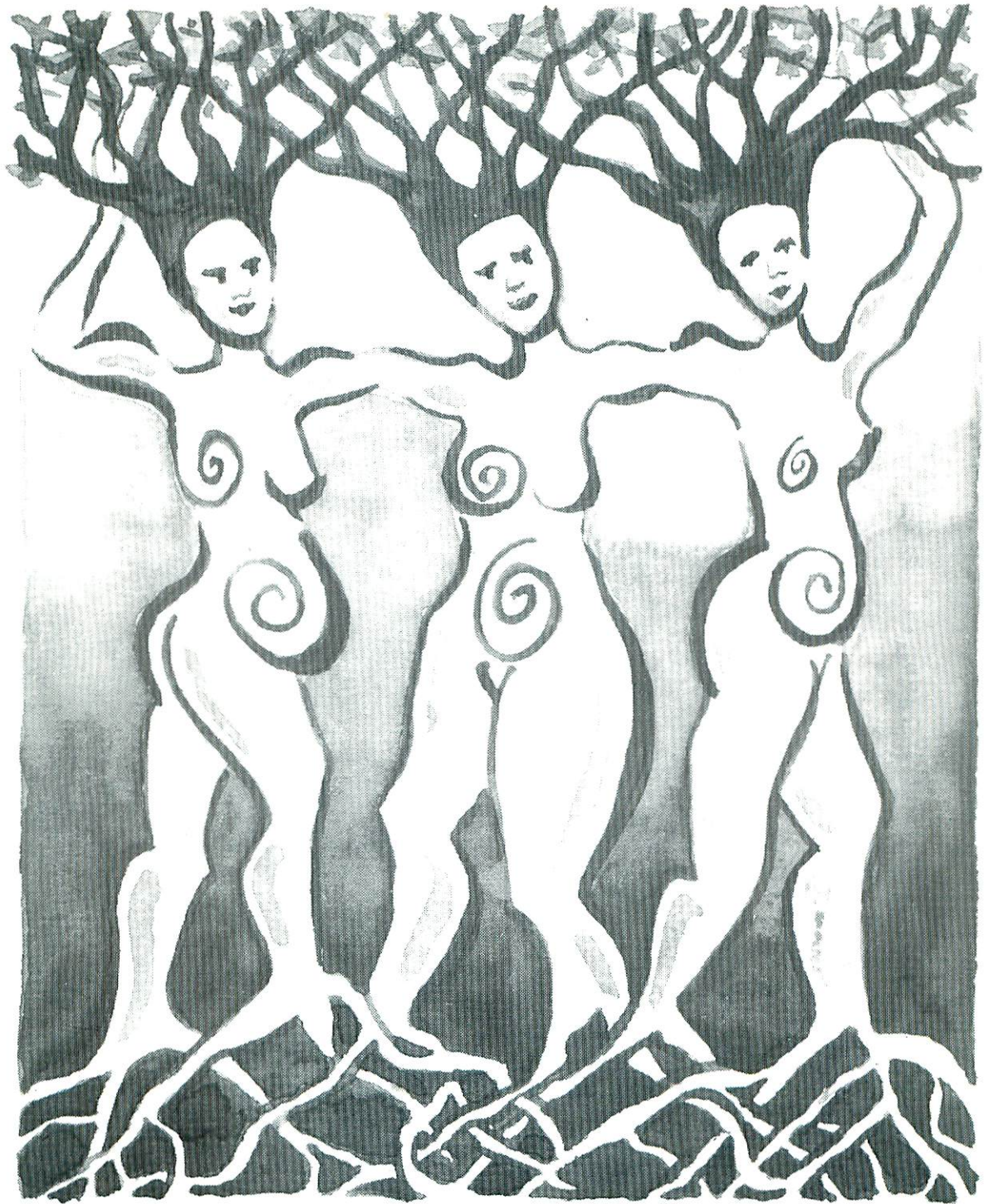


Reclaiming

newsletter



Morgan Le Fay 2-97

#67

SUMMER 1997

\$5



Reclaiming

A Center for Feminist Spirituality

P.O. Box 14404, San Francisco CA 94114

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.

Newsletter Submissions

Reclaiming Newsletter encourages people to submit articles, letters, or graphics related to political, pagan or spiritual issues and happenings. Submissions on 3-1/2" diskettes make our job much easier. Please include a hard copy of your submission, just in case something funny happens during layout. Graphics are ALWAYS welcome!

We may edit for length, 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.

Fall deadline
August 1, 1997

The views expressed in articles and ads in this Newsletter belong to the authors... not to the Reclaiming Community or the Newsletter Staff. Some of us don't even like some of the stuff we print.

Contacting Reclaiming

When requesting information from Reclaiming, please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Reclaiming Events Line

(415) 929-9249

This recording carries announcements and updates of events organized by Reclaiming and others. Often, these come up too late to be put in the Newsletter. Call us with events and announcements to add to the message. Please allow plenty of time, and remember to say where we can reach you with questions.

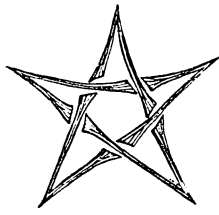
— The Recording Faerie

Reclaiming Web Page

<http://www.reclaiming.org/cauldron/>

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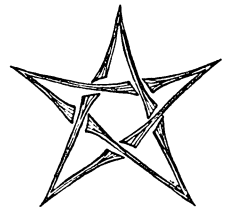
Cover graphic: "Sacred Grove," by Morgan le Fay Proctor



Reclaiming Newsletter



working to unify spirit and politics

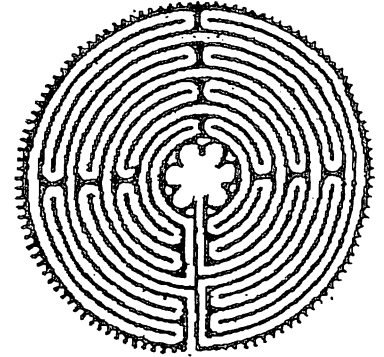


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This issue was produced by M. A. Bovis, George Franklin, Jody Logan & Sabrina. Special thanks to: Heather Vuchinich, T. Thorn Coyle, Chris Rubacky, Laura Rose-Wind, Panthera, Steve Nadel, Madrone, Starhawk, Patti Martin & Dover Publications.

Want to help produce the next issue? Call George, 415-255-7623 or Margaret, 415-885-0775 — production is weekends in August.

To Our Readers...

Dear Reclaiming Community and Subscribers,

You may have noticed that some things have changed. If this is your first issue, we hope it is because your attention was captured by the new, lovely format and all of the thrilling articles, and you decided to buy this at your local store, or you picked one of the totally free and complimentary copies off a table at Witchcamp.

There have been a lot of changes in the past year. First of all, there is an almost entirely new group of folks working on the newsletter and the new group has lots of fresh energy. We have tried to learn from the old group instead of starting over! They worked very long and hard and we are grateful for their efforts.

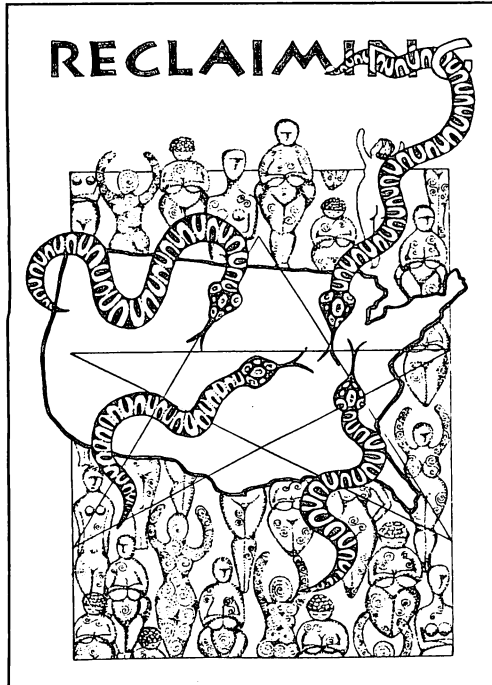
Second, we have changed the Shape of the newsletter from a little one to a MAGAZINE.

Third, we are really pushing to include the entire national Reclaiming community as it is expressed in Witchcamps, political events, and all the diversity to be found among witches today.

From the old format we kept the class listings, events, and announcements (and we hope to expand them with your help!). Longtime writers such as Oak, Reya, T. Thorn Coyle and Starhawk will still be found in these pages.

What we are adding are music reviews, regular articles on consensus process, Kitchen Witch Corner, Forgotten History, and practical applications of magic. Of course, we will still be including articles and announcements reflecting our concern for political events that shape us and that we hope to shape or change.

What this means, (aside from



*A vintage Reclaiming Newsletter cover
by Laura Kemp*

getting a letter in the front of your publication, with you guessed it, a plea!) is that **WE NEED YOUR HELP** (you knew it was coming). We need your subscriptions, your advertisements, your feedback, your unsolicited articles, and your group announcements. We really want to know what is going on in **YOUR** community. We are even having a contest to decide what to call the magazine now that the format has changed. Just as important as your money (which is however **ALWAYS VERY GOOD TO HAVE**) is your participation. We dream of making this a nationally relevant publication, with articles about the work, experience, hopes, and successful spells (and failures) of the **ENTIRE** Reclaiming community, not just those of us in the San Francisco Bay Area.

So, What Can you Do? Simple instructions to follow:

1. Subscribe and pay for it. We are a quarterly publication, coming out on the Summer and Winter Solstices and the Fall and Spring Equinoxes. At \$5 per issue, a \$20 subscription would be the average. Your additional donations will help ensure that we can continue to publish this magazine.

2. Send in articles, poetry, photos, graphics, chants, and announcements (see our guidelines on the inside front cover for deadlines and submission guidelines).

3. Send in advertisements and pay for them. If you are planning an event, include us in your advertising budget — our rates are **Very Reasonable!**

4. **WRITE US** with suggestions, feedback, and with **PRAISE** and criticism (gentle please!).

5. Share the magazine with people you know, especially outside the San Francisco Bay Area.

For our publication to flourish, we depend upon your support, and most of all your contributions in producing it. Don't just be a passive reader — Get involved today!

Name This Magazine!

Help us figure out who we are!

What should this magazine be called? Some have advocated keeping the name "Reclaiming Newsletter," while others favor just calling it "Reclaiming."

Still another school of thought has rallied behind calling it the "Revolutionary Pagan Worker's Vanguard," which admittedly has a nice ring to it.

We'd like to use them all, but unfortunately we have been advised that having a single name for the publication works better.

So — what do you think?

Send your ideas and comments to: "Name That Newsletter," c/o Reclaiming, PO Box 14404, SF CA 94114. Or email us at <http://www.reclaiming.org/cauldron/>

The Midsummer Herbalist

by Gwydion

Each of the following are herbs to look for and gather during the summer months. As with gathering any plant, be sensitive to the environment and take less than what you need. These three herbs are quite abundant and common, so you may only need to stumble out to your backyard or that deserted lot on the corner to find them.

Blackberry

Blackberry is a member of the Rose family. It is a rapidly growing, thorny vine with five-petaled white flowers and clusters of inky red to black berries. Many gardeners would consider it to be feral, and would shun cultivating it due to its tenacity. However, blackberry is not only a sacred plant, it is also quite a useful one. Blackberry is often found growing in abandoned lots everywhere and grows wild in England and the Pacific Northwest states of the U.S. At Midsummer, blackberry is near the end of its flowering and is beginning to form small clusters of green fruit which usually reach ripeness towards the end of July. In my backyard in San Francisco, the bramble which has taken over continues to bear fruit as late as October.

Due to the colour of its flowers and of its fruits, it is considered to be sacred to the Goddess, in all her forms. In addition, the plant is sacred to the faeries, resulting in taboos against eating its fruits in Celtic countries. Blackberry is sacred to Brigid.

In the ogham, the Celtic tree alphabet, Blackberry shares the letter *muin* with the grape. Grapes are not native to Britain and Ireland and therefore, it is thought that perhaps originally the letter was represented by the blackberry. The fruits of both plants may be smashed and fermented, producing a sweet, alcoholic beverage. As a result, the letter *muin* often symbolizes inspiration.

Blackberry bramble is a good protective amulet, primarily due to its many thorns. Blackberry may be used to honor faery, Brigid and the Goddess in her triple aspect. The fruits are high in vitamin C and bioflavonoids which have recently been shown in medical studies to be good for the heart. They are also high in tannins which help to acidify the urine as well as treat diarrhoea, haemorrhoids and cystitis. The juice of the berries may also be gargled for sore throats. The leaves are astringent and can be steeped in warm water to make a face wash good for pimples. Blackberry leaves may also be used in spells to draw money.

CAUTION — Pregnant women should not use ANY of these herbs internally.

Mugwort

Mugwort is often thriving at Midsummer, producing plants 4-6 foot tall. It is a member of the Artemisia family. The entire plant has a rather pungent smell, which is not altogether unpleasant. The leaves are green on top and usually silver on the bottom. The leaves should be gathered in summer and dried in a dark place.

Mugwort has many uses. In the middle ages in Europe, it was used in the making of ale, hence the name. It is a cherished clairvoyant herb. In this role, mugwort may either be burned as an incense or brewed as a tea sweetened with honey.

As an incense, I often blended it with mastic and wormwood. Crystal balls or other scrying objects may be rubbed with fresh mugwort leaves or washed with a strong tea of the dried leaves.

Mugwort is also a powerful herb for women. It has been used in the treatment of painful or irregular menstruation as well as in menopause. And, as it is sacred to Artemis, it may be used to honour Her and to celebrate women's mysteries.

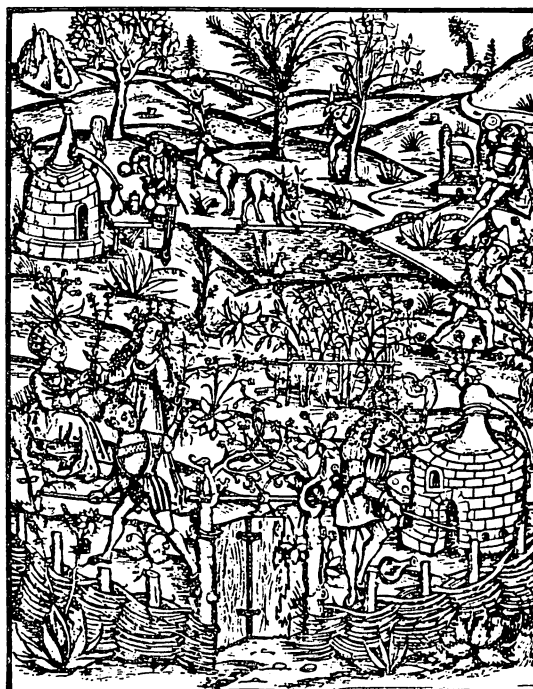
It is also said that mugwort can increase lust and fertility. Mugwort will ward off moths from stored clothes and linens. It is a protective herb, warding off evil as well as disease, it is said. Mugwort can also be used to treat indigestion,

uneasy nerves, upset stomachs and as a tonic for the liver, assisting it in the processing of fats. It is a great antidote to a diet of overprocessed food. It is best used as a tea, a teaspoon of herb steeped in a cup of hot water. The taste is not particularly great unless you have a fondness for bitters. In my opinion, mugwort is an herb everyone needs.

Mallow

Mallow is a wide variety of plants including muskmallow and marshmallow, belonging to the Malva family. At Midsummer and throughout the summer months, they have small to medium sized pink flowers. The leaves of the mallow are covered with tiny hairs making them feel downy or fuzzy. Generally the leaves are roundish, occasionally they are ridged

continued on page 46



*A medieval herbal garden, from
Cunningham's Encyclopedia/Llewellyn
Publications*

A Conversation with Carlos

by Starhawk

[As reported in our last issue, members of the reclaiming community have been working to support a network of co-operatives and campesinos in the countryside of El Salvador. This past winter, Starhawk, Aurora (Joy Kirsten) from British Columbia, and Amie Miller traveled to El Salvador to see the work first hand. Aurora's impressions appeared in our last issue. Here is an account by Starhawk. Future issues will carry updates.

You can get directly involved in this important work by joining the El Salvador Circle of Love — see page 5.]

I am lying on a blanket beside Joy and Marta, in the shade overlooking the pyramids at San Andres. The grass is that shade of warm green that seems to be illumined by more than sunlight. The group of students from Pennsylvania are wandering around the site; the Salvadorians we have brought are also climbing the ancient structures or picnicking on a knoll. A young man named Carlos comes and sits down with us. He is small and wiry, with dark, red-brown skin and a scrubby beard.

Carlos wants to talk with Marta about the trade school they are hoping to

open in Acajutla. He very much wants to go, but he lives far away, and he has to work to live. So he is worried. Marta assures him that in the process of development they will consider those who live far away, but he is not reassured. She asks him how he likes the pyramids.

"Mas or menos," he says, shrugging, smiling almost apologetically and spreading his hand and wagging it back and forth in a universal gesture of qualification.

I know this is one of Marta's pet peeves—that she can never get the campesinos to express joy, delight, or simple confidence in their well-being, as if to do so would be to court the forces of disaster lurking in the universe. But this is a cultural pattern I know well from my own grandparents, who never expressed a positive thought without adding, "Kenna h'ora"—"No evil eye."

This is something new, Carlos admits. He's never been to the pyramids before, in fact, outings of any sort are an unknown phenomenon to him. "We just work all the time," he says. "But now that we know these are here, we could come on our own."

I ask about his work. He worked in a maquila, one of the factories mostly

owned by multinational corporations set up in the Free Trade Zones, where local labor and environmental laws don't apply. His job was to set up materials for the other workers, and he earned about \$3 a day. Somehow he managed to save money to go to Guatemala,

where he worked in another maquila until immigration discovered him and threw him out. During the war years he fled to Chiapas with his grandparents where again he worked in maquilas.

But when peace was signed, his grandparents wanted to come home to El Salvador, so they came back.

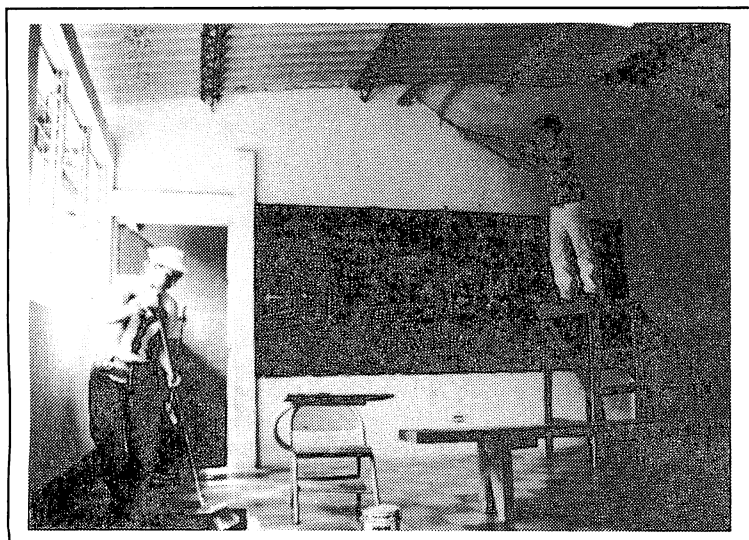
In Chiapas he met an American woman who offered to bring him to the United States to work in a factory for eight months—if he paid her a fee of \$1,200.

He's thinking about it. To Carlos, it seems like an opportunity. He's got to do something with his life, he says. He needs a source of income. He worries about it, so much that he is not enjoying the day, is barely present among the beauty of the pyramids and the laughter of the others.

Marta scolds him, tells him he must celebrate while he can, must take every opportunity for joy and life. I can't help thinking that he is an illegal immigrant waiting to happen—and can we wonder why? Even a job paying what we consider slave wages—\$3 or \$4 an hour, means he would earn in an hour what he now earns in a day. I think about that \$1,200 he is considering paying the mysterious and I suspect unscrupulous woman who promises him work. At \$3 a day, that represents 400 days of work, over a year's salary! The fact that he considers this an opportunity, that this is, in fact, the only thing resembling an opportunity he knows about other than the hope of the trade school, tells me how desperate he is.

Should he make his way to the U.S., he would be breaking the law. He would be blamed for taking jobs and services away from natural born U.S. citizens.

This article is the forerunner of a regular column by Starhawk beginning next issue, prospectively entitled "Magic, Sex & Politics," or perhaps "Magic, Gardening & Politics," as the spirit moves her.



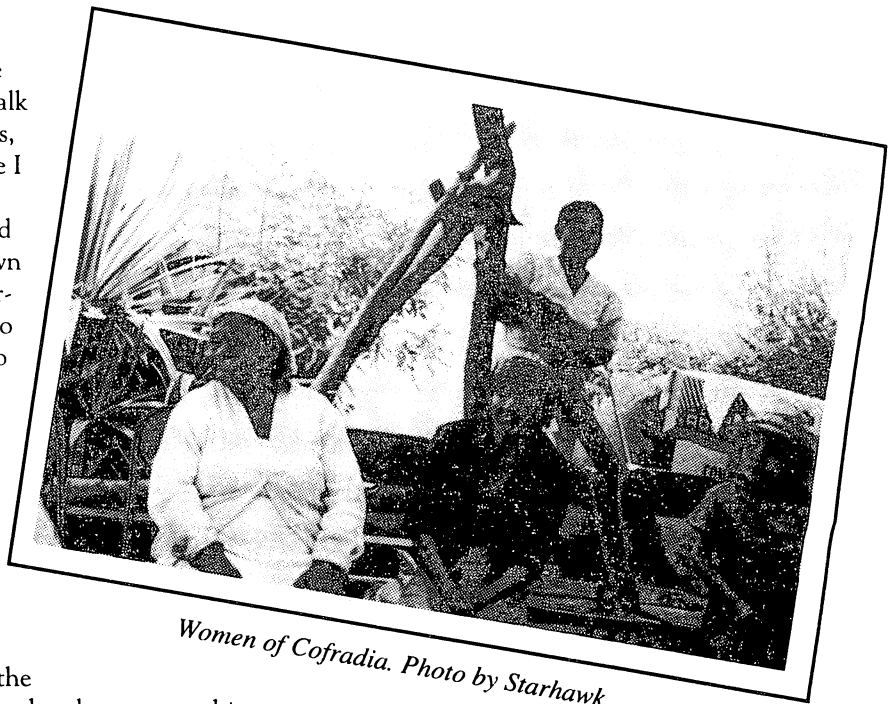
Acajutla: Volunteers help convert an abandoned building into a trade school. Photo by Starhawk.

Any company that hired him would be performing an illegal act.

And yet it is perfectly legal for a company that might once have had factories in the United States, paying their workers more than minimum wage, providing health benefits and retirement and paid vacations, complying with our environmental laws, to employ Carlos at \$3 or \$4 a day as long he stays in El Salvador. Not only legal—our entire economic and foreign policies are geared toward guaranteeing the freedom of corporations to hire the Carloses of the world at below survival wages rather than fulfilling the annoying expectations of workers in the developed world for decent wages, working conditions and environmental safeguards. That's the true meaning of NAFTA, the North American Free Trade Agreement, supported by Republicans and Democrats alike. These policies benefit someone—I'm not sure who. Not the workers in the maquilas, nor the out-of-work employees of shut-down factories in the north. Perhaps only the 2% of the U.S. population who now own 90% of our

wealth.

The more I talk to Carlos, the more I am reminded of my own grandparents, who were also immigrants from a poor, rural area—the Jewish areas of the Ukraine, who also came to this country speaking a foreign language and clinging to strange customs, who worked in factories at low wages or did odd jobs to survive. I can't help thinking that Carlos has just that combination of intelligence, ambition, hard-working



Women of Cofradia. Photo by Starhawk.

determination and a touch of desperation that is often referred to as "the qualities that made this country great." I imagine, given half a chance, that he would prefer

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El Salvador Circle of Love

The Reclaiming Collective's El Salvador Friendship Fund and The International Institute for Co-operation Amongst Peoples invite you to be part of a Circle of Love.

A Circle of Love is 200 people who are willing to pledge \$100 a year for five years to support programs of sustainability and cultural development in El Salvador. You will be contributing to the positive work of healing and transformation among some of the world's poorest people. You will receive a yearly update letter describing the work and future directions.

Examples of the work you will be supporting:

- Youth Leadership Programs in ecology, population, sex education and relationships, identity and history.
- Nina a Nino: Leadership trainings for youth so they can bring techniques of organic agriculture, composting, permaculture and long-term planning to their communities.

- Facilitators for Sustainability: Salaries for indigenous leaders, trained in sustainable agriculture, to travel to outlying communities and teach.

- Wholeness and Wellness: Trainings in nutrition and food preparation for local women.

- Transportation for people to get to trainings.

- Cultural Exchange Programs: In El Salvador, the indigenous culture is almost gone. Ullua, the language of the Lenca people, is no longer spoken. But across the border in Honduras, it still survives as a living tongue. Cultural exchanges between indigenous people of neighboring countries would strengthen local communities and help revive lost traditions and pride.

For More Information

Reclaiming's Web Page will contain periodic updates and analyses. Look for our Web Page — <http://www.reclaiming.org>.

Or send a self-addressed stamped envelope to the address below.

Fill in the coupon and get involved today!

Yes, I want to join the El Salvador Circle of Love

I will pay \$100 annually by May 1

I will pay \$50 biannually, by May 1 and October 31.

I cannot commit to joining the Circle at this time, but I would like to donate \$_____.

Name _____

Address _____

Phone/Fax _____

Email _____

**Send your tax-deductible donation to:
Reclaiming, Box 14404, SF, CA 94114**

by Hilary Valentine

[Hilary Valentine and Seed recently taught an Iron Pentacle class for the Reclaiming community. In these two articles, they share their thoughts and experiences.]

The Iron Pentacle is a meditation tool from the Feri tradition. The Pentacle stands on its own, and is a visual symbol, or an experience of energy and integrity in our star-shaped bodies.

The following thoughts are not from Feri tradition, but rather some of my own insights after years of working with and teaching the Iron Pentacle.

The points of the Iron Pentacle are sex, self, passion, pride and power. These are qualities, or abilities, or states that occur quite naturally in a human being, or any other animal, when it is healthy. However our culture, like many other cultures worldwide, trains its members to control or limit these qualities in order to

reduce conflict. Some cultures, for example, the New England Yankee Christian culture I come from, go so far as to label these qualities sins. The opposite qualities, such as virginity,

The Iron

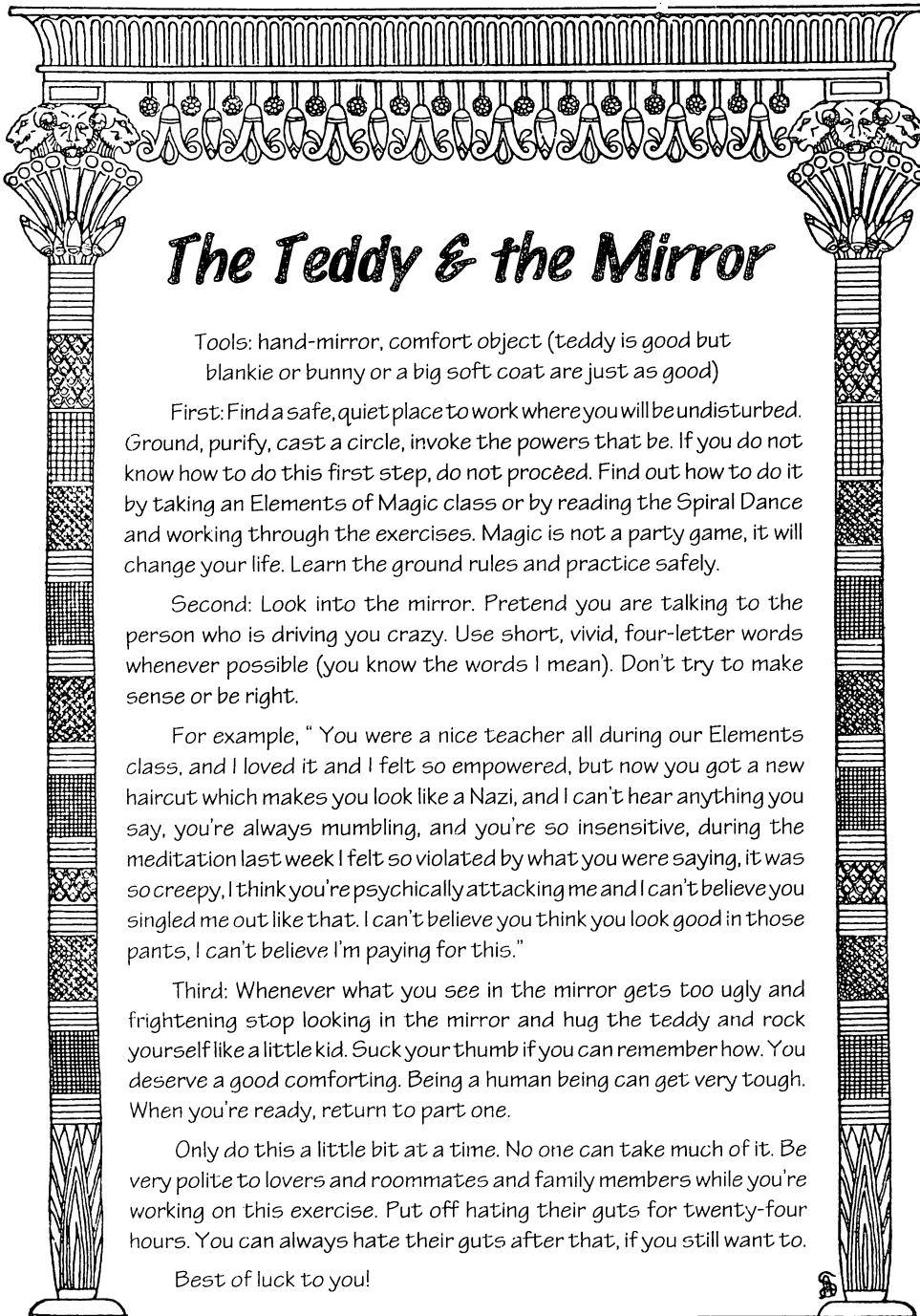
humility, and selflessness are highly prized.

My own opinion is that the qualities of the Iron Pentacle, if fully integrated into a woman or man, would make conflict inevitable between that person and a community based on power-over, whether that community was a patriarchal family, a "job," a religious community based on priests whose powers are seen as different or greater than the community members, or a class society. When children experience bursts of growth and health, they also experience bursts of conflict with those around them, especially parents, teachers, nuns, and police. (They also need to eat lots of foods containing iron.)

The qualities of the Iron Pentacle are simply not desirable in slaves.

I have often wondered about the "coincidence" of the story-language about fairies not being able to bear the touch of iron, and the Iron pentacle of the Feri tradition. If in fact the Feri tradition goes back to neolithic and bronze age peoples of the Celtic lands, this coincidence suddenly makes perfect sense. These peoples would historically have been defeated by invading peoples armed with iron weapons, against which flint or bronze weapons would have been virtually useless. The parallels between the history of the Native European nature people and the Native American nature people becomes painfully clear. Some of the defeated peoples were enslaved, others literally melted away into the mountains and mists, "under the green hill." Those that melted away "could not bear the touch of Iron." Those that were enslaved kept the Iron Pentacle in their secret hearts, and passed the meditation on to their

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The Teddy & the Mirror

Tools: hand-mirror, comfort object (teddy is good but blankie or bunny or a big soft coat are just as good)

First: Find a safe, quiet place to work where you will be undisturbed. Ground, purify, cast a circle, invoke the powers that be. If you do not know how to do this first step, do not proceed. Find out how to do it by taking an Elements of Magic class or by reading the Spiral Dance and working through the exercises. Magic is not a party game, it will change your life. Learn the ground rules and practice safely.

Second: Look into the mirror. Pretend you are talking to the person who is driving you crazy. Use short, vivid, four-letter words whenever possible (you know the words I mean). Don't try to make sense or be right.

For example, "You were a nice teacher all during our Elements class, and I loved it and I felt so empowered, but now you got a new haircut which makes you look like a Nazi, and I can't hear anything you say, you're always mumbling, and you're so insensitive, during the meditation last week I felt so violated by what you were saying, it was so creepy, I think you're psychically attacking me and I can't believe you singled me out like that. I can't believe you think you look good in those pants, I can't believe I'm paying for this."

Third: Whenever what you see in the mirror gets too ugly and frightening stop looking in the mirror and hug the teddy and rock yourself like a little kid. Suck your thumb if you can remember how. You deserve a good comforting. Being a human being can get very tough. When you're ready, return to part one.

Only do this a little bit at a time. No one can take much of it. Be very polite to lovers and roommates and family members while you're working on this exercise. Put off hating their guts for twenty-four hours. You can always hate their guts after that, if you still want to.

Best of luck to you!

by Seed

In preparation for a recent Iron Pentacle class, I looked up the five points of the Iron Pentacle (Sex, Pride, Self,

Pentacle

Power, Passion) in some word origin reference books. Here are some musings that came out of that research.

Sex

There seems to be disagreement among linguists about the origin of the word SEX. Given the general cultural paralysis on all things sexual, it isn't surprising that the origins of this word have become murky. Some, but not all, feel that the word comes from the Latin word "sectare," which means to divide or to cut. Other words in this family are "section," "bisect," "intersect."

So, what's the link? A division between males and females? A reference to the female sex organ? Who knows?

What resonates for me is the myth of the Goddess, who saw her own reflection in the dark mirror of space, fell in love with herself, and made love so beautifully that she gave birth to all the bright spirits of the universe.

Perhaps the word SEX names the split between us that we yearn to close when we are drawn together.

Pride

The word PRIDE traces back to the Old English word "pryde" and the Old French word "prud." Many old meanings seem to focus on loyalty, usefulness and valour. But the ancient meaning that stood out for me was "standing forward." For me, this is a visceral meaning; to stand forward in one's life, to inhabit one's life without apology. Many of us in this culture, especially women, are trained to stand back, to defer, to collapse. It's good to practice standing forward.

Other related words are the "prow" of a ship, and "prowess." Another word

in this family is "prude." This word, like so many descriptions of women, has become a pejorative. We can reclaim it as a description of a proud woman, a woman who stands forward. A woman who will not play along, will not allow her sexuality to be defined by others.

Here is a quote from Dr. Endesha Ida Mae Holland, who as a teenager was active in the civil rights movement in Mississippi. She is describing the older women in her community who marched with her in the demonstrations.

"It was so beautiful to see people like Miss Lulabelle Johnson and Miss McGee. They would be walkin' with pride. And their titties would be stickin' out a whole long way in front of them, almost that you could see their titties a block before you see them. But they'd be walkin' with such pride, and that they'd be marchin', and I remember myself trying to walk with that heavy step that they used. Look like the earth would catch their feet and hold them."

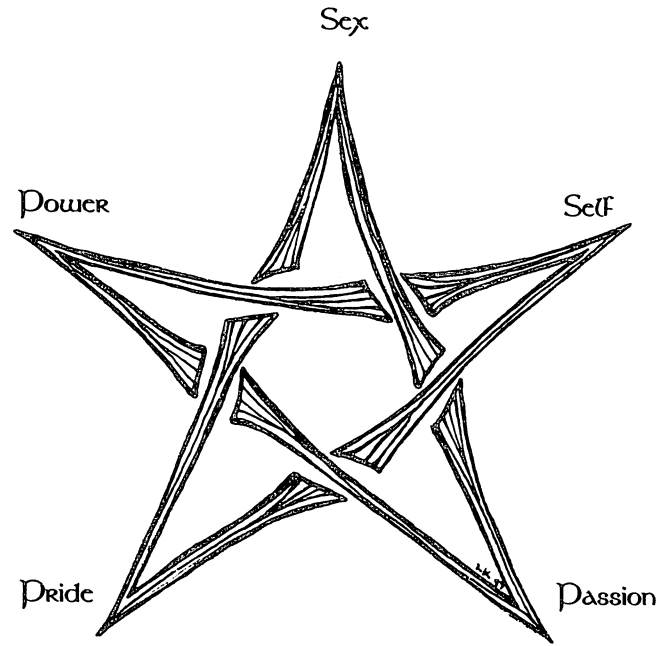
— From "Freedom on My Mind," *The American Experience Series*, PBS TV

Self

The word SELF is an ancient, prehistoric word, shared by many languages. Usually, in looking up a word's origin, there are references to older words, and many shifting meanings through time. But the word "self" stands alone, mysterious and simple.

Here are some of its forms:

- selb Old Irish, Old High German
- sealbh Gaelic
- sialfr Old Norse
- silba Gothic



- zelve Medieval Dutch
- seolf Old English
- sylf Old English
- self Old Frisian, Old Saxon, Old English

Aren't they beautiful? Probably, the "sylphs," the fairies of air, were named from this lovely group of words.

One reference noted, "the word "selfish" was coined in the early 1640s by the Presbyterians." Not surprising.

Power

The word POWER has its origins in the Latin verbs "potere" and "posse" and the French verb "pouvoir," which mean "to be able." Some other words in the same family are; potent, possible, potential. It's interesting to think of the word "power" as a verb rather than a noun. To translate it as "I can," not a thing, but as a state of potency.

Drawing an invoking Iron Pentacle, the energy flows from self into power. When we invoke power and then try to "have" it or "be" it, the energy has a tendency to back up. In effect, it moves in a devoking direction, flowing from power back into self.

Power retained, like stagnant water, becomes toxic. An important discipline is to let it go, to let it dissipate. This is very different from "giving away our power," which as women in this culture

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Headwaters Forest Allies Gear Up for September

by Bay Area Coalition
for Headwaters

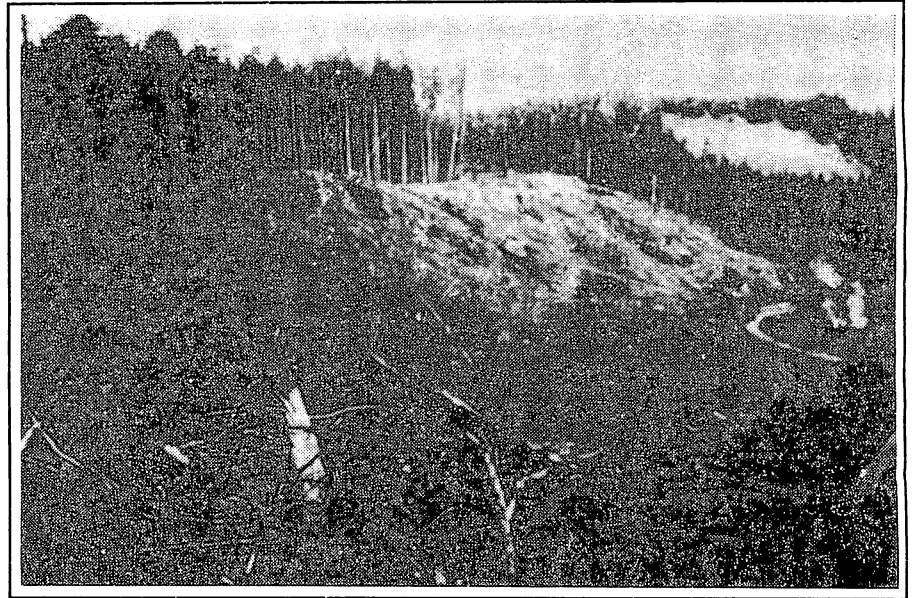
With logging at the 60,000-acre Headwaters Forest halted for the summer due to endangered species restrictions, activists have begun organizing for a massive outpouring of support in September.

Last fall, 7,000 people marched and rallied near the Northern California site, and over 1,000 were arrested in a huge civil disobedience action that increased pressure on both the government and Pacific Lumber to reach a deal which would preserve the world's largest privately-owned stand of old-growth redwoods for future generations.

This year, demonstrations are planned for September 14-15, and friends of Headwaters across the continent are making plans to attend.

Brokered deal jeopardizes forest, endangered species

At six public hearings held throughout the state this winter, outraged citizens turned out en masse to condemn the government's backroom deal to pay Maxxam Corporation. \$380 million in public land and cash for just 12 percent of the irreplaceable 60,000-



Clearcutting — the fate of Headwaters? Photo by Doug Thron/BACH

acre Headwaters Forest.

The hearings were jointly conducted by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service (FWS), the California Department of Forestry (CDF), and other agencies to receive public input on issues to be addressed in a combined state and federal environmental impact study for the Headwaters proposal.

Front-line activists who have waged

a 10-year battle to save Headwaters from Pacific Lumber's chainsaws and greed warned that the government's accord threatened the survival of several endangered species who make their home in the old growth redwoods.

The September 1996 agreement brokered by Senator Dianne Feinstein — an inveterate friend to developers and industrialists — would trade \$250 million of federal land and cash and \$130 million of state land in exchange for 5,625 acres in Headwaters Forest, including the 3,000-acre pristine Headwaters Grove and adjacent Elkhead Springs Grove.

Yet it would leave unprotected four other ancient redwood groves and residual old growth forest land owned by Maxxam subsidiary Pacific Lumber, which conducted salvage logging in the groves last fall. The government would acquire an additional 1,900 acres of logged-over second-growth forest adjacent to Headwaters Grove from neighboring Elk River Timber Company as a buffer zone.

Public demands: Save all 60,000 acres

The hearings turned into an outpouring of impassioned support for preserving the entire Headwaters Forest

continued on page 44

Rally and Direct Action for Headwaters Forest

Join thousands of friends of Headwaters Forest in a rally and ongoing direct action in defense of old growth redwoods in mid-September 1997:

September 14: Mass rally in Humboldt County to defend Headwaters Forest.

September 15: Marbled Murrelet nesting season ends. Beginning of corporate assault on old growth groves. Direct action forest defense.

There will be many additional events, rallies, demonstrations, actions, vigils, meetings, etc. Stay tuned; stay involved. Call the Bay Area Coalition for Headwaters hotline for updates: 510-835-6303.

Wiccan contingent — Interested in being part of a Wiccan contingent at the Headwaters events? Call Heather, 415-567-2695 or George, 415-255-7623 for more information.



Protecting the Great Coast Rainforest

by Jana Thomas

The coastal temperate rainforests of North America once blanketed the West Coast in a continuous band from northern California to southeast Alaska. Today, not a single rainforest watershed remains unlogged south of the 49th parallel. Only a few valleys remain intact in southern British Columbia.

Clayoquot Sound, located on Vancouver Island, is the most southerly extent of any significant remaining rainforest valley in North America. In 1993, the B.C. provincial government announced that 74% of the ancient forests in the sound would be open to clearcut logging.

Clayoquot, however, is only the tip of the iceberg. The largest concentration of ancient, temperate rainforest in the world is found on the central coast of B.C. Environmentalists refer to this vast, roadless wilderness area as the Great Coast Rainforest. It is a labyrinth of deep-water fjords and steep, narrow valleys pushed up against a backdrop of granite mountain peaks and glistening ice fields. The forests here contain some of the oldest and largest trees on earth. They also provide critical habitat for grizzly bears, salmon, and other species.

The government of B.C. has now given logging rights to this area to a handful of corporations. At the current rate of logging, most of the remaining ancient rainforests will be gone within a decade. A major concern is the extent to

which forest streams continue to be clearcut up to both banks. In most cases, the destruction is legal and approved by the provincial government.

You can help by writing the provincial government and telling it to permanently protect key ecological areas in the ancient rainforests, to stop road-building in these areas and to stop clearcutting everywhere. Mention also that you support First Nations' rights to safeguard their traditional territories and

ensure the survival of their cultures. Write Premier Glen Clark, Rm. 156, Parliament Bldgs, Victoria, BC, Canada, V8V 1X4, or fax 250-387-0087.

For more information on the defense of these rainforests, contact PO Box 2241, Main Post Office, Vancouver BC, Canada, V6B 1H2, 604-669-4303, email: crm@helix.net

[excerpted from the Earth First! Journal
— see resource info on this page.]

Time to Save the Elk River

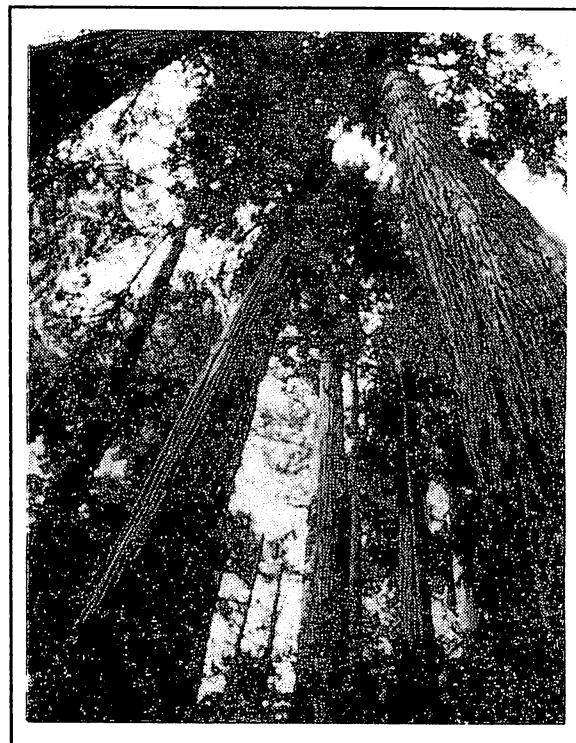
by Jim Rogers

The Elk River flows into the ocean a few miles north of Port Orford, Oregon, in the far northwest corner of the Siskiyou National Forest. The North Fork of the river flows form the pristine forests of the Copper Mountain Roadless Area, and includes some of the finest old-growth Douglas Fir and Port Orford Cedar in the Northwest. The timber is worth untold millions of dollars, and there are very powerful interests out there who want it logged.

The Elk is also one of the most productive Salmon fisheries in the nation. Although much of the river is protected, the North Fork of the Elk remains largely unprotected.

It seemed as if President Clinton's Northwest Forest Plan would protect the watershed. However, he later caved in and signed the so-called "Salvage Rider" that ordered the Forest Service to clearcut over 200 acres in the watershed.

This resulted in the Elk being named one of the Ten Most Endangered Rivers in the U.S. by *American Rivers*. Thanks to good organizing by both grassroots groups and organized lobbyists, the worst units of the area were exchanged for timber in a more benign area.



Grove of ancient Port Orford cedars by the Middle Fork of the Sixes River in the Proposed Copper Salmon Wilderness. Photo by Steve Miller.

The only protection the North Fork currently has is under the Northwest Forest Plan. This could be overruled by Congress again.

Among the groups working to preserve the Elk River watershed is the Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund, 415-627-6700.

[Excerpted from *Forest News*, 84 Fourth Street, Portland OR 97520, 541-482-4459.]

Forest Resources

To stay in touch with forest and wilderness defense across the continent, read **Earth First! Journal**, \$25 a year (8 issues), P.O. Box 1415, Eugene OR 97440.

For an overview of forest defense as well as nuke news, Native American news and other grassroots organizing throughout the U.S. and Canada, call 415-255-7623 for a free sample of **GroundWork** magazine. Ask for Issue #6, with a theme section on forest activism.

Idun's Apples

Once upon a time in a time before time, grew Yggdrasil, the World Tree-the Soul Tree of Life; with its roots in Nifl-heim, its trunk in Midgard (the world of people), and its branches stretched out in Asgard where the Aesir (the Goddesses and Gods) live. At its highest tip perched an eagle who watched all and at its roots was a dragon who gnawed at it, for the Great Tree would one day, as all things, die. But that is not this story. This story is of Idun, Keeper of the Apples of eternal youth.

Odin, the All Father, Loki the fiery trickster and Hoenir got an urge to cross Bifrost, the Rainbow Bridge from Asgard to Midgard, and explore, and this was good, at least until they became hungry. They slew an oxen and quickly set up a barbecue, but the ox would not cook.

As fortune would have it they noticed a certain peculiar eagle perched in a tree above them. When asked the eagle confirmed their suspicions, that year the ox was under a spell. And yes he would remove it...if he could first eat his fill. The Gods were hungry and readily agreed, and to their wonder the eagle fanned his wings and the meat cooked. But when to their even greater amazement the eagle seized three quarters of the ox for himself Loki grabbed a stick and prepared to beat the bird.

No sooner had Loki hit the eagle with the stick then he was stuck to it, immediately dragged over stones and briars, and beaten beyond endurance. Loki cried out and begged to be set free. The winds rose and the storm giant Thiassi, who was the eagle closed in with his demand.

"I want Idun, keeper of the apples of youth. Lure her out of Asgard and I will set you free."

"Done!" cried Loki. "Done!" cried Thiassi

And Loki fell upon his oath. And the oath was hard ground indeed.

Back in Asgard, Idun, Goddess of the Green, looked up to see Loki who had not wasted a moment.

"As magical as your apples are Idun, I've seen another tree that bears fruit even richer than yours."

"That can't be Loki."

"It is."

"Show me."

"I will."

So they walked across Bifrost, the rainbow bridge, until

they came to a desolate place between worlds.

"I see no tree?"

"I know."

"Loki?"

But Loki was gone and the winds rose and a mighty eagle swooped over Idun and carried her to the land of the frost giants. Idun was no longer seen in Asgard. Her thriving and fertile green were gone. Gone too were her apples of eternal youth.

So the days withered and the Goddesses and Gods with them, like phantoms clinging to existence, until finally it became clear, all too clear, that Idun was not returning. So heavy of heart and slow of foot they went to the Norns-the Wyrd sisters-the Sisters Three-who water the roots of Yggdrasil and keep the Tree strong.

And the Goddesses and Gods, feeling mortality creep into their bones, asked the Norns to divine where Idun and her apples lay. Urd, the sister of what was said, "They are gone." Verdande, the sister of what is said, "They are not here." And

Skuld, the sister of what will be said, "the flower that blooms our renewal has been taken away." And that was all they revealed beneath the hall of the World Tree. Finally Mother Wyrd whispered unseen on the wind, "When did the wheel turn?"

Odin confronted Loki.

"Heimdall is observant."

"Speak your truth."

Soon it was revealed that Loki had delivered Idun to Thiassi in return for his freedom. Loki quickly offered to find her. He feared the collective wrath of the Aesir. Thor was old but his horrible hammer was not. Loki reasoned with them.

"I need to match spirit with spirit. I need the old ways of the Vanir, the nature magic. I need Frey's falcon wings to give me the shape changing skill and cunning to match Thiassi's eagle.

So Freya of the Vanir gave her magical wings on borrow to Loki, who flew into the cold of the land of frost. With Loki's disappearance came Hel, Queen of the nether world, Nifl-heim, wandering openly in Asgard now as she soed when some one's tune is near. The Aesir felt the cold in their bones that would not leave. They shivered and waited for their impending death. Hel waited with them.

Thiassi had kidnapped Idun for perpetual youth. His race was older than the Aesir and fading. But Idun's greatest gift,





was that she, and only she, could give the apples of renewal, they could never be taken from her. Thiassi could not break her will and so still aged accordingly to his own time, every apple he touched turned to seed before he could bite it. Thwarted, Thiassi flew north, and left Idun alone in his tower. Renewal is given to those who renew. Given to give to be given again was the spirit of the land that was Idun.

Loki soared without hesitation into the giant's realm. With Freys's falcon eyes he saw Idun's apples untouched. He saw Thiassi miles north. He saw Idun and landed in her tower taking back his own shape and spoke:

"What was taken will be taken back."

And Idun spoke: "What was given? Will be given back?"

Loki: "If you will give me your will to do so."

Idun: "Lend it I will."

With Idun's consent, Loki spoke Runes over her and changed her into a nut. He assumed Freya's falcon shape and grasped the nut between his claws. Shortly after their departure they heard a cry on the wind, the tower shook and there was no doubt of Thiassi's discovery.

Swift flew the falcon. Swifter flew the great eagle. Over the walls of Asgard the Aesir saw a lone falcon pursued by a great eagle gaining speed. Quickly the Goddesses and Gods together built a pyre of wood piled high to the tip of the walls.



Thor struck thunder and flames rose high. Loki, kin of first fire, flew into the flames and out unscathed, but Thiassi following close behind found himself consumed in the flames.

The wheel turned, and like the phoenix Thiassi found himself transformed among the stars, a star himself. And through the fire appeared Idun, returned with her golden apples. Idun offered an apple to Hel who took it and vanished. Hungrily, each deity waited as Idun put the promise of life

into their hands. Even Loki, given reprieve for returning the balance, took his apple and bided his time. And for awhile Yggdrasil stood vital and firm with the balance of the worlds in its branches and roots. And Mother Wyrd whispered in the wind.

In a time before time as we know it to be now.

— Douglas & Beverly 1997

Invocation to Flaccid Lugh

Seed set, sperm spent
Lying in repose
What ripples in the pond
Only the Goddess knows.

Art child, love child
Child of your flesh
What will come to pass
Only the Goddess will guess.

Doubt now, wonder how
Courage, and some fear
Miracle of life
The Goddess draws you near.



Beth Elaine Carlson
July 1995
Sheffield, MA

San Francisco, Spring & Summer

Fog; cool and calm.

I wait my lover's return; to my bed.

His hand sweeps my thigh, to my center.

I arch and weep my desire.

He smiles his pride.

Now, his touch is fine.

But, I know the truth of it.

Midcycle Fertile Womb heavy,

Lifted forward, with Mouth open and seeking.

Seeking the Power, the Thrust, the Life of my lover.

NO; not my lover; not tonight.

Tonight, he is mate.

Tonight I am witch.

And the magic comes.

Biting, scratching and howling our pleasure.

HEAR; hear the howls: erie in the fog.

Old ancient magic has come.

Hear the howls, and believe...

— Mary Ziady



Making the Most of Your Dreams

You & Your Dream Journal

by Sabrina

Anyone interested in the occult will at some point in their studies bound to come across the ancient maxim, "Know Thyself." It is one of the first steps one takes when embarking on the magical path. What this entails is somewhat of a lonely search and inquiry into the workings of our own minds, a delving into its depths and layers. One good way to uncover all that lurks in our heads and to "know ourselves" is to keep a dream journal.

The dream journal is an intimate encounter with ourselves. It enables us to see how our subconscious has processed our experiences. Former events we don't consciously recall are buried in the subconscious mind and become the basis for destructive habit patterns. Images of those experiences, people we have known, present concerns, and much psychic material await our waking awareness. If we write down our dreams and work with them, the hidden aspects of ourselves become exposed and no longer are we slaves of ourselves, but in the process of becoming masters.

It isn't necessary to travel to a metaphysical bookstore and load up on dream books. The authors of them had to learn by experience, and our ancestors surely didn't have dream symbol indexes. Why not learn by personal experience and then develop your own theories about dreams? Be your own dream scientist and psychologist. It only requires a few tools:

1. A notebook of white, unlined paper. (Unlined so you can

easily draw what you see in your dreams. Lines are "rational" and interfere with the creative, subconscious mind.)

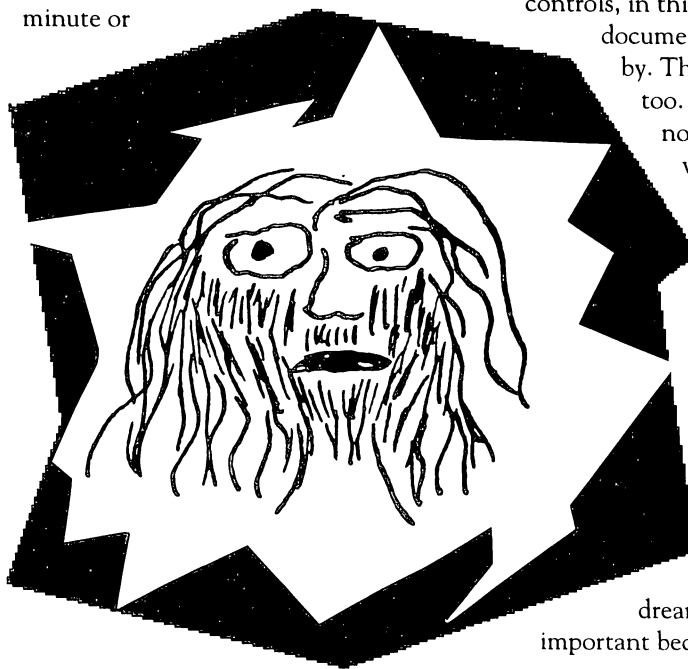
2. An alarm clock.
3. A pen. (Pencil marks fade with time.)
4. Intuition.

Keeping a dream journal requires consistency and discipline. This means waking up and writing down the dream immediately — not thrashing the alarm clock, not resuming a cozy sleeping position, and not even going to kitchen for a bite saying, "Eh, I'll write it down later." If it is not written down instantly, you will most likely suffer from what I call "Dream Slip." Dream slip occurs when you awake and remember the dream, but after a minute or

two it disappears due to a lack of concentration on dream images. To prevent this from happening, set the clock 30 minutes ahead of your normal waking time. This will make you wake up during the middle of a dream scene. This sudden wakefulness causes a vivid image impact on the conscious mind, as if you were just watching your dreams on a large movie screen, and you will be able to recall them with great ease. When the dream images are no longer coming to you as vividly, reset the clock again at a different time to prevent a routine waking time that only encourages dream slip.

Establishing the Controls

Every scientist has his or her controls, in this case a certain set of documentation he or she abides by. The dream scientist should too. For each dream entry, note the date, the day of the week, the moon status (waxing, waning, full or new), and the time. Those interested in astrology might be interested to see what planets were influencing their behavior at the time of a particular dream (i.e., "transits" and the purpose of noting the exact time upon waking from the dream). Entitling your dream entries in a set format is important because it combines a



rational, conscious order with subconscious material, and after years of compiling dream entries, you can investigate into your own personal dream cycles to see if a pattern exists, such as a correlation between a certain recurring dream and a day of the week, or the waning moon. The days of the week can be looked upon as the influence of planetary energies: Sunday, the Sun; Monday, the Moon; Tuesday, Mars; Wednesday, Mercury; Thursday, Jupiter; Friday, Venus; and Saturday, Saturn. Women might also want to note the stage in their menstrual cycle to see if that correlates with certain dream material.

Interpretation of Mundane Dream Material

After writing down your morning dream, put your journal away and shake off your grogginess. Later in the afternoon or evening, return to your journal and review the dream. Find a comfortable seat and relax. Try to visualize the dream scene again. Really focus intently. What emotions do you have about the dream? Does its content make you happy, fearful, angry, disgusted, frustrated, or depressed? Or do you not feel anything toward it at all? Ponder on the emotions it provokes in you. Then see if you can make a connection between your emotions and the people, objects, and places that are in the dream. Sometimes the dreams will be easy to interpret because they will reflect what is occurring in our lives at the moment or will bring up some past matter. Only we understand what we have been through, so we are the ones who must interpret our dreams.

Breaking the Mundane Barrier: Psychic Dream Matter

In my opinion, people you don't know who appear in your dreams can be

categorized as psychic matter. These are people you may have known in a previous life; may meet in the future; or, may not be people at all, but beings floating around on the astral plane. When you meet people in a dream, try to find out their name. The best way to find out if you knew this person in a previous life is to rely on your gut instinct. In time you will know if you've had a future-oriented or precognitive dream because you will meet the people and be surrounded by the same scenery. But there is a way to distinguish between these past life dream beings and the future ones, and the astral beings.

The astral beings are a complete separate phenomena. In dreams, you will know the super nice astral beings because they will give you gifts in the form of strange but highly spiritual symbols, and excellent

advice (the advice will be obvious to you and very straightforward). As one example, I met a lady in one of my dreams who had a special triangular tattoo on her third eye. When I woke up, I wrote down the dream, and drew out her tattoo. I currently benefit from using this tattoo in my meditation activities.

The other astral types are nasty and mean, may carry some sort of weapon with them, and they try to start trouble. The nasty astrals are in some way deformed. For example, in one dream I had, there was this male astral being about 5 feet tall with brown hair, somewhat cute, who could have passed for a normal being except he had long claws for his fingertips and was terrorizing a huge mob of people. In another dream I had, I encountered this female astral creature who was in the

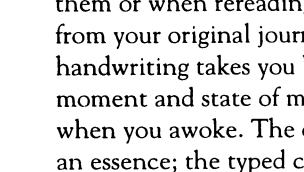
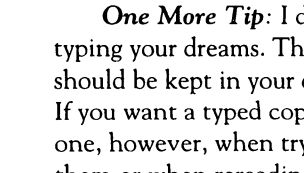
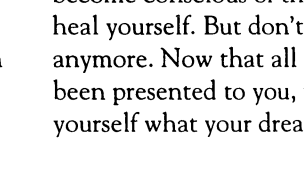
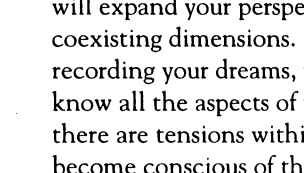
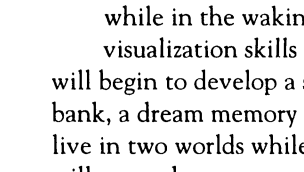
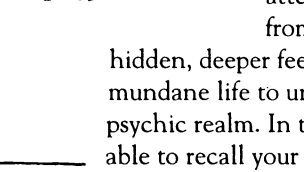
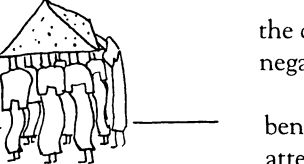
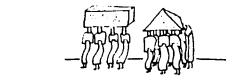
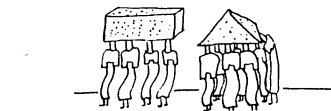
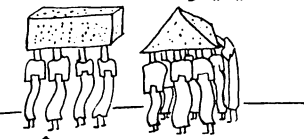
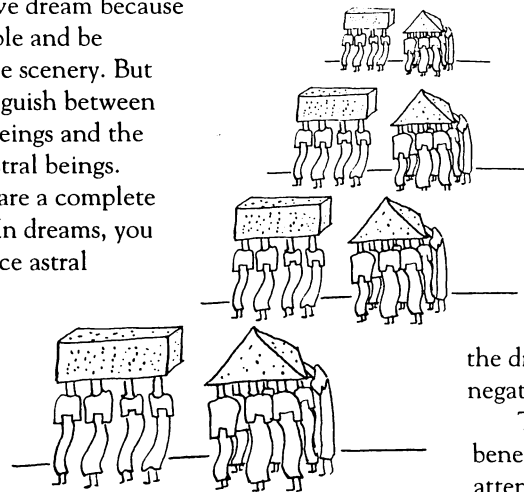
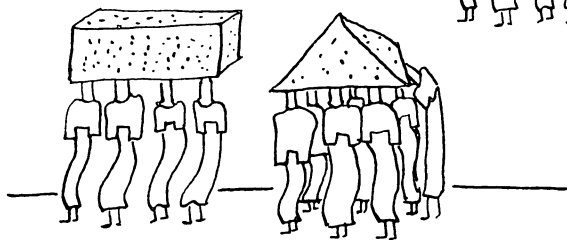
process of committing a murder with two other astral friends, and she had large, almond-shaped eyes that extended diagonally upward beyond the temples of her forehead. She used her eyes as a weapon; when I would look at her, she would try to "pierce" her inner energy through her eyes. This is the same idea behind the "evil eye," but coming from

an astral being such as this is absolutely horrendous. To counteract such encounters, hold up a pentacle necklace in the dream to repel the negative energy.

There are many benefits to paying attention to dreams, from discovering

hidden, deeper feelings about your mundane life to unlocking the psychic realm. In time, you will be able to recall your dreams at will while in the waking world and your visualization skills will improve. You will begin to develop a separate memory bank, a dream memory bank, as if you live in two worlds while on earth, which will expand your perspective on coexisting dimensions. If you persist in recording your dreams, you will come to know all the aspects of your "self"; and if there are tensions within you, you will become conscious of these and be able to heal yourself. But don't listen to me anymore. Now that all these ideas have been presented to you, find out for yourself what your dreams can do for you.

One More Tip: I do not suggest typing your dreams. The dream journal should be kept in your own handwriting. If you want a typed copy of them, make one, however, when trying to interpret them or when rereading them, read them from your original journal. The original handwriting takes you back to that moment and state of mind you were in when you awoke. The original contains an essence; the typed copy does not.



Beltaine in Springfield, Illinois

by Ruth Souther

I've enjoyed reading (and gaining new ideas) about Beltaine celebrations, so I'd like to share Springfield's ritual. This year we are taking the Journey of the Soul (Psyche) spread over the eight holidays. For Beltaine, Psyche has been given a task by Venus to get a cup of water from the River Styx. We didn't elect to tell the story before the ritual. Instead, we told it as part of the trancework.

First people cleansed with a pink carnation dipped in water and shaken around them, each person being cleansed by the one before and passing on the flower to the next.

They entered the ritual room (our holidays, by necessity, are done inside) through glittering blue streamers, and were greeted by four people with rainsticks and a fifth playing Pan's flute. The room was darkened, lit only by candles and a few scattered blue lightbulbs.

After invoking elements, the meditation took people on their journeys. They were lifted by a large balloon and carried away to an ancient time where a ritual Beltaine fire was in

progress. They set down there amidst the celebration and were invited by the local storyteller to come with Psyche on her second challenge, climbing a gigantic



mountain to its peak, to gain a cup of water from the River Styx. The climb was hard, and most of the time, there was no clear idea what was to be gained by the struggle to reach the top. From Venus, the only words had been, "For the sake of your love and your desire to return to paradise, you must bring me this water."

The torn flesh and blood that was shed against the rocks, the pain

and hopelessness of reaching out, hoping to make the pinnacle, were the challenges. An eagle came and sat upon Psyche's shoulder as she climbed and whispered words of encouragement about love — whether it is self-love or love from another — that is to be found at

the top. Is that what she wants? Then she, and they, must climb harder, faster.

When she/they reached a point they could no longer continue, Psyche asked the eagle for help, and discovered that all she had to do was trust her own needs. The eagle flew to the mountain top, retrieved the water and returned, spilling some of it on her to heal her wounds.

At this point, rounds of affirmations were offered from the ones who were offering the trance, and then Psyche climbed down from the mountain and joined in the Beltaine celebration at the base, dancing and chanting her joy at newfound belief in herself.

Trancers returned by balloon and claimed what they had found on the mountain by filling a small bottle from Waters of the World on the center altar. We sang and danced to the tune of "I am the Goddess" using words "I am the fire, I am the passion, all acts of love, etc." We then feasted on cheesecake, fresh fruit and vegetables. A lovely time was had by all.

Happy Spring!

Edge of Perception Events in Springfield

Upcoming events in the Springfield area sponsored by the Edge of Perception Collective include:

Summer Solstice	June 28
Lammas	Aug. 9
Fall Equinox	Sept. 13
Samhain	Oct. 25
Winter Solstice	Dec. 20

All holiday celebrations are on Saturday to make traveling easier for folks, and we try to stay off the actual holiday for private groups to have their own.

For more information, contact the Edge of Perception Collective at 217-523-4225, or write P.O. Box 1424, Springfield, IL 62705-1424. You can also email Ruth Souther at RSouther@aol.com

Big Mountain Update

Traditional Dineh (Navajo) continue to resist relocation from the Big Mountain area by the U.S. Government, Peabody Coal, and the government-sanctioned Hopi Tribal Council. [See Spring 1997 newsletter.] The motivation for the relocations are to clear the land for mining corporations. If successful, this would be the largest forced relocation of Native Americans in this century.

Intense pressure including livestock confiscation and harassment by courts and law enforcement officials has forced over half of the original Dineh residents to sign relocation agreements. Following a government-imposed March 31 deadline, eviction notices to the remaining families were authorized. While it appears that no actual forced relocation will occur until the year 2000, no assurances have been made.

Support is urgently needed. Earth First!, Food Not Bombs and other grassroots groups are organizing outside support. For more information, contact P.O. Box 12924, Berkeley CA 94712, 415-339-8332, email: www.bmc@mailmasher.com

The Labyrinth as a Magical Tool

by Sarah Campbell

After having a growing awareness of and fascination with the labyrinth over a period of several years, I began seriously researching and working with them a little more than two years ago. Some of what I have learned is still unclear to me, but I would like to begin to communicate my experience.

I believe that the labyrinth is a powerful magical tool, though sometimes it seems to be a tool of The North, and other times more a tool of the Center. Or maybe it's always a tool of both! Perhaps it is a tool of Mystery which is anchored in the Earth.

The labyrinth is one of the ancient Earth Works, like the Standing Stones, and the Dolmens. The first of the labyrinth designs is probably the spiral. The seven-circuit design seems to be nearly 4,000 years old, with variations on this pattern seeming to arise spontaneously in cultures around the world. In his book, *Labyrinths, Ancient Myths and Modern Uses*, Sig Lonegren names sites in Peru, Arizona, Iceland, Crete, Egypt, India and Sumatra. The

seven-circuit is the design we built at Mid-Atlantic Witchcamp last summer. Due to the work of Lauren Artress, probably the most well-known design today is the eleven-circuit design which first appeared in Chartres Cathedral in France in around 1200 AD.

The spiral, the seven-circuit, and the eleven-circuit designs can all be seen as a journey to the Center, and then back out, whether the center is your heart, the womb of the Goddess, Her heart At the core of the earth, some other place on this plane, some other time, or some other realm. If we follow the path, we will arrive at our destination, and we

have only to follow it back in order to return.

I adapted the words of Joseph Campbell for the dedication ritual for our eleven-circuit Chartres labyrinth:

"We have not even to risk the adventure alone, for the heroines and heroes of all time have gone before us. The labyrinth is thoroughly known. We have only to follow the thread of the mythic path. And where we had thought to slay another, we shall slay ourselves. And where we had thought to travel outward, we shall come to the center of our own existence.

And where we had thought to be alone, we shall be with all the world."

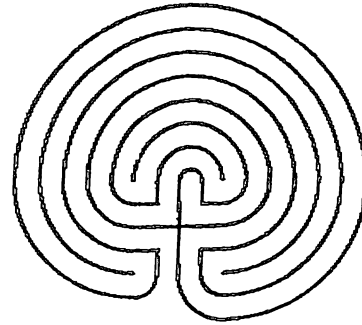
In her not-yet-released book, Layne Redmond suggests that the frame drum has long been used in conjunction with the labyrinth, perhaps as a thread to follow back from a journey to the Underworld, as in

many shamanic traditions. This helps to explain Ariadne's Thread — if one is simply walking on a unicursal path, there is no need for assistance in finding the way out. Just follow the path. If one is journeying to the Underworld, though, a connection to this world may be the only way back.

In Lancaster, we painted the eleven-circuit Chartres design on a piece of canvas, and have open walks on it twice each month. We also have a seven-circuit design painted directly on the floor, so that it is available all of the time. I have worked a little with the triple spiral as a labyrinth, too, but feel

I've just barely begun to learn about this one.

Making the eleven-circuit labyrinth was a long, complicated, and labor-intensive process. We put more than 500 hours of labor into the canvas, after months of raising funds, and studying the mathematics required to draw the design, which

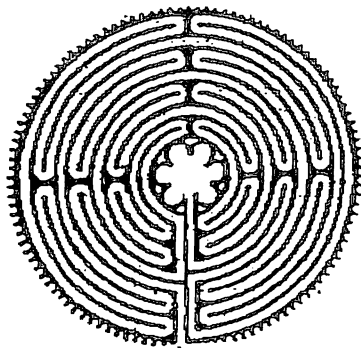


Seven-Circuit Labyrinth

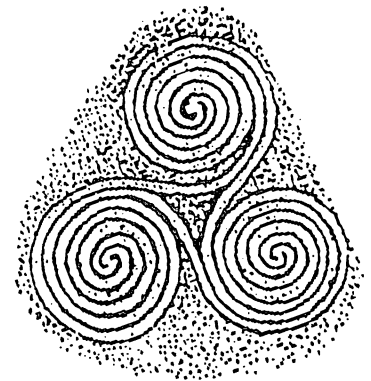
is based on 666, sacred to Aphrodite. When the painting was nearly finished, everyone stepped off of the canvas to watch Linda Dobbins and I paint the last few strokes. We stood and looked out over the canvas. The room was quite still. I was filled with a deep feeling of love for this labyrinth. It felt and looked to me as if the painted sections and the bare canvas were vibrating. There seemed to be a thickness to the labyrinth. Instead of being the depth of fabric and paint, it was as though it was several inches deep. Perhaps its aura? Its astral body? And the vibration low and deep, the same as OM is to me.

Like the place I find in toning where my crown and my heart are vibrating. A very whole and balanced energy. I am

continued on page 47



Eleven-Circuit Labyrinth

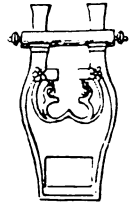


Triple Spiral



the elements

7. Thorn Coyle, December 1996



Air

You insinuate yourself
Into my lungs without my knowing.
Somehow my breast expands,
contracts again,
Filling up with destiny;
All moments from my birth.

I covet the weathercocks
That creak in dawn.
You shift within me
just that way.
Thrumming through my voice;
I bid my love good morning.

You carry scents of salt and rose,
Sweet tobacco on the sidewalk.
The thrill of pan pipes and drumming
from the square.



Water

You spill onto the pavement,
Slick from cumuli above my head.
Somehow my skin expands,
contracts again,
Opening to moisture;
The waters of my birth.

I covet the sharing draught,
Libations among friends.
You team swimming
through my heart.
Beading up onto my brow;
I spin in twilight fog.

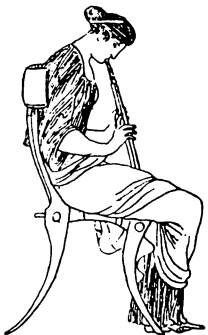
The boom of ocean crashing
Damp sand shoreline in surrender.
Throws sand-dollars on the heads
of burrowing crabs.
Sweet, sweet the taste of salt spray
Hits my tongue.

Fire

You slither up my spine,
Imploding from the roiling core.
Somehow my sex expands,
contracts again.
Filling up with sparks;
All moments become birth.

I covet flickering lights,
Cupped candles of the children.
You shine the same
within my eyes.
Processionals and religious heat;
I kiss the mid-day sun.

Combustion of incense spilling,
Ash coils down to the floor.
Cleansing space and rushing onto
tingling skin.
Full, full of passion's living link,
Lovers burn.



Earth

You roll beneath my feet,
Tremble with the stretching out of time.
Somehow sinew expands,
contracts again.
Relaxing into movement;
The struggling of birth.

I covet the bouncing balls,
Resounding smack on concrete.
You snap my cells
awake within my skin.
Seething with the gravity
That pulls me into midnight.

I feel the pulse of Atlas
at my wrists and in my neck.
The rhythms of your body
merge with mine.
Quick, quick the dance of laughter
Fades my bones.



Ward Valley: Sacred Site or Nuclear Dump?

By *Tori Woodard*

The struggle to save Ward Valley from a nuclear waste dump shifted in spring 1997 from an environmental focus to a battle to protect land that is sacred to the Mojave, Chemehuevi, Quechan, Cocopah, and Colorado River Indian Tribes who live along the nearby Colorado River.

Ward Valley is sacred because it is close to Spirit Mountain, where the Tribes were created long ago, and because it is the home of KAH-PET, the desert tortoise, which is a brother to the Mojave people. The tortoise plays a significant role in the Creation tale and ties the people to the land spiritually.

In addition, the largest concentration of giant intaglios in North America lies on terraces along the Colorado River between Lake Mead and Yuma. Intaglios are ancient figures carved in the landscape long ago, so large that their full effect can only be appreciated from the air. Two of them lie on facing sides of the Colorado River south of Needles, California, only 20 miles from Ward Valley. Sacred land indeed.

Finally, Ward Valley supports the last remaining healthy population of desert tortoises, which are protected by the Endangered Species Act as a threatened species.

Following the lead of the five Tribes, the Ward Valley Coalition consensed at its April 1997 Spring Gathering to oppose any further destruction of the land in Ward Valley. That means we oppose government plans to drill core samples to test whether putting radioactive waste in unlined trenches would contaminate the aquifer beneath Ward Valley and the Colorado River. Enough evidence already exists to prove that the dump would leak. But whether it leaks or not is beside the point; its mere existence would desecrate sacred land and the sacred tortoise.

The drilling could occur in late summer or fall 1997, and we plan to resist it with nonviolent direct actions. We have an Emergency Response Network telephone tree to notify supporters when

it is time to come to the land.

If you would like to join our Emergency Response Network, volunteer to maintain our camp on the site of the proposed dump, receive our newsletter,

or send a donation to help fund our work, please contact Save Ward Valley, 107 F Street, Needles CA 92363. Phone: (760) 326-6267. Fax: (760) 326-6268. E-mail: <savewardvalley@bbs.rippers.com>.



Protesters line the Capitol steps in Sacramento demanding that the Governor take a stand against the Ward Valley nuclear dump. Photo courtesy of Bradley Angel/Greenpeace.

Hundreds Protest Nuclear Testing at Nevada Test Site

Activists from around the world traveled to the Nevada Nuclear Test Site to take part in the annual Healing Global Wounds Gathering and the Shundahai Network's Action for Nuclear Abolition. Several hundred people camped in the traditional Peace Camp across the road from Mercury, Nevada, where the U.S. has conducted a total of 934 nuclear tests since 1951.

Attendees heard direct testimony from Indigenous people who have been victimized by the nuclear arms race and took part in workshops and spiritual ceremonies. On April 1, the second annual Fools' Parade made its way through downtown Las Vegas. enormous puppets towered above the crowd, bringing the anti-nuclear message to mainstream America.

The event culminated with a procession to the gates of the Test Site led by Corbin Harney, spiritual leader of the Shoshone Nation, on whose land the nuclear testing takes place. About fifty peaceful protesters were arrested blockading the entrance to the Site. On April 3, activists blockaded both lanes of Highway 95, shutting down the Test Site for five hours.

On the day of the action, Julia Moon Sparrow, a founding member of the Shundahai Network, said, "The Department of Energy still hasn't gotten the message that the Cold War is over and the nuclear age is ending. We're disrupting Test Site traffic on the highway because their deadly nuclear business cannot go on as usual."

For more information on organizing around the Test Site and nuclear abolition, contact Shundahai Network, 5007 Elmhurst Ln., Las Vegas NV 89108, 702-647-3095, email: <shundahai@radix.net>. Web site: <<http://www.macronet.org/macronet/shundahai>>.



Mahal

Pilipinas

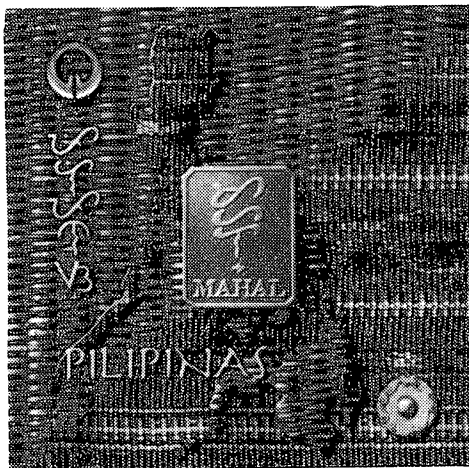
The San Francisco Bay Area is home to as diverse a population as anywhere on Earth. That diversity is reflected in the wealth of "World Beat" music which finds a home here, both in clubs and in the broader culture.

Reclaiming's rituals have been both a welcoming mileau and a beneficiary of this diversity. At the Spiral Dance and other seasonal rituals, performers from many traditions have shared music, dance, poetry and stories as part of our invocations of ancestors of many cultures.

One of the most dynamic ensembles to take part in Reclaiming rituals has been Mahal, an ethno-fusion group featuring the team of Evelie and Deo Arellano. Blending traditional Philippine and Southern Asian sounds with an international spectrum of jazz and pop sources, Mahal celebrates the Earth, love, and life itself.

Pilipinas is Mahal's first CD release, featuring a dozen songs penned by Evelie Arellano and friends. The result is as rich and original a musical amalgam as can be heard today. Powerful vocals and harmonies alternate with seldom-heard instrumental sounds to create a unique and intriguing mix.

Particular highlights include "Ela Lai," a joyous traditional chant sung over *kulintang* (gong) rhythms. An infectious acoustic version opens the CD, and a well-executed "techno" mix closes the album on an unusual note.



The soaring "Bundok Pinatubo" commemorates the eruption of Mount Pinatubo, a volcano that had been dormant for 800 years. In this song, Mount Pinatubo symbolizes the voice of the people of the Philippines who wanted the U.S. military out of the islands. Lyrics address environmental issues, the lives of indigenous tribes who lived on the mountain for thousands of years, and abandoned AmerAsian children.

"Bathala" is a prayer to the Great Spirit, while "Umaga" is a metaphor for the cycles of life.

The beautiful "Sisa" is based on a character from Philippine novelist Jose Rizal's novels. The chorus, "Saan, Sisa, saan ka pupunta?" translates "Where, Sisa, where will you go?" Mahal performs this song in the context both of Mother Earth and of women abused in domestic violence.

"Sa Iyo, Mahal," which opens with a ringing *kulintang* solo, is based on a traditional wedding song. "Pilipinas" is an adaptation of "Don't Cry For Me, Argentina."

Shifting to their international pop vein, "Magic In You" is a love song performed to a Middle Eastern rhythm, while "Please, My Love" uses the *tambura*, a stringed drone instrument from India. "Peace Be to You" is based on a line from T.S. Eliot.

Few recordings so beautifully interweave personal, spiritual and political threads as does *Pilipinas*. Whether you have had the pleasure of hearing Mahal singing at a ritual or not, this CD will greatly deepen your sense of our international cultural community.

Pilipinas is available for \$17 from Mahal, PO Box 1177, El Cerrito CA 94530-1177, 510-233-1343. Email: EveMahal@aol.com

Reviewed by George Franklin.

Reclaiming

Second Chants

At last! Cassette-challenged pagans around the world can rejoice.

Rumors that the Benedictine Monks of Santo Domingo planned to record a pirate CD of Reclaiming chants spurred the production department into overtime, and the popular cassette *Second Chants* is now available on CD.

Music industry gossip aside, the CD release of *Second Chants* brings sixteen original compositions sung at Reclaiming rituals, witch camps, workshops and gatherings to a much wider audience.

Beautiful tunes like "Harvest Chant" ("Our hands will work for peace & justice..."), "I Am But One," "Sparks," and "When We Are Gone" are sure to gain a place in the international pagan repertoire.

Barge of Heaven ("Pour it out for me..."), adapted from an ancient Sumerian poem, ripples with rich imagery.

"Rhiannon," "Innana," "Who Is She" and "Return of the Goddess" evoke aspects of the Goddess, while "His Mystery" captures elements of the Green God. "Circle Casting Song" is an

continued on next page





Sharon Knight

Incantation

Sharon Knight is a fine Pagan musician whom I had the pleasure of hearing (with her current band Pandaemonaeon) at PantheaCon 1997 (the Northern California Pagan Religious Conference in Oakland, CA). So, when I was approached to write a review, her current release immediately leapt to mind.

Sharon Knight's "Incantation" is an excellent representation of the musical forms at which Ms. Knight excels. From the Celtic-rocker "Bardic Voices" which opens the compact disc, to the story-telling ballads "Bewitched" and "Berrywood Grove," through the final piece "Faith," an inspiring chant, I find this release both intriguing and satisfying.

"Ravaged Ruins," which follows "Bardic Voices" is a rock ballad with some tasty slide guitar work by Winter.

The percussion driven chant "Mother of the World" is sure to bring you to your feet to sway with the invocatory harmonies of Sharon and Mindy Ray.

Then comes one of two pieces that, for me evoke the Great Rite. "Lord Fenugreek is a veritable recipe of invocation and tantric mystery. When Sharon sings,

"No magick shall surpass the magick

of love. When you look upon each other with God's eyes, Through the union of the fertile and the starshine above, You shall spiral ever onward towards the skies," I am indeed reminded of the sacral aspect of love.

This is followed by a retelling of the 16th Century Scottish Tale "Bewitched Sixareen," a ghost story about five men who died from the magic of a jealous witch and were compelled to share the telling of the tale before they can rest in peace.

Sharon's retelling of the "Black Jack Davy" story (a gypsy thief in the same mold as Robin Hood) is a fine Celtic rocker, and another reason to have this disk if you enjoy dancing.

Then come my favorite pieces on this recording; "Double-Edged Sword" and "Berrywood Grove." "Double-Edged Sword" is a hard-rock ballad of an encounter with the Goddess and a trance journey (initiatory?) to gain and wield a magical sword. "Berrywood Grove" is a lush romantic ballad, and the second telling of a Great Rite, as two lovers meet the Queen of Faery in the Grove. The

musical bridge is lovely and delicate and evoked for me the faery-bound greenwood. Both pieces evince a musical intricacy that engaged me immediately and drew me deeply into the song.

"13 Knots" is a piece of musical knotwork that put me in mind of some early Fairport Convention. It speaks of love certainly, but also will and courage:

"13 knots in the rose red ribbon, thirteen candles blaze, But not one word of promise will you get for the magick you raise. With no potion do you stand a chance but the strength of your own desire, And the slicing edge of a sharpened will to cut the kindling for your fire."

There is much to like in this album of Pagan rock, and fans of Pagan music in general and fans of Fairport Convention, Steeleye Span, and the Bay Area's own Annwyn will find a great deal of pleasure on this disk.

Available on Trance Jam Records. For information contact Victoria Media Group 707-769-1210.

Reviewed by Don Barks — Don can be reached at bwinkle@slip.net.



Second Chants

continued from preceding page

invocation of the four directions/elements.

Reclaiming participants will want this compilation for the warm recordings of favorite chants and songs heard at rituals and camps, performed by some of the finest singers and musicians in our community.

Others can use it as a source of music for rituals the year round. The new CD format makes it especially easy to learn a particular number.

Included on Second Chants:

- The Fool
- Circle Casting Song
- The Awakening
- Rhiannon
- I Am But One
- His Mystery
- Sparks
- Free the Heart
- Powerful Song
- Harvest Chant
- Barge of Heaven
- Innana
- Return of the Goddess
- Wings

- Who Is She
- When We Are Gone

Second Chants is also still available in cassette form, as are *Chants: Ritual Music* and *Let It Begin Now: Music from the Spiral Dance*.

Reclaiming tapes and CDs are distributed by Serpentine Music Productions, PO Box 2564, Sebastopol CA 95473 — see order form on page 46.

Reviewed by Chester Burnett, Jr.

Musical excerpt at top of page is from George F. Handel's Concerto Grosso #4.



Reflections on the Process of Becoming/Being a Part of the Reclaiming Community

by Chris Rubacky

When I moved to the Bay Area in July of 1994, it was in no small part due to my attraction to the Reclaiming Collective. In reading *Dreaming The Dark*, I had been struck by Starhawk's eloquent descriptions of how Reclaiming builds community by singing, dancing, and doing other magical work that, to paraphrase, breaks through the sense of estrangement so present in Western Culture. Her writing filled me with the feelings of acceptance, openness, and supportiveness I experience when I'm "in community." So, just three months later, I attended the Spiral Dance. In short, I was blown away by the magic and how connected I felt to the whole energy. The '95 Brigid celebration was similarly powerful. I knew almost no one, but "saw" a strong community behind the work.

Although I was making friends in other venues, I believe I was unconsciously adopting Reclaiming as a potential panacea for the difficulties of building community in a magnificent, but somewhat impersonal urban area. Then, at the '95 Spring Equinox, my lofty vision began tumbling down. It rained, the energy was relatively low, and I had no real, meaningful conversations with anyone. It was the first ritual I left feeling lonely and estranged from the group. At the same time, I couldn't find an Elements class with a teacher and schedule that fit. My intention was there, but, at least temporarily, I wasn't making any significant connections in the craft.

I knew that the stressful circumstances of building a life and business while living in the East Bay were not helping, but I did not feel it was all me. The rituals kept folks appropriately busy with the magical work. But, in the short time before and after them, many people seemed too busy catching up with long-lost friends to reach out to even not-so-shy newcomers like myself. It was hard, but I didn't feel much blame about this. This was probably good because the formal structure of the community seemed so unclear I would not have known whom to complain to and/or get accurate information from.

Clearly something has changed for me in the past year and a half so that Reclaiming feels more like home, like an imperfect, but wonderfully human community. My magical snowball started rolling simply by getting involved in a few projects. I went to the first few Community Meetings and joined the chorus for the '95 Spiral Dance. I took a wonderful Elements class with Thorn and Seed the following spring, then

went to California Witchcamp '96. I made some great friends there and deepened my commitment to learning about Wicca. I soon joined the ritual planning cell and even went to Pantheon '97.

At a Beltane planning meeting a few weeks ago, people were talking about how communities build strength and power together through shared experiences. For me this could not ring more true. The more deeply I get involved with Wicca, the more I understand how and why my experience with Reclaiming has taken its sweet time, happening exactly as it should. Magic happens more deeply when folks know and build trust with each other over time. At each ritual I learn new things, some of which I could not have even imagined at the previous one. I feel less and less like a spectator over time, more and more a part of the shared experience of working magic together, with common experiences to talk about with friends at and in between rituals. My anxiety over the process is vanishing.

I can see how my impatience has gotten squarely in my own way. Yet since no one is perfect, I am equally sure that other newcomers and "old-timers" alike bring their own issues to the ongoing process of "being/becoming a part of the Reclaiming community." The beauty of Reclaiming's organic nature and Wicca's non-proselytizing style have their downsides as well. Given that we are not Bible-thumpers with socials every Sunday, what can we do individually and collectively to help newcomers feel welcome in the Reclaiming community?

Jody, among others, made a huge difference just by introducing himself and chatting casually at my first few events. The community meetings helped clarify Reclaiming's structure. I also applaud the collective's efforts to explain the rituals more clearly and to create participatory space for people with disabling conditions. These things stand out among the other, more subtle "magical energies" the "collective" has put into "outreach."

Perhaps each of us has our own questions to answer about how to make the Reclaiming Community more "user-friendly." My own challenge is one of getting involved with events and planning the Community Potluck Dinners/Talent Cafes (ya'all come — see announcement p. 29). Still, the fab thing about Reclaiming and the Goddess is that all of our answers will vary greatly from making deep personal commitments to doing absolutely nothing different... and all of them are exactly right! So, thanks for listening and ... I hope to see you around the community.



Rini Templeton

Witchcamps 1997

Summer Intensives with Starhawk and the Reclaiming Community

Study magic and ritual in a week-long intensive that includes trancework, healing, drumming, dancing, storytelling, guided visualization and energy work.

Witchcamp is offered to women and men at all levels of experience. Newcomers can learn basic skills of magic and ritual, working with the elements, movement, sound and the mythological and historical framework of the Goddess Tradition. Advanced tracks offer the chance to apply the tools of ritual to personal healing and empowerment, with a focus on taking the craft out into the world, creating public ritual, ongoing groups and healing issues surrounding leadership and power.

More info available from Reclaiming, or the Web page — see inside front cover.

MISSOURI

June 14-21, 1997
 CONTACT: Diana's Grove
 P.O. Box 159, Salem MO 65560
 Telephone 573-689-2400

CALIFORNIA

July 6-13, 1997
 Mendocino Woodlands
 CONTACT: Kim Jack (Madrone)
 1394 McAllister St.
 San Francisco CA 94115
 Telephone 415-923-1458
 website: www.reclaiming.org/cauldron/witchcamp/

VANCOUVER

July 20-27, 1997
 CONTACT: Pat Hogan
 PO Box 21510
 1850 Commercial Dr.
 Vancouver BC, Canada V5N 4A0
 Telephone 604-253-7189

MID ATLANTIC

August 9-16, 1997
 CONTACT: Summer Intensive '97
 P.O. Box 1773, Wheaton MD 20915
 Telephone 301-977-6417
 Please send \$200 initial deposit

VERMONT

August 23-30, 1997
 CONTACT: Trillium, 360 Toad Rd., Charlotte VT 05445
 Telephone Raven, 802-425-2984

Maiden, Mother, Crone

by Sue Nosker

July 18, 1996 (after California Camp)

In the heart of a forest
 The Faeries had fun
 On the banks of a creek
 Beneath the waning afternoon sun

They sprinkled their dust
 On a charmed special few
 Reality was lifted
 Senses heightened and true

The Maiden was there
 Dashing behind trees
 Playing hide and seek
 For the lovely ones to see

The Mother in her fullness
 Alive with wanting and desire
 Filled her womb with passion
 And felt her loins on fire

The Crone with her wisdom
 Reminded the nymphs that day
 That by choosing honor
 There would be other days to play

So they skipped along the trail
 While singing a joyful tune
 Their hearts were as glowing and big
 As the harvest full moon

**As we go to press, there are still openings at most of these camps.
 Be a part of this wonderful experience by calling the contact number today!**



Reclaiming 1997 Rituals

Summer Solstice

Fri, June 20, 7 p.m., Ocean Beach south of Taraval, San Francisco. Bring old spells to burn, flowers, wood for a fire & to build the Wicker Man. Bring food & drink to share, & a towel if you want to plunge.

"This is the time of the rose, blossom and thorn, fragrance and blood. Now on this longest day of the year, light triumphs, and yet begins to decline into dark... The Lord of Light dies to Himself, and sets sail across the dark seas of time, searching for the isle of light that is rebirth. We turn the Wheel and share his fate, for we have planted the seeds of our own changes, and to grow we must accept even the passing of the sun..."

Lughnasad

Fri, August 1, 7 p.m., Ocean Beach south of Taraval, San Francisco. Dress warm, bring wood for a fire and food to share.

"We stand now between hope and fear, in the time of waiting. In the fields, the grain is ripe but not yet harvested. We have worked hard to bring many things to fruition, but the rewards are not yet certain. Now the Mother becomes the reaper, the Implacable One who feeds on life that new life may grow. Light diminishes, the days shorten, summer passes. We gather to turn the Wheel, knowing that to harvest we must sacrifice, and warmth and light must pass into winter."

Autumn Equinox

Sun, September 21, 1 p.m., Beltane Grove, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

The Spiral Dance

Sat, October 25, 7 p.m., Herbst Pavilion, Fort Mason, San Francisco. Volunteers are needed to help with this ritual. For more information, call the Reclaiming Events Line in late summer, 415-929-9249.

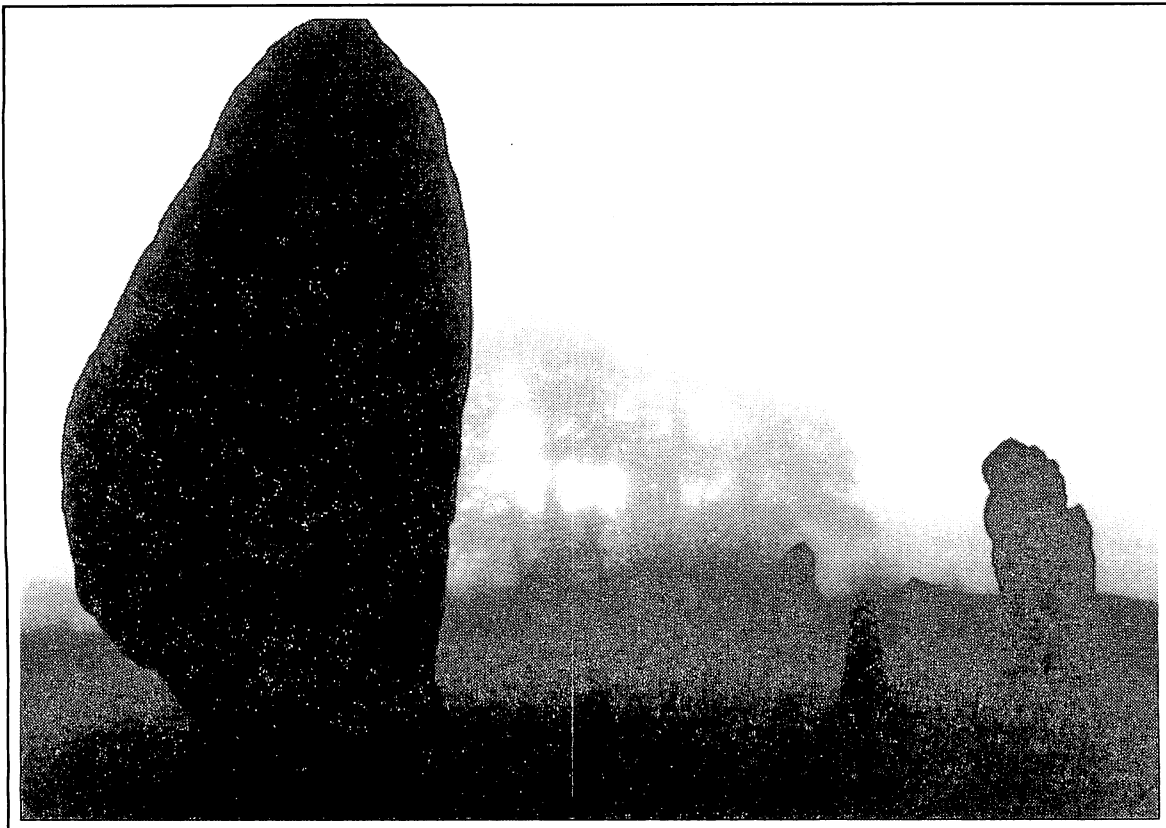
Winter Solstice

December 20, 4 p.m., Ocean Beach south of Taraval. Bring wood, a towel if you want to plunge, food & drink to share.

All events are clean & sober — no alcohol or drugs, please

For more information, check out events on-line at <http://www.reclaiming.org/cauldron/> or call the Reclaiming Events Line, 415-929-9249.

Quotations from The Spiral Dance, c. 1989 by Starhawk.



Michael Pitts

"An early sun brightens the mist that blankets Avebury's stones — Wiltshire, England."

Beltane with Reclaiming

Time before the circle was cast
Maidens chatted, fixed their crowns
Beaus roamed, welcomed each friend
And told how the children have grown

Dogs in the grove sniffed about
Wanting to engage in the play
Poked too far into small knapsacks
Ate the food tightly tucked away

Then the action slowly ceased
A slight hush passed around
The time had come to begin
To plant ourselves within deep ground

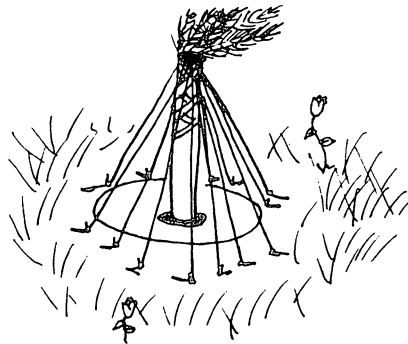
Once we rooted with the earth
Circle was cast with sacred knife
Guards of elements called to join
To protect us from all outer strife

The Lord and Lady were invoked
An egg shield hovered overhead
Sealing us with tender care
While we stood on grassy bed

A cauldron was lit, fire danced
Time to rid those closet ghosts
Couples jumped to purge their soul
Hoping their clothes wouldn't roast

The smiles came with each leap
Fire did burn dead wood away
People laughed, jiggled their bods
To the sounds musicians played

And then a second phase arrived
All moved right to Ribbon Pole
Fertility and growth, want to create
Warm tall rod in earthen bowl



We picked a strand, held it tight
Weaved our spell for new birth
Honored the potent, makers of life
Gave our blessings for ample earth

And when we danced to ribbons' end
Sighs and moans were expelled
Energy cone whorled up and out
Hearts, minds, hands did fondly meld

No one spoke but felt that peace
(That only comes with rites well done)
Until a hail/farewell was made;
Then we parted under setting sun.

"A Merry May!" "Merry May!"
Echoed beyond each bush and tree,
I hear it now as I write this ode
To merit fine Beltane memory.

By Sabrina
May 5, 1997
Copyright 1997.

Untitled

Green man, father, nurturer
Technician, he who makes manifest
I have a feeling you get diddled a lot
— Old Haephestos, limping around,
making stuff for other Olympians
while his ol' lady cheats on him
And everyone knows it.

Who's this man with the cauldron?
"The Dagda" Glenn said.

Red man, green lady
fertile pair
preoccupied with creation
outer & inner

Red man
neither young hustler nor *alte kaker*
Yr just minding the store
takin' care of the garden
fixing the plumbing
showing a child the best way
to hammer a nail
Nurturing male father

By Judy Foster

Phases of the Moon Haiku

The Moon rises amber from black Atlantic waters
-Her fire in my heart-

The Moon shines quicksilver amid the starry sky
-Her tears of bright joy-

The Moon sinks nacre in jet Pacific waters
-Her kiss on my brow-

The Moon, unseen, mutable, haunts the baleful night
-Her curse shatters lives-

The first poem of this series was inspired by a Winter visit to Atlantic City, New Jersey, where I did watch the amber moon rise from the Atlantic. The rest washed over me sometime later. Poetic craft, like the Moon, has its tides, cresting and ebbing, slack and surging.

By The Pitch Black Witch
of the Poison Glen © 1996



Elements of Magic

with Tami & Minerva

Wednesdays, Sept 10 - Oct 15

With the art of Magic, we deepen our vision and focus our will, empowering ourselves to act in the world. We begin the practice of Magic by working with the Elements: Earth, Air, Fire, Water & Spirit.

Techniques include: visualization, sensing and projecting energy, chanting, trance, creating magical space, spellcraft, and structuring rituals. Group follows feminist process.

Prerequisite: Read the first six chapters of *The Spiral Dance* by Starhawk. Be committed to attending all six classes.

\$150-\$75 sliding scale. For information or to register, call 415-256-1766.

Tarot for Beginners

An introductory class
taught by Margaret and Mariah

Six Wednesday evenings beginning Sept 24

We will study the cards using Rachel Pollack's "78 Keys of Wisdom" and learn some simple readings to use at home.

Six Wednesday evenings in San Francisco. Starting September 24th. Location TBA. \$75- \$150 sliding scale. Contact Margaret at 415-885-0775 if interested.



The Healing Tarot

Sunday, June 29, 12-5p.m.

Learn to use the tarot, the pendulum, and the runes to receive counsel for yourself and others. Learn to interpret tarot cards by doing. This is definitely a hands-on class. Bring your favorite deck or use one of ours.

In Mill Valley/Marin County. \$75-\$45 sliding scale. Call for registration and info, 415-331-WAND.

Elements of Magic

Monday eves, Sept 22 - Oct 27

With the art of Magic, we deepen our vision and focus our will, empowering ourselves to act in the world. We begin the practice of Magic by working with the Elements: Earth, Air, Fire, Water & Spirit.

Six Mondays from 7:30-10 p.m., Mill Valley/Marin County. \$150-\$75 sliding scale. Call for registration, 707-865-WAND.

Power & Mystery

Monday eves, Nov 10 - Dec 15

"When you hear the call from the land below, it sounds both strange and familiar..." Descend with Inanna. This class is based on Starhawk's book *Truth or Dare*. Prerequisite: Elements of Magic.

Six Mondays from 7:30-10 p.m., Mill Valley/Marin County. \$150-\$75 sliding scale. Call for registration, 707-865-WAND.

Six Month Magical Apprenticeship September 1997-February 1998

Beverly Frederick, drawing on years of magical study and practice with Starhawk and the Reclaiming Community as well as daily yoga and meditation practice, is offering a Magical Apprenticeship beginning September 1997.

Participants will learn and practice Herbalism and Medicine Making; Yoga, Movement & Stillness; Deep Meditative States; Anchoring & Aspecting; Rhythmic Entrainment Possibilities; Energy work to clarify blocks & boundaries; Dialogues with inflated & deflated Selves; Trust Games to contact Younger Self; Divination; En-chant-ment.

The group will meet 10 a.m.-5 p.m. one Saturday of each month: Sept 20, Oct 18, Nov 15, Dec 13, Jan 10 and Feb 7. Participants will also meet in threes and fours during the month, at our homes, to keep our practices fresh and alive within a community context.

To begin this journey, you should be able to ground, create sacred space and invoke with relative comfort, go into trance states and return, and have an understanding of your personal energy and boundaries, either through the Iron Pentacle, the Chakra centers or some other definable process.

If you are ready, send a letter of intent, up to three typed pages, describing your present gifts, present challenges and current magical practice. Sliding scale \$360-\$600. Group size is limited, so reservation by full payment requested.

Send registration payments and letters of intent to: Beverly Frederick, P.O. Box 298, Monte Rio CA 95462. Call 707-865-WAND for further information.

Reclaiming recommends:

Intuitive Practice through the Body

Taught by Cybele (aka Suzette Rochat)

Saturday August 2 OR Saturday August 9

Day-Long Workshop in San Francisco
for beginning and continuing students

We will work with dropped and open attention as a sensate intuition practice, incorporating our senses as channels for impressions and information. We will include both internal senses: as in what we "visualize" and external senses: as in what we "see." About half of this workshop will be outside. 10:30-6:30, potluck lunch. \$45-65 s/s. Call Cybele at (415) 541-5650 for exact date (!), info, registration.

Cybele's ongoing San Francisco morning **Intuitive Practice through the Body** Class will resume in late September.

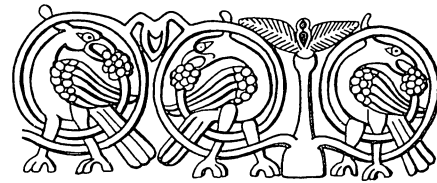
Reclaiming recommends:

Breath & Body Work for Women Survivors of Incest & Abuse

With Cybele (aka Suzette Rochat)

In Santa Rosa

Ongoing monthly group beginning in late September, one Saturday or Sunday per month. Bodily-focused healing group for survivors, including movement, meditation, intuitive practices, writing, sharing, work with Younger Self, drawing, and trance work. Will initially require a three-month commitment. Call Cybele at 707-525-4992 or 415-541-5650 for information/to schedule an intake interview.



So Many God/desses, So Little Time...

Exploring Pagan Deity Yoga

Inspired by the Deity of the Month Club originally created
by the late Kalyn Smith Tranquil'son

Drawing on the wealth of experience in relating to deities found in the Pagan community, this workshop is an opportunity to explore those relationships in depth. Co-led by a priestess or priest who has a deep personal connection with the Deity, we will gather for two sessions on Saturday evenings within a single month. The first session will introduce us to the Deity, Her/His background and place in history, brought to life by the experience of Her/His priest/ess. We will learn a practice, such as a ritual or meditation, to work with in the intervening two weeks until we meet again to share our experiences and partake of a more intensive ritual of the Deity that draws upon the practice we have been working on. Beginning in April, nine total cycles of two sessions each are planned. While commitment to the process is required, attendance of all cycles is not.

The (Current) Guest List and announced dates:

Brigit — TBA
Aphrodite — TBA
Hermes — Sam Webster
Hekate — TBA
Odin — Diana L. Paxson — 9/13 & 9/27, 7 p.m.
Kali — TBA
Ishtar — Tara Webster
The Morrigan — Barbara Glass — 7/12 & 7/26, 7 p.m.
Contemporary Urban Deities — M.A.B.

This workshop is open to developed Pagan practitioners, but not beginners. You must be able to cast a circle and invoke deities. Class size is limited to 13. Fees: \$60-\$120 per pair of sessions, sliding scale. The workshops will be held in the Richmond hills at Arkadia. Directions to be furnished with registration. For further information and to apply to attend, contact Sam Webster at 510-232-2569 or swebster@lbl.gov.

Facilitators:

Sam Webster, M.Div., Mage, an Adept of the Golden Dawn and the Chthonic-Ouranian OTO, as well as an initiate of Wiccan, Buddhist and Hindu lines. He co-directs Crescent Ritual Works, a center for the development of Pagan ritual and culture, and functions principally as a priest of Hermes.

M. Macha NightMare, a Reclaiming Priestess and Witch, has studied Witchcraft with NROOGD, Reclaiming and others. She has been active in local and national CoG (Covenant of the Goddess); and most recently collaborated-edited-designed Crossing Over: A Pagan Manual on Death and Dying. She can sometimes be seen black-winged, viewing the scene for a distance. Her matron is Kali Ma.

A Crescent Ritual Works/Hoodie Crow Production

Reclaiming recommends:

RHYTHM LABORATORY

Witchcamp rhythm teacher extraordinaire Jeffree Alphonsus Mooney will be hosting a weekly Rhythm Laboratory using body, voice, and percussion. Begins late summer in San Francisco — call 415-346-3900 for location and info.



A New Witch Dreams Her Name

[Firecat had never heard of Paganism or Wicca, or been involved in any kind of spiritual practice, until she was invited by another prisoner to come to the circle in prison. Since writing this letter, she has been paroled from prison and entered the program at Delancey Street where she will be for two years. She is not allowed to communicate with anyone for the first few months of the program, which has a reputation for being very tough; but those who make it through the program usually turn their lives around and do not return to prison. If this letter touches you, why not send Firecat some good, empowering energy to help her hang in there. Her favorite chant is: "She changes everything She touches."]

Dear Circle Sisters,

My name is Firecat and I'm incarcerated at N.C.W.F. state prison. Although I parole 3-29-97. I would like to share with all of you how I came upon my name! It's so cool. I had this dream and this is how it came:

I was up in the mountains with Vibra, Starhawk and Jan Dance. I was sitting upon a very large rock, and Vibra and the others were on another rock. I asked Vibra what a good name for me would be. She told me, "Huera, I cannot answer that. You'll have to choose a name for yourself!" So I lay down on the rock.

I was thinking to myself how much I loved cats, then all of a sudden out of the blue I saw a black panther far off into the distance. I didn't think much of it at first, then I was looking up into my Mother's Sky when I saw a cloud in the shape of a Flame. It was the only cloud in the sky. Then it dawned on me — Firecat.

I said this name to myself in my mind silently, as I looked over to Vibra and saw that Vibra, Starhawk and Jan were all holding hands looking at me. Then it was like Vibra knew what I was thinking. Before I even said a word, Vibra shook her head, yesssss. It was more like a nod. Then I said out loud, "Firecat." Then I looked up into the blue sky and it was clear, no clouds, nothing.

I shouted, "Firecat!" as loud as I could. The name should have sounded awkward, but it didn't. I climbed down from the rock and followed Vibra down this path that opened into a big clearing. There were a lot of people standing in a circle with all these stones going around like a spiral. Vibra then took my hand and led me to the middle. It was only Vibra and I standing there.

There was a piece of string coming up out of Mother

Earth. She told me to climb the piece of string. I looked at Vibra like she was crazy and said, "Vibra, I am not going to climb that piece of string. Girl, you're crazy."

Vibra said, "Firecat, you must climb it. Now go climb the string, Child." So I took a deep breath and I approached the string. As I was getting ready to climb I could hear the others chanting a song, so I climbed the string hand over hand and it was easy.

Next thing I know I was sitting on top of the string looking down at everybody. I had a small Yule stick in my hand and there was string coming out everywhere. Everybody that was standing in the circle had a hold of a piece of string that was coming out of my stick. Then I heard these drums start to play and everybody's feet fell into a beat and they started dancing around and around, like a spiral dance, they were making a pattern with the string. Like a pattern, I let the beat take my spirit high in the sky. When I looked down upon the people there was a design in the string, three flames and a black panther kind of jumping over the flames. Then I awoke!

I think my dream is telling me that the gods chose this name for me. I love cats and my favorite color is red. I'm also an Arries and I'm a fire sign. I feel so much power within my name, I have changed since I had this dream. When I climbed the string it was like I felt Mother Earth's hand pushing me up into the sky. Each time I reached to pull myself up I felt a surge of power run through my body. I was reaching up into the sky for power and I felt like I

was on top of the world and like nobody could ever hurt me. All my bad energy ran down into the piece of string.

I see brighter and think more clearly; I see with open eyes now. I feel the dream was about a new change within myself that I have been searching for, for over 20 years. I know I have found it, because I can feel it, like a warm glow all over my body. That's what the fire represents, my brightest soul is the flame and the cat is because I'm strong-minded and see everything with a new attitude!

I hope to meet you all soon!

Blessed Be,

Firecat

**Get Involved in Reclaiming's
Prison Work Cell —
See next page for details**

Thorn Coyle

Summer/Fall 1997 Schedule

July 20-27, Vancouver Witchcamp

August 9-16, Mid-Atlantic Witchcamp
— see page 21 for camp info

September — Toronto: Devotional Dance
Contact Dona Saunders, 64 Spruce Hill Rd. Toronto, Ontario, M4E 3G3

October — Kalamazoo, Michigan: Devotional Dance
Contact Carnell@wmich.edu

January — Portland/Vancouver BC: Sacred Dance with Sage Goode
Contact ravnglas@aracnet.com

Starhawk

Summer/Fall 1997 Schedule

Information: Harmony Network 707-823-9377

June - August: Witchcamps — CA, MO, VA, VT
See page 21 for camp info

September 19-21: Rowe, MA
Autumn Equinox Retreat for Women
Contact 413-339-4954

September 26-28: Bangor, PA
Weekend workshop for Women and Men
Contact: Kirkridge 610-588-1793

1998 — Goddess Sites Tour of Malta
Contact Harmony Network, 707-823-9377

Reclaiming's Prison Work Cell — How to Get Involved

The Northern California Women's Facility, a state prison near Stockton, has allowed Wiccan clergy to come into the prison twice a month to lead a circle and study group since December, 1995, and Vibra Willow has been going in since January, 1996. A prisoner requested this program when she challenged prison regulations forbidding her to keep altar objects and other religious materials. She was released in February, 1996, and successfully completed her parole in April, 1997.

Volunteers are needed in the prison work cell, which had its first meeting in early June. Cell members from anyplace in California can: (1) correspond with a prisoner; (2) act as a support person for carefully-selected women when they are released on parole, befriending them with carefully set boundaries. In addition, Bay Area volunteers can: (1) go into the prison to do ritual with the women on an occasional basis; (2) go into the prison once a month for six months.

Donations of money to provide literature, tapes, videos, and ritual supplies for the prison circle, and books of shadows for the prisoners, are welcome and may be sent to: Vibra Willow, c/o Reclaiming, P.O. Box 14404, San Francisco, CA 94114. Checks should be made out to Reclaiming and earmarked "prison work."

[See related story on preceding page.]



The Spiral Dance needs volunteers!

Join us for our Samhain ritual, Saturday, October 25 at Herbst Pavilion, Fort Mason, San Francisco. Volunteers are needed to help with this ritual. Help with set-up, clean-up, and all points between. For more information, call the Reclaiming Events Line in late summer, 415-929-9249.



British Columbia Sundays with Stone Soup

The Stone Soup Collective is a teaching collective made up of Aurora, Catherine and Sophia. For five years, we've been offering ongoing classes and workshops in eco-feminist witchcraft in the Reclaiming Tradition. This summer and fall we are offering a wide variety of evening and full-day classes. For more information, contact Aurora at 250-361-4680 (calls will be returned collect).

CALIFORNIA WITCHCAMP SCHOLARSHIP FUND

Your support this year has helped send low-income Witches to camp. We greatly appreciate the many kind donations, and thank all of you who have bought T-shirts, raffle tickets or Chant books.

We especially want to thank **Rainbow Grocery & General Store** for their ongoing support. Rainbow has repeatedly responded to our requests for material aid with generous donations of food and supplies. And Rainbow carries the all-new Reclaiming Newsletter! Pick up an extra copy at Rainbow General Store, 1745 Folsom @ 13th St., San Francisco.

And thanks to Rio Caliente for the generous contribution of our top raffle prize, a vacation for two at the Rio Caliente Spa in Guadalajara, Mexico. Lucky winners get a 7-day stay complete with organic vegetarian meals and a free massage. For more info on Rio Caliente, contact Restorative Vacations, 415-615-9543.

Chants Books & T-Shirts

Witchcamp Chant Books are available (now in 2nd printing!). Features 100 chants from Reclaiming camps and rituals. Here's a perfect way to jog your memory on a favorite chant or song, or to get all the words for one you almost know. Send \$6ppd to Reclaiming, attn: George Franklin, Box 14404, San Francisco CA 94114 (make checks payable to Reclaiming/WCSF).

A small number of Witchcamp T-Shirts are still available (limited edition of Laura Kemp's artwork). Send \$14-24 sliding scale to Reclaiming, attn: Heather, P.O. Box 14404, San Francisco CA 94114 (make checks payable to Reclaiming/WCSF).

Donations to the scholarship funds are welcome anytime. Donations made after July 1, 1997 will be applied to the 1998 fund. Send any amount to the above-listed P.O. Box and specify that it go to scholarship funds.

Again, many thanks for everyone's support!

ReWeaving Events in Los Angeles Area

ReWeaving is a group of women and men in Southern California working together to teach and make magic: the art of empowering ourselves and each other. Our classes, workshops and public rituals are presented in the Reclaiming tradition. Dates for summer and fall rituals are:

June 21 — Summer Solstice
August 2 — Lammas
September 20 — Fall Equinox

Rituals are clean and sober, no drugs or alcohol please.

Classes and workshops are being scheduled for coming months as well. For more information, contact Ilyana MoonFire 818-368-5215, email: lunafire@ix.netcom.com.

Join the ReWeaving Mailing List!

Get the latest announcements about ReWeaving classes and events plus other local and worldwide events. Discussions of pagan-related topics are also encouraged. To subscribe: Send e-mail to: reweaving-request@renaissoft.com with "subscribe" as the subject and a single space in the body of the text.

Reclaiming recommends:

Drumming with Mary Ellen Donald intro-level classes in Middle Eastern Drumming beginning in June

Mary Ellen Donald, who has taught dumbek and other Middle Eastern percussion to many people from the Reclaiming community and who has been the featured drummer at many Spiral Dances and on Reclaiming tapes, will be teaching two classes starting in June:

- Beginning dumbek
- Beginning finger cymbals

Mary Ellen teaches private lessons and group classes from her home in San Francisco. Contact her at 415-826-DRUM (826-3786).

Reclaiming Community Meetings

Meetings from 3-5 p.m. in the Audre Lord room of the Women's Building, 18th Street between Valencia & Guerrero in San Francisco.

Sunday September 7 • Sunday December 7

Potluck "Coffeehouse" Brings Reclaiming Folks Together

The sounds of classical guitar... songs about revolution, songs for the Goddess, songs about composting... elemental poetry invoking air, fire, water and earth.... a rap song about life in the city.... fortune-telling by the youngest person at the event....

And desserts....
Lots of desserts....
Count on Reclaiming to be well-stocked in the all-important sugar department....

It was the first-ever Community Potluck & Talent Café. No one, including the organizers, knew quite what to expect. Would people show up? Would anyone want to perform? Would there be enough food???



Yes to all of the above. Several dozen Reclaiming types gathered on Friday, April 18th for the coffeehouse-like gathering at a soup kitchen in the Mission District of San Francisco. It was a mix of Reclaiming veterans and new folks. There was time over dinner to get acquainted, an hour of heartfelt performances, and more socializing and a sing-along to round out the evening.

And yes, there was plenty of food — in fact, not everyone brought dessert! Some people even prepared special vegetarian recipes just for the occasion. Creativity took many forms.

Ongoing event?

The next Community Potluck is scheduled for Friday, July 25th, at 225 Portrero, San Francisco, 6:30-9:00 p.m. or so. See announcement on this page for more details.

Will the Potluck become a regular event? That's up to you. The thought is, we see each other at rituals, workshops or camp, but there is seldom enough time to really hang out and socialize. And spending "down-time" together is an important part of building community.

So if you want to spend more time with the folks you do magic with, join us at the next Potluck. Invite a friend. Bring a song or a poem to share. See you in July!

Reclaiming Community Potluck Dinner & Talent Cafe

Friday, July 25, 1997, 6:30-9ish

225 Portrero Avenue, San Francisco

Come hang out with newly made friends from Witchcamp or just catch up with longtime community buddies at reclaiming's second community potluck dinner and talent café.

Please bring snacks, main/side dishes (preferably vegetarian), desserts or drinks enough for 5-6 people (or more if you are feeling generous!).

If you have any questions or would like a time slot of up to ten minutes to share your performance, please call Chris Rubacky at 415-241-9656. See you there!

Summer Workshops with Mary K. Greer (author of *Tarot For Your Self and Women of the Golden Dawn*), and Ed Bury (creator of the *William Blake Tarot*) at their home in the Sierra Nevada foothills

Tarot: Tools for Conscious Living — August 15-17

Tarot symbols mirror the eternal truths of Soul underlying our actions. Discover focus and healing in using Tarot for intentional self-awareness. Experience life as metaphor. Learn the inner meaning of events for yourself, friends, and clients. For all levels. Cost: \$130; optional bed & board \$100.

Accessing Imagination with Tarot — August 18-19

An exploration into the mystical vision of William Blake as a tool for expanding our imaginations and deepening our spiritual perspectives. Using focused discussion, creative play, and the William Blake Tarot of the Creative Imagination, we will adventure into the realms of symbolism and spirituality. No knowledge of Blake or Tarot required. Cost: \$110; optional bed & board \$100.

New Age Writing & Publishing — August 22-24

A total overview of writing and selling a book, deck, or other publishing project. Clarify your purpose, map your content, explore research and writing tools, identify your ideal publishers, prepare a proposal, learn to deal with agents and publishers, and negotiate your contract. Read your work at our Saturday Night at the Playhouse. Cost: \$130; optional bed & board \$100.

New 1997 TAROT Newsletter: 28 pages, \$3 each, or \$10 for 4-issue subscription. Contact P.O. Box 720, Nevada City CA 95959, tel/fax 916-265-3179, <tarot@nccn.net>. Visit our TAROT page at <<http://www.nccn.net/~tarot/blake.html>>

Ed Bury is also author of *Vagabonding in the USA*, *Vagabonding in Europe & No. Africa* — <vagabond@nccn.net>

Walking to Mercury

Starhawk's new novel

Reviewed by Mary K. Greer

"What I see is the one thing I most truly know: that when you are present in the world, everything comes alive to meet you. Sleepers awaken; the dead revive."

So discovers Maya Greenwood, a woman of "30-something" years on a hike through Nepal, taking a break from her heavy teaching and writing schedule as a neo-pagan ritualist and spiritual teacher. Starhawk's readers will have encountered Maya Greenwood before, as the venerable 98-year-old elder and wisewoman in her first, utopian novel of the future, *The Fifth Sacred Thing*.

Maya is on a quest to regain her vision, and to lay the ghosts of her past to rest in the arms of the Goddess Mother of the World, Mt. Sagarmatha. In her backpack she carries the ashes of her mother to her younger sister Debbie, a doctor to the Sherpas, so that together they can release their mother to the mountain. On her back Maya also carries pages from the journal of her lifelong friend and lover, Joanna, an African American psychologist, and old letters written by Rio, the revolutionary boyfriend of her youth who has spent the last fifteen years in prison.

Oh yes, Maya thought, that's what I need, to not know where I'm going, to wander in the wilderness without a route and a schedule and a set destination.

"Are you traveling alone?"

"Yes"

Once I was like you, Maya wanted to say. Young and alone and free. Look at me, I want you to know me, know how alike we are, how I belong with you.

Instead she said, "aren't you afraid?"

Instantly, she could have kicked herself. The girl just smiled. "I like traveling alone," she said and walked on.

How could I ask her that? Me, Maya Greenwood, author of *From the Mountain*? Me, who's been asked over and over and over again, "Aren't you afraid?" What was I thinking of? What's wrong with me?

Afraid! I'm the one who was afraid—afraid to find my sister without a guide or to be too dependent on her uncertain welcome.

Reviewer Mary K. Greer is the author of a biography, *Women of the Golden Dawn: Rebels and Priestesses*, *The Essence of Magic*, and three other books on the Tarot. She edited Ed Buryn's tarot deck/book: *The William Blake Tarot of the Creative Imagination* (Thorsons, 1995), and leads August residential workshops in Tarot, and in New Age Writing and Publishing. See page 29 for more information and web site.

Afraid to struggle up these mountains with a thirty pound pack on my back. And just well off enough to be able to afford to let someone else carry it for me.

But Debbie fails to meet Maya in village after village, and Maya despairs over the loss of the voice of the Eternals who have guided her for many years. When her overweight body strains under the rigor of each day's climb and is racked by a bronchial cough, she falls back on her past, reading Joanna's high school journal and remembering ... Remembering 1967 when they took acid together, discovering a world of truth and beauty while meeting soul-to-soul on the locker-room floor.

What makes Maya different from most of us is that she holds to this early vision of perfection, refusing to compromise. To the outer world she becomes a fuck-up: dropping out of school, leaving her family, living with an idealistic political activist who falls into family patterns of alcoholism, abuse, and betrayal. Unawakened as a feminist, she cooks and cleans for her housemates, and makes money on the streets of Berkeley reading tarot cards.

She stood by the side of the road. The wind blew her hair back and it whipped around her face, smelling of the ocean just across the road. The white line of the highway seemed to stretch out to infinity, calling her to possibilities she could barely imagine. The sunlight slanted down in the gold of late afternoon. Far away she could see it reflected on the water. For one sharp moment, she wished desperately for Johanna, or somebody to savor this moment with her. She was absolutely alone. But she was free.

Freedom was what she'd wanted. She settled in to savor the intoxication of liberty. She could follow any line she wished. She could give herself to the road and let the road sweep her away.

Inner Planes

Her real education and development takes place on the inner planes, resulting in a loyalty to and belief in the occasional all-consuming experience of the voice of the spirit of Nature—of wind and water and earth and air—revealing to her something purer than what culture and society can offer. From a season alone on a Sierra mountaintop, she learns that humans can live on this planet in a right and enduring relationship to the elements and seasons, but she has yet to learn how to live like this with other humans. For she faces the paradox of what it means when loyalty requires betrayal, and her personal past threatens to destroy her future.

On a day lost in time, when the sun shone but the bite of a cold winter had already crept into the night wind, and the rainstorms of summer had already begun to threaten snow, she lay on a granite boulder, sunning herself like a lizard or a cat, enjoying the fleeting warmth. In a moment she would begin her daily round. Follow the shore of the lake and climb the granite ledge on the opposite side, to stand with her face buried in the bark of the lone pine that stood atop the rocks. The bark was rough and scented like pineapple, and whenever she breathed the aromatic scent, she felt as if she were breathing the scent of a lover. The land became an erotic presence that awoke each day to reach out and enfold her. The trees, the streams, the boulders, all were alive, reaching and calling to her, asking for her to be their witness, to perceive them as they changed in the changing light, to admire and praise and adore them.

In Nepal, it is the voice of Nature for which she searches, while what she hears are the voices of her past, and what she sees in the words of the people she has loved most is herself, laid bare. Yet, even as her body rebels at the strain of the climb, she discovers how important it is to "get out of your own way so you can see and feel and touch what is."

As Percival learned in his search for the Grail, and all good diviners and oracles know, so Maya discovers, "you always have to ask the right question in order to get an answer." In order to move on, you must first recognize the question, and then do that which is hardest. And so Maya descends from the mountain in Nepal to meet her fate in the desert of Nevada.

For those who grew up during the 60s, Maya's is a parallel world of bittersweet choices taken and not taken. If you were too young then, or not yet born, it is a window into the world of flower children spreading tarot cards on street corners, planting gardens in Berkeley's People's Park, or raising placards and voices against the anguish of Vietnam.

"And then life intervenes," Lonnie said. "That's the sensible way to look at it. I look at Jan, and the sensible me says, 'enjoy it honey, but don't take it seriously. Anyway, if you moved down to New Mexico, you'd end up just another happy, dull couple, keeping cats and making your visitors look at all your slides from Nepal.' But the insensible me wonders sometimes. Why should my life be set in stone at thirty-four? If passion is holy, shouldn't it be worth

throwing everything over?"

"I've done that," Maya said, "... been there, got the T-shirt."

"And? What does the T-shirt say?"

"It says: 'I leapt recklessly into the abyss, and now I lead guided tours to the gates of hell, for a percentage.'"

"That sounds awfully cynical."

"I'm only cynical about myself." The clouds were definitely shifting now, letting a low ray of sun sneak through to illuminate the mist with a golden glow. "I believe in what I'm teaching and doing. It's just that I started out with a life-shaking vision and ended up with a career." Maya fell silent. That's more than I ever intended to say to Lonnie, she thought. Possibly more than I ever intended to admit to myself.

"I don't think I've ever had a vision," Lonnie said. "I'm an attorney, not a visionary sort of gal."

"That's probably not true." Maya spoke sharply. "And if it is be thankful. A vision is a pain in the ass. It's something you have to serve for the rest of your life."

Engrossing & Inspiring

Where does Starhawk end and Maya Greenwood begin? It hardly matters, for this is an autobiography of the soul, and souls cross all space/time boundaries. It is the biography of generations of seekers, of those who climb the mountains of their own pasts, and cross the deserts separating individuals, whose wounds and failure become the bones and stones of an earth that endures, and whose pain is given meaning, ultimately, only through meeting—in love—with others.

This is an engrossing and inspiring story. It also carries a potential healing for those whose secrets surface in the telling, who carry ashes on their backs, who are seeking the question that will reveal their truth, and the meaning of their own journey. It is a book for witches, for revolutionaries of the spirit, for political activists, and for all those who love them. It is a novel you will remember.

Maybe every mountain, every desert, was once somebody's mother, somebody's bones. And to walk their steep slopes, to trudge across the dry plain to Mercury, was to step upon the shards of body upon body, crying out in their spirit voices, always calling us to awaken to their broken, enduring love.

Walking to Mercury, by Starhawk, is available from Bantam Books, New York, for \$23.95.

The Medieval Background of the Healing Arts

by George Franklin

A key aspect of the Wicca tradition is the link between spiritual work and the healing arts. Many who practice the craft are healers, often working outside of mainstream medical orthodoxy.

These alternative practices are often built on older traditions. One source of such knowledge is the medicine of the European High Middle Ages (approximately 1100-1500 A.D.). Often dismissed as a wasteland separating the ancient Greeks and Romans from the modern Renaissance, the Middle Ages were in fact an incredibly rich era. Much of our spiritual and cultural heritage has its roots in these times.

But modern science holds this tradition in contempt. Nowhere is the scorn harsher than around medicine, a field carefully (and profitably) controlled by an institutionally-educated elite. Most western doctors steadily debunk

alternative treatments that threaten the official monopoly on healthcare.

Since the 1960s, however, certain

alternatives have won grudging acceptance. Radical counseling techniques, massage, and acupuncture have all gained at least limited recognition as valid practices.

Far more difficult has been the work of reclaiming our Medieval heritage in the healing arts. So ingrained is the official view of health care that even today herbal remedies are dismissed as "magical potions" and are in danger of being banned by the federal government. And any mention of "alchemy" is likely to be greeted with derisive laughter.

Yet we can learn from our Medieval ancestors. Their conception of health as an internal balance, outlined below, has much in common with modern ecological thinking, and might ultimately change the way we view and treat the human body in as profound a way as ecology has changed our perception of and relation to the external environment.

Healing in the High Middle Ages

In the High Middle Ages, the most common academic view of the human body and its health held that disease was not an "attack" from outside, but an internal imbalance of the "vital humors." This view followed older Greek, Roman, and Moslem traditions. Since the "humors" were thought of as organic components of the body, medicines of the time were primarily organic, and aimed at restoring balance.

Modern histories often make light of such "medicines," citing such things as spiders, wood lice, or cocks' combs among the

Medieval pharmacopoeia. But in the hands of experienced practitioners, organic treatment was a tried and often true method. Skilled use of herbs, tree barks, lichens, roots, and other living substances provided the surest medical treatment of the age. Healing properties of foxglove, willow bark, mint, aloe, lavender, and dill, all confirmed by modern research, were well-known in the Middle Ages.

The administering of organic cures was often accompanied by ritual practices. This interweaving of the

material cure with spiritual and psychological treatment has contributed to our notion of the "incantations" and "spells" associated with witchcraft. Holistic health care was at the core of Medieval practice.

Medieval medicine was community-based. Healers were integral members of their town or village, not an isolated caste practicing medicine for profit. When payment was involved, it was often in the form of barter.

Healing work was often in the hands of women. From peasant villages to princely castles, women were primary caregivers, and were honored as such. Knowledge of practical organic medicine was as important a role for women as midwifery.

Lack of written records prevent our knowing how closely such hands-on healers subscribed to the academic views of health described above. However, it seems clear from the range of their medicines that the human body was seen as intimately connected to the rest of nature.

Change in the Later Middle Ages

Change came from two directions. The first was institutional. As urban society developed in the later Middle Ages, academic, civic and religious authorities (who overlapped to a great extent) began to regulate many traditional crafts. Allied as these institutions were with the male-dominated church hierarchy, it is hardly surprising that women were gradually excluded from training programs and from guild membership. (In the early modern era, such exclusion took on a far more violent tone, culminating in the execution of many traditional healers in the witchcraft persecutions of the 16th and 17th centuries.)



Disease was not an attack
from the outside, but an
internal imbalance...



A second source of change was a fundamental shift in the view of the human body. Many aspects of early modern thought (c. 1500-1800 A.D.) contributed to chemical and mechanical explanations superceding older organic views of the body. Early "machines" such as clocks and windmills exercised a fascination over many academic thinkers, helping mechanical paradigms replace the ecological model of nature and the body.

As these more intellectual views gained favor, the expectation grew that "physicians" would be academically trained and certified, further reinforcing the tendency for male-dominated hierarchies to assert control over the healing arts.

At the same time, older views persisted among "uneducated" peasants and journeymen-laborers — elements of European society who were being expropriated from land and craft in these very centuries. Organic views of nature often became associated with rebellious movements of the "lower" classes, giving the owning classes and their intellectual elite yet another reason to emphasize that matter was fundamentally dead — and therefore exploitable.

Modern centuries also saw a shift from "homeopathic" or "naturopathic" orientations to an "allopathic" approach. In the former viewpoint, whole-system oriented treatments are based on working with the body's own processes. Treatments are often similar to the malady. The allopathic model views disease as an attack on the body, and treatments are in opposition to the malady. The alternative orientations are associated with differing sets of values, and the shift toward an allopathic model parallels a general societal evolution toward more competitive, capitalistic values.

Paracelsus & Alchemy

The practice of alchemy has a complex relationship to this change in the view of the human body. Alchemy, like herbal healing, has suffered from the



Thanks for feedback and critique to Lann Wilder, David Kubrin, Dara Thompson, Steve Nadel, & Martha Matsuda.

ridicule of later generations. Yet in its time it contributed to the progress of medicine, and in our day alchemy is again being studied for its deeper suggestions about the nature of reality.



A medieval apothecary's shop, from a Spanish manuscript

Paracelsus (c.1493-1541) was a Swiss physician who worked in a tradition which combined medicine and alchemy, laying the foundations of modern medical chemistry. The alchemical tradition held that all material substances were alive, and that even metals "grew" within the earth. Paracelsus emphasized that if all material reality is alive, then humans, as living beings, are connected to and can grasp the deepest workings of nature.

The task of the alchemist was to speed up material processes, or to alter them to serve human ends. For Paracelsus, alchemy included all human work which transmuted nature. "An alchemist too is the baker who bakes bread and the vintner who makes wine."

Paracelsus still subscribed to the "imbalance" explanation of illnesses. His novel contribution was to discard the "vital humors" explanation in favor of the theory that the human body is a chemical system. The components he cited were three: sulphur, mercury, and salt. Working from this alchemical

theory of the body, he postulated that mineral-based medicines might be as useful as the older organic treatments in restoring the natural balance, an insight borne out by modern research.

Thus, Paracelsus and other alchemists lent their prestige to more "chemical" models of the body, and actually broadened the medieval pharmacopoeia in the direction of minerals, which are today held to be non-living substances. Yet Paracelsus' deepest belief was that these "inorganic" materials were inextricably linked to living matter. That any part of

nature is "dead" contradicts alchemy's fundamental outlook.

An External & Internal Balance

A common thread of our Medieval heritage (and of many non-Western cultures) is the view that all the world is alive. The human body is inseparably bound to all of "creation," existing in a balance with nature.

Such a view has both conservative and progressive implications. Conservative thinkers (who dominated the official institutions) drew the conclusion that human society also existed in a balance, and that any attempts to "rock the boat" must be harshly suppressed. The preponderance of this view in official circles still colors our view of the Middle Ages as a static era, devoid of innovation.

Progressive thinkers existed throughout the period, however. Dissidents such as Francis of Assisi,

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Faery Dust Gets in Your Eyes

by Doug Orton

Once upon a time between magic and the Magi hid the I. And this eye imagined the image of imagination and time was not. This place was the dream work that scientists like to call the parallel universe. Grandpa's friends called this place the ethereal world or the inner plane, but Grandma knew it as Faery land. To play make believe is to put the magic back into the imagination which opens the elemental doorway to the personality of Faery.

In our dreams we experience lucid dreaming where we are aware we are dreaming and so in turn interact with our cast players with more control and intensity. These cast players who shift their shape at their own will as well as to our conscious (but much more likely unconscious) will are Faeries. And they like to play. Hide and seek, charades, you name it. And if we project fear, will the shining ones wink to each other, "As you will, so must it be," and the nightmare begins. But to be sure it is a flow of mutual wills and the path of least resistance still does apply in a dreamscape of mutual creation. If we choose unconsciously the little people, fine. If we choose the shining ones, fine. If we choose the psychoactive other, fine. And if our terror and chief focus lies in the stars of time travel crafts and sterile alien abductors, so mote it be. In dreamtime all of the above can visit us and anything else our mutual imaginations (the Faeries and us) can create together on that astral plane, the astral world that is the Faeries home. And like this world (as above, so below) they got nothing against you, they got nothing for you. Within both realms there are friends and foes and voyeurs just watching the show. When we dream we project into the astral and so astral project. How lucid the event is would determine what past years described as an out of body experience. In daydreams the same applies and so the depth of trance is measured by the lucid involvement of our daydream. When we talk about fluid thought, how fluid are we talking about? And how is thought perceived from a different perspective from that of Faery? It's time to reclaim weird 'cause its the wyrd-o's who find enchantment.

Myths, fables, and working of Faery Folk are worldwide. The Miwok even have an oral tradition about little people on Mount Tamalpais, along with the rock giants, of course. There are water faeries, earth faeries, air faeries, fire faeries. Thus they

await in the rivers, the rocks, the trees. From the inner depth of the Earth to the inner depth of the Stars. So they can be called collectively in an elemental sense, but believe them, individual personality is assured. As we are a collective people with certain mutual tendencies, but at the same time retaining our individual quirks of diversity, so it can be applied to Faery.

We can hear voices of truth. We can hear voices of deception. As our wise Willow witch once said: "good manners and common sense" go a long way in Faery. You can't be chased if you don't run, but you don't have to confront every Faery you meet either. As we respect nature and pay heed to the beauty, the strength, and the intention of the mountain lion, so we should pay heed in any world.

And as to the entrance to Faery? We have to spin to their resonance, and in our work that means slow down. Probably the hardest thing for a workaholic witch activist to do, let alone anyone who follows the industrialist beat of 9-5. The key to this secret garden is invisible, it was

sculpted by time. Faery asks the question: Do we have the time? "So when your heart's on fire, you must realize, Faery Dust gets in your eye."



Wonderin'

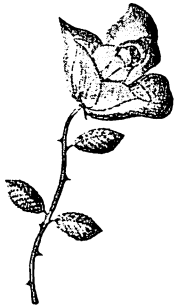
(to be read in the droll voice
of Henry Gibson of Laugh-In fame)

I've been wonderin'
Which witches wear watches?
And why is it the witches who won't wear watches
won't wear 'em?

And...
I've been wonderin'
Where we'd BE, if the witches WITH watches
One day wouldn't wear them?

Also...
I've wondered..
why the witches with watches (who wear them)
Like I...
are so woefully LATE
Anyway?

— By Julia Carol



Start Making Scents

by Oak

This is the Time of the Rose,
Blossom and Thorn,
Fragrance and Blood...

This has been said for years at Reclaiming tradition summer solstices. Just as autumn is the time of the apple, midsummer is the time of the rose. No other flower has so many symbolic meanings. No other flower is so strongly associated with the Goddess and her worship. The wild rose, the rose that predates the cultivated varieties with many petals has five petals, and like the apple blossom and the center of the apple, forms a natural pentacle. In China the rose was called the "Flower of the Goddess." In Rome, the rose was sacred to Venus and worn by her temple priestesses and sacred prostitutes. The rose has been associated so strongly with the Goddess that, in the appropriation of goddess imagery, the Virgin Mary was also known as the Holy Rose. The rose can symbolize purity, beauty, lushness, bliss, flame, love, sexuality, the vulva, the womb, blood, secrecy, silence, and wisdom. Gnostic scriptures say the rose sprung from the first drop of menstrual blood that Psyche shed after falling in love with Eros. It is also said to have sprung from blood Aphrodite shed after stepping on a thorn. Like the Goddess herself, rich and intoxicating, the rose evokes mystery and power.

According to fossil records, roses have been in existence for 32 million years. Persia is the birthplace of the cultivated rose. Of the 5,000 or more species we have today, two are primarily used in the making of rose essential oil. These two are the most fragrant of roses, the Damask Rose (*Rosa damascena*) and the Cabbage Rose (*Rosa Centifolia*). The Damask Rose is an ancient rose that is thought to be a hybrid of the so-called Apothecary Rose (*Rosa gallica*) and the Dog Rose (*Rosa canina*). The Apothecary Rose, a sweet deep-red rose, was used extensively in healing and the making of rose oil during the Middle Ages. It is mostly used today in the making of high-quality potpourris.

The Turks, big lovers of the rose, brought the rose oil industry to Bulgaria in the early 1600s.

There, outside the town of Kazdnalik, fields and fields of Damask roses give us the finest quality rose oil to be had on this planet. Imagine those fields and fields of roses in the midsummer sun! Workers go into those fields at dawn to pick the fragrant blossoms which are steam distilled as soon as possible. It takes over 60,000 freshly picked roses to produce one ounce of essential oil. This oil is known as rose attar or rose otto. One yellowish drop of it is the pure distilled essence of at least 30 roses. The fragrance is exquisite. This oil is considered to be a

powerful healer by aromatherapists and witches with any sense.

The Cabbage Rose is grown in Morocco, Turkey, and France and from these fields comes Rose absolute. This is a reddish-orange oil that is extracted by a method called enfleurage. This method uses solvents. Residues of the solvent may still remain in the oil, making it less pure. Because of this, aromatherapists and purists like myself, prefer rose attar.

Rose oil is truly a healing agent of the Goddess. It has been used since ancient times for all types of conditions. It has a soothing effect

on the emotions, particularly depression and grief. It lifts the heart and eases stress. It



... a few drops of rose oil
in a half-ounce of jojoba oil



is considered a tonic for the heart as it activates blood circulation. It is fantastic for all skin types and is thought to be a cellular regenerative. It reduces inflammation in about every skin disorder and also is useful in the treatment of broken capillaries. It relieves headaches and can be helpful in relieving nausea, vomiting, and constipation. It was a favorite cure of ancient Romans for hangovers. It is used by aromatherapists for balancing female hormones, regulating the menstrual cycle, easing PMS, reducing cramps, and menopausal symptoms. It can be helpful with sexual problems, such as impotence and the inability to orgasm. It is a tension and stress reducer as it releases the 'happy' hormone dopamine.

Obviously, this oil is invaluable in the working of magic. One drop of this oil goes far. I recommend suspending a few drops in 1/2 ounce of a carrier oil, like Jojoba. This then can be used for anointing candles, magical tools, yourself, and for

charging spells. Rose promotes healing of all kinds, harmonizes the chakras, expands the heart, elevates the senses, and symbolizes the Goddess in all her beauty. It is associated with air, earth, and Venus. It is healing for all of the chakras, especially the 1st and the 4th. It can be a powerful ally in preparing for ritual and magic, as it has the power to expand our auras and bring us into harmony and balance while remaining open. Any handfasting or act of love is best consummated with rose petals scattered on the bed.

Rose oil is one of the most prized of all essential oils, and also one the most expensive. I believe that it is the most worthwhile expensive oil you could buy. If you can buy one expensive oil, buy rose attar. If rose oil is beyond your economic reach, don't despair. The power of the rose is available to us all.

Rose water has been used for even longer than the oil for healing and magic. It is believed that rose attar was discovered

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The Tree of Life

By Gary M. Jaron

Let us begin at the beginning.

“In the beginning” there was only the Deity, no thing else. There was only the Divine energy, Divine presence. The Rabbis of the Kabbalah called this Divine by the name Ayn Sof. Which is Hebrew for: No Thing or No End: The infinite.

A finite mind such as the one we possess as humans can not contain a vision of the infinite. To make Itself comprehensible to the human mind Ayn Sof manifested itself in a new form. This was a special configuration called the Sefiroth, also known as the Tree of Life. This is the mystical body of the Deity and the mystical blue print of the Universe.

The Sefiroth is made from the Divine emanating downwards from out of Ayn Sof into ten Sefirahs. The first Sefirah is named Keter, Hebrew for Crown. The next are two parallel Sefirahs they are Hkochmah, Hebrew for Wisdom / Skill / Learning, and Binah, Hebrew for Understanding. Then come Two more parallel Sefirahs Hkesed, Hebrew for Love /

Kindness, and Din, Hebrew for Judgment¹. The next Sefirah is in-between both Hkesed and Din and the next two pairs of Sefirahs. This middle Sefirah, the sixth is Tifereth, Hebrew for Beauty. Then comes the pairs Netzahk, Hebrew for Ever Lasting, and Hod, Hebrew for Splendor / Majesty. The ninth Sefirah is below Tifereth and in between Netzahk and Hod. The ninth Sefirah is Yesod, Hebrew for Foundation. The tenth Sefirah is Malkuth². Malkuth is Hebrew for Queendom.

A few of the Sefirahs are also known by other names. These are: Din which is also called Gevurah, Hebrew for Power. Tifereth which is also called Rachamim, Hebrew for Compassion. Yesod which is also called The Righteous. Malkuth which is also called Shechinah³, the Hebrew name for the Feminine Consciousness of Ayn Sof.

Tools for Understanding

Before I go into explaining the significance of each Sefirah I will set out some tools to use in order to make this system less arcane.

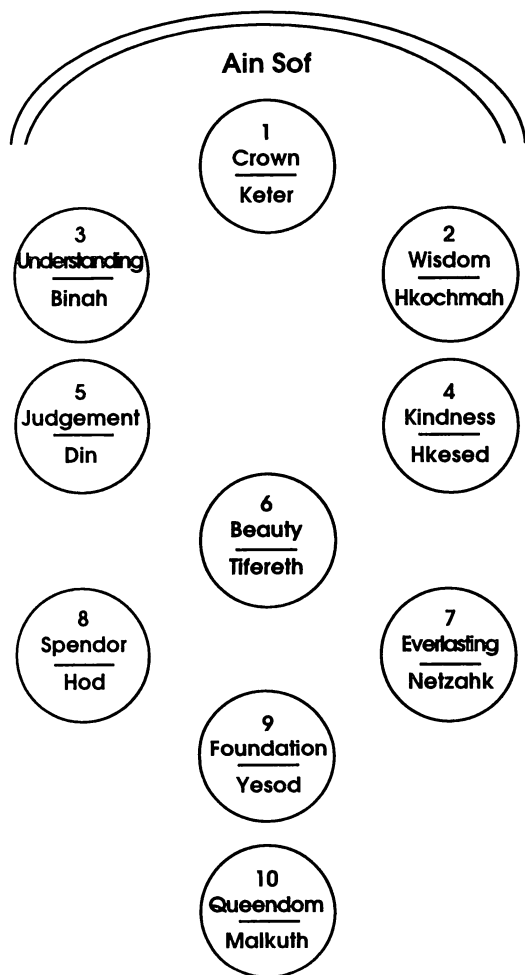


Figure 1 — The Tree of Life.

Notes

Figure 1 is an illustration of the Tree of Life, showing Ayn Sof at the top and the ten spheres of the Sefiroth. Note that #5 is sometimes known as Geburah, and #10 is sometimes known as the Kingdom. Figure 2 shows connections among the Sefirahs. The names in the two graphics are not identical, reflecting varying traditions of the Kabbalah as well as varying transliterations of Hebrew.

1. As the world currently exists through the process of creation the Creator became (or was) flawed. This flaw is manifest in the fifth Sefirah as being Din, Judgment. When the world and the Creator is healed the fifth Sefirah would become Tzedakah, Justice.
2. The Hebrew word Malkuth is a feminine noun which has traditional been translated as Kingdom.
3. The Hebrew word Shechinah is derived from the famous Aramaic translation of the Torah by the scholar Onkelos. Aramaic, a language closely related to Hebrew, was the everyday language of the Jewish people whereas Hebrew became the language of worship and the holy Torah. Onkelos has a Hebrew text different than the one which would become the official text. The traditional text reads in Exodus 25:8 “let them make me a sanctuary that I may dwell in their midst.” Onkelos version reads: “let them make before me a sanctuary that I may let my Shechinah dwell among them.” Perhaps due to a scribal error the Hebrew word for “dwelling (as in a place of dwelling)” appears twice in Onkelos’s text and so he turns one of the words into a proper noun.
4. The Hebrew word for Compassion Rahkamim is from the root letter RHM meaning womb. Thus this position could be seen as the Empress card, emphasizing the womb like nature of this position. The Kabbalah alludes often to the sexual union of Tifereth and Malkuth. The Rabbis, being male, saw this union as heterosexual, which would lead one to symbolize this Sefirah as the Hanged Man, as will be later explained.
5. This concept was devised by Doug Orton.
6. These concepts were devised by Arthur Koestler in his book *The Ghost in the Machine*, 1967, and later summed up in the 1978 book *Janus: a summing up*.

The first tool is a set of correspondences with each of the Sefirahs and one of the cards from the Tarot deck. The matching is like any simile or analogy, it is not the same as an exact equivalency of meaning between each card and the Sefirah assigned to it. These correspondences are not meant to be definitive, nor the only 'true' possibilities. These are my own suggestions to aid in understanding the meaning behind the Sefirahs.

Keter = the Ace of Swords.
 Hkochmah = the Magician. Binah = the High Priestess. Hkesed = the Lovers. Din = Judgment & The Tower. Tifereth = the Hanged One or the Empress⁴. Netzahk = the Chariot. Hod = the Star. Yesod = Temperance. Malkuth = the World

Another tool is to view the Sefiroth in groups or levels of emanation⁵. The upper level is made up of the first three Sefirahs, Keter, Hkochmah, and Binah. This upper level is the level of "Idea". The middle level is made up of the next six Sefirahs, Hkesed, Din, Tifereth, Netzahk, Hod and Yesod. This is the level of "Pattern". The lower level is made up of the last Sefirah, Malkuth. This is the level of "Matter".

The last tool is the concept of the Holon and Holarchy⁶. The Sefiroth is arranged in a series of parts and wholes. In a Hierarchy each part is a separate unit giving orders to the distinct and separate units below. In a Holarchy each unit is both a part and a whole, at the same time. Imagine each unit as a Janus like being. When the unit looks up it is seeing itself as a part of the unit above it. When the unit looks down it is seeing itself as a whole made up of the parts below itself. Thus each Sefirah that we examine is a Holon made up of the Sefirah's that come after it. The Sefiroth is a diagram of what exists in Ayn Sof. It is not itself a separate thing that exists outside of Ayn Sof. That is what is meant by a Holarchy. To separate the Sefiroth from Ayn Sof or to separate a Sefirah from the Sefiroth is analogous to cutting a organ out of your body, you cease to live.

Exploring the Meaning

Now we can use these tools to briefly begin to examine the meaning of the Sefiroth.

The level of Idea is the process of Divine thinking. Keter is the source, the will of the Ayn Sof. This sphere as the Ace of Swords represents the abstract theme of the mind, analysis, thought, the intellect. The Ace of swords is 'Logos,' the word, by which everything is created. Keter is the desire to exist, to create. Keter is the formation of thought into symbols. Keter is the first step of making the unknown inspiration and manifesting it into the sphere of the known creation.

After there is the will to create the next step in creating is to coalesce one's thoughts and begin to plan out what it is one wants to do. This is Hkochmah, the Magician. The Magician transforms will and makes it manifest. The Magician has comprehended the wisdom inherent in the four elements,

swords, cups, wands, and pentacles. Hkochmah is the process of analysis. The Magician is active use of will, thought and the elements. Hkochmah is the Architect.

The next step is implementation, taking analysis and putting it into practice. Binah is the Builder. Binah as the High Priestess is taking the mysteries of the elements and creating, transforming the physical world in accordance with the elements. High Priestess is the repository of Sacred Wisdom and the one who can act in accordance with this wisdom. She is the one who understands the balance of the forces of Nature. Binah is the one who gives birth to ideas, to the pattern.

The next level is Pattern. The process of creation is now being organized and laid out like that of an architect's blueprints.

Hkesed is establishing and recognizing relationships in that which is to be created. The Lovers are the two principles of Yin and Yang, "Male" and "Female", the perception of duality. Each aspect of the duality exists in an intimate relationship with the other. The plan will be made manifest out of love.

The Creator will act with loving care in setting out its creation. The Creator is in love with that which it is about to created.

Next is Din, judgment. Here the process of considering opposites occur. The process of evaluation between possibilities. This is the first stage in the process of acting and implementation. The Tower is a card of powerful transformation. An act from above shatters what was, in order to make what will be.

Next is Tifereth, Beauty. Here as the Hanged One the Divine acts out of a willingness to experience, to accept, suffering and hardships. Transforming the experience of one's own pain into compassion and empathy for the pain and suffering of others. Here is where the Creator acts with compassion and to be concerned with all things and all aspects of that which will be created. This is where the philosophical trinity of Plato and Socrates dwells and is recognized: the good, the true and the beautiful. Truth, Goodness and Beauty, are three elements that exist in all things of quality. Here lies the passion that carries the Creator forward, provides the energy to

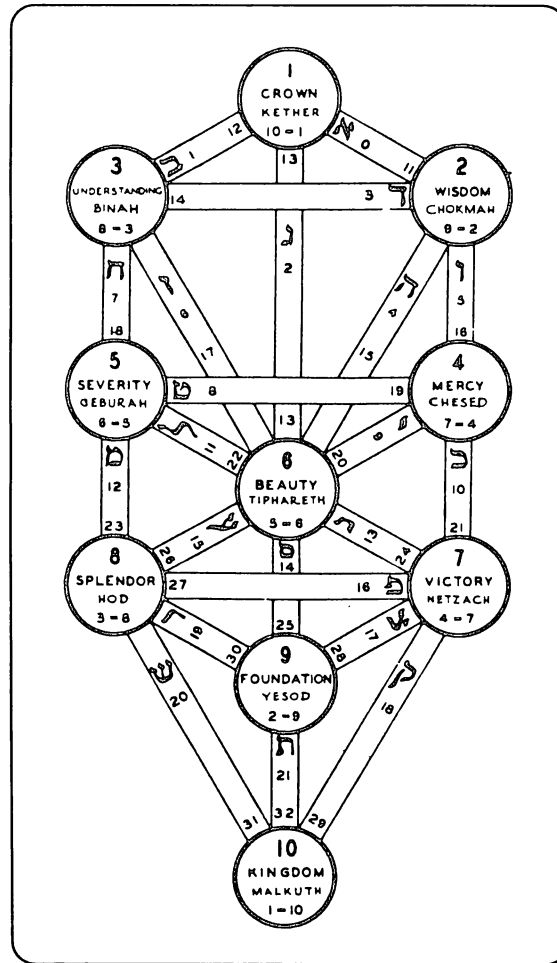


Figure 2 — Connections among the Sefirahs.

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The Hierophant & the Sense of Belonging

Bringing Reclaiming's Hierarchy Out of the Closet

by Reya

Look through the major arcana in your tarot deck & imagine showing the cards to some "regular" person on the street. If you asked that person to show you the most disturbing cards, they'd probably choose the Devil, the Tower, or Death, maybe the Moon, don't you think?

But show those same cards to any witch you know, and the reaction is often very different. The Devil makes witches laugh, they shrug their shoulders at Death (another massive transformation — so what?), the Tower is an adrenaline rush. The Moon? We love that madness!

But hold the Hierophant card up to any witch you know, especially a Reclaiming tradition witch, and she's likely to shrink away in terror or revulsion. The Hierophant, who was originally the pope and counterpart of the High Priestess, makes the witches I know cringe. Why?

Angeles Arrien describes the Hierophant in terms of the challenges he offers us, which she sees basically as the challenge to trust in our own faith. He is the supposed arbiter of The Faith, holds the keys to the dogma of his religion, and not only that — he's ultimately responsible for deciding who belongs to his religion and who doesn't. He makes the final decisions about various rules & regulations, and he has the power to excommunicate you or me whenever he feels like it. It's pretty easy to see how that interpretation would give those with anarchist roots the willies. But even if you've never thought of yourself as anarchist, doesn't he represent everything about religion you hate? He's a paragon of spiritual power-over, which to me seems even meaner than the earthy power-over of the Emperor.

Power & Trust

Mary Greer writes about the Hierophant in terms of the relationship of teacher to student or mentor to protegee, both in the way the student must place her trust in the teacher, and how the teacher must hold & honor that trust. The Hierophant relates specifically to the way power manifests in these relationships. Because up until recently

Reclaiming was in essence a teaching tradition playing with the dynamics of power, this interpretation is especially relevant.

Probably most significant is the fact that the Hierophant holds the power of 5, the power of the pentacle, which is the symbol most central to the Craft and to our tradition. The pentacle is, after all — air, fire, water, earth & spirit, the cycle of birth, initiation, consummation, repose and death. It is the plate from which we feed, the earth which we hold sacred. We run the energies of the pentacles of iron & pearl through our bodies as invocations of ourselves, bravely facing and working with those qualities which are our birthrights and the sources of our transformations. The pentacle is a picture of our miracle bodies, so how can the Hierophant, representative of the pentacle, be so despised by us?

It's because we forgot, somewhere along the way, that one of the major qualities contained in our sacred number 5 is in direct opposition to one of Reclaiming's core values — non-hierarchy.

Shadow Issues

I believe that, among other things, the Hierophant holds the key to understanding some of Reclaiming's deepest shadow issues, in particular the constant & ongoing issue of who belongs and who doesn't and how we've framed the solution to that issue. We're always thinking the problem is that we need to learn how to be inclusive, which always brings up more anxiety & questions than can ever be answered.

For instance, who it is who needs to do the including — Is it the core Reclaiming collective? That question inevitably brings up the question, Who is the collective? Next, we try looking at the function & structure of the Reclaiming collective for answers. We ask, Is it a coven, a working group or what? How are new collective members chosen? What is the quality of power that collective members hold versus members of various working cells or members of the community who



attend rituals & classes?

The questions take us nowhere; any answers we come up with leave us empty and unsatisfied. I think this is because these issues of belonging are not about needing to be more inclusive, but are more about what we've pushed into the shadow in our attempt to evolve beyond what we think of as the old patriarchal power-over dynamics of domination, which we see as contained in any hierarchical structure.

Ironically, one of the great powers of the number 5 is the call to evolve, and so we're working our butts off to evolve past hierarchy. But look at the problems this vision has created. If you take a look at the minor arcana 5's, you can see a beautiful illustration of the issues of belonging or not belonging, as they move through the elements. The 5 of swords describes the hoarding of power and belonging by some, & the despair of those left out; the 5 of wands describes the sometimes open conflict & psychic bloodshed we get into, and the great difficulty we experience trying to work in groups & come to consensus. The 5 of cups shows the self pity and loneliness of the 'rejected' and the 5 of pentacles, oh, the five of pentacle is perfect in illustrating the feeling of being left out — outside in the snowstorm, outside the church.

The Call to Evolve

As Patti Martin says, in taking up the call to evolve, and deciding we should simply get rid of hierarchy, we definitely have jumped a few paces further than what we can accommodate right now, right here at the end of the 20th century. Trying to move from systems of strict hierarchy directly into the realm of consensuality has created as many problems as it has solved. Because although our star selves, our deep selves, are quite capable of comprehending the beauty of non-hierarchy, we are, after all, animals, and our animal bodies change very slowly.

For hundreds of thousands of years, our animal selves have lived within natural hierarchies. To think we could suddenly get beyond all that shows me how willing we are to ignore the needs of our bodies in order to facilitate the soaring of our star selves. How's that for a hierarchy?

Watching my dog with other dogs, and reading about dog behavior, and listening to the needs of my own animal self, has made me finally understand why we hear so many people say



they feel "unsafe" in Reclaiming rituals, classes & at witch camp. Of course they do — their bodies feel unsafe because they don't have any ways of determining where — or if — they belong. To attempt to interact without an overt hierarchy, which is one of our deepest instincts, must be completely disorienting to our blood & bones, our muscles. As Hilary points out, the value of hierarchy in animal communities is that it minimizes actual conflict. In many animal communities little or no actual conflict is needed to establish hierarchy — size of horn or tail or shoulder, height of piss marks, formal dance-like battles, these are all used to avoid actual bloodshed. Why? I suppose because the margin of survival for most in the wild wood is so narrow that one injury means death, and loss of a strong, breedable animal harms the species too.

Out of the Shadows

How does this apply to us in the Reclaiming/Feri tradition? How much of our energy goes into actual blood-shed (emotional or psychic) when we try to live without hierarchy? Hilary thinks maybe this connects to the old king-for-a-year practices. One day of battle to the death, 364 days of peace.

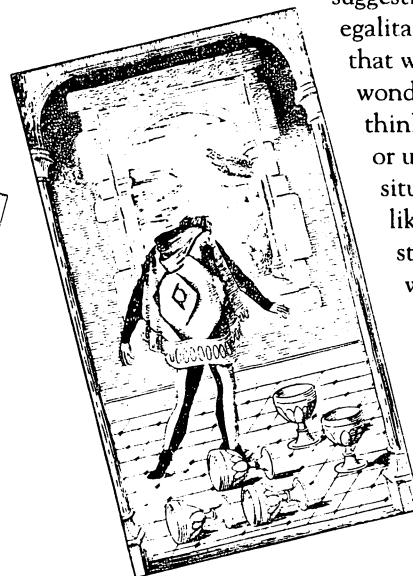
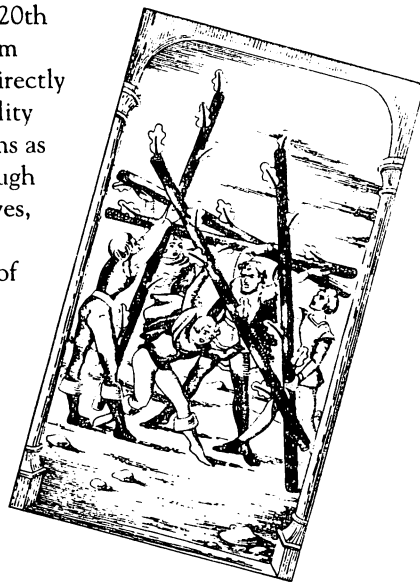
I think it's time to bring hierarchy out of the shadows and begin to work with it instead of trying to pretend it no longer exists. Now this doesn't mean I'm

suggesting we give up our vision of egalitarianism — working towards that way of living has opened us to wonderful possibilities. But thinking that all hierarchy is evil or unnecessary has created situations which look somewhat like the 6 of pentacles — our star selves have been well fed while our animal selves are starving and fearful.

What can we do to help soothe our animal selves while we move through this awkward lurch in our evolution? The first step is to become conscious of the needs of our bodies, and to accept and truly

rejoice in our animal natures. We

always say we celebrate our beautiful bodies, but in practice I don't see a lot of that in Reclaiming, do you? We've been exemplary models of burnout, running ourselves ragged, working too hard & too intensely, and not providing for our most basic needs. Anyone who has been involved in Reclaiming will groan thinking about the stultifyingly long meetings in which we sit for hours, packed together in small



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Consensus & the Heart of the Spiral

A Facilitator's Eye View

by Brook

This article is about consensus, the place of consensus in magical practice, using magic in consensus, and my process as a facilitator. It is also about the "Heart of the Spiral Witchcamp Organizers and Teachers Retreat" meetings. The meetings occurred at a retreat center in the Columbia River Gorge, 30 miles from Portland, Oregon, February 27 to the 29 of this year. I was invited to help facilitate the meetings of the whole group as it wrestled with its reorganization.

A central basis of my faith is the immanence of the Goddess in every part of Her body: in the two footeds, four footeds, many footed, winged ones, finned ones, rooted ones, rocks, hills, streams, rain, tides, volcano. Her breathing, pulsating life is that which we manifest as her cells, her organs, her blood and bones.

How we interact with each other expresses the immanence. Consensus, or better, non-hierarchical decision making in whatever form, for me, is a sacred act that honors Her immanence. We affirm the sacred with the idea that each person's unique contribution is honored and woven into the tapestry of our collective decision making and action. While more weight may be given to those with wisdom and

experience, each person young or old, new or veteran, has the opportunity to speak and to be heard; each has the opportunity to have her or his ideas validated and synthesized into any action the group agrees to take. Consensus practice is central to my magical practice. Using it, like the Craft, or as a part of my Craft, has changed my life.

So it was a great privilege to be called upon to help priest the decision making working at the witchcamp retreat. I was somewhat afraid of the amount of struggle possible and the emotional weight that decisions might have in this context. Plus, facilitation of meetings is never a popularity contest - people do get angry with facilitators as a focus for whatever may be wrong and I make plenty of mistakes and mis-steps.

For the last couple of years, Starhawk and I have been talking about the limits of consensus decision making we had learned and used during the anti-nuclear organizing and demonstrations in the 1980s, where we first worked together. As we talked, we began to realize that we both wanted to enter more fully into "sacred time" during meetings, rather than what I call "corporate time."

Sacred time, like doing a ritual, has no beginning and no end. The process takes over and we priestess/priest the energy, rather than controlling it. When in sacred time, we want to participate and experience each moment as it unfolds. Corporate time is that sense of time where things must be accomplished, decisions made, goods produced before the deadline: There is always a shortage of time, and time is money.

Although we have been creating sacred space for our meetings for some time: casting a circle and calling directions, asking for help from the deities, we both felt that we wanted more. Further, we started imagining how we could more directly use the Craft to help our decision making proceed. It was with great excitement that I listened to her tell her tale of using Dropped and Open Attention during a Witchcamp to help pull a workshop's energies together and to help the participants attune themselves more completely with each other.

One of the most typical things to happen at a consensus meeting where there is great anxiety over a decision, is struggling with how to proceed. Since we have no analog to Robert's Rules of Order, the group is free to consider whatever technique seems most appropriate, often called a "process suggestion." The meeting may spend considerable, or even most of its time trying to come to consensus on its next step. For instance, we could entertain proposals, discuss the issue free form, or break down into

Consensus in Action: Using Dropped and Open Attention

When grounded, start to pull attention in with each in breath. Pull attention in so that its edges can be felt, what is in awareness, what not, where are attention's boundaries? Feel attention as a ball, emanating from the skull, between the ears.

On each in-breath, pull attention in tighter until it is just around the head, perhaps in the shape of a large ball. Pull attention in tighter, like a basketball, just around the head. Pull attention in until it is tight inside the head, like a grapefruit, as tight as can be. Feel attention tightly pulled into the head for a moment.

When ready, on each out breath, let the ball drop down the spine. Slowly, easily drop the ball down. When the ball reaches the heart, hold attention there for a moment, a few breaths. When ready, begin to drop attention, still tight as a ball down further. Let attention drop down to the solar plexus, the center of the breath (I have also heard of attention being dropped further, down to the pelvis. Use what works for you)

Now, begin to let attention expand a little, perhaps to sense the edges of the body. When ready, let attention expand a little more, expanding to let in more of the environment. (The expansion can continue until a particular being is encountered — for working with rooted beings, for instance, or until, in a group, the attention of everyone begins to link into one mind). If the expansion gets too diffuse, bring attention back as much as needed, or let it out to include more as required by the working.

smaller groups so that each person can get more of a chance to speak and be heard. In consensus as we practice it, the group has the power to choose how it will proceed. Little is laid out before hand.

Or, we may fall into the "black hole of concerns." This is the endless stating of the reasons why some of the group does not want to consense to a proposal. However, the concerns are not offered as positive amendments that will shape the proposal to fit the agreement of the group, but rather as reasons why the proposal will not work as stated.

Either of these process traps, or any number of other pitfalls, can sap a group's energy. As people become exhausted, conflicts get buried, to surface later, indirectly. Or, the group self-destructs in mistrust, forgetting the principles of unity that have brought people together in the first place.

So, after hearing Star's success with the magical technique, we decided to give it try at the consensus workshop she and I did at the California Witchcamp last summer. The role play we used was a topic has

a lot of juice in our community right now, "should Reclaiming build a temple." The participants were asked to try and decide this question using consensus. And sure enough, participant's actual feelings about the issue began to come out. The group became stuck as two seemingly opposing camps formed.

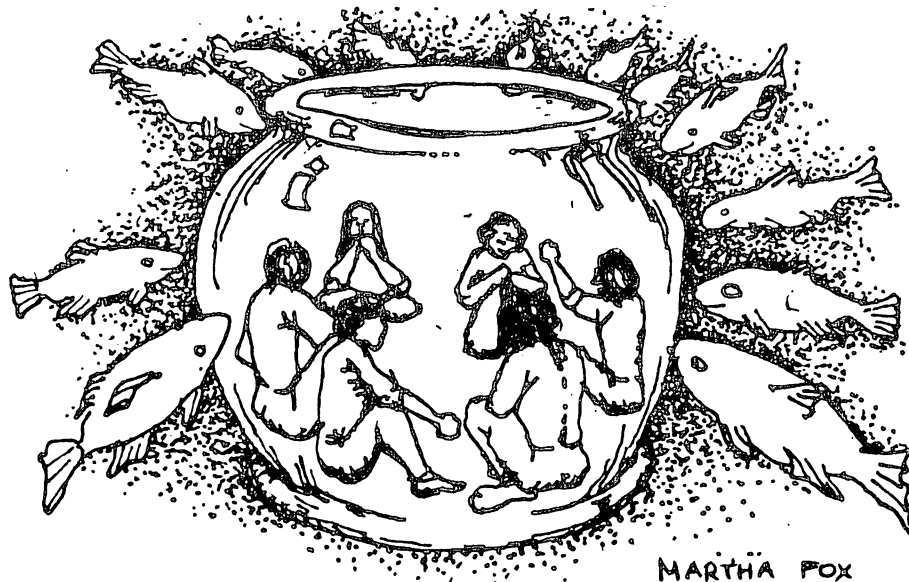
Star took us into Dropped and Open Attention. We spread our attention out into each other's, thereby joining our consciousness. It was quite remarkable. Despite being hungry and tired, we managed to quickly figure out a way through the road block. And I think the participants felt connected afterwards.

As I headed to Portland, I mused about how we might use magical techniques to move us through the re-organization of the witchcamp's relationships to each other. The witchcamps have grown organically from a few San Francisco teachers' houses into an international array of teachers, organizers and camps. However, many of the decisions were still being made by the San Francisco witchcamp teachers' cell. The teachers' cell was burned out from the year after year grind of organizing the teachers and themes of the camps and the camps also were not happy with the situation. The meetings might be quite volatile. During the pre-retreat email exchanges about the agenda, there were many differing currents. Some folks expected that the meetings would be for skill sharing, while others were coming to do the reorganization work, too. Even among the reorganizers, some were ready to make proposals while others were laying frameworks from which we could begin the work. Star and Paul Eaves offered a very complete

and well thought out reorganization proposal. Because the proposal looked really good on paper, I was afraid that it might close off discussion and amendment and stifle the creativity of the group. Once together, we might come up with something better or come up with something that might be more representative of all the varied interests that couldn't be heard until we met. At the very least, the group might feel more empowered through exercising its own creativity. Complete proposals offered before discussion are sometimes called "early proposals." For me, consensus is about uncovering the pot that contains the stew of possibilities inherent in a group, and then winnowing that stew down to a good, tasty, satisfying meal,

rather than being about finding the perfectly ordered solution.

Each day, we grounded, cast a circle around the meeting space, and asked the directions and deities to help us with our work. Then we asked four people to give up their voice in the meeting and take on the role of each of the four directions. Masked, these people were to hold the sacred energy of the elements



through our proceedings.

During the first meeting, the group spent much time finding its process legs. As I had suspected, there was not basic agreement that the meetings were to reorganize the camps. To me, there seemed to be much anxiety about whether everyone who was present actually should be there, or should be participating in this decision. The anxiety was expressed in battles over process, that is, how should we proceed. As one of the facilitators, I felt strongly that some struggling, though taxing, might pay dividends later on, so I asked for dissent on every question. If we did get through the struggles, perhaps many of our differences would be brought to the surface. And the group could coalesce in the knowledge that it could work together, express differences and with the certainty that it had the power to control the process. With more than 60 people participating, we facilitators urged the group to break down into small groups of 5 or 6. This is so that each person can get as much time to speak and to be heard as possible. This process also tends to transform anxious energy through its expression. It's a bit of magic all in and of itself.

My co-facilitator was Patti. We divided the duties into two roles: I watched and actively facilitated the ongoing process, who would speak, keeping the discussion focused upon the topic on the floor, helping to decide the process suggestions. Patti snaked the under current and watched the decision threads. She watched the group energy, the mood, keeping an

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El Salvador

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to train those same qualities on the problems of his own country, and make El Salvador great.

Do we owe him that chance? I think we do. My commitment to the Goddess tradition leads me to know that we are all interconnected, that Carlos' despair is not separate from my own sense of well being. My political understanding tells me that Carlos has already worked to enrich us. Maybe I don't own a maquila, or even own stock in corporations that run them. But have I not profited by buying cheap clothing and inexpensive electronics, without considering where they were made or the conditions of life of those who produced them?

Carlos is 21 years old.

But now Marta is making us all get up and dance. That's the cornerstone of her organizing technique: first we dance, then we work and eat and play, and later we can come together in ceremony feeling as if we'd known each other all our lives.

So a Macarena line snakes around the pyramids to the blaring tones of rock music from a boom box, and later, in the grand plaza, Hermano Daniel sounds the conch shell, the caracole, to the four directions. Ancient spirits, long asleep, sit up and take notice at the familiar sound. I offer Waters of the World, and Joy invokes the elements. Marta asks us to visualize a fire in the center, and in four groups people come forward and warm their hands around invisible flames. Then we dance the spiral, in the center of the grand plaza, chanting "Ella cambia todo lo que toca, y todo lo que toca cambia"—"she changes everything she touches, and everything she touches changes;" and "Si, se puede," "Yes, it's possible, yes we can,"—the slogan of the people of Tepoztlan in Mexico in their ecological struggle.

"Si, se puede..." Yes, I believe it is possible to create a world in which there is room for Carlos' intelligence and energy to improve his life, in which people can grow food for their own families to eat and tiny houses be surrounded by gardens, in which we can learn to support what is best in one another and bridge our barriers by dancing. The obstacles, and the forces ranged against us are great, but so are the gifts we can offer each other.

If we have gifted Marta and the people we've met with some of our tools of magic, they have equally gifted us with the vision of what can be accomplished through love.

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Iron Pentacle-Seed

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we are trained to do from birth. To give away one's power is to block it, to try to stop its natural flow out of self and into passion.

The aftermath of power is worth talking about. Especially for women, channelling power can be a risky business. When I began priestessing, it seemed that often a few days after a powerful ritual I would find myself right smack dab in the Toxic Pit of Shame. My reaction would be to hide out and hope it passed. It eventually occurred to me to ask my mentor, Hilary (bless her bones), about this syndrome. She said:

"That's the recoil. It's like the kick when you shoot a rifle, when it slams back into your shoulder."

There's nothing more taboo for a woman than reclaiming her power. There are generations and generations of inherited, unspoken warnings echoing in our ears when we do this work, going back all the way to the Burning Times. It's natural for those voices to sometimes rise up after the energy dissipates.

I've come to expect the recoil, and even to allow myself some time to feel shaky after a huge magical working."

Passion

The word "passion" comes from the Latin words "pati" and "passio," which mean "to suffer" or "to endure." Until the 16th century, the word meant "pain." Eventually, it came to mean "strength of feeling," emotional and sexual.

I like to think of the original meaning of the word "passion." Coming from our power puts us in a territory that we can't control. The full range of emotion is our reward, vivid and rich. The Goddess is a gifted surgeon, but not often much of an anesthesiologist. It's good to remember that pain is part of the territory.

Some other words in the same family are; patient, passive, compassion, sympathy, pathetic, compatible. Originally, the word "patient" meant "capable of suffering." The word "passive" meant "susceptible to suffering." Food for thought.

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Iron Pentacle-Hilary

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children, so the qualities of a free and healthy people, living in balance with nature and each other, would not be wholly forgotten. Along with the meditation they also passed the stories of their old religion, now disguised as fireside tales for children, or fairy stories.

Now back to the question of teaching the Iron Pentacle to women and men today.

For most of us as children, the qualities of the Iron Pentacle were opposed and punished long before we learned to talk in this lifetime. Over many lifetimes these qualities have been suppressed on battlefields, executioners' scaffolds, in torture chambers, with rape, seizing of food and lands, seizing of children as slaves, whores and soldiers. Every atrocity of the past, every trauma of the present, rises up to say, "You do not dare."

Some students have told me that just the words, "sex, self, passion, pride, and power" were so scary that they didn't want to take the class. Just naming the points and asking a few questions about the qualities can bring up tremendous psychic conflicts and fears.

When the healthy psyche is confronted with a conflict too threatening, it "projects" some of the conflicting qualities out into the world, onto others. Most of us have experienced this at some time or other. If I feel conflict because I'm worried that I'm not making enough money, very likely the first clue will be that I blame my lover or best friend for "judging me based on money." This may lead straight to heartbreak, because I just can't admit to myself that the conflict is my own. Then I would have to (1) do something about making more money, or (2) admit and accept that I couldn't make more money, even though I want to, or (3) confront the self-hating voice with a decision that making more money is just not me, and I'm fine the way I am. My wise and tricky psyche may not want to face any of those options, and by putting the unpleasantness on someone else, old Psyche can at least buy herself some time.

Now getting together a group of Reclaiming students and teachers to work on the Iron Pentacle tends to release these forces on the level of a tropical storm. Many Reclaiming teachers would probably agree that their very worst experiences as teachers came in Iron Pentacle classes. Both students and teachers, faced with the scary conflicts raised by the Iron Pentacle often begin to see each other as enemies.

When I teach Iron Pentacle now, I start the first night by explaining everything that I've just explained in this article. Then I demonstrate the best magical technique I have discovered for dealing with conflict that has red, rusty stains all over it. This is the teddy and mirror technique, which works like magic on projection. [see page 6.]

Consensus

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eye to the whole and an ear to the ground, as well as holding the direction of the discussion at hand. We consulted often about what we thought was going on, shifting our course or tightening or loosening the focus of the discussion as we felt the group needs warranted. I try not to be too "process bound," that is following a formula, but rather I try to sense the energy as it's happening. After much wrangling, people broke into groups and talked about the principles that brought each of us to witchcamp and to this meeting. It was a free form discussion, the only request was that folks make notes about what was being said so that we all might hear a synopsis of each group's discussion.

When we reported back to the whole group, the beauty of people's reasons for being there, and the amount of unity that was expressed became the ground upon which our work together could stand. We had worked through our questions and concerns and had become a decision making body with a process (consensus) and palpable reasons for being together.

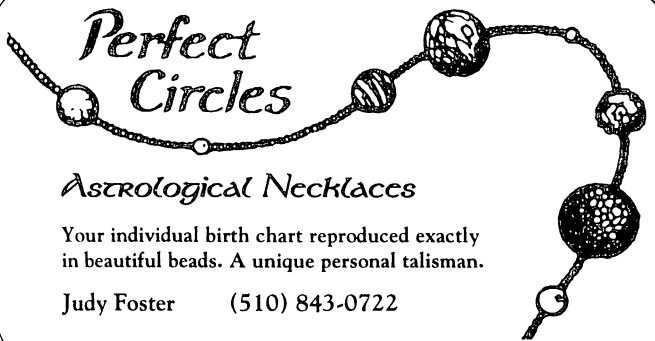
Personally, I needed to stop the action and let the beauty of our unity sink in to me. I asked for a moment of silence. We all just breathed in the sweetness of our bonding.

Then, we listened as some of our elders told us our shared herstory and history: how the camps came into being, how the camps grew, how the San Francisco collective came to be called Reclaiming and other tidbits.

On the second day...

To be continued!!! — Part II will appear in the Fall issue.

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Headwaters Forest

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— from feisty “Grandmothers for Headwaters” to schoolchildren singing songs about trees to religious leaders evoking a spiritual imperative to preserve the ancient redwoods for future generations. Speaker after speaker condemned the government’s deal as a blatant sell-out and serious breach of public trust, and called for protection of all six ancient groves and 60,000 acres in the Headwaters complex.

Even government biologists privately conceded that they shared environmentalists’ concerns that the deal would not protect enough habitat and biodiversity to ensure survival of endangered species living in Headwaters. The forest is home to the marbled murrelet and north ern spotted owl, which are listed as threatened under the federal Endangered Species Act, as well as the coho salmon, expected to be listed this spring.

Activists challenged a Habitat Conservation Plan (HCP) that PL is preparing this spring for its entire 200,000 acres of forest land. If approved by federal wildlife officials, the HCP would exempt the timber company from any further environmental review of its logging operations and allow PL an “incidental take” of endangered species. PL further retains the option to call off the deal at any point if they think that federal officials have placed too many logging restrictions on the HCP.

Activists charged that Maxxam could hold Headwaters hostage by forcing the government to approve a scientifically unsound longterm HCP that could lead to the extinction of the imperiled coho salmon, spotted owl, and marbled murrelet in Headwaters. With 330 HCPs currently pending or approved nationwide, the process has become a loophole to evade the Endangered Species Act.

Calls for independent environmental review

Environmentalists urged FWS to conduct an independent review of all environmental data submitted by PL, which has a 10-year history of illegal logging, falsifying records, and violating environmental laws and regulations, charged attorney Sharon Duggan, who has litigated several lawsuits against PL.

Activists also criticized the sustained yield plan PL submitted to the CDF this winter, which would enable the timber company to log all of its old growth forests within 20 years, including the four unprotected groves in Headwaters. Environmentalists called on forestry and wildlife officials to evaluate long term impacts of logging on the water quality, wildlife, and north coast economy over a 120-year period.

Instead of expediting logging, officials should require PL to engage in sustained yield forestry, habitat recovery, and restoration of its clear-cut forest lands, stressed Tracy Katelman of the Trees Foundation.

North coast forest activists are developing a Citizens Alternative Headwaters Forest Restoration Management Plan that will identify core lands, buffer zones, and wildlife corridors in the 60,000-acre Headwaters complex. The citizens group is designing a long-term land management plan that would allow certified sustained yield logging in the remaining forest land using conservation biology principles and management.

In the face of such concerted resistance the deadline for the Headwaters deal has been extended until February 17, 1998 in order to complete the HCP and environmental review.

Rallies and direct action

With the advent of spring, Headwaters activists everywhere are gearing up for more lobbying, rallies, and direct action to keep the remaining forest standing.

Especial energy is focused on the second weekend of September, 1997. With logging stopped until mid-September by the endangered marbled murrelet’s mating season, activists have begun planning for another round of rallies and protests beginning with a rally and march September 14, and direct action starting on September 15.

For more information on these events, call the Headwaters Hotline, 510-835-6303, sponsored by the Bay Area Coalition for Headwaters. Donations and support are also urgently needed. Donations can be sent to BACH, c/o the Ecology Center, 2530 San Pablo Ave., Berkeley CA 94702. Ask for the latest issue of the BACH newsletter for detailed updates.

Headwaters contacts

Bay Area Coalition for Headwaters (BACH) Hotline, 510-835-6303

Environmental Protection Information Center (EPIC), 707-923-2931

Earth First! Hotline, 510-848-8724

Rainforest Action Network, 415-398-4404

Trees Foundation, 707-923-4377

Start Making Scents

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by the bride of the shah who later built the Taj Mahal in her honor. At their wedding, the canals in the Shalimar gardens were filled with rose water. That is, thousands and thousands of rose petals floated in the canal. The new bride noticed that as the sun beat down, oil surfaced on the water. This was collected for her perfume. This is the legend. It is the truth that it was common practice in ancient times for canals to be filled with rose water for sacred festivals and rituals. Using rose water in the care of the skin and for beauty goes back farther than we can follow. Rose water can be used just as the oil can in the practice of magic. Plus it feels great splashed on the skin! Rose petals added to bath water instantly transforms a mundane bath into a magical one. One advantage to using rose water is that unlike rose attar, it is simple to make for yourself. You can buy rose water that keeps for a long time, as it is made by distillation. Or, you can make it as described below in a small quantity, as the shelf life is only about two weeks. After

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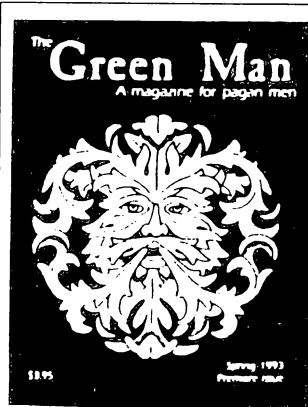
that, it will begin to ferment.

Rose Water

Pick fresh roses early in the morning. Remove the petals and fill a screw top jar with them. Boil water and pour over the petals. Shake the jar well and let it sit for 24 hours. It is especially nice to let it sit under a full moon. Drain the liquid into a bottle of your choosing. Keep in the refrigerator to increase the longevity.

Summer is the time of the rose. Whether you work with magical oils or not, take some time this summer to meditate on the mystery of the rose. Fill your vases with roses, put petals on your altar and in your bath, drink rose petal tea, investigate the real origins of the rosary, make one yourself out of compressed petals, or make a jar of honey that is infused with rose petals. Rose petals added to any herbal charm increases the power, as what you are adding is power of the Goddess, the Queen of Flowers. This is the time of year to really savor the warmth, sweetness, and beauty of life. What better way to do this than to stop and smell the roses! Have a lovely summer and Blessed Be!

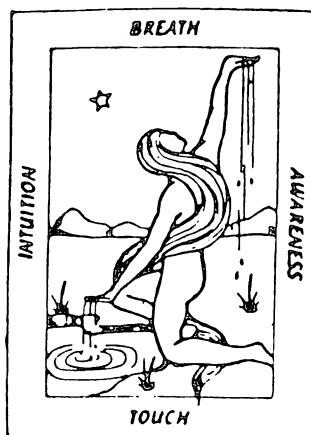
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Wiccan History

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Hildegard of Bingen, Paracelsus, Joachim of Flora and Giordano Bruno called attention to such implications as the natural equality of all humans, the ability of the our minds to comprehend the secrets of creation, and the unity of humans and nature.

Thus, the "balance" seen by medieval thinkers is both external and internal. It is external in the sense that nature — organic and mineral — contains many of the keys to healing, and that closer contact with and deeper respect for nature may yet provide the explanation of diseases that defy current medical understanding. (Environmental sources of cancer are one glaring symptom of the imbalance in our relations with nature. Such sources are still vigorously disputed by the same corporations which control health care.)

But the most dramatic lesson may be the internal balance of the human body. Although we may no longer accept the simple "vital humor" explanation of health, there is no doubt that the notion of "lives out of balance" could go a long way toward explaining the vast number of stress-related illnesses and maladies that plague our society. Integrating this aspect of Medieval thought is a task facing all of us.

Further Reading

- Bonnie S. Anderson & Judith P. Zinsser, *A History of Their Own: Women In Europe from Prehistory to the Present*, Harper & Row, 1988.
- Stephen F. Mason, *A History of the Sciences*, Macmillan, 1962.
- Paracelsus, *Selected Writings*, excerpted in Giorgio de Santillana, *The Age of Adventure*, Mentor, 1956.

Kabbalah — Tree of Life

continued from page 37

create.

The next two Sefirahs, Netzahk and Hod are a pair. They are the sources of inspiration, revelation and prophecy. They are the dream of the Creator. The Chariot is the recognition that the Creator is swept up in the act of creation and is the vehicle for that which will be created. The Star is the acknowledgment of forces outside of oneself when one creates. These forces are dazzling in their splendor. One can be inspired through acts, through movement, dance and song, which carries one along. Or one could be focused on the splendor inherent in the materials being used and transformed. One could be overwhelmed by the seemingly infinite possibilities of outcomes and resources.

Lastly for this level is Yesod, the foundation. Here is the act of creating itself. The act of laying down the first layers out of which the rest of created thing will grow. The act of planting the seed. The act of receiving the seed. Here is the joining and the uniting. The goal of maintaining balance. Temperance is the act of keeping the balance of force and things. In Judaism it is only when there is right acts, and right actors that things can be created and that enable created things to maintain themselves. Righteousness is the essential part of maintaining creation. Those who act to maintain what was created are righteous people, acting for the benefit of all, so that all may partake of the gifts of creation.

The lower level is Matter. Herein is found the Queendom, the World. What was a process of creation is now complete and it exists as a created thing. Contained within the created is the spark of creation from the Creator. The created is the means whereby the Creator can be known.

The Sefiroth is like a tree with its roots above and its

branches below. The Creator is the source of life that feeds the tree and all that is created is the fruit of that tree. The Sefiroth according to the Kabbalah, is the Tree of Life that was planted in the Garden of Eden.

But, that is another story.

Midsummer Herbs

continued from page 3

and/or fringed.

Mallow flowers were common in Beltane garlands and are good for drawing love. The leaves are protective and may be made into a protective salve by steeping them in vegetable oil. After one month, strain the oil. Add one part of melted beeswax to two or three parts of steeped oil and mix. This will solidify the mixture once it cools. Apply to the body when feeling like you need more protection.

Mallow leaves may also be used as an emollient for the skin by soaking them in water and applying the leaves to the skin. This poultice will also help to reduce inflammation and ease minor pain. The leaves are also useful as a tea and gargle for sore throat. The leaves are mucilaginous and coat the throat, relieving dry throat pain. Drinking the tea can help stomach discomfort and indigestion in the same way. Steep up to a tablespoon of dried herb in a cup of warm water.



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Hierophant

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rooms, meeting & talking & meeting until we're starved, exhausted, and nearly out of our minds with stress. The unspoken Reclaiming standard demands that we keep going until we drop — somehow in the past this felt heroic to me, but I'm realizing, finally, that this has got to stop. We need to care for our bodies in very common sense ways — we need to eat well and get enough sleep, not work too hard, and try to reduce stress in our lives. We need exercise, we need to move around. We need to spend more time out of doors. We need to take more time to play and have fun, to let go of our workaholic natures sometimes.

We all need to develop the discipline of daily practice. Routine is a part of our animal natures and helps us feel secure, gives us a sense of belonging in the scheme of things. So it doesn't really matter what your daily practice might be, simply that you have one, and that you do it every day.

We need to admit that a hierarchy does exist within Reclaiming, and begin to explore that hierarchy with compassion and with open minds. We need to figure out how to work with the inherent hierarchy of teacher & student, initiator & initiate, experienced priestess & novice. Those relationships began as very strong hierarchies, which I believe is the only way they can — but we should be able to discover ways in which, for instance, as the student gains in skills & experience, the relationship can begin to evolve and in time become a relationship between peers.

And most of all we all need to practice sitting on the throne of the Hierophant, and to welcome & integrate his powers into ourselves. As long as we look at the Hierophant as loathsome, we'll never fully be able to embody the reality that each of us is in direct connection with the Goddess, that each of us speaks for the Goddess, that each of us holds the keys to our own spiritual destinies. Only then will we know that we truly belong, to ourselves, to each other, to our community, and that we are each definitely a necessary part of the great tapestry we call the Goddess.

Blessed be.

Labyrinth

continued from page 15

convinced that the labyrinth holds an ancient consciousness, that perhaps it is a manifestation of the living earth, of the Goddess.

We have also painted the triple spiral on a smaller piece of canvas which can be laid in the center of the rosette area of the labyrinth. The first time we placed it I was immediately aware that it vibrates at a higher frequency than the rest of the labyrinth. At first I was distressed; I thought we wouldn't be able to use them together, but I have come to feel that the triple spiral vibrates at a healing frequency, which can work very well in the center. And although many people love the energy of the triple spiral, we don't always use it, because some people find it distracting. The energy of the triple spiral spins in both directions at once; it can be quite dizzying.

Whenever I prepare to walk any labyrinth, I ground myself carefully. I noticed early in my work with the labyrinth that I often lost my balance, and I came to understand that this is due to a lack of grounding. Most people experience losing their balance while walking. And while a grounding meditation as preparation is extremely important, I now don't think it can completely eliminate the sense of imbalance. My sense is that if, in the labyrinth, one steps into another realm or beyond time, it only makes sense that grounding, and therefore balance, would be somewhat tenuous. Ungroundedness becomes very physical, and can make walking difficult.

After grounding, I step up to the entrance of the labyrinth. I often find myself asking permission to walk, and I always have a strong sense of Crossing A Threshold when I first put my foot onto the path. It is a stepping into the mist. The entire path seems to be hovering or floating in some elemental depths. And small wonder! I recently read in Nicholas Mann's book *The Isle of Avalon*, that the winding path on Glastonbury Tor is almost certainly a three-dimensional seven-circuit labyrinth.

The Lancaster Labyrinth is positioned with the entrance at North. One of the first sensations that many people talk about is Feeling the Elements in each direction. The wind blows in the East; in the South it is quite warm; and in the West you can stand in a waterfall. The North is the way in way out; it is the connection with Earth. In this eleven-circuit labyrinth, the labryses at the turns are painted to be large enough to step into. Standing in the labrys is like floating in an element. The paths that lay between the labryses are like bridges across the depths. We enhance this sensation by using only candlelight in the room where the labyrinth lays.


The center of the labyrinth is many things. It is a six-petaled flower, also sacred to Aphrodite, It is Womb, mystery revealed, stillness and spinning. It is where we are going, and from where we must return. It is deep peace and endless love. It is sometimes very hard to leave the center, but it is possible to carry the center inside yourself, to hold onto it, and bring part of it back out into the world.

Walking the labyrinth requires that we surrender to it. We literally cannot see where we are going. Once we are able to surrender, we can begin to see the mysteries.

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Pentacle Pie

by Mathilda

Thinking about what dish to bring to that next metaphysical gathering but tired of the same old? Try a "Pentacle Pie!" It's simple, won't take too long, and it's a perfect dessert for the Pagan community! Here's the recipe:

The Crust

- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp sea salt
- 2/3 cup water



The Filling

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/4 tsp nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp cinnamon
- 5 cups sliced Pippin apples
- 2 tbsps butter

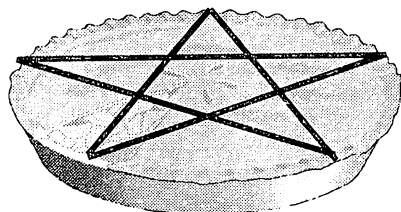


The Pentacle

5 strips of leftover dough

Step 1: Organize the utensils needed — a bowl, a pie pan, a wooden spoon, a measuring cup, measuring spoons, a knife, a rolling pin, and two pot holders. Preheat the oven to 425 degrees. Obtain the ingredients.

Step 2: Make the crust. Mix the flour, salt, and shortening in a bowl. Add the water gradually. When the mixture is sticking to itself, roll it into a ball and place it onto a floured board. Cut the ball in half, flatten it a bit, and roll one half with a rolling pin until it exceeds about an inch and a half of the size of the pie pan. Fold the dough in half, pick it up and place it in the pan. Undo the fold so the dough covers the bottom of the pan. Pick off a bit of dough from the second dough ball and put it aside — this is



needed at a later time to make the pentacle. Now roll out what's left of the second dough ball, and ignore it. Time to tend to the filling mixture.

Step 3: Mix the filling ingredients together and let it sit for about 5 minutes so the apples soak in the sweetness. Then place the filling in the pan.

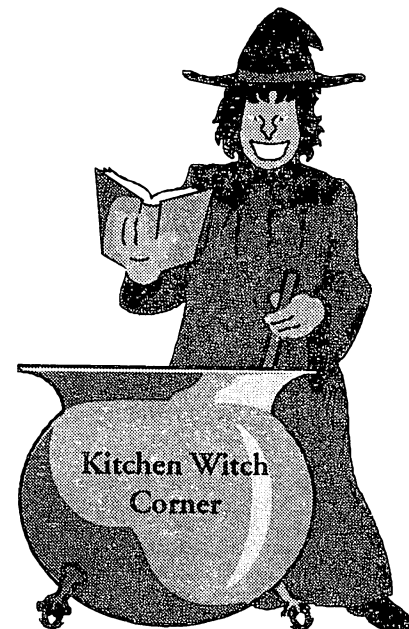
Step 4: Return to the unattended rolled dough and place it on top of filling. With the Jupiter finger (the forefinger) and thumb, scrunch the rim of the lower layer of dough that is dangling over the side of the pie pan together with the upper layer just placed, so the pie is "sealed."

Step 5: Now make the pentacle. Take the leftover dough and roll it with the rolling pin. Cut it into 5 long strips. Using the strips, start from the top point of the pie and make the pentacle.

Step 6: Take a knife and cut small slits into the top layer of dough. While doing this, try to avoid cutting the pentacle at all costs — it would be very bad luck to do so! These slits allow the air to seep through the pie while it's cooking. If the slits are not made, chances are the pie could explode in the oven. There is another vital step to take to ensure this pie will undergo safe cooking and be scrumptious: Spelling the pie.

Step 7: To give the pie that "magic touch," hold the pie pan outstretched at chest level and with emotional vigor, cry out this poem. While doing this, envision people eating the pie, smiling, and smacking their lips in delight.

Pentacle Pie, Pentacle Pie!
 In the oven you go to fry!
 Cook in sugar, cook in sweet
 Enlarge and fatten apple meat!
 Crisp and crunch for outer shell
 Five-point star bind inner well
 Hold your magic tight within
 Until devoured by Pagan kin
 Only love will then digest
 To procure Her tenderness.



Step 8: When intuition says this step has been performed successfully, put the empowered pie into the oven, and set the timer for 35-40 minutes. While it cooks, an aroma of apples and cinnamon will permeate throughout the entire neighborhood. Mmmm, yummy!

Last Step: When the timer goes off, rush to the oven. With two pot holders, take out the pie and place it on a flat surface to cool, preferably somewhere out of the reach of sweet-greedy mouths and hands.

And when it is time to take the Pentacle Pie to that special event, just quietly observe how everyone quickly gobbles their piece, and searches desperately afterward on their empty plate — and even possibly on the floor — for pie crumbs that may have strayed. And when they look to you with those glassy, Neptunian eyes and say, "Mmmm, that was sooo good. Mmmm, Mmmm. How do you make it taste so good?," you can reply with sweet silence, a smile, and a twinkle of your eye.



Let's Get Cooking!

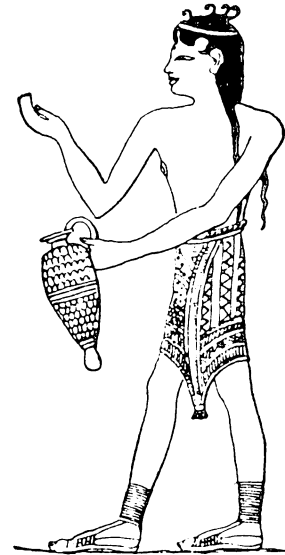
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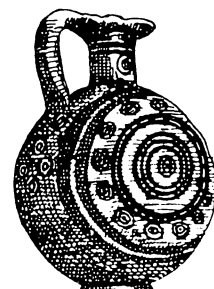
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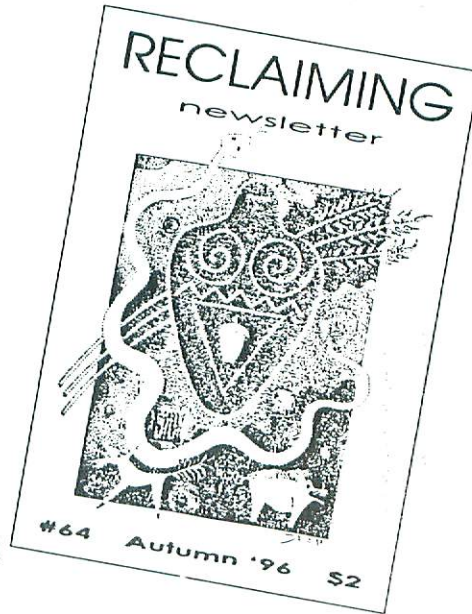
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