

# RECLAIMING

QUARTERLY



The Magazine For  
Witchcraft And  
Magical Activism

NO. 80 FALL 2000 \$4.99



# Reclaiming

## A Center for Feminist Spirituality

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Reclaiming is a community of 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.



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*Reclaiming Quarterly is a completely volunteer effort. If you would like to help with production, please call (415) 255-7623 or email [quarterly@reclaiming.org](mailto:quarterly@reclaiming.org)*

*The RQ deadline is the cross-quarter holiday before the next Solstice or Equinox issue. (Brigid is the deadline for Spring, etc.)*

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# RECLAIMING

Q U A R T E R L Y

## Features

- 4 **The Moth Inventory**  
I had no idea how much they could teach me  
*by Grove*
- 6 **Why I Love the Black Bloc**  
Anarchy in downtown L.A.  
*by T. Thorn Coyle*
- 10 **Occupied Space**  
Artists, activists and Pagans draw the line against the clearcutting of community  
*by George, Max, Ingi and Victoria*
- 13 **The Dirt on the RNC Crackdown**  
Four hundred activists face charges following Philadelphia protests  
*by Kate*
- 14 **Dia de los Muertos**  
San Francisco marks Day of the Dead on November 2
- 16 **Forest Activism**  
Indiana, Tennessee, British Columbia
- 18 **Vandenberg Protest Targets Missiles, Militarism**  
Direct action at sprawling Air Force Base protests National Missile Defense  
*by Jen Collins*
- 19 **Stop the Militarization of Space**  
Actions and events in dozens of cities
- 20 **Samhain at Arlington National Cemetery**  
Moving into the dark in loving kindness  
*by Reya*



## Departments

- 2 **To Our Readers**
- 3 **Letters from Our Readers**
- 8 **Let It Begin Now**  
Activism in Brief
- 24 **Start Making Scents**  
Aromancy in Action  
*by Oak*
- 26 **Youth**  
Faeries  
*by Maraya K. Massin-Levey*
- 27 **Kids Page**  
Art and poetry by Madeline Wayham and Ami Dabo-Kemp
- 28 **Young Adults**  
Building Community Outside the Democratic Convention  
*by Riyana Lilyhawk*
- 29 **Reclaiming Our History**  
Reclaiming Vandenberg: January 1983  
*by Jeff Harrison*
- 32  **Making It Real**  
Grumpy Thoughts on Healing  
*by Starhawk*
- 34 **Music Reviews**  
*Multiheaded Heart* by Green  
*Circle Round & Sing!* by Anne Hill  
*In the Arms of the Wild* by Beverly Frederick
- 35 **Book Reviews**  
*Brigid's Charge (audio)* by Cynthia Lamb  
*Cloning the Buddha* by Richard Heinberg  
*The Televisonary Oracle* by Rob Brezsny  
*The Immortals* by Tamora Pierce  
*All Our Relations* by Winona LaDuke  
*Investing with your Values* by Brill & Feigenbaum
- 46 *The Twelve Wild Swans* by Starhawk and Hilary Valentine
- 64 **Revolutionary Pagan Workers' Vanguard**



## Poetry & Art

**Poetry by** Elka, Akasha Helkenn, Lauren Raine, Paul Glanzrock, and Michael D. Goldenberg

**Art by** Amanda Karin, Rini Templeton, Aimee Vincent



- 38 Introduction, Witchcamp
- 39 Regional Highlights
- 40 Vermont Camp, MidAtlantic Community
- 41 Florida, North Carolina, Atlanta, Missouri
- 42 Tejas, Illinois, Kansas City
- 43 Portland, BC Camp, Los Angeles
- 44 England, Germany
- 46 San Francisco Bay Area
- 50 Announcements

# To Our Readers...

AUTUMN GREETINGS to you. Of course, it's actually still Summer as we send this issue to press, but Fall is making its presence felt as we survey this issue.

Reyasdottir sends us a story on a Samhain vigil she helped organize at Arlington National Cemetery last year. This Fall she is working on a ritual at Fredericksburg, site of a Civil War battle in which 12,000 Union soldiers and 3000 Confederate soldiers died — a very different type of magical activism than the Seattle and Washington, DC protests RQ has covered in recent issues.

Continuing that trend, this issue features reports on the protests at the Democratic and Republican Conventions — actions that seemed to wrap up a year of urban activism commencing in Seattle last year. Reflections on the relations between nonviolent anarchists and “Black Bloc” protesters, on “aromancy in action,” on building community amidst the protests, and on legal follow-up to the RNC arrests — along with our usual frontline photos — round out our coverage of the summer's biggest actions.

Two further activism stories offer a glimpse of new directions for the nonviolent action community:

- the occupation of an evicted dance studio by artists, activists and Pagans — including many Reclaiming people — helps to draw a line in the fight to save the grassroots cultural communities of San Francisco from the devastation of real estate speculation.
- protests of the militarization of space will be held in early October at dozens of sites, coordinated by the Global



*A vintage Reclaiming Newsletter cover from Autumn 1984, by Dragonstongue. Reclaiming Newsletter was published 1980-1997.*

## Untitled

by Paul Glanzrock

One day I will

cry  
cry  
cry

And the moon will sound her alarm  
for they will think she had let loose the sky  
and all the rivers running.

I will stand before the stoic gargoyle  
and sway  
and sway

until I am a wave  
riding the soul of my sorrow  
and the stone and the memory of stone  
will remember its bride of water  
And honor her in my name

Network and including a major gathering and direct action at Vandenberg Air Force Base.

Vandenberg was the site of major civil disobedience protests in the early 1980s that helped shape the activist movement to this day. Our History department features a narrative and photos of the January 1983 action which helped pioneer the large-scale use of affinity groups, solidarity tactics, and consensus process.

Starhawk brings us grumpy thoughts on healing. Grove reflects on a moth infestation. Maraya shares her vision of faeries in our Youth department. Yes, it's Fall at RQ.

READER RESPONSES to our Equipment Fund appeals have been going very well — but we still need your support! We have raised over \$3000 to date, heading toward our goal of \$7000 for a first-rate design and production station. Your tax-deductible donations to the Fund will ensure that RQ can continue to grow as a vital resource for Reclaiming and the wider Pagan and activist communities!

As always, Reclaiming Quarterly counts on you, our readers, in so many ways: send us reports of magical events and activism in your area; write a book or CD review; order a bundle of sample copies to share with your coven, affinity group, workshop, etc.

And above all, subscribe! Your generous contributions make this magazine possible!

*Have a blessed Autumn,*

*The RQ Cell*

**Dear Reclaiming,**

The Circle of the Goddess sponsors an international pen friend club for shut-ins. What we do is match up people with similar interests from the "free world" with those who find themselves shut-in.

The program has been in operation for over seven years, and is ever-growing. Many great friendships have developed over the years.

We are looking for both inside and outside people to get involved via the inky trail. If you are interested, please contact me. You will be sent full details, and if you are interested in joining, you can return the forms.

*In love and light,*  
 Douglas H. Lagossy (Aspen), Box 760,  
 Cambellford, Ontario, K0L 1L0

**Hello Quarterly Folk,**

I'm not sure if this is the right place for expressing my concern, but I just got the latest Quarterly, and as always was really excited by most of the contents.

The thing that concerns and even dismays me is the incorporation of fairly serious references to Harry and Muggles and such. I've read the Harry Potter



*The world-renowned RQ proofreading squad, hard at work on the Fall issue. Long hours and grueling conditions are part of the price we pay to bring this magazine to you. Please do your part by subscribing, volunteering, or both! Photo by Kat Lilith.*

books and have found them amusing, and at first the term Muggles was kind of cute, but to tell you the truth I see very little connection between Harry Potter and my spirituality.

Maybe I'm missing something, but I find Harry Potter somewhat embarrassing. Although I plan to read and enjoy the new volume, I'd hate to have anyone seriously think that my beliefs and practices have anything in common with

Harry and his adventures.

I can see where Pagan kids might find some comfort and/or validation in the fact that the stories are full of Witches and Wizards, but when I read the books there's nothing beyond that that resonates with me. What I get out of Harry Potter is an amusing read about English kids at a boarding school and their adventures.

I don't want to be humorless on this point, but something inside of me cringes at the way that Harry seems to have crept into Reclaiming

culture to stay. Am I alone (and humorless to boot)? Maybe, but I'm really heading down the continuum from "mildly amused," past "not amused but tolerant of other people's humor," to being concerned that people weren't joking in the first place.

*With love and concern,*  
 Lydia Motyka

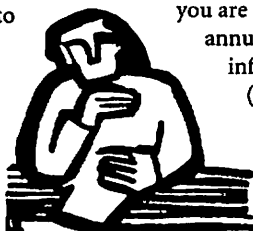
**Announcements**

**WITCHES' YELLOW PAGES**

The Witches' Yellow Pages (WYP) is a new community resource designed to connect Witchcampers and others to the rich variety of services, crafts, talents, etc. within our community.

WYP is being distributed for free to all Witchcamps and by request from individuals.

See page 51 for details.



*Rini Templeton*

**SPIRAL DANCE — NOVEMBER 4**

The 2000 Spiral Dance will be held on Saturday, November 4 in San Francisco. If you are interested in volunteering at this annual community ritual, or for ticket information, call the Events Line, (415) 339-8150 or visit the website, [www.reclaiming.org](http://www.reclaiming.org) for information.

See page 46 of this issue for more details.

**LETTERS AND ARTICLES FOR RECLAIMING QUARTERLY**

RQ is glad to get articles, letters, artwork and photos(!) from our readers. You are our connection to magic and activism in your area.

Submissions may be edited. See back inside cover for guidelines, or contact RQ, PO Box 14404, San Francisco, CA 94114, [quarterly@reclaiming.org](mailto:quarterly@reclaiming.org)

The

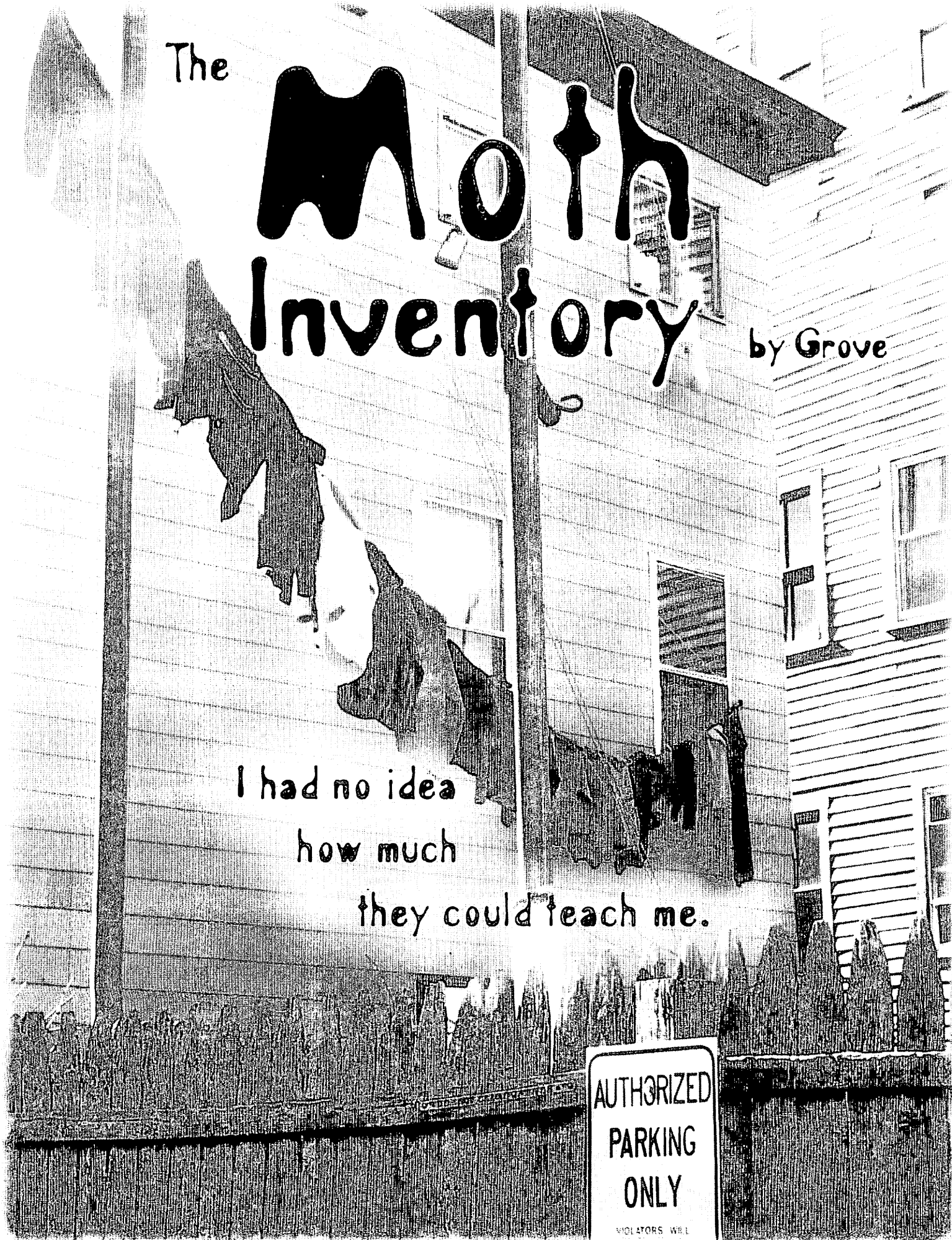
# Moth Inventory

by Grove

I had no idea  
how much  
they could teach me.

AUTHORIZED  
PARKING  
ONLY

VIOLATORS WILL



I HAD NO IDEA how much they could teach me.

## Moths.

Yes, moths.

Not that I am happy to see them. Actually, I have taken to killing them as fast as I can. With my bare hand if necessary. I do try to honor all life forms, but I kill moths in my home. Even though I am grateful to them. Yes, the peaceful earth mother in her kitchen can become a vengeful murderess. Oh, well. These things happen. Sometimes being a kitchen witch involves killing.

But what did I learn from these moths?

I learned that moths can eat their way through plastic and cardboard. I threw out an old box of tofu scrambler (the contemporary vegetarian equivalent of the hamburger helper that I grew up on) because moths had entered there. Screw-top jars, while useful against cockroaches, are no defense against moths, because larvae can wriggle their way in there.

I learned that I am not alone, that in households and granaries all over the world moths find and eat grain. This idea led me to contemplate picking the pale, wiggling, hungry larvae out of my rice and cooking the rest, as I am sure impoverished women around the globe must do to feed hungry children. But my privileged nausea won out here. I called a friend who insisted she would buy me new rice; that this potential act of solidarity with starving people wasn't particularly useful. I gave in and threw the rice and larvae into the compost.

I learned that in my pantry seaweed accumulates uneaten, and that herbed vinegars can become antique. I did like the clarity I established. Only canned goods or oils in my lower cabinet, only things moths ignore. But this cleaning and my intensifying rampages against the fluttering grey creatures didn't convince the moths to leave.

And there was the research into "healthy" deterrents, like the environmentally correct moth traps. Environmentally correct for me, still deadly to the moths. Two kinds of these traps are sold, one for grain moths and one for wool moths. Now my moths started in the kitchen eating grains, and eventually migrated to my wools. Or maybe wool

eating moths moved in after the grain ones died out. I don't know. There are many different kinds of moths and anything is possible. True confession: after one try, these traps lost out to my nostalgia for the smell of moth balls; I now have those potentially brain melting balls (and flakes!) in my closet.

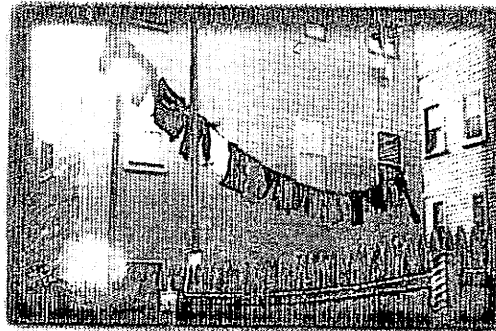
I replaced worn rubber rings on my sealing jars, got rid of split peas that had bleached white in the sun- I mean my pantry got current. No longer a warehouse against starvation, I let my larder have empty space in it, and I affirmed the abundance available to me at my local food co-op. My refrigerator too got overhauled; my freezer needed more room to hold almonds and some fine wool scarves, the sheep's wool I'd collected on a trip to the outer Hebrides, strands of yarn from various rituals, etc. If you freeze things for 3 weeks or so, they say you interrupt the moth's life cycle. I found myself putting herbed sleeping pillows and the lavender eye sacks into the deep freeze. But the moths kept coming, now invading my bedroom.

I EVENTUALLY FOUND their true home in my kitchen when I inventoried my spices. It was a spell I had cast, an abundance spell with almonds and pine needles and cinnamon in a ruby red glass jar on my stove. Feng Shui suggests

I am lucky to have my hearth (read: stove) in the spiritual center of my home. I treat my stove like an altar. And leave things there. The remains of this spell, that had long since done its work, was the epicenter of the moths' life in my home. Or maybe the spell was still working, bringing me abundance... of moths! Out it went. Into the compost.

But by now, there were moths fluttering in my bedroom, so alright, alright already, more mothproofing in there. I began pulling out my wool sweaters, inspecting them, and hanging them out in the sun. Every single one of them. My sweaters filled the clothesline. It was nice to see my colors of reds and pinks, blues and greens, grays and black. But counting them was a shock. I never would have guessed that I owned more than twenty sweaters. That I could wear a different one to work every day for a month. That I had this accumulation that didn't even feel like abundance, that was actually more like clutter. Prior to this inventory I had thought I might

need a new sweater. Ha! What I needed was to let go of my excess and enjoy the abundance I have. I did finally find what I was looking for: one of the last sweaters



revealed the white papery housing that would have soon released new hungry larvae, ready to munch on my sweaters. My sweaters were saved from holes, at least for the time being.

Now in some spiritual traditions, one is required to do things like inventory one's faults, go to confession, perhaps to contemplate sin. On my spiritual path, I pay attention to concrete things. Like moths and sweaters. The moths showed me places I hadn't paid attention in my home, places where energy had stagnated, where I was holding on, not letting go. Letting go is a fine art, an art of opening the hand and trusting the

*continued on page 53*

# Why I Love the

by T. Thorn Coyle

# Black Bloc

## or, Anarchy in Downtown L.A.

I am the anti-pepper spray, I am aromatherapy!  
I know what I want, you're gonna smell better!  
I'm gonna spritz you, in all kinds of weather!  
I, I wanna beee, Aromatherapy!  
This is what Anarchy smells like! Spritz this!

— to the tune of "Anarchy in the UK" by the Sex Pistols

WE MARCHED in the heat, phalanxes of cops dogging every step. Row after row after row in dark uniforms, with bandoliers of tear gas, pepper spray and rubber bullets at the ready. They were working class people being lied to. Their superiors had told them we were dangerous, we would not only engage in property damage, we would attack the police. The delegates in the Staples

Center had been told we were dangerous. They were told to not sit by the windows of their big shiny busses. We were prone to throwing stones.

Why was there such fear and misinformation? People liked to blame the "anarchists," the dreaded "Black Bloc." They blamed those youth in black clothing and bandanas who marched, day after day, arms linked in formations

three or four rows deep. I tried to explain to Rob Morse of the Examiner that they were not the only anarchists out there. We were anarchists too. I explained what anarchy was. I said that "Anarchy means taking total responsibility for yourself and your actions. It means people working collectively in community to make decisions on policy and morality." He, alas, misquoted me. The misquote made the front page.

We marched in the heat, dressed in white and supplied with Anarchy Love Spray [see page 24] provided by Mixtress Oak for the Revel Alliance. This potion perked up wilting activists with sun exposure and kept people calm. We sprayed it at the cops a lot. The Black Bloc would offer up their sweet, young necks to the spray as I said, "This is what Anarchy smells like. Smells pretty good, doesn't it?" Those young people remained linked in their disciplined rows in their sweltering clothing. They said "I'll take some!" They said, "Thanks."

They marched in formation into



PHOTOS: LEFT © 2000 BY OTTER  
RIGHT © 2000 BY ERIC SLOMANSON





Staples Center, formed a circle, and sat in unison. What were they going to do? Would they lock down, blocking the driveway? One person got up, slowly patting head after head. "Duck, duck, duck, duck. Goose!" The goose shot up and ran and ran and ran after the first young anarchist, who skidded safely into place. The game began again, entertaining those of us huddled under the few trees on the very edges of the "protest zoo" with its one tiny exit that would cause such trouble at the infamous concert when 6,000 people were trapped by the cops.

WE ARRIVED TOO late for that concert, getting there minutes before Ozomatli got the plug pulled on its set. We got out. We saw the horses, motorcycles, cars with sirens screaming. Retreating to 6th and Flower, the place of Center, we reinforced the magic we had set the night before when we called on the elemental directions and the spirits of

the City. We Witches had fanned out, surrounding the activists' Convergence Center, calling Air into the garment district, explaining to cops that the stone and feather in Pershing Square were representatives from North and Earth brought there by that quadrant. This night, sirens screaming from neighboring blocks, we stopped burly security guards from harassing a poor skate-kid who was just trying to get away from them as they taunted him and yelled at him. Oak sprayed him down with Love Spray and gave him and his friends "Wake Up Muggles: banish corporate rule!" stickers.

The next evening, at the Queer March, the dreaded Black Bloc got us all singing the theme from the Brady Bunch: "they were four men, living all together, but they were all alone!" When we went to the huge intersection near the Federal Building, we formed a circle. The Black Bloc, never leaving formation, backed itself into the circle, arms still

linked. They and others sat around in a circle of protection while others of us had a die-in, chalking pastel bodies on the black pavement. The cops pinned us in. Row after row after row of them. Fascist intimidation tactics. None of us were violent. They held us there and held us there, as helicopters circled overhead. We sprayed a circle around the cops. I grew angry. I was ready to be violent. Luckily, my Witch's tools kicked in, and I grounded and sang and calmed myself. We sang and helped calm others. They finally let us go. Then they pinned us in again, for no apparent reason. Violent? Were we? We weren't the ones with the guns. I consoled myself by chalking spirals with the words "Wake Up!" along our path. I consoled myself with some direct action on the Metro back to our hotel, talking to four squeaky-clean Goreheads with flag neckties about the "environmental candidate" and his stock in Occidental

*continued on page 53*

# Let It Begin... *now!*

ACTIVISM IN BRIEF

## Big Oil vs. the U'wa — and You!

### Columbia

The U'wa are an indigenous tribe in Columbia who believe that they are the center of a living earth and that they perpetuate all life by protecting it. As one of their leaders says, "For us, the earth is sacred; it is to be cared for, to be conserved."

Currently their ancestral land and their lives are being threatened by Occidental Oil. The longstanding situation reached a critical point in May of this year when a Columbian high court revoked an injunction that had suspended Occidental's drilling project on U'wa land. Occidental is ready to drill, prevented only by the Columbian guerrilla army's repeated bombing of the area. Clinton's recent "anti-drug" package to Columbia is allocated primarily as military aid to Columbia's corrupt government. Much of this money could end up protecting corporations like Occidental.

The magical community can join in spiritual and political solidarity with the U'wa people. Protection and support rituals, prayers, non-violent civil disobedience, letter writing, and other creative acts will support the U'wa in their life and death struggle.

Al Gore's family has connections to Occidental. Grassroots activists around the country plan to converge on local Gore campaign headquarters if Occidental

begins to drill, with street theater, ritual, signs, banners, singing and chanting.

If you plan to do a local action, contact Fern (Revel Alliance/Reclaiming), Guppy777@hotmail.com, [www.revelalliance.org](http://www.revelalliance.org)

For email updates, contact Lauren (lsullivan@ran.org) at Rainforest Action Network, or Brett (bdoran@enviroweb.org) at Action Resource Center.

Contact RAN, (415) 398-4404. Or visit [www.ran.org/ran\\_campaigns/beyond\\_oil/oxy/index.html](http://www.ran.org/ran_campaigns/beyond_oil/oxy/index.html)

## Students Break a Sweat

*Boston, and universities everywhere*

United Students Against Sweatshops (USAS) is an international coalition devoted to stopping sweatshop labor. You can learn

about USAS by contacting the Boston-based Center for Campus Organizing, (617) 725-2886, [cco@igc.org](mailto:cco@igc.org), [www.cco.org](http://www.cco.org)

Here's a quick thing you can do to help USAS stop sweatshops: encourage the Collegiate Licensing Company, which represents over 2,000 clients and almost 200 universities, to adopt a strong code of conduct for its campus licensing arrangements.

Please email Bruce Siegal, Vice President and General Counsel for CLC, [bsiegal@clc.com](mailto:bsiegal@clc.com)

Tell him you want 1) student input for the final code; 2) a code that provides for independent monitoring and full disclosure of factory locations; 3) a code that respects the right to organize into unions; and 4) a code with uncompromising living wage provisions.

USAS is also working with UNITE! to study universities' use of sweatshop

labor. You can help us by completing our bookstore survey at your university! Just email Dan Hennefeld to have a survey sent to you : [Dhennefeld@uniteunion.org](mailto:Dhennefeld@uniteunion.org)

## Irresponsible Mining Threatens Kenya Coast

### Kenya

The coastline of Kenya, from the port of Shimoni to the ancient village of Mambui, is under severe environmental threat from irresponsible mining. The Kenyan coast is a stunning tropical paradise, with its 250 miles of palm-fringed beaches, blue lagoons and magnificent coral reef. Tourism, Kenya's largest industry, depends on its pristine beauty. Many endangered species, including the only bands of Colobus monkeys on the East African coast and Kenya's last

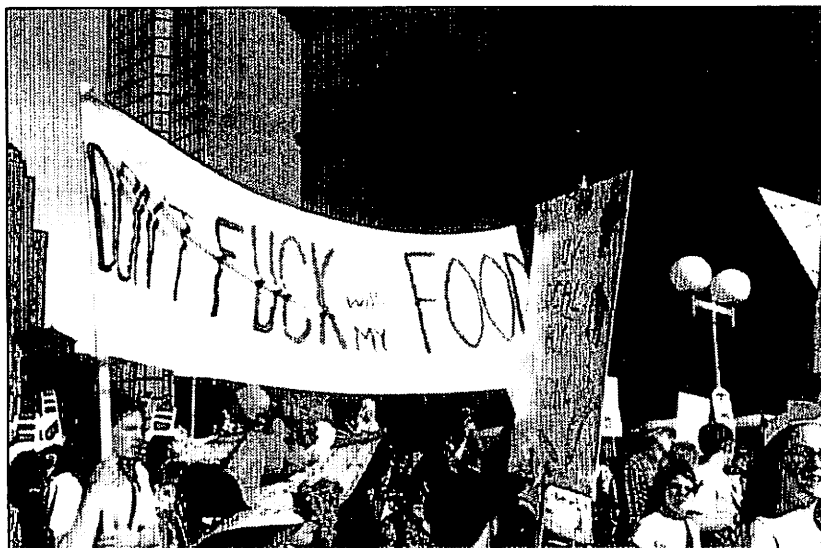
*THOUSANDS MARCHED in Boston to oppose genetic engineering — March 2000.*

*Two good sources of GE information and activism are:*

*NERAGE, (802) 454-8493, [www.bckweb.com/nerage](http://www.bckweb.com/nerage)*

*Native Forest Network, (802) 863-0571, [www.nativeforest.org](http://www.nativeforest.org)*

*Photo by Langelles/ACERCA*



# Let It Begin... *now!*

ACTIVISM IN BRIEF

remaining herds of Sable antelope, depend on the coast's fragile ecosystem.

Conservation International already lists Kenya's coastal forest as one of the world's 25 "hotspots" — places of extraordinary biodiversity that are seriously threatened. Now a new threat endangers these forests as well as coastal waters and the agricultural communities of the Digo and Kamba peoples. Canadian mining company Tiomin Resources, Inc. is negotiating an agreement with the Kenyan government to strip-mine four coastal sites for titanium, primarily used to make a white pigment for paint, plastic and paper. All vegetation and physical structures will be removed, and mineral deposits will be exposed to a depth of more than 30 meters.

A coalition of local communities, conservation and human rights organizations called the Coast Mining Rights Forum is energetically protesting the Tiomin titanium mine. Kenyan scientists warn that it may never be safe for people to live in the area after Tiomin mines it. The Kenyatta University Environmental Impact Statement warns that titanium mining will cause erosion and siltation of rivers and coastal waters, damaging coral reefs and mangrove ecosystems already affected by pollution. The fledgling

*Thanks to Thorn, Fern, George, Jeffrey, and On Indian Land (PO Box 2104, Seattle, WA 98111)*

local eco-tourism industry will give way to industrialization dominated by a multinational corporation.

As public opposition mounts, one government agency, the Kenya Wildlife Services, has openly challenged the Tiomin project.

To find out how you can help, contact the Mangrove Action Project, a project of Earth Island Institute, P O Box 1854, Port Angeles, WA 98362-0279, (360) 452-5866, mangroveap@olympus.net

## Jail Time for Rainbows?

*Pennsylvania, Montana*

The Rainbow Family held its annual peace circle in Montana around July 4, with over 20,000 folks attending.

Several days later three members were served with court papers charging them with organizing an illegal gathering on national forest land. They are facing six months in jail and a \$5000 fine.

The three Rainbows who were charged from the 1999 Pennsylvania gathering were sentenced to 90 days in jail and a \$500 fine. Their case is on appeal.

Asks one Rainbow organizer: Why is the federal government so concerned with the Rainbow Gathering? General paranoia? Or suspicions of connection to urban protests of the last year?

For more information, contact Jeffrey, Stealthx@aol.com

## Freedom for Leonard Peltier

*"Much of the turmoil throughout Indian Country since the early 1970s was — and is — the mining companies' desire to muffle AIM and all traditional Indian people, who sought — and still seek — to protect the land, water, and air from their thefts and depredations. In this sad and tragic age we live in, to come to the defense of Mother Earth is to be branded a criminal."*

— Leonard Peltier, "Prison Writings: My Life is a Sun Dance"

LEONARD PELTIER HAS been in prison for over twenty-five years for a crime he did not commit. Peltier was imprisoned after the 1975 shootout between members of the American Indian Movement and the FBI at Wounded Knee reservation.

Peltier has been denied a new trial despite evidence casting doubt on his guilt that was ignored at his first trial.

For years, the Leonard Peltier Defense Committee has built support for Peltier's release from federal prison.

Their latest campaign, coinciding with Peltier's 2000 parole

hearing, brought more than 10,000 letters of support for Peltier. Parole was denied, and the next hearing is not until 2008.

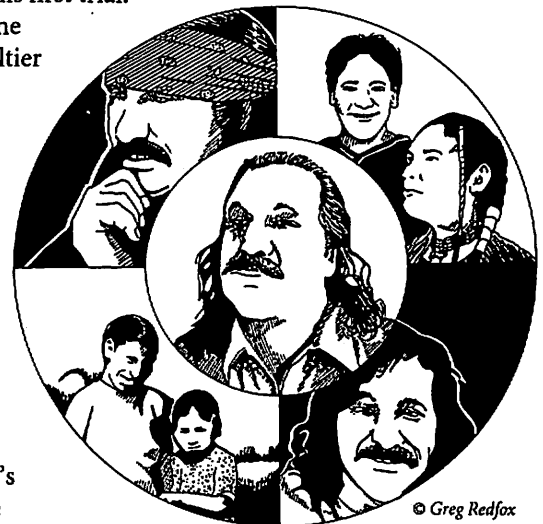
Seven years ago, Peltier applied for executive clemency. His petition has still not been decided. President Clinton could bring justice with one stroke of his pen.

YOUR SUPPORT IS needed now, while Clinton is still in office, to show him and Janet Reno the overwhelming support for executive clemency for Leonard Peltier.

### CALL OR WRITE:

Janet Reno  
Attorney General  
10th & Constitution, NW  
Washington DC 20530  
(202) 514-2000

President Clinton  
The White House  
1600 Pennsylvania Ave NW  
Washington, DC 20500  
(202) 456-1111



# Occupied

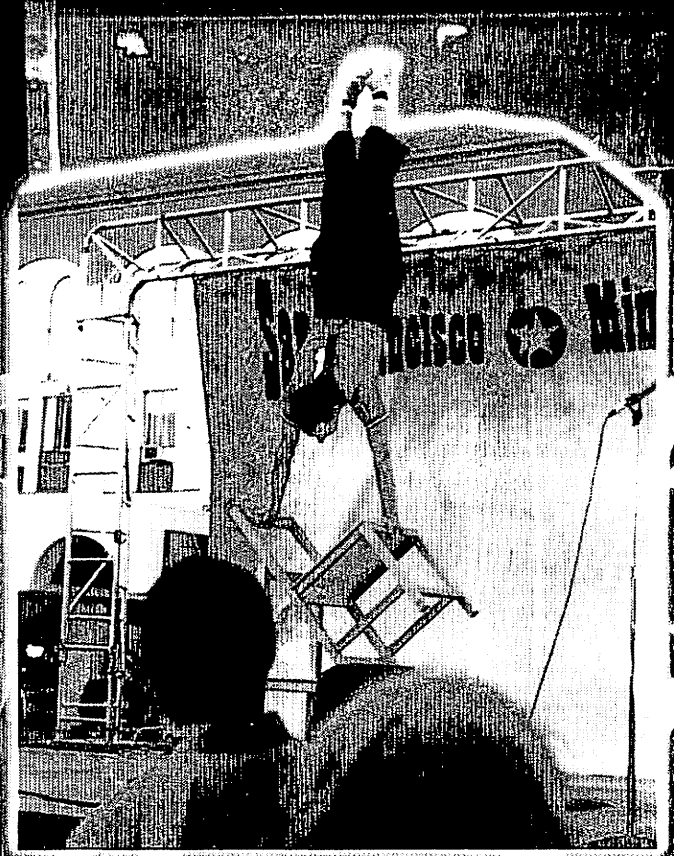


**T**his occupation was about freedom.... freedom to live life as we have chosen. Having been evicted out of Berkeley, the occupation of Footwork was my fightback against personal displacement and a stand in solidarity with the dancers and artists of the Bay Area." — Max

On August 15, Dancers' Group Footwork studio in the Mission District of San Francisco lost its lease for the space from which it had served the community for 18 years, due to a

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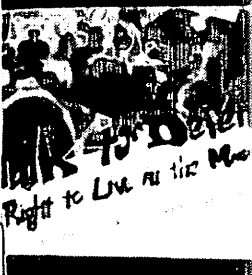
Artists, activists and  
pagans draw the line against  
the clearcutting of  
community and culture in  
San Francisco



ARTIST

Joe

SPACE



# Occupied Space

continued from preceding page

rent hike from \$3,100 to \$15,500 per month (over 500% increase). The space has been a dance studio for over 50 years, and was the rehearsal and performing home for hundreds of dancers and performance artists.

*"To me, Earth-based spirituality means honoring the place we live. It means taking a stand against greed and preserving the communities we already have."* — George

The new landlord, Pomegranate Design and Development, bought the building at the current hyper-inflated "market value," and tried to pass the cost on to the non-profit dance organization. When the dancers were unable to meet the new rent, an eviction was ordered.

*"There is this sense that money and capital are taking our art, and I want to*

*keep giving it back. We gave something back to people, every artist and witness at the circus of resistance. We gave each other some hope and some reclamation."* — Victoria

In response to the eviction notice, artists and activists organized a performance festival in the street outside the space on its final night, with a thousand or more people closing the entire block for music, dance and theater performance. That night, twenty-five people occupied the space, refusing to acknowledge the eviction.

During the next three days, dozens of community members helped maintain a

round-the-clock occupation. Offerings of food, blankets, and other supplies were donated by supporters. Inside, free classes and performances were organized.

*"The dancers' space is special to me. I think it was really fun dancing with Priscilla in the talent show. If we lose all the dance spaces, then where will we dance?"* — Ingi, age six

Members of Reclaiming took part in the occupation. Circles were cast each night, and a ritual was held on the second evening.

*"The action was full of faerie and goddess energy. A lovely example of what we have the power to create."* — Max

The occupiers held the building for three days, until a police raid on the morning of August 18 forced them out. Ten people still refused to leave, and were arrested.

*"I knew I was willing to sit, and*



Marko Muir

*to be arrested. I felt like my own perception and belief system, around culture and living in an awake state, required my participation in that way."* — Victoria

After the eviction, cultural events and protests continued outside the Dancers' Group space. Community meetings were held to discuss how to save this and the many other cultural and nonprofit spaces threatened with destruction as San Francisco is overrun by nouveau riche businesses and entrepreneurs whose sole cultural interest is upscale restaurants.

The meetings spawned several demands that transcend any one space or building:

- that 3221 22nd Street (formerly known as Dancers' Group) remain a community space for dance and the performing arts, affordable for artists and low income people.

- sustainable, nurturing communities which are vibrant with diverse cultures and non-commercial art

continued on page 54



All photos pages 10-12 by Lisa L. DeAngelis except Marko Muir, above, and page 10 group shot by Jonathan Furst

# The Dirt

## on the RNC Crackdown

As RQ readers know, thousands of nonviolent activists converged in Philadelphia at the end of July to protest at the Republican National Convention. City officials and police responded with a pre-emptive crackdown that reached absurd proportions, including a military-style raid on a puppet-making warehouse. Over four hundred protesters were arrested. Many stayed in jail for days before being released with future court dates. This story updates readers on the status of these protesters, and how you can help in their defense.

FOUR HUNDRED ACTIVISTS arrested at the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia have been hit with a barrage of charges. Some are facing fifty years to life if convicted.

These are committed organizers and activists, and their situation could be ours unless we stand up to this assault on dissent.

The majority of these folks are in their twenties. The point of the police crackdown was to break folks' hearts and stop them from standing up for what is right.

Most face one or more misdemeanor charges. Thirty-six activists face felony charges. Many have multiple charges that could lead to decades in prison.

Several folks have particularly high felony charges — so high that

it's clear that these cases will be singled out as showcase trials for the DA (I am one of these cases). One demonstrator's

case includes two felony-one charges, one charge being assault on the police commissioner. These combined charges could mean fifty years to life in prison.

### SOLIDARITY

Demonstrators showed amazing strength and solidarity while in jail. Faced with constant brutality and psychological abuse, we chanted, sang, and flushed the toilets en masse to hold together inside the jail while folks on the outside worked to get us out and to get

our message out to the media.

Now we are switching to a new form of solidarity: court solidarity. The defendant/activists and supporters are meeting and strategizing ways to work as a group in order to:

- start negotiations with the city to cut the charges and the fines
- make best use of the legal team that we are creating
- launch a civil case against the city

### DEFENSE FUND FORMING

The most pressing task is raising defense funds. The minimum budget to defend activists targeted by the city is \$200,000. Local funding is already tapped out. You can help in solidarity by searching out new sources of funding in your area to pay for the tremendous legal fees and

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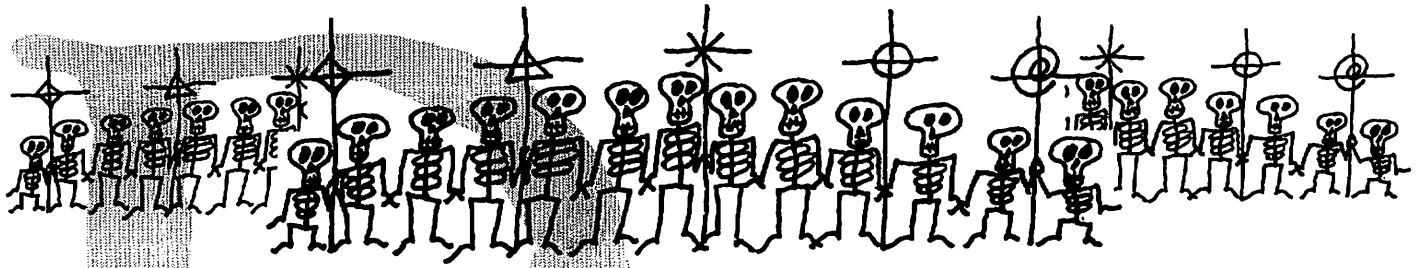
Magical Support  
MidAtlantic  
community members are tending magical flames of support for RNC protesters facing court dates.

When able, light a candle and tend it. Thus we share tending, and support moves like a spiraling heartbeat around Earth. Focus on warming the hearts of prosecutors to drop all charges, and on strengthening and protecting the arrestees.

— Annwyn



Eric Somanon



## San Francisco commemorates "Day of the Dead" November 2

SAN FRANCISCO'S "Dia de los Muertos" procession and ritual, held on November 2nd of each year, marks the day when the souls of the dead are invited to walk the ground they once trod as human beings.

In Mexican tradition, friends, family members and loved ones visit the graves of the deceased on this day.

The year 2000 marks the 20th anniversary

of this tradition in San Francisco. The procession and the beautiful altars in the Mission District's Garfield Park are being organized by the Rescue Culture Collective, with support from Reclaiming. Thousands of people will take part in the procession, led by sacred standards and accompanied by drummers, stilt-walkers, dancers, fire-twirlers, and many others.

The procession ends at Garfield

Park, where directional altars built in conjunction with Reclaiming's Spiral Dance will commemorate the dead of the Bay Area this past year: youth, young adults, adults, and elders.

*For more information and to help with planning, contact Rosa, (415) 864-1450.*

*Join other Reclaiming people building altars beforehand and on November 2 — call George, (415) 255-7623.*

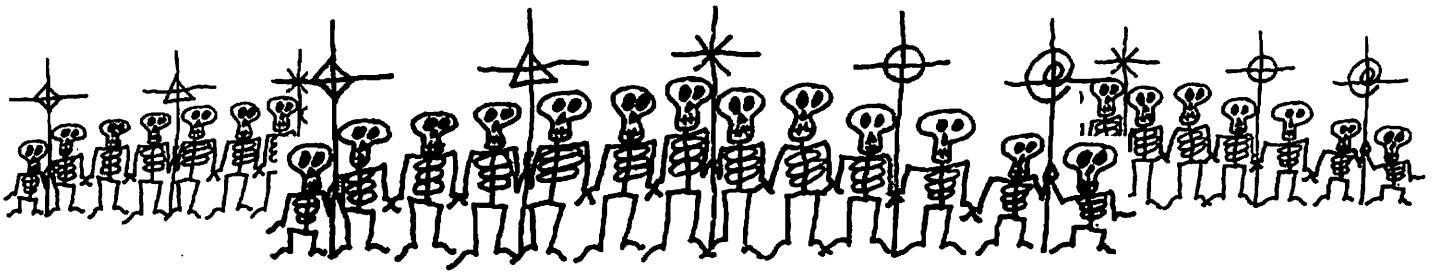


DE

OF

PHOTOS BY SUSAN C.





## DIA DE LOS MUERTOS

by Elka Eastly

Ancestors  
 Bones under the earth  
 The flesh reincorporates  
 With the flesh of the earth  
 After the harvest  
 When the veil is thin  
 Flesh that will rise again  
 Flesh emerging as green and bud through  
 The thin skin on the other side  
 Of the Wheel  
 But on this day still  
 The flesh is of spirit

\* \* \* \*

Their remembrance is clear and so they mourn  
 For the living  
 Not to pull us over not to drag us under  
 But to lift with the breath of ancients  
 The wisdoms unwritten  
 (Or erased)

Are rewritten by our living hands  
 When the voices of the dead speak  
 When we offer them our flowers  
 They remember the rose's scent  
 And their hearts hunger for that lost sense  
 When we offer our prayers  
 They remember their own life's longing  
 And speak with soothing patience  
 Or demand swift action  
 When we offer our thanks  
 They offer their thanks

Listen...  
 Flesh of my flesh (your flesh)  
 Blood of your blood (my blood)  
 I owe my life to you

\*  
 Underneath this flesh  
 Inside this flesh  
 Because of this flesh  
 We are one  
 Returning always returning  
 Again and again to the lap of Mother  
 To curl and rekindle  
 The fire that rebuilds the bones

— excerpted from a longer poem by Elka Eastly, 7/00



# DIA

DE

LOS



# MUERTOS



# FOREST ACTIVISM

## Buffalo Trace Earth First! Protests Indiana Timber Sales

INDIANA Earth First!ers are protesting timber sale programs within the Indiana State Forest system. Such sales, which have become increasingly common in the midwest, threaten to devastate public forests throughout the region.

Last May, five activists from Buffalo Trace Earth First! occupied the Morgan-Monroe State Forest offices, using flammable lockboxes and bike locks to thwart attempts to remove them. The action coincided with the opening of bids for the timber cuts, and focused attention on the bidding process.

The protest succeeded in bringing the state Department of Natural Resources to consider environmental assessments, which the DNR had previously refused.

*Buffalo Trace EF! needs your support. Contact PO Box 3503, Bloomington, IN 47402, (812) 332-4878, buffaloTRACEES@yahoo.com*

*Excerpted from the Earth First! Journal. The Journal is a powerful source of information on environmental activism throughout North America — see box on next page for info.*

## New River Free Press

To keep up on news and activism from the east-central states, subscribe to the excellent "New River Free Press," PO Box 846, Blacksburg, VA 24063, (540) 951-7320.

## Mid-Atlantic Citizens Challenge Timber Corporation on Chip Mill Plan

TENNESSEE ACTIVISTS and concerned citizens rallied to oppose Willamette Industries' plan to clearcut 50,000 acres of forest a year in six states (Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky and South Carolina) to feed their chip mill in Kingsport, TN.

Willamette has repeatedly violated the federal Clean Air Act throughout the south. The EPA has cited Willamette's mill in Bennettsville, SC as one of the ten dirtiest factories in the U.S.

Since 1985, over one hundred chip mills have been constructed in the Southeast, decimating 1.2 million acres of second-growth forest each year.

### WHAT IS A CHIP MILL?

Chip mills are a highly mechanized arm of the pulp and paper industry. Like

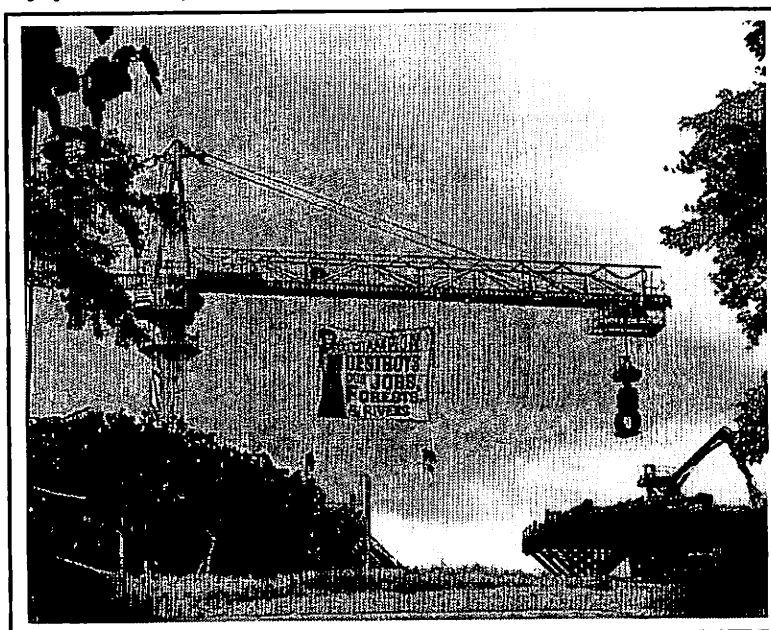
giant pencil sharpeners, chip mills grind whole trees into small flakes for particle board, pulp and paper.

Chip mills encourage clearcutting. A chip mill can consume more trees in one month than an average saw mill consumes in an entire year. And since chip

mills consume small trees that would make good lumber if left to grow for another twenty years, they threaten the future of sustainable saw mill operations.

"Chip mills in the South have already clearcut millions of acres of forests, severely impacting native ecosystems and local economies," says Cielo Myczack of the Dogwood Alliance. "Agencies are permitting these facilities without considering the environmental and economic impacts; we are asking that no more chip mill permits be issued until a comprehensive environmental and economic impact study is completed."

*For more information, visit [www.groundworkmag.org/forest/forest-main.html](http://www.groundworkmag.org/forest/forest-main.html)*



*Activists have taken direct action to highlight the dangers of chip mills. Eight people from Earth First! and Native Forest Network were arrested in 1997 for hanging this banner at the Champion Chip Mill in Caryville, TN. Photo by Doug Murray, courtesy of GroundWork, [www.groundworkmag.org](http://www.groundworkmag.org)*



# FOREST ACTIVISM

## Manulife Clearcuts Threaten British Columbia

SINCE NOVEMBER, 1999, the Texada Land Corporation has been clear-cut logging on Salt Spring Island, and at Horne Lake on Vancouver Island. It's not just Texada's chain saws that are mowing down our forests, it's also money. Manulife Financial Corporation's \$16,000,000 in mortgage financing has provided Texada with the operating capital to turn Horne Lake's prized recreation area, world-famous for its climbing and caving, into little more than a moonscape, with clear-cuts right up to the boundary of Horne Lake Provincial Park. [For background, see RQ#78, Spring 2000.]

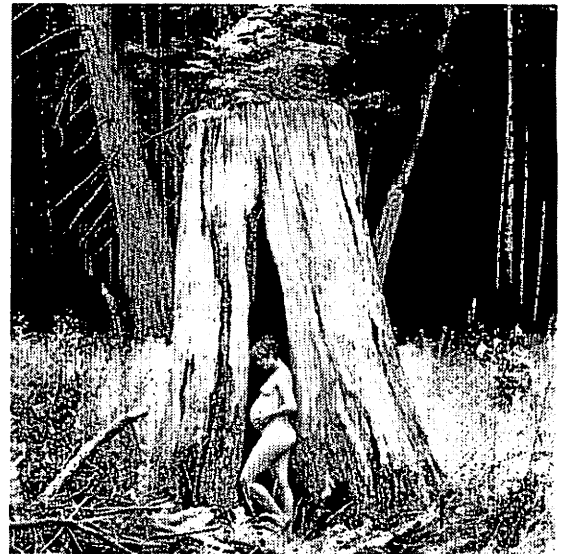
And on Salt Spring, Manulife money is helping Texada log 10% of our island at 15-20 times the sustainable rate of harvest. Their holdings here include the largest Garry Oak meadow in Canada, as well as the largest expanse of Douglas-fir forest left in the Southern Gulf Islands. Texada's stated intention is to take off 60% of the economically accessible timber in less than three years. At this rate, over 1,000 acres of rain-shadow forest, unique to the Southern Gulf Islands, will be destroyed by the

end of this year. Crucial community watersheds, future parklands, potential community forests and farmland, and the tourism Salt Spring's economy depends on are all at risk.

### HOW YOU CAN HELP

• You can support Salt Spring Island by ordering copies of the calendar, "Salt Spring Women Preserve and Protect," a powerful example of the magic of community and the ability we hold to dream a new world into being. The calendar features the lovely sky-clad eco-warrioresses of this island — women aged 18 to 74 that have put their energy, creativity, hearts and bodies in the forefront of our community's efforts to save our forests. We stand, like our island, strong and yet vulnerable, calling to your hearts and your spirits to support us in our cause. The calendars are \$19.95 Canadian via our website, [www.savesaltspring.com](http://www.savesaltspring.com)

• Check any mutual funds you might own to see if Manulife is included. If so, raise your concerns about holding shares in Manulife while they continue to finance clear-cut logging. We are asking Manulife to use its financial leverage to persuade



Texada to slow down or halt its logging and enter into realistic negotiations with the community for the purchase of some or all of the land. And please inform Dominic D'Alessandro, Manulife's CEO, of your action: 200 Bloor St. East, Toronto, Ontario, M4W 1E5, (416) 926-6623, fax (416) 926-3520, [dominic\\_d'alessandro@manulife.com](mailto:dominic_d'alessandro@manulife.com). Please pass this on to those friends and contacts you feel would be appropriate.

• Help save our island home: [www.savesaltspring.com](http://www.savesaltspring.com)

• Contact the BC Minister of the environment:

The Hon. David Anderson  
Minister of the Environment  
Government of Canada  
House of Commons  
Parliament Buildings  
Ottawa, Ontario  
K1A 0A6  
Phone: (613) 996-2358  
Fax: (613) 952-1458  
[Anderson.D@parl.gc.ca](mailto:Anderson.D@parl.gc.ca)



### HEADWATERS ALERT!

Stay tuned to the latest news and actions at Headwaters Forest — call the

HEADWATERS HOTLINE

(510) 835-6303

### EARTH FIRST! JOURNAL

Keep up on international forest news: read Earth First! Journal, PO Box 1415, Eugene, OR 97440. \$25 for eight issues (one year).

# VANDENBERG ACTION TARGETS MISSILE TESTS

By Jen Collins

ON OCTOBER 7, activists will converge at Vandenberg Air Force Base near Santa Barbara, California for a rally, workshops, and civil disobedience and a back country occupation.

The events are part of an international day of protest of the militarization of space [see next page],

## JOIN US AT VANDENBERG!

FRIDAY OCTOBER 6: trainings, affinity group formation, etc.

SATURDAY OCTOBER 7: morning spokescouncil, then rally at 1 p.m., with civil disobedience to follow.

FOR MORE INFORMATION, call (510) 496-6012.

and are planned by members of Vandenberg Action Coalition, the Direct Action Network, Reclaiming, Greenpeace, and other groups.

Vandenberg is a launch facility located on Chumash Indian land on the west coast of California. Since the 1940's, missiles have been launched from there to the Kwajalein Islands, as part of ongoing testing. To create the test area, the US evicted residents from all but one island, where they are crowded into tiny homes without adequate schools or medical facilities.

Thus, the protests at Vandenberg AFB have traditionally been about ending all testing and deployment of weapons of mass destruction, as well as about returning both Vandenberg and Kwajalein to their rightful inhabitants.

Vandenberg has a long history of being a target for magical activism. In the 1980s, thousands of activists, including many Reclaiming Witches, protested the testing of the MX missile by hiking onto the base, blocking roads, and rallying at the front gate [see page 29]. Because of their actions and those of people all over the nation, the MX missile was never deployed.

Our understanding of the

military industrial complex has broadened since the 1980s. We can see that the US military's real job is not to protect us from Russians or "rogue states." The purpose is to provide a threat of violence against any nation or people that does not comply with the regulations imposed by the IMF and US-based corporations.

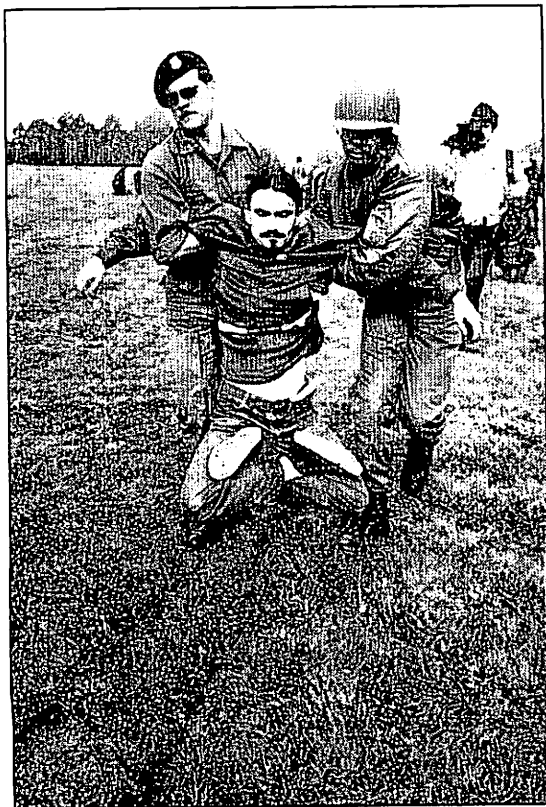
## JULY ACTION SETS THE STAGE FOR OCTOBER

THIS PAST JULY, people from Reclaiming, Greenpeace, and the Direct Action Network once again hiked onto Vandenberg Air Force Base with the intention of delaying and disrupting the test-launch of the proposed National Missile Defense (NMD) system. During this action, activists filmed themselves on the base and posted the images to the internet. A web of yarn was spun in the trees and roads of Vandenberg, and a missile silo was toilet-papered.

In part, I believe, because of the intervention of the spirits of that place as well as by the general havoc we caused, the launch was a complete failure. But this is only the beginning.

On October 7, 2000 there will be an international day of protest against the militarization of space. In conjunction

*continued on page 54*



Bette Lee

## Reclaiming Vandenberg AFB

a narrative of the first mass direct action at Vandenberg, January 1983

See RQ's History department, page 29

## TELL DOE TO STOP NUCLEAR TESTING

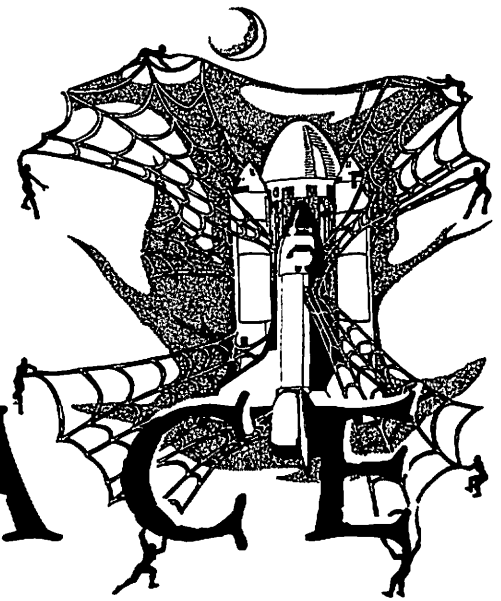


THE DEPARTMENT of Energy, which oversees nuclear tests at Nevada Test Site, continues to plant more radioactive waste in the Earth, squander public resources and maintain the U.S. nuclear terrorism through plenty of subcritical tests. The DOE shot off its latest subcritical

nuclear experiment (Oboe 5) at the Nevada Test Site on August 18th, 2000. They plan to explode three more plutonium bombs by the end of fiscal year 2000. To register your complaint, contact the DOE:

Kathleen A. Carlson, Manager, Nevada Operations Office, Department of Energy, PO Box 98518, Las Vegas, NV 89193-8518, (702) 295-3211, fax (702) 295-1876.

# PROTEST THE MILITARIZATION OF SPACE



URGED ON BY defense corporations grasping at yet another cash cow, the Pentagon continues to promote the militarization of space and particularly the National Missile Defense system (NMD, or "Star Wars").

The Global Network Against Weapons and Nuclear Power in Space (GN) is coordinating an "International Day of Protest to Stop the Militarization of Space" on October 7.

Tests of the proposed NMD system have almost invariably ended in failure, and there is little evidence that a

reliable system could be built regardless of cost.

President Clinton's recent decision not to proceed with Star Wars during his term has brought the issue into the news. The October 7 actions are a great opportunity to press the issue at a key moment.

The following locales have plans underway for October 7. Please join local plans, or organize your own event in your community. Hold your event at a military base, DOE laboratory, NASA facility, U.S. Embassy, an aerospace

industry corporation, or an academic institution that is working on militarizing space.

For more information, contact the Global Network, PO Box 90083, Gainesville, FL 32607, (352) 337-9274, [www.space4peace.org](http://www.space4peace.org)

## OCTOBER 7 ACTIONS

- Albuquerque, NM
- Asheville, NC
- Baku, Azerbaijan
- Beale AFB, CA
- Cape Canaveral AFS, FL
- Edwards AFB, CA
- Fylingdales, England
- France
- Great Neck, NY
- Hartford, CT
- Holland, MI
- Kathmandu, Nepal
- Leicester, England
- London, England
- Los Angeles, AFB, CA
- Madison, WI
- Menwith Hill, England
- Nevada Test Site
- Northampton, MA
- Penn State University
- Schwaebisch Gmuend, Germany
- Seoul, Korea
- Stockton, CA
- St. Paul, MN
- Toronto, Canada
- Tucson, AZ
- Valley Forge, PA
- Vandenberg AFB, CA
- Vancouver, Canada
- Washington, DC



Activists gathered at Vandenberg AFB in July to protest the proposed National Missile Defense system. A major convergence is planned at Vandenberg in October, as part of an international day of protest to stop the militarization of space. Photo by Ted Sahl. Top graphic by Bob Thawley.

# Samhain

at

## Arlington National Cemetery

**L**AST YEAR, for the first time in nearly a decade, I spent Samhain far from the spectacle and splendor of San Francisco's Spiral Dance. It was quite a passage for me; before this year, I couldn't have imagined what it would mean to spend Samhain in any way other than organizing, schlepping, or helping to priestess the largest ritual of post-modern Witchcraft in the world.

I began studying magic with Reclaiming in 1990, and from the moment I commenced my studies, I found myself volunteering to work on public rituals. The Spiral Dance at that time was a fairly modest event: four hundred of us crammed into the Women's Building, trying like hell not to step on each other's toes as we tranced to the Isle of Apples, or later in the ritual as we moved through a sardine-like spiral dance. I was there when we moved to the Hall of Flowers at Golden Gate Park, a long and uncomfortable room in which we were able to jam nine hundred people, once again squeezed shoulder to shoulder throughout the ritual. And I was there when the decision was made to move to Fort Mason. I cheered when Madrone invited other arts and Pagan communities to join the celebration, taught myself how to priestess through a microphone (sort of), and learned to enjoy the revelry of more than a thousand ritual celebrants.

Up until this year, the only thing I knew about Witchcraft was San Francisco's Reclaiming tradition and its celebrations. But at Winter Solstice last year, my partner and I moved to

Washington, DC, three thousand miles away from everything I knew about my religion. In San Francisco, the Reclaiming community and my spiritual life had been one and the same; here I didn't know what would happen. This entire year has been, in certain ways, a test of my faith.

I felt a lot of trepidation when I looked ahead to Samhain, worrying that I'd end up watching TV alone instead of properly observing the holiday which meant so much to me during my years in San Francisco. But I shouldn't have worried. As the days grew shorter following Summer Solstice, the Dead began arriving in droves, whispering, whispering in my ears about what I might do to celebrate. I had enough faith to realize, even at the height of last summer, that the holiday itself would inspire me to create some kind of ritual.

Right around Lammas, the thought came into my head that maybe I could do some kind of ritual at Arlington Cemetery — an odd thought, especially for me. I grew up in a family of rabid pacifists and literally have no way of imagining what it would be like to be a soldier. (My parents discouraged me from joining the Girl Scouts, for

instance, because they thought of it as a paramilitary organization.) But I had visited some of the war memorials on the National Mall, and was moved by these tributes. Also, I couldn't help but notice how many dead soldiers there are roaming through Washington, still fighting whatever fight they were involved in when they died. There are ghosts everywhere! It's my opinion that these dead and limping soldiers contribute in a big way to the paranoia and claustrophobia that are central to the mood of the White House and Capitol Hill.

INITIALLY, I IMAGINED a Reclaiming-like ritual — a public ritual of transformation, maybe cutting a portal the way Patti Martin taught me, so that the troops, still marching, still fighting, still serving their country, might cross over to a place of peace and healing, from where they might advise those of us who still think it's a great idea to wage war. It was quite an ambitious plan — Arlington has 250,000 graves, all of them for members of the military and their families. The Dead from every national conflict are buried there.

One visit to the cemetery put my delusions of grandeur to rest. From the moment I walked through the gate, I was almost knocked down by the confusion, disorientation, fear and anger I felt coming from the neat and orderly lines of headstones. I left in a hurry, and it took the rest of the day to calm myself

down. I thought to myself that my idea had been crazy, that maybe I could find another cemetery in the area where I could do some kind of Samhain ritual.

But the whispering in my ears continued. And so, a couple of weeks later, I found myself again emerging from the Arlington subway stop into what is called “our nation’s most holy shrine.”

This time I quickly found a place to sit down — to keep myself from being knocked down — and tried simply to tolerate the intense sensations of discord and strife that fill the air and earth of the cemetery. I didn’t try to *do* anything, which was very un-Reclaiming of me, don’t you think? We are a tradition that was born from activism. We make magic to heal the world, right? And speaking of being un-Reclaiming, what the hell was I doing at a military cemetery? My head was spinning, but I sat there anyway, as long as I could. Finally, the mist began to clear. I was able to have a drink of water and make it back to the subway without bursting into tears.

September came, and dusk arrived earlier every day. The first few leaves began to turn gold and the air felt crisp and dry. I felt homesick for San Francisco, wondered how the planning was going for the Spiral Dance, and built an autumnal altar in my East Coast home. I made a couple of other trips to Arlington. Each time I was better able to sit without feeling dizzy. Each time, I became a little more tolerant of the

energy, and perhaps a little more compassionate for those who were buried there. I even found that some of the rigid ideas I’ve held about the military as an institution were softening so as to allow me to think of the soldiers as something more than “troops.” They were human beings, after all, each one of them joining (or being drafted) for

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I guess I could have gone alone to sit at Arlington on Samhain. But I was trained to create public ritual.

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various reasons, dying in radically different ways, and finally being laid to rest in this very respectful — though not very healing — place.

By this time, it was inevitable that something had to happen at Arlington. The idea came to me that maybe I could go and simply sit, as one would go to sit with someone who is ill, for instance, or as people used to sit vigil with the Dead — something quiet but potent, like the old fashioned funeral Anne Hill had for her mother-in-law a couple of years ago.

I guess I could have gone alone to sit at Arlington on Samhain. But I was trained to create public ritual. And through the years I’ve reaped the rewards of the ways in which a group of people can become so much more than the individuals involved. I put out the

word, asking people to come only if they were called to do so. I was careful to explain my own reaction to the energy of the cemetery, so people would be prepared.

THE DAY OF the ritual was beautiful — the weather was perfect, the trees were at their peak of autumnal color, the sky

was a shocking blue. As with all magic that is meant to be, just the right people showed up. It was as if a delegation had been chosen, representing various communities I’ve connected with in this area. There was an ad man and a school teacher from Pennsylvania, a psychotherapist from North

Carolina, one of the most delightful radical faeries I know, a construction worker from Baltimore, a devotional math whiz from Virginia, a couple of members of Dark Flame (the most famous coven in the mid-Atlantic area — kind of like the Wind Hags of Washington), someone I’d never met, two of my favorite computer geeks, and me. We were a group of thirteen, including myself. We were large enough as a group to gather energy and support each other, but not so large as to be seen as disruptive. It was clear that no one was going to interfere with our work. Strangely, the cemetery felt incredibly peaceful that afternoon. I didn’t feel dizzy or overly emotional, as I had during my previous visits. I felt welcomed and encouraged. It was an astonishing sensation.

After a brief purification at the huge fountain that marks the entrance to the cemetery, the group walked together in silence to a hill where the chaplains are buried. We sat together for the better part of an hour, looking out over the sea of headstones, some of us praying, some of us simply sitting, in comfortable silence and stillness. Busloads of tourists and cars packed with people roared past, people walked by, but everyone left us to our work. It was surprisingly respectful. Every few minutes one of us offered a prayer of loving kindness out loud. The prayers were brief, thoughtful and deeply moving. After a little more than

## Samhain at Arlington Cemetery

Saturday, October 30, 1999

This will be a brief and simple ritual of loving kindness and prayer for the dead. Bring something comfortable to sit on. Dress for the weather.

It will not be an action-oriented ritual of magic making or transformation. If you hold very negative feelings about the military, this might not be a satisfying event for you. This prayer ritual is not appropriate for children.

Flyer for October 1999 gathering

continued on page 55

# Samhain Poem

by Lauren Raine

Where do the dead go?

The dead that are not corpses, cosmetically renewed  
and boxed, their faces familiar and serene.  
Or brought to an essence, pale ashes  
in elegant cannisters.

I ask for the other dead,  
those ghosts that wander unshriven among our sleep,  
haunting the borderlands of our lives.

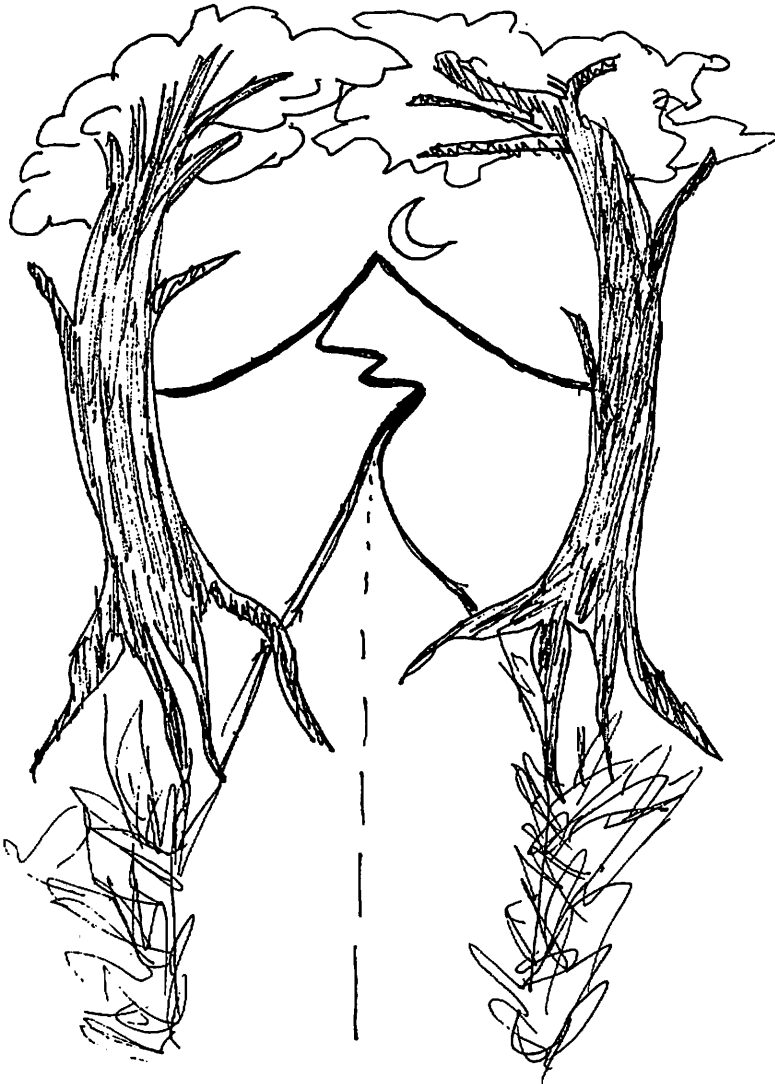
The dead dreams,  
The failed loves.  
The quests, undertaken with full courage  
and paid for in blood  
that never found a dragon, a Grail, a noble ordeal  
and the Hero's sacred journey home.

Instead, the wrong fork was somehow taken, or the road  
wandered aimlessly, finally narrowing  
to a tangled gully  
and the Hero was lost, in the gray and prosaic rain,  
hungry, weary, to finally stop somewhere, anywhere  
glad of bread, a fire, a little companionship.

Where is their graveyard?  
Were they mourned?  
Did we hold a wake,  
bear flowers, eulogize their bright efforts  
their brave hopes  
and commemorate their loss with honor?  
A poem?  
An imperishable stone to mark their passing?

Did we give them back to the Earth  
to nourish saplings yet to flower,  
the unborn ones?

Or were they left to wander  
In some unseen Bardo, unreleased, ungrieved.  
Did we turn our backs on them unknowing,  
their voices calling, whispering impotently  
behind us  
shadowing our steps?



GRAPHICS BY AIMEE VINCENT



# Entering

by Akasha Helkenn

A steady mist settles around your breath  
gathering on your skin, blurring your shaped  
outline.

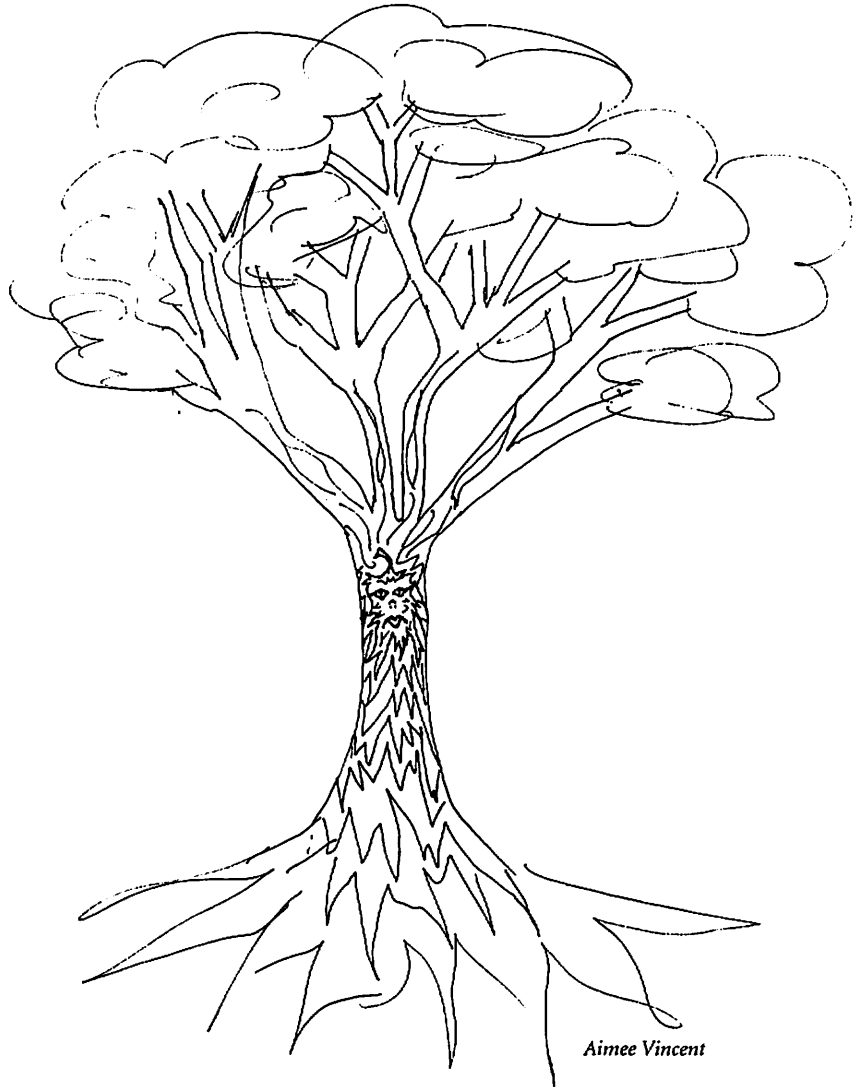
Its soft caress dissolves  
your bounds, breathing  
you open.

A stone ripples on the water.  
Trees shake their leaves.  
Rains come, soaking the air  
in the dirt, coaxing out the smells,  
the smells that bring you home — the smells  
of your own DNA strands  
before time, strands of stardust braiding  
a pattern into your bones  
bones of this earth.

You walk into this rain of smells  
coating yourself with it, wrapping yourself  
in this damp cloak  
of sage fiber and oak leaf thread,  
a trim of sedge upon your breast.  
Inhale into your skin; the weave  
expands, a radiation of connected textures:  
you wear fiery manzanita like glory.

How does it feel, moving parcel of earth?  
How does it feel to open  
over the soil — how is it, spreading  
your arms through the sky, illumination  
that is your existence?  
An illumination that is, because we are  
eyes to see?

From your birth, you wear All  
as the inside of your shirt. Outside  
All wears you.  
A loose thread snags on a passing wind  
unravelling you into the wholeness  
of this breath.



# Untitled

by Paul Glanzrock

The heart's truth is always in here  
The cold world is always out there;  
By bringing forth the heart's truth — slowly, safely  
We make the hard world softer.

# Aromancy in Action



## This is What Revolution Smells Like

by Oak

**I**N THE SUMMER OF 1968, I was thirteen years old. It was a scorching summer that seemed to go on forever. I had just begun a long, protracted war with my parents, the war in Vietnam was raging, heroes were being assassinated, and battles were being fought on the streets of American cities.

As we gazed each hot evening into the small black and white screen of our television, it seemed as if the whole country was being consumed by the fire of riot and unrest. I would watch and then go to my room, light the incense that I thought was so radical, and wish I was elsewhere. I wished I was dancing at the Avalon Ballroom in San Francisco, I wished I was hanging out in Central Park in New York City, I wished I was in Paris at the student uprisings, and more than anything I wished I was with the Yippies! in Chicago, challenging the Democratic Convention with a Festival of Life.

It was the Yippies!, guided by that trickster genius Abbie Hoffman, who had thrown hundreds of dollar bills on the stock exchange, creating mayhem. It was the Yippies! and their Charge of the Flower Brigade who had hilariously and magically levitated the Pentagon. It was the Yippies! who called out for a Festival of Life to occur in Chicago as an alternative to the Democratic Convention. Yippies! used humor, magic, symbol, and fun to tweak the nose of the face of "straight reality." They knew if you weren't speaking to Younger Self, you would not get heard.

It is now the year 2000. I am 45 years old. This summer my marriage of twenty years came apart, unknitting itself with painful precision. This summer there was confrontation and

craziness in the streets. Puppets and their makers were being arrested in Philadelphia. My sweet friend John Sellers was in jail with bail set at a million dollars, the crime being teaching non-violent direct action. Cell phones, palm pilots, lap tops and face coverings were illegal when used by activists organizing to protest the Republican convention. The Bill of Rights no longer

applied. In Chicago in 1968, the brutality of the police was seen by the world. In Philadelphia, the brutality occurred off screen and out of the papers. For any of us who had any doubt, this summer proved we do live in a corporate state and that the mainstream media will not report anything that challenges their power. Like that summer so long ago, I found this summer to be one of reckoning, one in which the wheel is in spin in both the personal and larger worlds. Somewhere around Lammas I realized I had become the woman I longed to be at thirteen. I am a Yippie! I

---

## Yippie!/Anarchy Love Spray

*Use to inspire, endure and create joyful, funny civilian uprisings. Spritz with a smile and let gently waft towards police. Never spray directly at police. Better sprayed on the back of tired necks than directly in face unless the eyes are closed. Spraying into the air above marchers or crowds is also effective.*

Mix five drops of each of the four following essential oils in four ounces of distilled water (tap water will work in a pinch) and put in a spritzer bottle. Adjust the number of drops until you get the intensity you desire.

**Clary sage** has a euphoric effect. It encourages feelings of well being and helps transform feelings of panic and hopelessness. It is a pick-me-up for the nerves. It is also soothing to inflamed and puffy skin.

**Cedarwood** gives the power of spiritual strength and constant faith. It is calming and soothing.

**Myrrh** gives a lift to feelings of weakness, apathy and lack of incentive. It has a cooling effect on heated emotions and has a cooling action on skin.

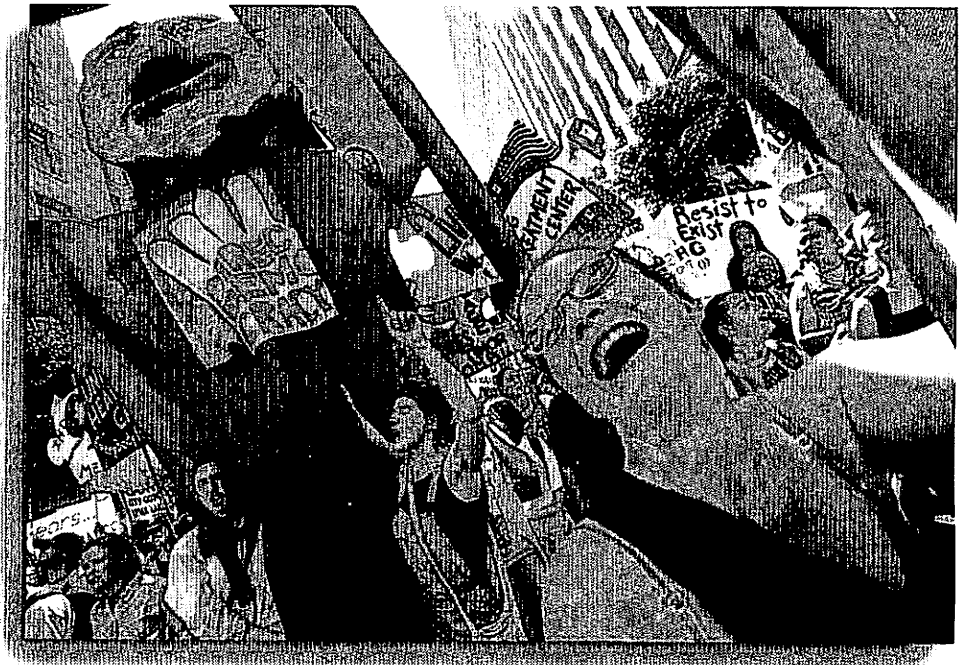
**Frankincense** heals inflammation, slows down breathing and eases shortness of breath. Helps produce a feeling of calm and is comforting and refreshing. Frankincense heightens and awakens higher consciousness and is soothing in the face of adversity and hardship.

decided I belonged on the streets outside the Democratic convention.

THE LAST FEW MONTHS I have found myself pouring over Abbie Hoffman's books, especially *Revolution for the Hell of It*, gleaning wisdom in how to keep a sense of humour (and use it) during turbulent times. *Revolution for the Hell of It* went with me to Los Angeles, and every night we (the small Revel Alliance band of heckraising Witches) would consult Abbie as both strategist and spiritual muse. Abbie had inspired me to create a magical spritzer to cool our skins and bring Yippie! energy to the streets of Los Angeles. It was this spritzer that Rob Morse of the San Francisco Examiner would compare to the flowers being placed in gun barrels in the late 1960s. Along with our Wake Up, Muggles! Conjure Justice, Banish Corporate Rule! stickers, Revel Alliance managed to make police, bystanders and the Black Bloc smile.

Spritzers are the perfect thing for long hot actions and marches. They cool and the essential oils work immediately to transform and lift moods. In doing the Nonviolence Trainings at the Convergence Center, Fern and I taught activists the loaves and fishes trick of making drinking water go farther and be more effective in hydrating than usual. By mindfully charging the water with our intent, each day our drinking water did sustain us three-fold in the hot streets of Los Angeles. Strangely, this would work with the spritzers as well. The first gallon batch of spritzer was diluted each night with more precious water, carrying us through the days of actions, actually seeming to get more powerful as the week wore on. I had named the spritzer Yippie! spray, but this was quickly changed by the younger generations to Anarchy Love Spray. The newly popular chant, "this is what democracy looks like!" was quickly changed to "this is what anarchy (or revolution or uprising) smells like!"

More on the L.A. protests —  
see page 6, 28



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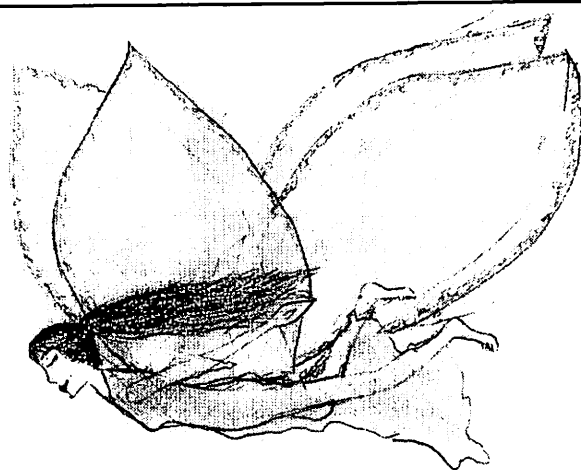
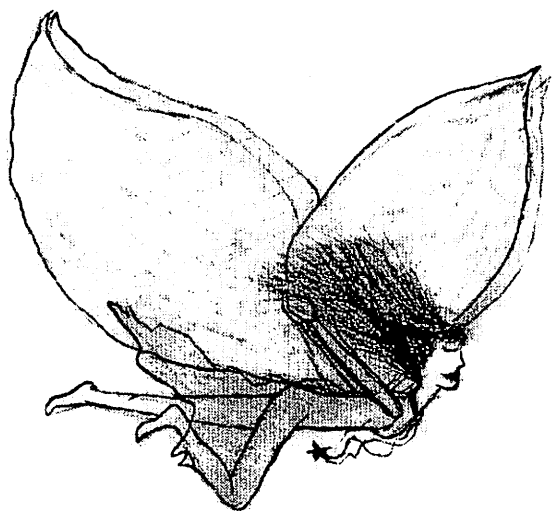
Los Angeles was frightening. The level of institutionalized intimidation was staggering. I have never seen so many police in my life. Unlike Philadelphia, we were somewhat protected from an out and out clampdown by a judge's ruling that we did have a right to protest, and a firm legal ruling that the police could not raid the Convergence Center. Nevertheless, the look, feel and smell of Los Angeles was pure raging corporate police state. Medics were attacked, bicyclists were peppersprayed, and young people were arrested for wearing black. I remembered Abbie's words: "In a Revolution, as in pool hustling, one should use only as much force as is necessary to prove one's point, no more, no less. The reason the U.S. Government will lose in Vietnam and that Daley lost in Chicago is because they overact. As the militarists would put it, they adopt a policy of overkill. When that happens they begin to devour themselves." In Seattle, at the World Bank, in Philadelphia, and in the streets of Los Angeles, the police and the corporate state adopted a policy of overkill and over-reaction. I choose to believe the Great Devouring has begun.

Our spritzer did what it could to make visible this devouring and

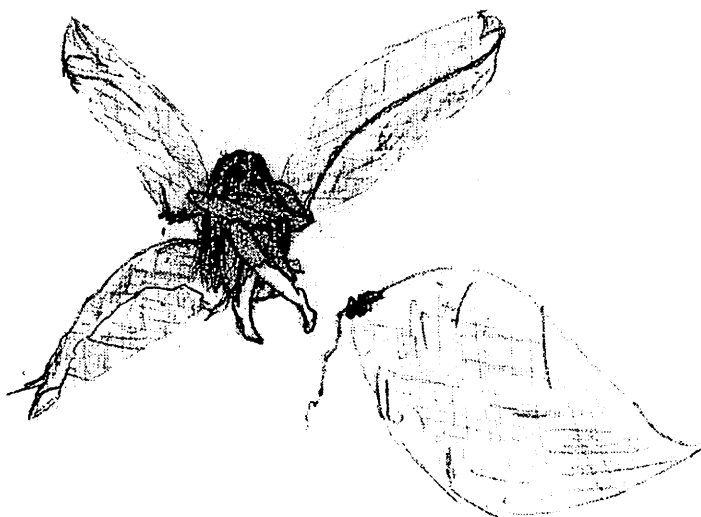
transform the stink of intimidation into something more palatable. One whiff and waft of the spray managed to shift energies and restore faith in the beauty of this earth and each other. And the sight of so-called dangerous protestors spritzing each other and chanting "This is not pepperspray, this is aromatherapy!" (part of a longer song by Thorn) was damn funny.

As a psychotherapist, Witch, and Abbie Hoffman admirer, I believe humor is power. With humor, all situations become both more bearable and paradoxically, more liable to change. Humor is the great connector, the place trickster and coyote make themselves known. Given that the great wheel of my own life and the life of this culture is currently in spin, humor is called for. A Yippie! is never without it. Make up this spritzer and spray it liberally and radically around yourself, banks, and corporate chains. This week I hope to go out and see the movie just out about Abbie, "Steal This Movie." I hope it makes me laugh, I need it this summer.

*Oak (aka Deborah Cooper) is a seasoned Witch, psychotherapist, aromancer, and artist. She has been a San Francisco-based Reclaiming Witch for almost two decades and is a complicated Aquarian.*



xMaraya\*K\*Massin-Levey\*

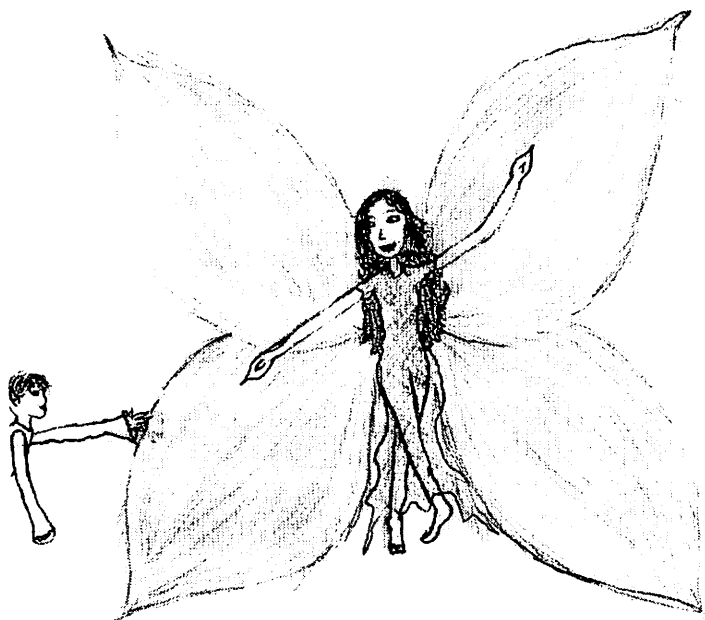


## Faeries by Maraya K. Massin-Levey

MARAYA K. MASSIN-LEVEY is thirteen years old and is currently in eighth grade. She takes karate, and is getting ready to start guitar lessons.

"THE FAERIES I drew are people-faeries. They're really small. They are born from flowers — when the flower is budding, they are growing. When it blooms, they fly out. They try to help people, but they also have fun. They set up odd situations and see what happens.

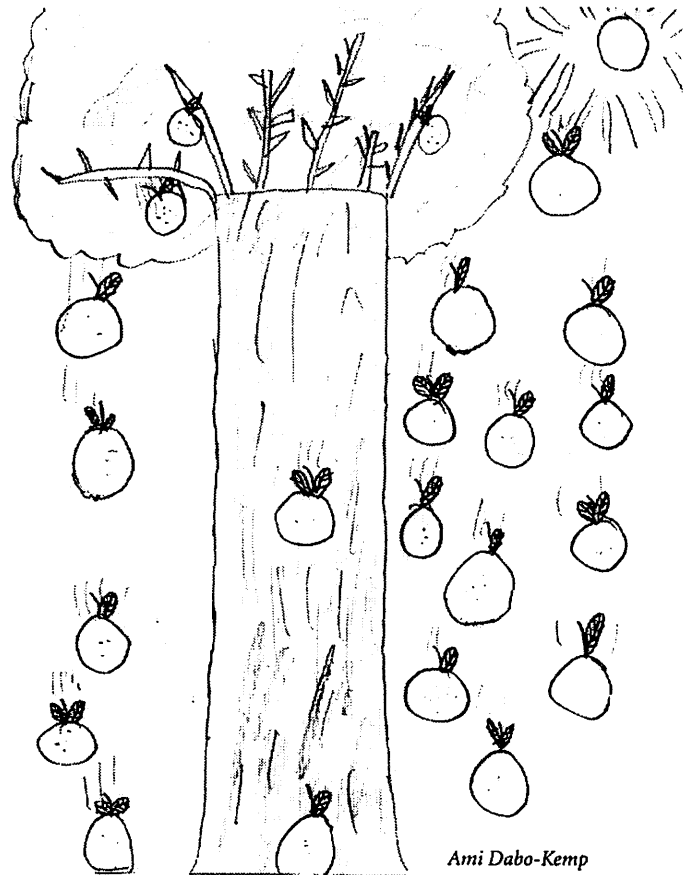
"I drew these faeries because I was trying to get a clearer picture of them for myself. Faeries are beautiful, and I wanted to see if I could capture that."



# KIDS' PAGE

The Kids' Page is a space for the young people in our community (up to about age 10-12) to submit their ideas and creations. We welcome cartoons, stories, drawings, ritual ideas, opinions, poetry and other printable materials. Send to: Reclaiming Quarterly, P.O. Box 14404, San Francisco, CA 94114.

This quarter, we feature a poem by Madeline Wayham (age 10) and a drawing by Ami Dabo-Kemp (age 8). A youth book review by Bridget Carls also appears on page 37 of this issue.



## The Blessed Bee

*A Pagan Family Newsletter*

THE BLESSED BEE is a 28-page quarterly newsletter — actually a magazine — for Pagan families. Resources, homeschooling, herbal medicine, crafts, holidays, poetry, and more.

Contact [blessedbee@sagewoman.com](mailto:blessedbee@sagewoman.com), (877) 253-7723



*A Pagan Family Newsletter*

# The Blessed Bee

Summer 1999      Issue No. 1.

## The Challenges of Pagan Parenting

*by Lauren Foster-McLeod*

**W**hat are the needs of Pagan parents and their children? One need that I have voiced over and over again is the need for more information resources for Pagan families. The existing learning materials need to be adapted for use with our children. The past few years have seen a burst of publishing activity on Paganism and New Age themes. There are several good books published on Pagan parenting. We are developing new books to create our families; the newsletter will publish articles for Pagan families seeking ways to build their beliefs into their family life.

Depending on where we live, some Pagan parents may keep their religion "in the bedroom closet." Not every neighborhood is a safe place to let your beliefs be known, and raising children in an unaffiliated environment is a challenge. How can we teach pride in what we believe if we have to hide it? How do we deal with the local school system or pressure from other family members to change from our "heathen" beliefs? Let's focus our creativity and develop our ideas in *The Blessed Bee*.

Within these pages we will create a sharing place for Pagan families. Our aim is to be a forum of inspired ideas, opinions and experiences reflecting the myriad of every-day encounters that Pagan families bring together. There are so many variations in Pagan traditions that the approaches seem countless. Though our traditions may vary widely in our attitudes and beliefs, we all share in our reverence for the planet. Children start from the ground up with their observations of nature and the seasonal changes; mine have each asked me endless questions about everything imaginable, it seems. We learn together as the wheel of the year rolls along season by season.

Some Pagan parents have found their spiritual path before having children while others have found mine after becoming parents. How may we apply our beliefs in our child-rearing? What do children think of their parents' beliefs, whether they are being raised in a Pagan household from birth or are adjusting to their parents finding the Pagan path later on, after being raised in another faith or with none? *The Blessed Bee* is a place to explore these questions.

We are all learning as we live together on this earth that we are a part of. I know that I learn so much from my children as they learn from me. Now we can "open up the doors," as it were, expanding our community of Pagan families. I look forward to learning from families everywhere on this beautiful planet of ours. ☺

Contents	
From the Hive	2
The Buzz	3
The Wiccan Child	7
Magical Parenting	8
Pagan Homeschooling	9
Mama's Medicine Bag	11
Crafty Ideas	12
Earth Mother Stories	13
Coloring Page	14
The Lesson	16
Breakfasting Ritual	17
Becoming Decenter	19
Songs for a Pagan (Inner) Child	22
The Pagan Muse	23
Book Reviews	25

## Lake Water

*by Madeline Wayham*

The greenish lake moves calmly through its path.  
 The greenish lake is outlined by beautiful dark green reeds.  
 The greenish lake might have great depth, and might not.  
 The greenish lake may be full with wildlife,  
 but I shall never know  
 for the thick green water hides the answers.

As the branches of the trees sway,  
 As the water of the lake moves,  
 As the tired bees buzz,  
 The seasons change and things die and are born again.  
 As plants grow,  
 As animals grow,  
 As the air moves,  
 Time passes by,  
 As the birds fly,  
 The cycle of life goes around again.

# Los Angeles Firsthand

## Building community outside the Democratic National Convention

by Riyana Lilyhawk

WALKING THROUGH the gated doorway of the Direct Action Network's convergence center, an old, four story building, indistinguishable from the rest of the neighborhood except for the sign hanging down from the second story — "La Justicia" — my best friend Luna and I came into a place of movement and anticipation. Old people, young people, people of all different races with an endless array of fliers for different causes and actions jostled around the large open room. Despite the diversity I recognized them as one tribe. They were united by a vision, no matter what smaller pieces they may have been advocating, a vision that the world would be a better place without oppression. As the week progressed, I saw that this was a community of people that completely looked out for one another, from the simple food Seeds of Peace cooked for us each day, to making sure we all had a place to lay our sleeping bags down at night, to legal protection and first aid.

Right on the inside of the building,

to one side, was a beautiful altar someone had constructed, cloaked in candles and goddess images and marigolds in flower pots. Slips of paper were pinned to the wall, on which people had written their intentions for the week: "Walk in strength and beauty." "Stay strong." "Voice your protest." "Vote with your feet." "Rave on." Above the altar was a rough, organic wooden pentacle. I felt at home. This was my tribe.

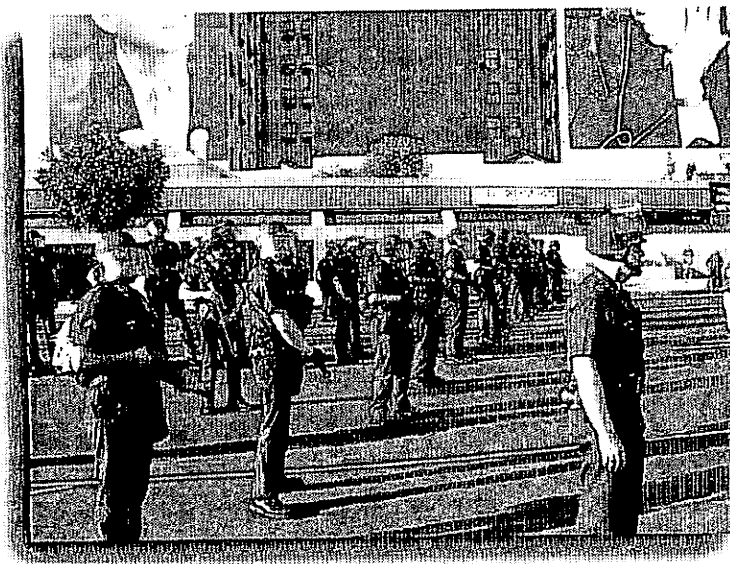
THE COMMUNAL SENSE within the convergence center was a sharp contrast to the neighborhood surrounding the Staples Center, which had become occupied territory. The police presence was unreal — indescribable — incomprehensible. The first time we

saw them lined up along Spring Street across from the state building, I was afraid: there were hundreds of uniformed officers, their faces unreadable behind plexi-glass shields, their Kevlar vests studded with tear-gas canisters, some with their hands on their guns. What was it exactly I was so afraid of? Arrest, a criminal record, jail, violence, something I couldn't even imagine? Slowly, the panic of that first moment deadened to a constant presence in the pit of my stomach throughout the week. They were always there. I got used to the way they tailed us back to the church where we slept each night, being surrounded by them in Pershing Square, the scream of fifteen or twenty sirens as the black and whites rushed down Seventh Street towards the Staples Center, the helicopters shining their searchlights into the convergence center as we slept, turning any random corner and seeing ten or twelve uniformed officers. It was jarring for me: white, female, an honors student and longtime L.A. resident, to suddenly be thrust on the "wrong" side of the law, an "undesirable." They recognized us immediately,

*continued on page 55*



photos by Orter



# Reclaiming Vandenberg

*the January 1983 occupation of Vandenberg Air Force Base*

by Jeff Harrison, © 2000 GroundWork magazine

**I**N OCTOBER of this year, activists will gather at Vandenberg Air Force Base near Santa Barbara, CA to protest test launches of the Pentagon's proposed missile-based defense system [see page 18].

The protests are not the first at Vandenberg. For our History column this issue, RQ looks back to 1983, when over a thousand anti-nuclear protesters were arrested in a series of direct actions at the base. The narrative below is excerpted from a forthcoming novel based on those actions, which were among the earliest to be based on affinity groups, consensus process and jail solidarity. These actions helped lay the foundations for today's protests, from Seattle to Washington DC and back to Vandenberg.

The January 1983 action was organized primarily by Livermore Action Group (LAG). LAG, while based on affinity groups (AGs), also had an office, several full-time staffers, and a de facto steering committee ("Coordinating Council"). The subsequent March 1983 action was organized by the Vandenberg Action Coalition (VAC, forerunner of the October 2000 organizing group), which was based on an affinity group spokescouncil model. Part of the narrative here focuses on the tensions between the two models of organizing.

For more excerpts and photos, visit [www.groundworkmag.org/vandenberg](http://www.groundworkmag.org/vandenberg)

CAROLINE'S AFFINITY GROUP was the first to cross "the line." Vandenberg officials apparently figured that if they discouraged us from trespassing at the gate, we'd just be more likely to do a back country action. So they painted a white line across the entrance road and



ordered the soldiers to remain well back of it, giving us plenty of room to commit federal trespass.

The rain had let up, but the pavement was still wet as the AG strode past the gate and sat down in the road, blocking a couple of incoming cars. A squad of soldiers moved up behind them.

Caroline was seated in the middle of her AG, wearing an army-green poncho. It was keeping her pants dry, but even more, it was making life difficult for the two soldiers who were trying to pry her arms out and make her stand up. Caroline's brow was taut, and she refused to acknowledge the presence of her tormentors. Finally, after a few clumsy attempts, one of the soldiers succeeded in getting a wristlock on her. Caroline grimaced and lurched to her feet. The crowd yelled encouragement to her, but Caroline stared stoically at the ground, ignoring the soldiers as they half-dragged her to a waiting bus.

It was hard for me to watch. I

shuffled my feet, uncomfortable that I planned to acquiesce in my own arrest. But I wasn't up for a sprained wrist, either. Wasn't there some other option?

More arrests followed. Forty or fifty people had crossed the line at the gate by the time Change of Heart circled up for a meeting in the gravel turnout across the road. We started talking about when we wanted to go, but Doc changed the topic.

"We can't just walk into their arms," he said. "They've even got the buses right there, waiting to haul us away."

Karina jumped in as soon as he finished. "I just walked down the road and found this huge meadow, right past those trees there. If we walk down there real casually, then all of the sudden head out into the meadow, it'll catch them completely off guard."

As if Karina's remarks had popped the cork of our pent-up fervor, the cluster erupted in passionate debate. Some people argued that surprising the soldiers was dangerous even in broad

*continued on next page*

## Reclaiming Vandenberg: January 1983

*continued from preceding page*

daylight, while others pleaded that occupying the meadow had far more symbolic value than blocking the gate.

My concern was mostly for keeping my feet dry. I was carrying a new pair of tennis shoes around in a plastic bag, aiming to put them on right before we crossed the line. So naturally, I favored the gate over the wet meadow. But I felt embarrassed about my motive, and didn't say anything.

Back and forth it went, around the circle. No one was giving in,



### PHOTOS FROM VANDENBERG 1983

Upper left, lower left, upper right by Bette Lee  
Middle, lower right by Ted Sahl



and no comment quite clinched the debate. "Let's do a straw poll," someone finally said. "How many want to do the gate? Seven. And the meadow? Seven." Laughter and applause vented some of our jitters.

Karina reached in her pocket. "Let's toss a coin." More applause. "Here, Walt, you toss it, you're neutral."

Walt, who was working on the legal collective for the action, placed the nickel carefully on his thumbnail and held his arm out. "Heads for the gate, tails for the meadow," he pronounced, and let it fly. The coin bounced off the gravel and landed in some tall grass. "Tails! The meadow!"

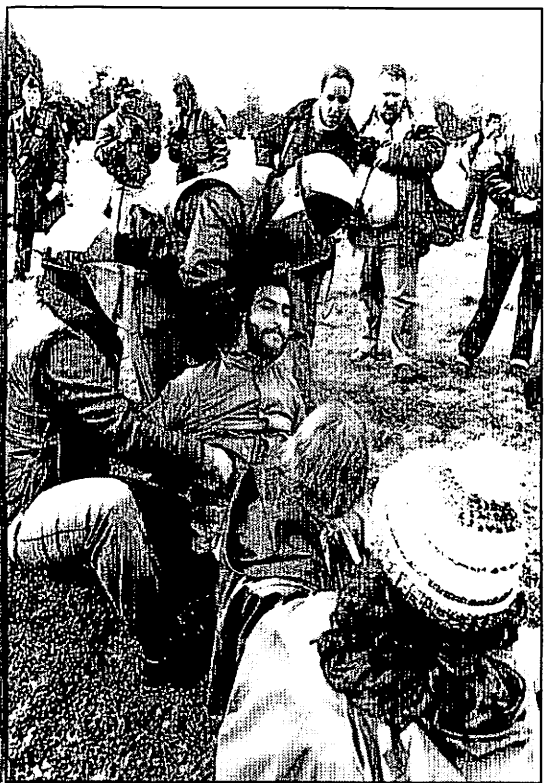
"Wait, he has to catch it," someone said.

"No way," Karina shot back. "Come on, let's go!"

Bottling up our effervescence, we strolled away from the gate with a casualness that attracted thirty or forty supporters and several press photographers but somehow evaded detection by the military. I felt uneasy about our change of plans, but I was relieved to be getting on with the action.

A hundred yards down the road, we clustered in front of a large No Trespassing sign. Only a token strand of wire separated us from a huge green field, lush from the rain. Way off across the field was a row of trees, and I felt an impulse to take off running and try to reach them.

Karina looked around our circle. "Here? Now?" No one objected. She ducked under the wire. Cindy and Doc were close behind. I slipped





under the wire after Hank, grabbing his hand as we formed a ribbon and streamed out into the field.

Although we were almost running, it seemed that we were moving in slow motion. Each step sunk deep into the thick sod carpet. It felt like the earth was welcoming our celebratory incursion. Shouts and laughter reverberated in the crisp air, and the field seemed to expand to immense proportions, as if our spirit were permeating the entire base.

Gradually I became aware of three soldiers flying down from another time zone to intercept us. We gamboled further into the field as they zeroed in, then swung the line around to form a circle. We thrust our clenched hands into the air in a victory salute. We were occupying Vandenberg!

The three soldiers conferred nervously, then fanned out and "surrounded" us. Someone started singing "We Shall Not Be Moved." We took it up at the top of our voices, drowning out the attempts of the soldiers to communicate.

Patches of crystal blue were breaking through the clouds. Two other groups followed us into the field. Overthrow cluster got within fifty feet of us before several more soldiers raced down and headed them off. Most of their cluster circled up, but Tai got up on Lyle's shoulders and the two of them came galloping over toward us yelling "Overthrow! Overthrow!" When two of our soldiers ran over to corral them, Change of Heart took off again. Arms linked, we chorus-lined another fifty feet onto the base before the final soldier grabbed Karina's arm. We stopped and circled up.

Reinforcements rushed down, mostly young battle-helmeted privates ordered around by a few officers in black berets. We sang "This Land Is Your Land" as two soldiers gingerly took Doc by the elbows and led him away, beginning the arrests. Daniel and Cindy soon followed. Nearby, the first couple of people from Overthrow cluster received a similar escort.

But Lyle from Overthrow didn't fare as well. When they came to arrest him, he sat down. Frustrated, the two soldiers grabbed his arms and tried to twist them behind his back. Lyle stared intently ahead, refusing to budge. Finally one of the soldiers removed his gloves. He seemed to take a long breath, then bent over and jabbed his thumbs into the soft spots behind Lyle's ears.



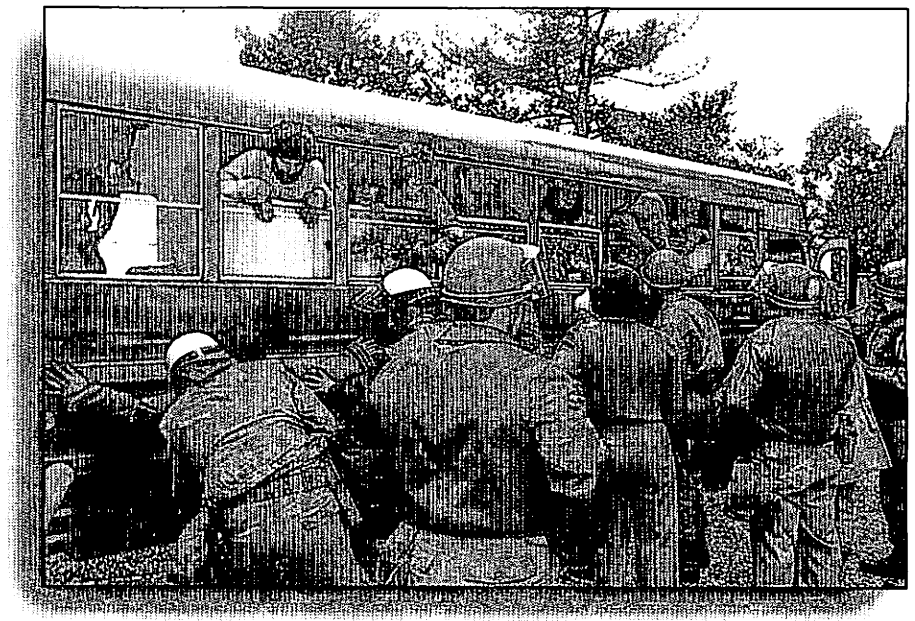
Lyle stared straight ahead, his jaw set firmly. As one soldier twisted his arm and the other jabbed at his ears, I felt unsteady, and gripped Karina's hand for support. At that moment, a private fastened onto my elbow. I didn't resist, and he led me away from our circle. As we passed Lyle, who had risen to his feet but was refusing to walk, the nervous private started twisting my arm. My elbow twinged in pain, and I looked around at him. "Hey, I'm not going anywhere," I said. He eased up, but wouldn't look at me.

Emboldened, I vented some of my turbulence from watching Lyle's ordeal. "Is this why you enlisted? How does it feel to arrest American citizens?" He yanked my arm forward to let me know that he wasn't interested in discussing it, but it seemed like it got under his skin. And sure enough, a moment later, when I

proposed veering out of our way to avoid a marshy area, he silently acquiesced, as if to show that he had a heart.

The soldiers took us back across the meadow to the main gate where the buses were parked. After a quick pat-down they handcuffed us with the usual white plastic bands. Then

*continued on page 56*



# Grumpy Thoughts On Healing

*Getting clear on what healing means in Goddess religion*

I WAS THINKING good thoughts when I broke my ankle. I was happy. I was taking good care of myself. I was walking slowly on a path where I walk every day in the hills near where I live, taking a good-bye hike over the land with some of my friends before leaving for three months. I slipped on some gravel, landed hard on my left foot, and felt something snap. Hours later, after rescue by the Volunteer Fire Department and a long drive to the hospital, an X-ray confirmed my fears — I had snapped the fibula and, perhaps worse, torn a ligament and generally wrenched the whole joint out of its accustomed alignment. While my friends carried on with the planned goodbye party and barbecue, I had surgery.

Breaking an ankle isn't the worst thing that can happen to you in life. But it's not the best thing, either, especially four days before a three month trip. Most people seemed to expect that I would cancel the whole thing and stay home. But, even in my nauseated and weak post-operative state the day after surgery, it seemed to me that I had many reasons — spiritual, financial and emotional — to go on the trip, and very few to stay home in a flat with many steep stairs, or in a cabin with no indoor plumbing. A broken ankle was no real impediment to teaching magic or leading ritual. I could still play the

drum, smile and nod wisely, and make the occasional profound, life-changing remark. I just couldn't walk while doing it. I would need a lot of help, but everyone from the organizers of all the planned events to the participants was eager to offer their support and deeply hopeful that I would still come.

Lying helpless with a broken ankle, I found myself alternately despondent, hopeful, accepting and angry. What angered me most was a constant, low level assault of emails and calls presuming to tell me why this had happened. I received message after message that said more or less the same thing: "This is the Goddess' way of telling you to slow down," or "The Goddess wants you to get some rest." By the end of the week, I was snarling at quite innocent people, telling them to keep their opinions of the Goddess to themselves before they had even opened their mouths. There are some deep assumptions embodied in those messages. This is, in fact, a hidden theology that I take issue with. And after the fourth or fifth email, it occurred to me that maybe our community needs to get a bit clearer on what healing involves.

The first assumption is that everything that happens is a direct message from the Goddess. This is a dangerous theology. For example, imagine that I had a lover who wanted

me to relax and slow down, and who communicated that desire by breaking my ankle. "That's abuse, not love," any true friend or competent therapist would tell me. "You don't deserve treatment like that!" All of my friends would unanimously agree that I should leave the creep.

Why, then, would I want to worship an abusive Goddess? One who is such a bad communicator that she must inflict a violent injury instead of speaking directly to someone who regularly spends a major part of her day in an open and receptive state, listening for just such messages? No, if I truly believed the Goddess was telling me to relax more by breaking my ankle, I would have to change religions. It's just that sort of thinking that I had always disliked in the Bible, where poor Job is made miserable just so God can prove a point.

SHIT HAPPENS. Religion, spirituality is in some ways an attempt to make sense out of the shit that happens. But maybe there is no sense to some shit, no why, no message. Maybe there's just a slippery hillside and a sudden fall, random chance, a moment of bad luck.

It's terrifying to believe that bad things can happen for no good reason. It's much more comforting to think that there's always a cause, (which can presumably be avoided next time), a

lesson (which, once learned, would prevent further recurrences of the same thing.)

But Goddess religion is not about easy comfort. Randomness, chance, is what allows freedom to exist in the universe. If everything is a message, if everything is planned by an omnipotent Goddess, then there is no free will. And to me, freedom is worth far more than a broken ankle any day. If there's no why, however, there is still a what — not why it happened but what I can learn from it and how I can choose to act. There's always something to be learned from any experience, and sometimes the most painful events are also profound teachers. Any rotten experience can be an initiation. Which is not to say that the Goddess is handing out lessons like a sadistic schoolmistress, but simply that we can, of our own free will, choose to learn from whatever happens to us.

My friends, in their well-meaning messages, were trying to tell me what I should learn. Among Witches, healers, spiritual people, one of the most prevalent and dangerous assumptions we make is that we know what somebody else's experience means, that we are supposed to be interpreters for them. But healing does not take place by having someone else define your experience or create your story.

An illness, an injury, a sudden catastrophe is more than a physical event. It's an assault on one's sense of self. One moment I was a healthy, competent adult who for more than four and a half decades had been quite capable of going to the bathroom unassisted — and then I wasn't. On Saturday morning I was someone who regularly hiked around the hills for a couple of hours a day. On Sunday I was someone for whom the other side of the room lay across a wide chasm. On Saturday, I was independent — by Sunday, I was forced to depend on the kindness of friends, family and strangers for even a cup of tea.

Healing is, in part, the reconstruction of the self. We do that, as human

beings, by finding our own meanings, telling our own tales. We can't heal someone by circumventing the process or by imposing our own story. We can help each other heal by providing help, support, entertainment, practical aid. I had friends who came and cooked me dinner, showed me slides, talked about political issues and teaching, wheeled me on quiet country roads and let me go as far as I could on crutches, introduced me to bird watching, scouted bathrooms and restaurants, helped me in and out of tubs, gave me massage or arranged doctors' appointments. One woman on our trip taught me to use my crutches more effectively, another came with me to the French hospital and gave me secret acupuncture treatments while we were waiting for my cast to be changed. Others explored my healing in a way that left the meaning and interpretation to me.

I'VE LEARNED A LOT from my ankle. I've received a tremendous amount of love, support and help, and learned to ask for it gracefully. I've learned that a broken ankle can be just that, and not a field to play out every issue around dependency and control in my life and that of generations of my ancestors. I've learned in a direct, visceral way what it means to move through the world as a disabled person — from the barrier a single step can pose to what it's like to be almost forgotten on an airplane while waiting for the wheelchair to arrive. I know the tremendous difference that a public commitment to accessibility can mean, and why we need laws mandating access. I know these things now not just intellectually, but through the frustration of not being able to join my friends in museums or sites where no thought for the disabled had been taken.

I've learned how many of the airports of Europe provide for the

disabled, and about varied cultural approaches to medical care. And a lot more, besides. That learning is a gift. The gift I didn't receive, however, was much rest. Rest for me means being able to stroll through the countryside on a long walk — not having to mount a paramilitary operation to scout every bathroom and figure out how to get into it. Rest means being able to make myself a cup of tea and sit down with a good book, not having to wait for someone else to make it differently from the way I like it. The ankle left my ability to work intact, but took away many of my

sources of relaxation and regeneration.

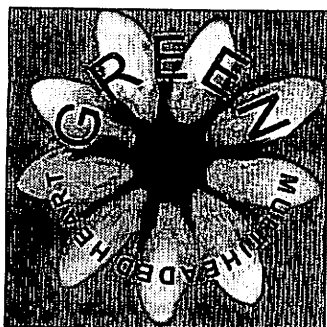
Healing happens. My bones have knit, and I'm walking again now, trying to recover the use of all the rest of

*Shit happens. Spirituality is in some ways an attempt to make sense out of the shit that happens.*

my muscles which lost strength in six weeks of limited mobility. I can make my way through an airport without a wheelchair — I even bought groceries and walked home with them the other day. But what I've learned, what meaning I take from it, what story I choose to tell, is my own to decipher. Only by doing that work for myself can I truly heal.

If you were one of those who sent those emails, don't apologize. I deleted them so quickly I truly don't remember whom they came from. Just stop, next time you feel the urge to comfort someone in distress, and say, "Am I truly supporting their own healing, or am I trying to do it for them? Am I invested in their learning what I think they should learn, and why?" When the person being healed takes charge of the process and tells the story, we can learn to truly be healers for each other.

*Starhawk is the author of many books on Goddess religion, from "The Spiral Dance" to "Circle Round: Raising Children in Goddess Tradition." She is a feminist, activist, teacher, Witch, gardener, drummer and one of Reclaiming's founders.*



## Green

### *Multiheaded Heart*

There are probably few of you out there who remember the band Frente and their one-hit wonder "Labor of Love" from 1994. The only remarkable feature of the group I can recall was the front woman's voice — sweet and dreamy, just a little husky, like an adolescent, full of desire and mourning, who's considering taking up cigarettes. I'm a sucker for that sound.

It was a similar quality in Green's voice that caught my attention when I gave *Multiheaded Heart* a first listen. I even mused that perhaps Green was that very singer, but grown up and with a few rituals under her belt. (Not inconceivable. Witchcamps have wrought more profound transformations than that.)

But as I kept playing the CD, the possibility that a pre-fab pop lyricist could turn so, well, multi-dimensional, seemed out of this world. My conclusion is that the similarity between Frente's femme and this folk diva ends with a shared willingness to want.

Want she does. Express-

sively and eloquently enough to make me want to risk wanting, too. The yearning begins with the first track "Pele's Body." This is the Multiheaded song that I know the best since my decrepit CD player tends to simply stop in the middle of it, forcing me to start the disc all over again... and again. I'm intimate with the percussive preamble to the first verse:

"I love you, you know it's true  
I don't wanna do what I'm  
supposed to do  
I wanna corner you, I wanna  
follow you  
I wanna take you where the  
sun will roast you"

Plain and simple. But not so plain or simple. This musician isn't afraid of her wanting. Nor does she shy from the frustration that can accompany desire: "I just wanted more, damn it, I'm just always wanting more." The song — and the CD — evolves into that power place of holding contradictions within oneself and within a relationship, understanding the necessity for conflict, perhaps even desiring it as a means for connecting. The question posed by "Pele's" chorus ("Are we just too different, or are we just enough to teach us what we need to know?") presents the conflict of any multiheaded heart. Green doesn't attempt to wrap it in a pretty pop bow. It's because of this that she and her debut CD will wrap itself around your heart. If you've ever felt torn, burned, ecstatic or demanding — and you like the sound of a goddess on fire — you'll let it squeeze you until you're breathless.... and love it.

Contact Greensong@yahoo.com,  
www.folkdiva.com/green, (510)  
595-4696.

Reviewed by Elka Eastly



## Anne Hill

### *Circle Round and Sing! — Songs for Family Celebrations in the Goddess Traditions*

["Circle Round and Sing" is a collection of songs that were originally brought together for the book "Circle Round," by Anne Hill, Diane Baker & Starhawk. — editors]

This recording has something for everyone. With singsong simplicity, it has songs my two-and-a-half-year-old twin boys wiggle and dance to ("Circle Round," "Fur & Feathers").

It appeals to my feelings of distance from spiritual practice and has brought me closer to it again ("The Give Away Song," "Place of Power"). It is a beautiful reminder of the more basic tenets of nature worship.

Anne Hill has a lyrical, Goddess/muse vocal sound. With the addition of younger backup vocalists Lyra and Johanna Hill, she strums the heart chords and opens the listener to deeper truths in these simple and affecting songs. This is a deep, joyful, child-oriented collection, but the real beauty is in the integration of children's music with adult ritual chants, gently infusing each with a sense of fun and seriousness ("The Witch Song").

Since my pregnancy, I have sought out kid's music

that supports my wishes for my children, and I am incredibly grateful to have found this jewel. I highly recommend it to kids and adults!

Available through Serpentine Music, (800) 270-5009, www.serpentinemusic.com. For more resources on raising children in Goddess traditions, visit www.circleround.com.

Reviewed by Jyll Zepkin-Wolf



## Beverly Frederick

### *In the Arms of the Wild*

I first was introduced to Beverly's enchanting voice in 1996 at California Witchcamp. Her voice is distinctive and memorable, inspiring without being intimidating. *In the Arms of the Wild* is Beverly's second CD, and a perfect accompaniment to her previous release, *Through the Darkness*. The title track, "In the Arms of the Wild (Luna)", references Julia Butterfly Hill and Luna, to whom the CD is dedicated.

Some of the songs will be familiar to Witchcampers, as the songs have been used often in ritual; others are new and perhaps not yet well-known. Several of the songs are instrumental, and provide a nice balance to the chants. The musical accompaniment is somewhat spare, which

continued on page 62

RQ welcomes short music and book reviews. Send reviews (200-400 words) to quarterly@reclaiming.org, or PO Box 14404, San Francisco, CA 94114.

# Brigid's Charge

Unabridged audio version of the novel by Cynthia Lamb

[“*Brigid's Charge*,” first published in 1997, was originally reviewed in the *Reclaiming Newsletter*. RQ is happy to reprint this review in our magazine's pages in connection with the release of the unabridged audio version of the novel. See end of article for ordering info for both the book and the audio version.]

All during my childhood in the Delaware Valley in the 1940s and 50s, I heard stories of the “Jersey Devil.” So when I heard of a novel based on the legend(s), naturally I was immediately intrigued. The fact that this book was written by a Witch of my own persuasion made it even more intriguing.

*Brigid's Charge* is a worthy contribution to reconstruction novels about

our Old Religion past and how it survived, and did not survive, in the Americas, especially in the British colonies.

## THE JERSEY DEVIL

The author is a direct descendent of Deborah Leeds, the mother of the entity/phenomenon which has since 1939 been referred to as the “Jersey Devil,” but which was formerly known as the “Leeds Devil.” The story we were told was that an old woman gave birth to a creature which immediately grew to a great size, flew up the chimney, and began to terrorize the surrounding farms, eating chickens and other livestock. We children — and adults — were always cautioned about roaming the surrounding pine

barrens for fear we might encounter the Jersey Devil.

In the early years of the 18th century, much of the populace of that area was native Leni Lenape, while most European settlers were Quakers (Society of Friends). The strong Quaker influence in community affairs is still prevalent in the Philadelphia and South Jersey region today. Many prominent families are Quaker.

## OLD RELIGION AND NEW

Anyway, Mother Leeds — Deborah — the main character in Cynthia's fine book, is a young woman raised in the Old Religion by her healer grandmother in England. She comes to the New World to be wife to a Quaker man from an Anglican family. (Yes, inter-religious quarreling was just as prevalent hundreds of years ago as it is today in Northern Ireland or in the American world of Neo-Paganism.)

Quakers are as tolerant a religious group as you are going to find anywhere, so Deborah's pre-Christian spiritual life is easy for her to blend into the free-thinking, independent and women-respecting ways of the Friends. As a healer, she is welcomed among the small European settlements, where she mends bones, cures fevers, assists in childbirth — with great dependence upon the healing

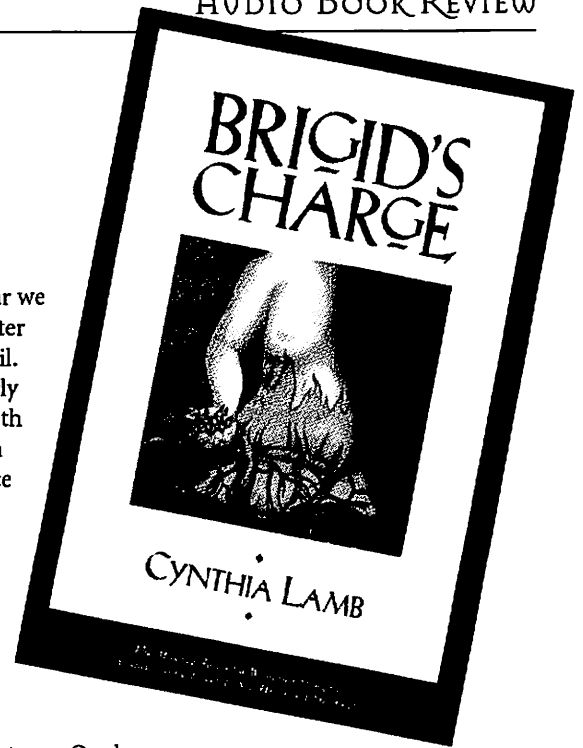
properties of her herbs, both those she learned in England and the newer ones she learns from her new husband's aunt and other healers in New Jersey. (No doubt, the efficacy of many of those plants were learned by the settlers from the native Lenape.)

As a historical novel, *Brigid's Charge* is colored with descriptions of clothing, everyday tools and processes of a simpler time. These matter-of-fact references enrich and deepen the reader's sense of time and place. Descriptions of weather, landscape, flora — and especially mosquitoes in the marshlands in Summer — bring the physicality of the setting alive. The Quaker way of speech, however, was disconcerting for this reviewer to become accustomed to, but probably rings true to their speech patterns.

## RADIANT PRESENCE

But it is Brigid as matron of healing, Brigid as inspirer, Brigid as keeper of the faith in

*continued on page 62*



## Listening to Brigid's Charge

*Brigid's Charge* by Cynthia Lamb is a beautifully-told historical novel. When I read this poignant story two years ago, the characters easily came to life in my imagination. After a recent listening to the audio version of *Brigid's Charge*, narrated by Cindy Hollenberg, I felt disappointed by the vocal interpretation of many of the story's characters.

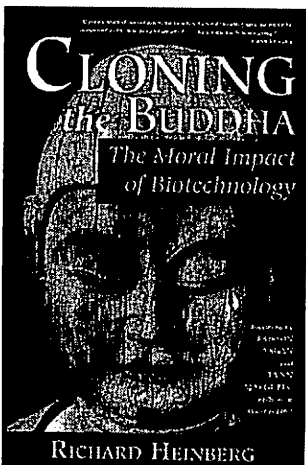
The level of emotion depicted in the book is not reflected in the voice of the narrator. The dialogue, especially the personal thoughts of main character Deborah Leeds, desire more expression. Deborah seems lacking in the spirit and strength which, as I imagined

it, kept her ties to the craft strong and grounded.

The audio version is not without merit. It is unabridged, clearly narrated, and includes the singing of chants which appear in the book. Finally, the story is now accessible to those who can't read this moving tale themselves. But I would strongly encourage those interested in *Brigid's Charge* to read the book and let their own imaginations enrich the pages.

*Reviewed by Lisa Dillon*

*The audio version of Brigid's Charge is available from Arania Books, www.araniabooks.com, (219) 486-3554. The print version is published by Bay Island Books, (415) 924-9026.*



## Cloning the Buddha The Moral Impact of Biotechnology

By Richard Heinberg

While en route to a Reclaiming Quarterly production session way back last winter, I had the good fortune to hear a KPFA interview with Richard Heinberg, author of *Cloning the Buddha: The Moral Impact of Biotechnology*. I was immediately convinced that someone needed to review this book for the magazine.

Well, that someone was me. Someone with limited exposure to science, let alone genetics. Thankfully, Heinberg offers a solid overview of genetics, so that the science of this particular field is easily understood. What is not so understandable is the speed and recklessness with which this technology is being carried out. This is what Heinberg is seeking to uncover. He states:

"In coming to terms with this thorniest of dilemmas, I believe we can profoundly clarify understanding of our own inner nature, our relationship with tools and technologies, and our responsibility to the natural world."

Although he seeks to be

objective as he explores the morality of using this technology, as well as the morality of suppressing it, he finally finds the "arguments for strictly controlling biotech to be stronger and more convincing than the arguments against doing so."

The journey to this conclusion is one that honors human technological advancement, spiritual development, and all the inhabitants of the Earth. The potential and the possible consequences of biotech are staggering, although not equally so.

After all these months, I still haven't finished this book. The content is troubling because the stakes are so high. Our future hangs on the use of technology. But difficult as it is, this book is important. Buy it, read it, and tell your friends. The more educated we are on these issues, the stronger our voices will be.

*Published by Quest Books.  
Reviewed by Kat Liliith.*



## The Televisory Oracle

By Rob Breznsny

Stories within stories, symbols within symbols, mysteries within mysteries. This is the

appeal of Rob Breznsny's *The Televisory Oracle*. Fans of Breznsny's astrology column, "Free Will Astrology," or his former band, World Entertainment War, will recognize the style: thick on metaphors, anecdotes, and Pagan references.

Many of the Breznsnyisms are repeats ("you can have anything you want/ if you just ask for it in an unselfish tone of voice"), but for the most part Breznsny provides new tidbits for consumption and interpretation, one of my favorites being "thousands of secret helpers are conspiring/ to turn you into the beautiful curiosity/ you were born to be." Good literature, artistic performances, and astrology columns demand an interpretive act by the reader, and Breznsny provides not only a book, but an oracle which doesn't take years of training to read.

If there is a main plot, it centers around two characters: Rockstar, the leader of World Entertainment War, and Rapunzel Blavatsky, with whom Rockstar falls in love in the women's restroom at a Santa Cruz nightclub before a performance. Rockstar experiences the contradictions of being an up-and-coming performance artist, adamantly proclaiming that he is not "a sexist dickhead bent on exploiting and relishing the misogynist traditions of rock and roll" or "an inarticulate, barely educated elitist pretending to be a cultural hero disguised as a nihilistic outlaw."

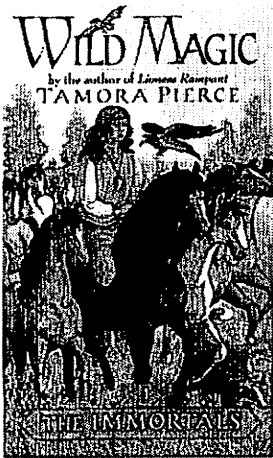
However, no matter how much he chants "I am not a rockstar," he has problems reconciling the fact that he signed record deals with companies promoting the rock star image. Rapunzel, on

her own mission to kill the apocalypse, criticizes his stage show as masturbatory and confronts his hypocrisy: "Beloved of the Goddess my ass. You act like you're fucking embarrassed to be the gentle, emotional creature your feminine side wants you to be. You project yourself as this flaming, six-foot-tall erect penis, never ever radiating our pictures of yourself as a moist, welcoming nurturing vulva. What a shame, and what a hateful lie." Rapunzel even exposes the strategy Rockstar employs to deflect criticism — self-effacement. This exchange leads to profound consequences for their relationship, as well as his career, world-view, and spiritual quests.

Rapunzel's journey is much deeper and elusive, taking her to Drivetime University, the Menstrual Temple of the Funky Grail, and the launching of the Televisory Oracle. These are symbols I'm still trying to decipher.

Many other narratives, themes, and subtexts permeate the narrative (if you could call it a narrative), involving sex, magic, Paganism, the music industry, friendships, performance art, literature, and love. Stories within stories, symbols within symbols, mysteries within mysteries. *The Televisory Oracle* is full of them, and a reading of the oracle (like the astrology column or a World Entertainment War performance) could be a profound life-changing experience or an amusing alternative to popular culture — depending on your reading. In any case, it is worth the effort.

*Published by Frog, Ltd.  
Publishers, (800) 337-2665.  
Reviewed by John Fox.*



## The Immortals

by Tamora Pierce

I am eleven-and-a-half years old, and I have been raised Pagan. I love reading and my favorite author is Tamora Pierce. She writes Fantasy/Adventure stories. She is really cool. To the best of my knowledge she has written five quartets. My favorite is *The Immortals*.

The main character is Dane, who is a gifted archer and the only surviving member of her family. A horse handler named Onua hires her as an assistant. Dane feels like an outsider until Onua helps her gain self-confidence and honors her unusual talents. Onua discovers that Dane has Wild Magic, something really rare.

Dane has a baby Dragon named Skysong in her care. She also has a horse companion named Cloud, but Cloud takes care of Dane.

Their world is being invaded by Immortals (thus the name) and Dane's magic is vitally important. The Immortals (Dragons, Basilisks, Giant Spiders) have a magic of their own.

Magic comes in many forms, the most common is the Gift. Onua has the Gift.

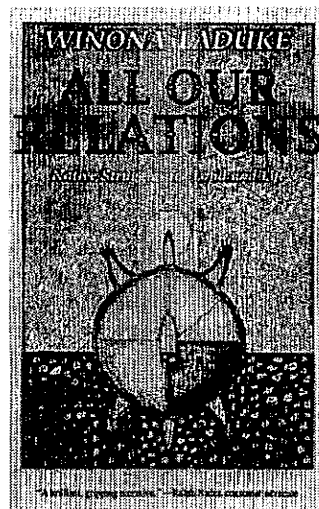
I like it that most of the

main characters are girls who dare. I also enjoy the fact that Tamora Pierce is a Feminist and that she writes about the Goddess ("Great Merciful Goddess! What is that?")

Here are the titles of the five quartets. I strongly recommend them:

- Song of the Lioness
- The Immortals
- Protector of the Small
- Circle of Magic
- The Circle Opens

Published by Random House.  
Reviewed by Bridget Carls



## All Our Relations Native Struggles for Land and Life

By Winona LaDuke

This is an inspiring and frightening book. We are more aware than ever, as we unlearn schoolbook history, of the incredible devastation the settling and expansion of the United States had on the indigenous peoples of this continent.

But that is a general understanding, and based in the past; in *All Our Relations*, Winona LaDuke makes it more specific and ties it tightly to the present and future. The

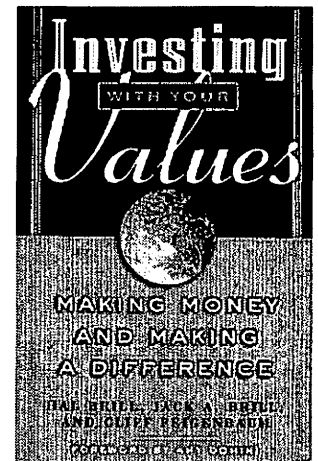
devastation is still happening now, and is well beyond the point where Native Americans are the only people affected.

The structure of the book is simple but effective — each chapter discusses the history of a particular tribe from the time before white settlement to now. In particular, LaDuke goes into some detail about each tribe's understanding of their native ecosystem and their place in it, and contrasts that sharply with the attitudes of the European settlers who claimed and colonized it. From the Seminoles to the Cheyenne, the pattern is distressingly similar: white colonization of native lands, usually by military force, Native Americans killed or moved to reservations, and extreme environmental destruction of their former lands through industrial development and its subsequent pollution.

It's not hard to see how LaDuke can make the case that the disregard for the Native Americans and for their land went hand in hand. And that disregard continues now not just for them, but for anyone who would suggest putting limitations on the almighty corporation. That's the frightening part. The inspiration comes from her accounts of how many tribes are fighting (and have historically fought) to keep their lands unpolluted. Tribe after tribe is putting itself on the line all over the country to hold industrial polluters and the government accountable to environmental standards, and in some cases there have been victories.

As LaDuke says in conclusion, "There is, in many indigenous teachings, a great optimism for the potential to make positive change. Change

will come. As always, it is just a matter of who determines what that change will be." *South End Press*, [www.lbbs.org/sep/sep.htm](http://www.lbbs.org/sep/sep.htm)  
Reviewed by Carol Gunby



## Investing with Your Values

Making Money and  
Making a Difference

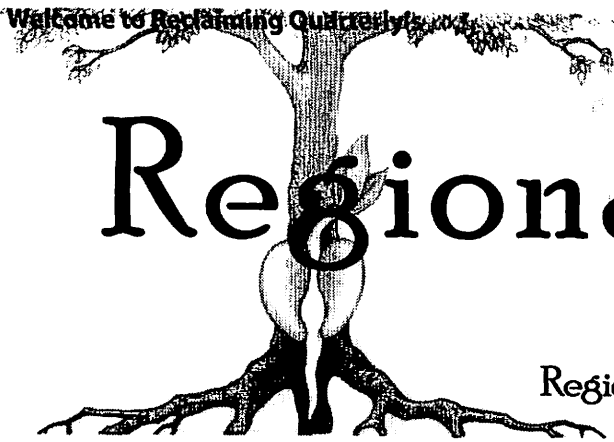
by Hal Brill, Jack A. Brill,  
and Cliff Feigenbaum

In this day and age of mass consumption without thought, it is refreshing to come across a book about using money ethically. Not a radical concept from a consumer point of view — people try to buy quality products for a good price.

But as an investor, the old philosophy was that a person never mixed ethics with investing. Until now. *Investing With Your Values* is a step-by-step book with many examples of how to make one's money work for social, environmental, and/or political change and still make a financial gain at or better than mainstream investing: a win-win situation.

Now you're thinking — it's about investing. It will be

*continued on page 62*



# Regional Pages

Regional Events and Classes in the Reclaiming Tradition

THE FOLLOWING pages highlight events, rituals and classes sponsored by regional Reclaiming tradition groups. These groups are anchored by Reclaiming Witchcamp teachers and organizers. Our regional listings cover the activities of almost twenty different locales.

If your group is doing events in the Reclaiming tradition, contact us: [quarterly@reclaiming.org](mailto:quarterly@reclaiming.org), (415) 255-7623.

## Thanks for the Help!

The following people helped gather regional news for this issue of Reclaiming Quarterly:

Pat Hogan, BC	Phoenix Willow, CA
Rowan, OR	Patricia Storm, MO
Liz Shipley, Germany	Kristyn Gonnerman, MO
Gretchen Laymon, NC	Tari Parr, IL
Sarah Campbell, PA	Selchie, VT
George Franklin, CA	Amy MoonDragon, WA
Rain, CA	Maggie nicAllis, NC
Barbara J. Walker, FL	Debbie Mancuso, CA

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## Witchcamp 2001 contacts

### Texas

*Suzanne (512) 282-5541 or Juniper (512) 329-9450, [camp2000@tejasweb.org](mailto:camp2000@tejasweb.org)*

### MidWest (Missouri)

*Dreamweaving, PO Box 133, Ames, IA 50010, [Camp@dreamweaving.org](mailto:Camp@dreamweaving.org), [www.dreamweaving.org](http://www.dreamweaving.org)*

### Germany

*Rhoda Kosmale, Parkallee 65, 28206 Bremen, Germany, phone/fax 0049-421-349-1064*

### California

*Madrone Productions, PO Box 410187, San Francisco, CA 94141.*

### British Columbia

*Pat Hogan, PO Box 21510, 1850 Commercial Dr., Vancouver, BC, V5N 4A0, (604) 253-7189, [path@lynx.bc.ca](mailto:path@lynx.bc.ca)*

### Avalon (England)

*Ann Flowers, 188 Rushmore Road, London E5 0HB, phone 011-44-181-986-4667*

### SpiralHeart (MidAtlantic)

*[info@SpiralHeart.org](mailto:info@SpiralHeart.org)*

### Vermont

*Raven (802) 425-2984 or Evergreen (802) 899-3231, VWC, PO Box 206, Burlington, VT 05402.*

## Witchcamp 2001

### A Week Of Earth-Based Spirituality And Magic

HELLO TO ALL new and returning campers. Come and study magic and ritual in a week-long intensive that includes trancework, healing, drumming, dancing, chanting, storytelling, guided visualization, and energy work.

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

## What is an Intensive?

SEVEN DAYS OF ritual and magic designed for people who are dedicated to powerful spiritual learning experiences and personal growth. This intensive is not a festival. It will expand your unconscious awareness, push your edges and likely change your life. The intensive is sequestered for the entire seven days. Please plan to attend the entire week. Also, we don't allow children due to the intensity of the work.





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# Regional Highlights

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## Full Monty Raises \$1500 for Witchcamp Scholarship Fund

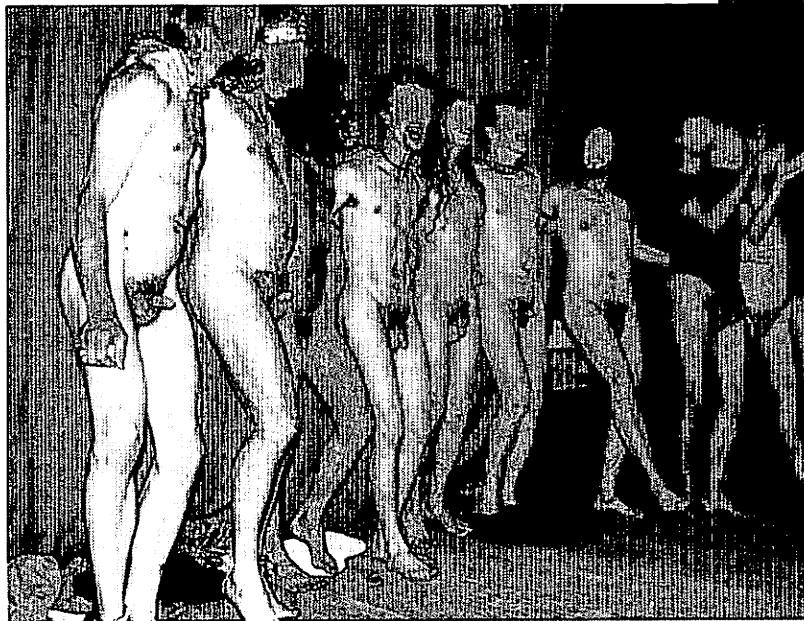
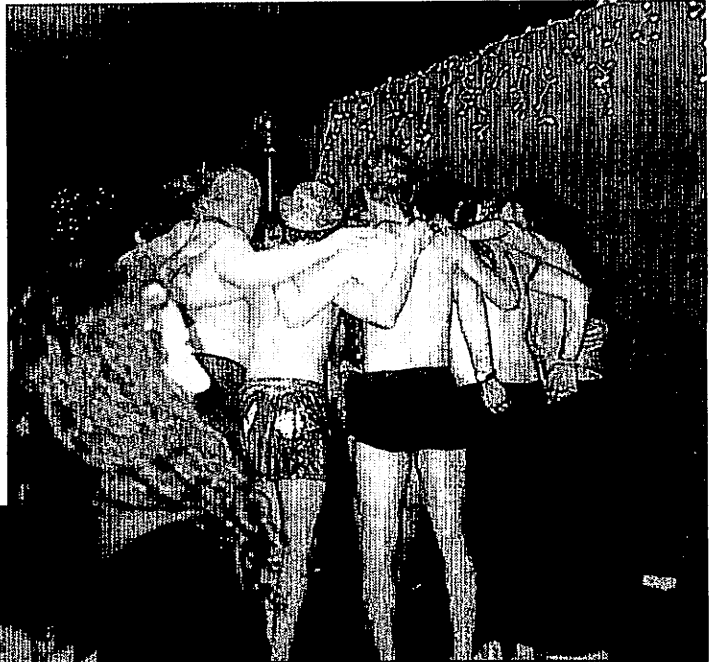
It began as a lunchtime joke, and ended with \$1500 raised for the California Witchcamp Scholarship Fund.

Blue God energy ran through Camp all week, with the largest number of men ever at CA Camp (twenty out of a hundred-plus campers). But male nudity remained something of a taboo through the week.

"What we need is for all the men in Camp to do a strip show," joked one woman.

"I'd pay to see that," said another.

And so was born the intrepid Blue God Dance Troupe. At the Saturday night talent show, fifteen men braved the elements and the blinding light of dozens of flashbulbs. Shedding all but their briefs,



the dancers demanded further charitable contributions before continuing the dance. When the jackpot reached \$1000, the shorts came off, but the dancers remained circled. Only when donations passed \$1500 did the troupe turn to face the audience. Each dancer paraded across front-stage while the others did a can-can in the background.

"What this says about the sexual evolution of our community, I'm not sure," said one dancer. But the cash was in hand, providing a half-dozen scholarships for next summer. And Reclaiming Quarterly is holding shots of many of the dancers, which will be used in further fundraising efforts — ante up, men, or we run the shots in the Spring issue!

*Photos courtesy of Susan and Leona.*

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## Beloved Child

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by Michael D. Goldenberg

I asked the Lady in the flame  
If there was time for me  
To finish what I have begun  
'Tho late the start might be  
To link the music with the love  
Before I do pass on  
I asked the Lady in the flame  
How much, before it's gone?

I asked the Lady in the well  
How long my me might last  
Lit by the windows of the days  
As future turns to past  
And would I have the time it takes  
To rhyme this melody  
I asked the Lady in the well  
How much is left for me?

The Lady in the well replied:  
Enough, but none to waste  
Best be about your business  
While you still have songs to chase  
The Lady in the flame just laughed  
Then turned to me and smiled:  
I've always been beside you here,  
My own beloved child



## Weavings from the Northeast

### from Vermont Witchcamp Folks

Forty Vermont Witchcampers gathered in late June for a weekend Reunion and Solstice celebration.

Taica and Skada offered their beautiful space, the Emerald Heart, 32 acres of land in the rolling hills of Wendell, Massachusetts. Our theme for the weekend was passionate play (and plerking — a definition of “bringing play to work” shared by Morgan ).

We enjoyed tenting under the stars, frolicking at the private swimming pond, sharing ritual on the Belly, their lovely sacred space, schmoozing in the hot tub, hiking in the woods, walking the labyrinth at Robbie’s nearby home, sharing massage in a screen tent set up with table and oils, and participating in earth lodge ceremonies in the newly-constructed lodge built by Howard and Tim.

There were also optional playshop offerings (Solstice ritual planning, communing with trees, non-competitive play, plant identification and chant sharing, and more). And of course we shared in creating, eating and cleaning up at community meals.

The Saturday night Solstice ritual was the height of playfulness, and others from our local magical community joined us to passionately celebrate summer. This was a Rainbow-style gathering, and was totally separate from the main house with the exception of the hot tub.

We rented a large tent with two screened in sides, (effective barriers from the plentiful mosquitoes in Wendell), which served as our kitchen and one of our eating and

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**Events on the Regional Pages are sponsored by local groups based around the various Reclaiming community Witchcamps. All events are drug and alcohol free.**

hang-out areas. Fortunately, the weather was very cooperative, and not a drop of rain fell until everyone was packed up and on the road home. John Anderson constructed a lovely two-seater Kybo (outhouse) which will remain on the land for future gatherings, as will some other equipment we purchased. So along with what we have learned, we are well-prepared for doing this again next summer.

We recommend this model to any other groups that would like to stay connected between camps (and also allow those unable to go to camp every year to be with fellow Witchcampers). We were able to keep the cost low (\$40 for the weekend), and with some initial expenses out of the way, may be able to go even lower next year. We also were able to get a large amount of donated soy products from Lite Life Foods.

John Anderson did a wonderful job as the main coordinator, without whom this event would not have happened. Other organizers were hosts Taica and Skada, Catherine Russo who did registration, Morgan who coordinated workshops, Dorothy Moonsong and Howard Moondragon who coordinated the kitchen, and support folks, Robbie Leppzer and Joy Wolfmoon. Special thanks to Bonnie who started the ball rolling and then had to back out due to her work schedule, and to Tim and Beth for their assistance during the weekend.

*Blessed Be, Dorothy Moonsong*

### Classes & Workshops in the Northeast

BrightFlame offers classes and workshops in Dianic and Reclaiming-tradition Witchcraft, such as Elements of Magic, Pentacle of Iron, Tree Wisdom and Ritual for Womyn. She also produces events from time to time, including workshops and rituals by special guests. Contact [brtflame@ptd.net](mailto:brtflame@ptd.net) or (610) 982-0448.

## MidAtlantic Community

### SpiralHeart: Eastern Seaboard/MidAtlantic Community

SPIRALHEART is a Reclaiming tradition community organized by folks from the MidAtlantic Camp. SpiralHeart organizes events and classes on the eastern seaboard. *SpiralHeart events in several locales are posted at [www.spiralheart.org](http://www.spiralheart.org)*

### Virginia Events in the Fall

**Ritual Priestessing**, taught by Pomegranate Doyle and Sage Goode — Dale City, VA, October 7-8

**Portals Through Time**, taught in the Fall by Sage Goode and Pomegranate Doyle — Shipman, VA

*Details coming soon. Watch our web site at: [www.spiralheart.org](http://www.spiralheart.org), or contact (301) 270-4375, [ostara@mindspring.com](mailto:ostara@mindspring.com)*

### Walking Wisdom: the Lancaster Labyrinth (Lancaster, PA)

On the first Sunday of each month, walks will be held at the Unitarian Universalist Church of Lancaster, 538 West Chestnut St, from 1-4 p.m., on the canvas labyrinth, which is of the Chartres Cathedral design. [See *photo and story, RQ#79.*]

A 7-circuit classical



**MidAtlantic Community**  
*continued from preceding page*

labyrinth is inlaid in the floor of Founders Hall at the UU Church, and can be walked any time the church is open.

And visit [www.crosswinds.net/~walkingwisdom/index.html](http://www.crosswinds.net/~walkingwisdom/index.html)

**North Carolina/Atlanta, Georgia**

Here's an ambitious listing of classes our teachers' cell is planning in North Carolina and in Atlanta, Georgia. Our first elements class in Atlanta was to begin June 9. The second will be a weekend in September.

**Contacts for North Carolina, Atlanta**

Raleigh/Durham/Chapel Hill, NC — Gretchen,  
[GretchenLay@msn.com](mailto:GretchenLay@msn.com), (919) 528-4949

Atlanta, GA— Sara,  
[mabonwy@mindspring.com](mailto:mabonwy@mindspring.com), (770) 618-8728

**Reclaiming Core Classes in North Carolina & Atlanta**

**Elements of Magic.** In this class, we learn the Reclaiming tradition style of magic, working with the elements of life: Air, Fire, Water, Earth and Spirit. Techniques include breathwork, chanting, visualization, sensing, raising and working with energy, movement, trance, spellcrafting, creating magical space and structuring meaningful rituals. Prerequisite: Read at least the first seven chapters of *The Spiral Dance* by Starhawk. Please be committed to attending all seven classes.

**Rites of Passage.** Journeying into the realm of our own dreams and imaginings, we will each become the main character in our own myth. Through storytelling, trance and dream work, we will draw forth and weave a rich tapestry of images and symbols between the worlds. Six weeks. Prerequisite: Reclaiming Elements of Magic or equivalent.

**Iron Pentacle.** The points of the Iron Pentacle name our birthrights as free beings: Sex, Pride, Self, Power and Passion. In this class, we will explore these aspects of our own authentic energy. A six-week intermediate class. Prerequisite: Reclaiming Elements of Magic or equivalent.

**Pentacle of Pearl.** We will work with the deep, healing energies of the Pentacle of Pearl, moving through the five points: Love, Law, Wisdom, Power and Knowledge. Prerequisite: Reclaiming Elements of Magic or equivalent.

**South East Friends of Reclaiming Gainesville, Florida/ MidAtlantic Community**

THE SOUTH EAST FRIENDS of Reclaiming are a community of women and men working within the Reclaiming tradition, to awaken the public to green spirituality, green politics and community

awareness. We have given classes in the Elemental Directions, sponsored lectures on the Goddess, and protested the nuclear-powered Cassini deep space probe and military spy training conducted at the School of the Americas. We have presented environmental rituals at the site of a polluting cement plant and at a polluted creek. We present and perform public rituals for the Solstices and Equinoxes in an effort to open a window into Earth-based spirituality to the general public. We annually host Starhawk for North Florida retreats.

For more information on these events, contact Cindy Nelly, (352) 377-0753, [healgaia@hotmail.com](mailto:healgaia@hotmail.com), or Barbara Walker, (352) 376-1993, [walkerb@ufl.edu](mailto:walkerb@ufl.edu)

**Diana's Grove Salem, Missouri**

DIANA'S GROVE is a 102-acre sanctuary welcoming women and men. Magical work, excellent coffee, real cream, butter, diversity and inclusion: to these we dedicate our lives. Diana's Grove hosts the Missouri/Midwest Witchcamp (see page 38).

For more information on Diana's Grove events and rituals, contact Diana's Grove, PO Box 159, Salem, MO 65560, (573) 689-2400, [dianagrove@aol.com](mailto:dianagrove@aol.com), [www.dianasgrove.com](http://www.dianasgrove.com), unless otherwise noted.

**Mystery School**

The theme for Diana's Grove events and Mystery School 2000 is Communion — Communion with the land and the elements. We will work with the Celtic ballad "Tam Lin," whose main character is called away from the safety of her world to a place where wild roses grow and the land of enchantment touches the world of reality. You know the kind of place... and we hope that you too will answer the call and step between the worlds for a year of

*continued on next page*

graphic by  
Bob Thawley



## Diana's Grove

### Salem, Missouri

*continued from preceding page*

magic, mystery and self-creation.

**September 22-30** — The Feast of Persephone

**October 20-22** — Holding the Dream

### Other Diana's Grove Events

**September 22-24** — Fall Equinox with Starhawk

**October 13-15** — Drum Song with Ubaka Hill

**October 20-22** — The Mythic Quest

**October 27-29** — Samhain

**December 29-January 1** — New Year's Eve

EACH OF THE ABOVE events begins with a supper of soup, salad and homemade bread. The hot tub steams under the stars. A fire dances in the fire circle. The creek is cool and inviting — it invites you to experience initiation by hot and cold on a summer's afternoon. Drummers bring your drum. Dreamers be prepared to dream.

Weekends are \$125 unless we have a special guest. Register a month in advance for \$20 discount. Meals included. Shared housing included from November through April; \$25 extra during the warm months. Request it early, it goes fast.

Week-long events are \$350, with a \$50 early registration discount. Housing is an additional \$50 for the week.

For more information: Diana's Grove, PO Box 159, Salem, MO 65560, (573) 689-2400, [dianagrove@aol.com](mailto:dianagrove@aol.com) — or check our web site: [www.dianasgrove.com](http://www.dianasgrove.com)

## Edge of Perception

### Springfield, Illinois

THE EDGE OF PERCEPTION COLLECTIVE is a Springfield, Illinois-based group dedicated to providing a spiritual alternative to the community by offering Earth-based, public

rituals in an environment that is supportive, empowering and non-threatening. Our focus is to educate and demystify Pagan spirituality.

Edge of Perception holiday celebrations are held on Saturdays to make traveling easier for folks. We try to stay off the actual holidays for private groups to have their own.

Contact the Edge of Perception Collective, PO Box 1424, Springfield, IL 62705, [edgeworks@aol.com](mailto:edgeworks@aol.com), <http://members.aol.com/edgeworks/>

<b>Fall Equinox</b>	September 16
<b>Samhain</b>	November 4
<b>Winter Solstice</b>	December 16

All Rituals are held at the Bridgeview Beach House on Lake Springfield. Drumming and socializing begins at 6:30 p.m., the evening begins at 7 p.m. There is a \$10 per person fee to help defray our expenses. Food and beverages are provided. Handicapped accessible. All Edge of Perception Collective events are *drug and alcohol free!*

## Gaia Community

### Kansas City, MO

ONE OF OUR biggest recent accomplishments at Gaia Community has been the creation of our KidSpace program for children's religious education. We've created teams of teachers to work with the kids so everyone who'd like to teach gets a chance. The curriculum is based on the book, "Circle Round," by Starhawk, Anne Hill and Diane Baker.

Gaia Community meets for rituals and classes three Sundays a month, with our business meeting on the fourth Sunday. We've added two regular activities during the week: a drumming and dancing circle and a Shamanic journeying class. We are affiliated with the Unitarian Universalist Association.

For more information, contact (816) 292-2846, [www.gaiacommunity.org](http://www.gaiacommunity.org), [gaiacommunity@pipeline.com](mailto:gaiacommunity@pipeline.com)

## Tejas Web

### Austin, Tejas

WE SEE THE EARTH as a sacred being, wherein all life is interconnected.

We gather together to learn and practice ecofeminist Wiccan magic, celebrating the cycles and challenging unequal power relationships.

We build a community of individuals embodying creativity, spontaneity, cooperation, diversity and activism.

We weave our intentions with the energies of many forms of the elements, Goddess and God, healing the rifts within ourselves and the worlds.

All events are open and take place in the Austin area unless otherwise stated. For more information, see [www.TejasWeb.org](http://www.TejasWeb.org), or contact [info@tejasweb.org](mailto:info@tejasweb.org), PO Box 11586, Austin, TX 78711

### Mabon/Fall Equinox ritual

September 24 — 7 p.m., McKinney Falls State Park Amphitheatre.

Contact Kit (512) 459-1370, [vulpine@pobox.com](mailto:vulpine@pobox.com)

### Future rituals

See [www.TejasWeb.org](http://www.TejasWeb.org), or contact [info@tejasweb.org](mailto:info@tejasweb.org), PO Box 11586, Austin, TX 78711

### Fall 2000 Classes in Austin

**Elements of Magic, Iron Pentacle.** Each class meets one evening a week for six weeks. Contact: [info@tejasweb.org](mailto:info@tejasweb.org) or [www.TejasWeb.org](http://www.TejasWeb.org)

## ReWeaving

Los Angeles,  
California

REWEAVING is a group of women and men in the Los Angeles area working together to teach and make magic — the art of empowering ourselves and each other. Our classes, workshops and public rituals are inspired by the teachings of Starhawk and Reclaiming.

ReWeaving events are clean and sober, no drugs or alcohol please!

For information on ReWeaving events and rituals, contact Ilyana MoonFire at (818) 368-5215, [lunafire@earthlink.net](mailto:lunafire@earthlink.net), or Phoenix Willow, (310) 489-7620, [phoenix@reweaving.org](mailto:phoenix@reweaving.org), unless otherwise noted. ReWeaving info is now online at [www.reweaving.org](http://www.reweaving.org)

**Mabon Saturday,**  
September 23  
**Samhain Saturday,**  
October 28

### Other ReWeaving Events

**October 7** Second Annual Pagan Family Picnic

### ReWeaving Classes & Workshops

ReWeaving offers these ongoing classes. Work exchange is available. Please check website for current info, [www.reweaving.org/calendar.html](http://www.reweaving.org/calendar.html)

- Elements of Magic
- Pentacle of Pearl
- The Iron Pentacle
- Rites of Passage

## Portland Area Reclaiming Events

Portland, OR

ALL PORTLAND-AREA Reclaiming Events are listed on the Reclaiming Tradition Witches of Portland Website, [www.aracnet.com/~ravnglas/indexA.html](http://www.aracnet.com/~ravnglas/indexA.html)

We are Portland's Reclaiming Tradition Witches. Our organization comprises Hands of the Mother, our public ritual planning cell; PORTAL, the local teachers' cell; and Nemesis Rising, our new political action cell. Our website lists public rituals, classes, workshops and events offered locally by Reclaiming witches who are active in one of these groups. We collaborate in all sorts of interesting ways! The website is updated at each of the eight holidays. There will be many more classes and events in the fall.

### Hands of the Mother Rituals in Portland

Please see our website for future dates and directions, or call Craig at (503)235-0170.

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## British Columbia Witchcamp Community

Vancouver, Victoria & Seattle

OUR BRITISH COLUMBIA WITCHCAMP COMMUNITY (including Seattle, WA) has been growing for the past thirteen years and includes women and men who live in cities, towns and villages mostly in BC, Alberta, Washington and Oregon, who come together in covens, community rituals and classes to create and teach magic and weave this work into our world.

*The Web, the BCWC community newsletter, comes out 2-3 times a year. Send SASE and \$1 to receive a copy: PO Box 21510, 1850 Commercial Dr., Vancouver, BC V5N 4A0*

*For information on upcoming classes and events, contact the BCWC Events Line, (604) 253-7195, unless otherwise noted.*

Events Line (604) 253-7195

Pagan Coffee Nights and Discussions  
Second Friday of the month at Harry's Off Commercial, 8 p.m.

Coven Registry at Aunt Agatha's Emporium, West Broadway

A Pagans and Children's group has formed and held their first kids' ritual on Beltaine.

### Events in British Columbia

#### Ageing, Saging Women Workshops

For women 40+, Fall 2000 in Vancouver and Duncan, led by Sharon Jackson and Pat Hogan. Contact Pat Hogan for more details (604) 253-7189, [path@lynx.bc.ca](mailto:path@lynx.bc.ca)

#### Faery Healing with RJ Stewart

Late Fall 2000 (tentative). Contact Pat Hogan for more details (604) 253-7189, [path@lynx.bc.ca](mailto:path@lynx.bc.ca)

#### Spiritual/Political classes with Margo Adair

In Vancouver, Spring 2001. Applied Meditation; Equalizing Power & Building Community; Political Thinking; Making

*continued on next page*

graphic by  
Bob Thawley



## British Columbia Witchcamp Community

*Vancouver, Victoria & Seattle*

*continued from preceding page*

Sense of the World. Contact Pat Hogan for more details, (604) 253-7189, path@lynx.bc.ca

### Victoria, BC (Vancouver Island) Events

Aurora teaches ongoing classes and occasional workshops in Psychic Development, Chakra Work, Reclaiming Witchcraft and Feri Tradition. One-on-one instruction, mentoring and coaching also available. To find out what's coming up next, contact joykirstin@pacificcoast.net, (250) 361-4680.

### Seattle Chapter of Reclaiming Witches

A small group has formed in the Seattle area to hold public rituals in the Reclaiming tradition. Our group has already hosted a fundraiser with Starhawk for the Direct Action Network Legal Team and is planning to do four rituals a year. We are also a resource for networking, introducing people to Reclaiming and helping them find info on classes and camps. The planning group will be closed through Samhain of this year and then open to new members. We are always happy to have volunteers. Contact Amy MoonDragon, (206) 523-7907, moonami@aol.com

**Elements of Magic.** A six-month apprenticeship beginning in September. The journey begins with an intensive weekend to build a strong foundation in magic, ethics and intent, to cover basic techniques for developing into a personal

daily practice and to create a strong group connection. The following classes will be held one Saturday each month. The program also includes an in-depth workbook and individual guidance. Easy enough for beginners, juicy enough for more experienced Witches. Contact Amy MoonDragon, (206) 523-7907, moonami@aol.com

**The Magic of Tarot:** a six week class. We'll work with the cards as archetypes and messengers through trance, movement and journal work. Learn to call on the energies of the cards for magic and growth. And, of course, we'll work with divinatory meanings, layouts and techniques for giving readings to yourself and others. Contact Amy MoonDragon, (206) 523-7907, moonami@aol.com

## Germany

### Gespinnst Events

**"Übergänge, Auf der Schwelle verweilen"**  
(**"Transitions, Spending Time on the Threshold"**)

2-7 January 2001 — A week of ritual for women in the hills near Regensburg. Contact Saabine Rokoß, Redderplatz 18, 22337 Hamburg, Tel: (011-49) 40 6301128 or Arike, arike@pipahl.de

### A Gespinnst Week in Cornwall

3-10 June 2001 — Contact Andrea Mayer, Reutlinger Str. 15, 72666 Neckartailfingen, Tel: (011-49) 7127-23398, andreamayer@gmx.de

### Seasonal Feasts in Bremen

**Mabon** September 23  
**Samhain** November 5  
**Yule** December 16

For information about public rituals, classes and workshops, please contact Donat, d.pahnke@t-online.de, (011-49) 421-257-6502, fax (011-49) 421-257-6503

## England

RECLAIMING-TRADITION Witches in England have hosted Witchcamp in England the past two summers. For more information, contact Ann Flowers, 188 Rushmore Road, London E5 0HB, phone (011-44) 181-986-4667, Aflo@btinternet.com

## Witchcamp

### A Week Of Earth-Based Spirituality And Magic

WITCHCAMPS ARE sponsored by many of the local groups listed in these pages—see page 38 for a full list of Camps. Witchcamp is a week-long intensive that includes trancework, healing, drumming, dancing, chanting, storytelling, guided visualization and energy work.

Witchcamp is offered to women and men at all levels of experience. Issues surrounding leadership and power.

For more information and contact numbers, see page 38.

**Events on the Regional Pages are sponsored by local groups based around the various Reclaiming community Witchcamps. All events are drug and alcohol free.**



# The Twelve Wild Swans

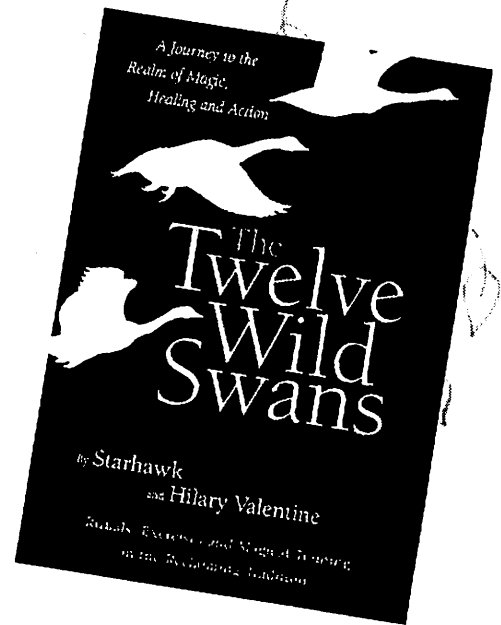
A Journey into the Realm of Magic, Healing and Action

by Starhawk  
and Hilary Valentine

Continuing the lessons and deepening the knowledge first set out in the bestseller *The Spiral Dance*, here is the first guide that works for both basic and advanced magical training.

Reclaiming teachers Starhawk and Hilary Valentine transform a fairy tale about twelve wild swans into a set of instructions for an initiatory journey into the world of Witchcraft, providing a remarkable roadmap describing three distinct paths into magic, healing, and action.

"The practice of magic rests on the power of the word," says Starhawk. For circles, covens, and groups, this volume is the power of the word at work — a sourcebook that instructs and inspires on many levels, from the craft of magical training, to inner-spiritual development, to outer work in the greater world.



## Bay Area events for *The Twelve Wild Swans*

**September 25** Sebastopol  
Copperfield's Books  
Contact (707) 823-8991 x15

**September 26** Sonoma  
Reader's Books  
Contact (707) 933-2656 x2.

**September 27** San Francisco  
A Clean Well-Lighted Place for Books  
Contact (415) 931-9248

**September 28** Berkeley  
Black Oak Books  
Contact (510) 486-0698

**September 29** Palo Alto  
Printers Inc  
Contact (650) 325-3807

**September 30** San Rafael  
Open Secret Bookstore  
Contact (415) 457-4935

**October 1** San Francisco  
New College Cultural Center  
Contact (415) 437-3422

graphic by  
Bob Thawley



# Bay Area Reclaiming Rituals

## Fall Equinox/Mabon

This is the time of harvest, of thanksgiving and joy, of leave-taking and sorrow. Now day and night are equal, in perfect balance, and we give thought to balance and flow within our own lives. The Sun King has become the Lord of Shadows, sailing West: we follow him into the dark. Life declines; the season of barrenness is on us, yet we give thanks for that which we have reaped and gathered. We meet to turn the Wheel and weave the cord of life that will sustain us through the dark.

**San Francisco** — Saturday, September 23.  
Celebration of balance and abundance.  
Bring food and (non-alcoholic) drinks to share. Gather noon, ritual at 1 p.m. at Beltane Meadow, Golden Gate Park. [Enter Park at Lincoln & 41st, 2 blocks north, meadow to right]

**Marin** — Saturday, September 23  
Limantour Beach in Point Reyes National Seashore. Gather 2:30, ritual begins 3 p.m. Feasting afterward, please bring food to share. Sliding scale of \$5 to \$15, but no one turned away for lack of funds. For more information, contact Georgie, (415) 454-8744 or gdennison@hotmail.com

<p><b>All Reclaiming events are clean and sober. No alcohol or drugs, please.</b></p>
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## Winter Solstice/Yule

This is the night of Solstice, the longest night of the year... We watch for the coming of dawn, when the Great Mother again gives birth to the Divine Child Sun, who is bringer of hope and the promise of summer. This is the stillness behind motion, when time itself stops; the center which is also the circumference of all. We are awake in the night. We turn the Wheel to bring the light. We call the sun from the womb of night.

**San Francisco** — Wednesday, December 20, Ocean Beach near Taraval, gather 3:30, ritual 4 p.m. (Call events line, (415) 339-8150 to confirm time.) Please bring firewood, and a towel if you want to plunge.

**Marin** — Saturday, December 16. Call events line, (415) 339-8150 for details.

**All times and locations are tentative — call (415) 339-8150 for confirmation the week of the ritual.**

*Ritual descriptions adapted from "The Spiral Dance" by Starhawk, © 1989, HarperSanFrancisco.*

## Samhain/The Spiral Dance

This is the night when the veil is thin that divides the worlds. It is the New Year in the time of the year's death, when the harvest is gathered and the fields lie fallow. For tonight the King of the Waning Year has sailed over the sunless sea that is the womb of the Mother, and steps ashore on the Shining Isle, becoming the seed of his own rebirth. The gates of life and death are opened; the Sun Child is conceived; the dead walk, and to the living is revealed the Mystery: that every ending is but a new beginning.

**North Bay** — Sunday, October 29, Sebastopol Community Center (Call the North Bay events line, (707) 793-2183 for updates and directions.)

**San Francisco/Men's Samhain** — call Jonathan, (415) 664-5482.

**San Francisco/The Spiral Dance** — Saturday, November 4, Festival Pavilion, Fort Mason. Each Samhain, over a thousand people gather to honor the dead and welcome in the New Year of the Witches. Join us for this magical evening!

Many people are needed to make this community event happen: graces and dragons, altar design, set-up and clean-up, tablers... Your participation is crucial to this event!

- To volunteer, call Madrone, (415) 789-7674
- For ticket information, including local stores and day-of-event sales, call the Events Line or visit the website: (415) 339-8150, [www.reclaiming.org](http://www.reclaiming.org)
- To mail-order tickets (postmarked no later than October 10!), send check or money-order for \$15-50 sliding scale per ticket, how many tickets, and a SASE to: Reclaiming Spiral Dance Tickets, PO Box 410187, San Francisco, CA 94141-0187
- To give names of beloved dead from the past year, or names of newborn babies, visit the website or call the Events Line : (415) 339-8150, [www.reclaiming.org/rituals/samhain.html](http://www.reclaiming.org/rituals/samhain.html)
- All press, please contact Madrone, (415) 789-7674





# Bay Area Reclaiming Events

## DINNER WITH THE DEAD

### a Samhain Feast

**Saturday, October 28**

Doors open 6:30 p.m., Dinner at 7 p.m.  
225 Potrero (at 16th), San Francisco

Last year's successful Dinner with the Dead raised funds for the WTO protests. This year's Dinner will raise funds to seed a Magic and Action Camp put on by Revel Alliance, dedicated to providing training in earth-based activism. Besides being a benefit, the Dinner is a powerful magical working in which we

dine with the dead and toast those who we want to work beside us in the coming year.

This event will be a potluck. Bring a dish that ancestors of the blood or spirit would enjoy. There will be a sliding scale donation at the door. Bring lots of energy for toasting and revelry! Dress for dinner! Call the events line, (415) 339-8150, for more information.

## DIA DE LOS MUERTOS

**Procession and ritual  
November 2, 2000**

Reclaiming again joins the Rescue Culture Collective to organize the 20th annual Dia de los Muertos procession and ritual in San Francisco's Mission District. The "Day of the Dead" marks the day when the souls of the dead are invited to walk the ground they once trod as human beings.

Help is needed planning the event and building the altars in Garfield Park, beforehand and on the day of November 2.

See page 14 for more information, or call Rosa, (415) 864-1450.

## Bay Area Cell Contacts

**East Bay Ritual Planning Cell**  
Vibra, (510) 237-6207,  
vibraw@aol.com

**East Bay Teachers Cell**  
Seed, calla@pgw.com, or c/o  
Reclaiming, P.O. Box 14404,  
San Francisco, CA 94114

**San Francisco Ritual Planning Cell**  
Kim Chilvers, (415) 487-4370,  
kchilvers@earthlink.net

**San Francisco Teachers Cell**  
Hilary, honeybee44@aol.com, or  
c/o Reclaiming, PO Box 14404,  
San Francisco, CA 94114

**Marin Ritual Planning Cell**  
Georgie, (415) 256-1844,  
gdennison\_@hotmail.com

**ECell (Web Page)**  
www.reclaiming.org,  
info@reclaiming.org

**North Bay Ritual Planning Cell**  
Susan Levine, (415) 664-4382,  
nasilusLD@aol.com

**North Bay Teachers Cell**  
Tami Griffith, (415) 256-1766,  
tegriff@hotmail.com

**Samhain Cell (Spiral Dance)**  
Madrone, PO Box 14404, San  
Francisco, CA 94114

**Magazine Cell (RQ)**  
George, (415) 255-7623,  
quarterly@reclaiming.org

**Administrative Cell**  
c/o Reclaiming, PO Box 14404, San  
Francisco, CA 94114

**Community Building Cell**  
Suzanne, cbc@reclaiming.org

**Special Projects Cell**  
c/o Reclaiming, P.O. Box 14404, San  
Francisco, CA 94114

**Inside Cell (Prison Support)**  
Culebra, (510) 451-2936

## Reclaiming Email Lists

In an effort to better serve our community, the ECell has set up several new discussion or announcement lists:

- Activist list [RWTO]
- San Francisco Bay Area Local list [BARD]
- International Discussion List [RIDL]
- Marin Ritual Planning announcements

Join one or more by visiting  
[www.reclaiming.org/about/lists.html](http://www.reclaiming.org/about/lists.html)

## Inside Cell Focuses on Prison Ministry

The Inside Cell is reactivating and putting out a call for people in the Bay Area interested in doing prison ministry. The work of this cell includes going into institutions for the purposes of visiting, teaching, and/or doing ritual, as well as prisoner correspondence as a form of prisoner support. For more information, call Culebra, (510) 451-2936.

graphic by  
Bob Thawley

# Bay Area Reclaiming Core Classes

## Elements of Magic

In this class, we learn the Reclaiming-tradition style of magic, working with the elements of life: Air, Fire, Water, Earth, and Center. Techniques include breathwork, song, visualization, sensing, raising and working with energy,



movement, trance, spellcrafting, creating magical space and structuring meaningful rituals.

The group follows feminist consensus process.

We hope to provide a fair and nurturing environment for all participants.

Prerequisite: read the first six chapters of *The Spiral Dance* by Starhawk. Please be committed to attending all six classes.

### Mill Valley

Beverly, Georgie and Evelie  
Monday evenings, starting  
November 13, 7:30-9:45pm  
Contact (415) 339-8313

### Santa Rosa

Beverly & Doug  
Friday evenings, starting November 10  
Contact (707) 865-WAND (9263)

### East Bay

Vibra & Toni  
Friday evenings, starting October 20  
Contact (510) 521-1875

Reclaiming Recommends

## Rhythm Laboratory

with Jeffrey Alphonsus Mooney  
Thursday evening class in San  
Francisco

Witchcamp teacher  
extraordinaire Jeffrey  
Alphonsus Mooney hosts a  
weekly Rhythm Laboratory  
using body, voice and  
percussion. This San Francisco  
workshop is great for beginning  
or advanced players. Call (415)  
346-3900 for more info.



## Iron Pentacle

The points of the Iron Pentacle name our birthrights as free beings: Sex, Pride, Self, Power and Passion. In this class, we will explore these aspects of our own authentic energy. A six-week intermediate class. Prerequisite: Elements of Magic or equivalent. Six weeks.



### San Francisco (for Men)

With Gwydion & Brook  
Seven Tuesdays, starting October 3  
Contact Brook, (510) 845-5830

## Pentacle of Pearl

We will work with the deep, healing energies of the Pentacle of Pearl, moving through the five points: Love, Law, Wisdom, Power and Knowledge. Prerequisite: Reclaiming Elements of Magic or equivalent.

### Santa Rosa

Beverly & Doug  
Six Friday evenings starting Sept 22  
Contact (707) 865-WAND (9263)

## Rites of Passage

Journeying into the realm of our own dreams and imaginings, we will each become the main character in our own myth. Through storytelling, trance and dream work, we will draw forth and weave a rich tapestry of images and symbols between the worlds, to empower us in all the worlds. Six weeks. Prerequisite: Elements of Magic or equivalent.

### San Francisco or East Bay

Seed and Elka  
Wednesday evenings, starting  
November 1  
Contact (415) 837-1809,  
elka@eastlyarts.com

## Reclaiming Classes — General Information

Classes are sliding scale \$75-\$150 unless otherwise noted. Scholarships and work exchange are sometimes available.

Classes are for both women and men unless otherwise noted.

Additional classes are announced through the year. Call the Events Line, (415) 339-8150, or see the website, [www.reclaiming.org](http://www.reclaiming.org)

"Reclaiming Recommends" means that a class is taught by one Reclaiming teacher. All others are taught by two or more, at least one of whom is a Reclaiming teacher.

Although studying and practicing the Reclaiming tradition can be profoundly healing, Reclaiming classes are not a substitute for medical or psychiatric care. Teachers are not responsible for diagnosing illnesses or recommending treatments. The teachers' cell holds students responsible for seeking professional help if they need it.



# Bay Area Reclaiming More Classes

## Ritual Skills Workshop Series

A series of six workshops designed to build public priestessing skills. Each workshop will focus on a specific skill set and offer a forum for interactive exchange with experienced

priestesses and a place to practice those skills with the opportunity for feedback. Some of the skills included will be:

Invocations,  
Sacred Voice,  
Sensing,  
Moving and Shaping  
Energy,  
Casting,  
Anchoring,  
and Leading  
Group Trances.

Experienced priestesses from the Reclaiming Community will participate as guest teachers for specific workshops. Participation in the full series is recommended.

Starting late Fall, dates TBA

Contact Lann, (415) 929-4789 or Suzanne, [suziegrey@yahoo.com](mailto:suziegrey@yahoo.com)

## Additional Classes

See page 50, and visit [www.reclaiming.org](http://www.reclaiming.org)

## The Way of the Bard

Gather around the fire, gaze into the cauldron of inspiration, finding voice and vision. Journey into your past and future: walk between the worlds, wearing the cloak of many colors; swim with the salmon of wisdom, listening to the tales of the trees. Tapping into ancient stories, we will learn our own. Have you always been a writer, singer and storyteller, or have you always wanted to be, but been held back by fear or circumstance? This class could help you. Poet and Singer Thorn and Storyteller Blaedfyrr will help lead you into your own stories and songs. Singing your songs and telling your stories helps the whole community. Please join us. (Some recommended, but not required, books are: 1/ Rachel Bagby, "Divine Daughters: Liberating the Power and Passion of Women's Voices" 2/ John and Caitlin Matthews, "The Encyclopedia of Celtic Wisdom" 3/ bell hooks, "Wounds of Passion: a writing life," 4/ Julia Cameron, "The Right to Write.")

### San Francisco

T. Thorn Coyle and Blaedfyrr  
Six Friday evenings starting in November  
Contact Thorn (415) 285-3341 or [tc Doyle@sfsu.edu](mailto:tc Doyle@sfsu.edu)

## Basic Psychic Skills

In this class, we develop mindfulness of our energy bodies. Working with each of our chakras, we will discover the information that they hold for us. We will learn skills for cleansing, filling, creating boundaries, and protection. We will explore our abilities to sense another's psychic energy. Prerequisite: Elements of Magic.

### San Francisco

Rock (Julie Dodd) and Brook  
Seven weeks starting January 2001  
Contact Brook at (510) 845-5830

## Elements of Magical Activism

Five-week workshop honoring the elements of life — Earth, Air, Fire and Water — and practicing simple methods to infuse our activism with their power. Final meeting will be a political action planned by students and teachers. You must have an established relationship with the elements and an active working commitment to social change.

### San Francisco

With Megan and Fern  
Dates TBA. Donations accepted.  
Contact [revellers@revelalliance.org](mailto:revellers@revelalliance.org),  
(415) 378-5272.

## Devotional Encounters with Deity

In this class we will work to develop intimate and experiential relationships with each Goddess. Through the use of magical and artistic techniques we will provide the space for Her to reveal Herself to each of us as She desires. Through magic, we hope to come to a deeper understanding of each Deity, how She works within our lives, and develop creative ways to worship.

Each class will be four weeks long, meeting once a week. We will meet for three weeks as a class, getting to know and work with a specific Goddess. The fourth week, students will be encouraged to work alone with the Goddess, creating a private devotional of their choosing. Students may commit to one month or the entire series. However, to create a strong magical group we encourage a three-month commitment. Prerequisite: a grounded understanding of Reclaiming Tradition magic and techniques. \$75-\$100 per month or \$200-\$250 for the series (3 months).

### Central Marin

Suzanne and Tami  
Tuesday nights starting October 3  
Contact (415) 256-1766,  
[tegriff@hotmail.com](mailto:tegriff@hotmail.com)

Classes continued on next page

graphic by  
Bob Thawley



## Bay Area Reclaiming - More Classes

### Reclaiming Recommends **Fort Mason Workshop Series**

M. Macha Nightmare offers several workshops, which may be taken separately. However, they can be most effective when taken as a series, as they are designed to build one upon the other. They are open to everyone regardless of experience or faith tradition. Our third workshop is labeled for clergy. However, it is open to anyone who is called to help loved ones and others to pass through the veil. \$60 for entire series, \$25 for each individual workshop. Sponsored by Rev. Panthera Amy Miller.

#### **Chants and Enchantments: A Participatory Workshop**

Friday, September 29, 7:30 p.m.

#### **Meeting Death, Grieving Loss**

September 30, 10 a.m. - Noon

#### **Continuing Education of Craft Clergy: Creating Appropriate Ritual and Counsel for Those Approaching Death and for Those Experiencing Loss of a Loved One**

September 30, 2 - 4 p.m.

Workshops are in San Francisco, Fort Mason Building D - Room 290. Contact (510) 502-8684 or [panthera@pantheraorbweaver.com](mailto:panthera@pantheraorbweaver.com). Complete descriptions at <http://pantheraorbweaver.com/macha/>

### Reclaiming Recommends **Contemplative Arts**

#### **Four workshops developing intuition through the body**

A cycle of four Saturday workshops beginning in September. The focus is cultivation of self-knowledge and the deepening of intuition. Practices derived from Aikido, basic mindfulness, meditation, and dropped and open attention states. Movement exploration through the developmental series of yielding and pushing and reaching and pulling give us a bodily base for intuitive practice — we will move our bodies, then sit in stillness and move our attention. September and January focus on yielding and pushing, April and July focus on reaching and pulling. One goal of this series is to inspire ongoing practice in pairs or small groups to deepen intuitive practice in the months between workshops. Beginning students must start in September, continuing students can join in September or in April. Priority given to students joining for all four workshops, and a \$10 discount on the first group. Sliding Scale \$60-\$100 per session.

#### **San Francisco**

With Cybele (AKA Suzette Roachat)  
September 30, January 27, April 22, July 22  
Saturdays 11 a.m.-6 p.m.  
Call Cybele at (707) 525-4992 or (415) 541-5650 for information and registration

### Reclaiming Recommends **Devotional Dance The Iron and Pearl Pentacles**

Using movements designed to embody the energy of each point — Sex, Pride, Self, Power, Passion and Love, Law, Wisdom, Liberty, Knowledge — we will explore the Iron and Pearl Pentacles. We will see how these energies resonate within us and with each other. Using the help of the elemental Guardians, we will call these vital points back to ourselves, invoking them into our lives. This class will be valuable both to those wishing to explore the Pentacles for the first time, and for those experienced with them who wish a new way to enter this work. All movement abilities are welcome, some magical experience requested. This class will be a good companion to other Pentacle classes/work you may be doing. Three weeks, \$36-\$56, no one turned away for lack of funds. (Teachers of Pentacle work are encouraged to come at a discount).

#### **San Francisco**

T. Thorn Coyle  
Three Friday evenings  
starting October 13  
Contact (415) 285-3341,  
[tcoble@sfsu.edu](mailto:tcoble@sfsu.edu)

### Announcing **Five-Month Magical Apprenticeship with Beverly Frederick & Doug Orton**

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; and *En-chant-ment*.

Group meets one Saturday each month. Participants also meet in twos and threes during the month. 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 \$375-\$600. Group size is limited, so reservation by full payment requested.

Contact Beverly Frederick, P.O. Box 78, Villa Grande, CA 95486. Call (707) 865-WAND for further information.



# Announcements

## M. Macha NightMare travel schedule

To book Macha for an event, please contact Beth Elaine Carlson, PO Box 9, Sheffield, MA 01257, (413) 229-8732, [cheiron@earthlink.net](mailto:cheiron@earthlink.net)

**Gainesville, FL Sept. 22-24**  
A weekend of workshops and rituals in conjunction with Pagan Pride Day 2000 and the Autumnal Equinox.  
Contact Barbara J. Walker-Graham, [walkerbj@ufl.edu](mailto:walkerbj@ufl.edu)

## San Francisco, CA

September 29-30

Fort Mason Workshop Series — see page 50 for details.

**San Francisco, CA**  
December 3

A Rainbow of Goddesses: A Goddess 2000 Ritual. See page 52 for details.

Visit Macha's website  
[www.machanightmare.com](http://www.machanightmare.com)

Macha's articles on Contemporary American Witchcraft Online at [www.hungryminds.com/subjectexperts/hob004/](http://www.hungryminds.com/subjectexperts/hob004/)

## Starhawk travel schedule

For more information, or to arrange bookings, contact Madrone, (415)789-7674, [kimjack@sirius.com](mailto:kimjack@sirius.com). Or write PO Box 410187, SF 94141-0187. Further events may be posted at [www.reclaiming.org](http://www.reclaiming.org)

**Salem, MO September 22-24**  
Fall Equinox with Starhawk at Diana's Grove.  
Contact Diana's Grove, [dianasgrove@dianasgrove.com](mailto:dianasgrove@dianasgrove.com),

**San Francisco, CA October 22**  
Bioneers Conference Panel Discussion.  
Contact [www.bioneers.org](http://www.bioneers.org), (877) 246-6337

**San Francisco, CA November 4**  
The Spiral Dance — see page 46, or call (415) 339-8150, [www.reclaiming.org](http://www.reclaiming.org)

**Sebastopol, CA December 23**  
Winter Ritual with Starhawk and Luisah Teish. Contact Harmony Network, [HrmnyNtwk@aol.com](mailto:HrmnyNtwk@aol.com), (707) 823-9377

## Witches' Yellow Pages — Networking Witchcamp and Beyond

The Witches' Yellow Pages (WYP) is a new community resource designed to connect Witchcampers and others to the rich variety of services, crafts, talents, etc. within our community.

WYP is being distributed for free to all Witchcamps and by request from individuals. The wonderful response to the first issue is helping to manifest our vision to serve the community by providing a venue for people to access like-minded professionals, service providers, and artisans.

This is a completely volunteer project and printing costs are being donated. A percentage of the application fees will be donated to Reclaiming supported actions, events, or special projects.

In an effort to be environmentally-friendly, we plan to use hemp paper for production. If anyone has leads on manufacturers of hemp paper products, please contact us — Gail Morrison and Julie Knapp.

An application form with fee information for WYP 2001 can be found on page 53 of this issue. Contact (617) 983-5906, fax (617) 421-9835, [wypage@hotmail.com](mailto:wypage@hotmail.com)

## Magick 101 or How to Change Consciousness At Will

This class will explore the foundations of magick in the Reclaiming tradition. We will learn to create sacred space and build a container for our work. Participants will learn basic principles of ritual and daily practice. The techniques of magick are many and we will explore the labyrinth, the use of sacred voice, ancestor allies, prayer, and devotion from the place of accepting each person as their own ultimate authority while practicing compassion and respect for each other. This class is for beginners and for those wishing to deepen their practice of the "craft of the wise." There is no charge for this class. Donations to Revel Alliance accepted.

**San Francisco**  
With Morgaine & Lann  
Three Saturdays from 10:30-5:00 p.m.  
Contact Morgaine at [MorgaineW1@aol.com](mailto:MorgaineW1@aol.com)

## Magick 103

"You who seek to know me, know that your seeking and yearning will avail you not, unless you know the mystery..." A six-month exploration. There is no charge for this class. Donations to Revel Alliance accepted.

**San Francisco**  
With Morgaine, Rain & Lann  
Six Saturdays, Samhain to Beltane  
Contact Rain, (415) 861-3176, [njsrain@aol.com](mailto:njsrain@aol.com)

## The Charge of the Goddess

"I am the Soul of Nature that gives life to the universe. From me all things proceed and unto me they must return... My Law is Love unto all beings... My Love is poured out upon the Earth."

Through breathing, chanting, mirror work, and trance, we will delve into the Mysteries glimpsed in this sacred text. Prerequisite: Elements of Magic and either Iron Pentacle or Rites of Passage.

**San Francisco**  
with Rose May Dance and Gwydion  
Friday evenings beginning in February  
Contact Gwydion, [jlogan@sirius.com](mailto:jlogan@sirius.com), (415) 282-5334.



# ANNOUNCEMENTS

## Revel Alliance Hits the Net

Revel Alliance, Witches and friends who have taken part in actions at Seattle, Washington, DC, the Conventions and beyond, have a new website. Find out about actions, workshops, and more: [www.revelalliance.org](http://www.revelalliance.org)

## Rekindling Cambridge, MA

REKINDLING IS A COMMUNITY of women and men who share the vision of unifying science and magic. We are an open circle in the Reclaiming tradition.

**Autumn Equinox** September 22

**Samhain** October 28

**Winter Solstice Sunrise** December 21

**Brigid** February 3

Starting this quarter, we will begin a Friday evening circle, linking Science and Magic through Babylon 5.

For more information on Rekindling Community events, contact Zee, (617)834-6592, [zee@rekindling.org](mailto:zee@rekindling.org), [www.rekindling.org](http://www.rekindling.org)

## LoveJourney

The Healing Path of Tantra for Women with Evalena Rose  
Sebastopol, CA

### Evoking Divine Passion

September 29-October 1

Enjoy energy-moving breathwork, imagery, movement, and heartfelt rituals that deepen your connectedness. Learn to move kundalini, heal sexually, and activate ecstatic states.

### Unfolding Sacred Relationships

Six-month group begins November 4-5 Reclaim your sensual, erotic nature in safe, sacred settings, enjoying ancient Tantric practices, healthy communications, and heart-centered rituals. Deepen intimacy and passion through sacred dance, erotic massage, sexual healing.

Contact (707) 887-8424, [www.tantraforwomen.com](http://www.tantraforwomen.com)

## A Rainbow of Goddesses

Sunday December 3, 2000  
in San Francisco

Come and experience a new masked ritual, based on Goddesses Alive!, a Goddess 2000 ritual.

Join us in a processional and experiential ritual to bring a re-awareness of the Goddess into current Pagan practices.

We will encounter the goddess speaking in many voices and embodied by thirteen priestesses wearing stunning leather Goddess



masks created by Lauren Raine. This event is a re-creation of Goddesses Alive!, originally presented at PantheaCon in February 2000. Sponsored by The Lilith Institute and New College of California's Women's Spirituality Program. A Goddess 2000 Project.

### With M. Macha NightMare and Witchy Friends

At New College, 777 Valencia Street, San Francisco  
Matinée 3:00 p.m., Evening 7:00 p.m.  
\$15-25 sliding scale, \$8-10 students and seniors

For further information, contact Deborah Grenn-Scott, Tel/Fax: 650-345-5449, [lilith@best.com](mailto:lilith@best.com), [www.lilithinstitute.com](http://www.lilithinstitute.com)

Masks by Lauren Raine, creator of the masks for "A Rainbow of Goddesses"

## Sounds & Furies Magical Journeys for Women

Economical trips, knowledgeable local guides, life changing experiences, great friends and lots of fun! Trips run for two weeks.

### April-May 2001 - Glastonbury, Avebury, Cornwall

Explore caves, stone circles, quoits, holy wells; enjoy the beauty of the Cornish seascape. Guides: Kathy Jones, Glastonbury and Cheryl Traffon, Cornwall, plus "surprise" guests.

### October 2001 - Greece

Enjoy the mysteries, visit ancient sites, feast on Greek food, dance to her music. Our guide, Charoula Dontopoulos, a scholar and lover of the Goddess, was born and raised in Greece.

Contact Pat Hogan at (604) 253-7189, fax (604) 253-219, [path@lynx.bc.ca](mailto:path@lynx.bc.ca)

## Moth Inventory

*continued from page 5*

Goddess, the universe, the life. It can be hard, particularly because I don't see my own clutching clearly. One saying goes "I've never let go of anything that didn't have claw marks in it!" The moths helped me see places where I was holding on, accumulating due to inertia, and also due to fear. The quantities I had stored actually reflected fear and poverty, not security and abundance. Security involves trusting that I can meet future needs in the future, that what I need will be available to me then. Seems kind of risky to me still, but it beats having all the excess baggage in my home, and moths for roommates. My thinking and lifestyle were affirming a lack of abundance; the stuff was not about food or pleasure, it was more an attempt to protect myself from future needs. And defending myself against the future makes it harder to live fully in this day.

I am learning to recognize help that comes from unexpected sources.

Thanks to the moths, the very ones I have ranted against and killed, I now have much better flow in my home. My food shopping strategy has shifted towards more fresh foods, and I no longer keep such large quantities of staples. And my sweaters — I have passed on some of them to friends and to the local recycling center, and I wear my favorites, rather

than saving them for a special occasion. What is more special than this very day? I acknowledge more the abundance that I have in my life right now; I take guidance where it comes. Moths, I thank you.

*Grove is a Bostonian witch, who lately is trying to catch the moths in her home alive and put them outside instead of killing them.*

## Black Bloc

*continued from page 7*

Petroleum, which is set to destroy indigenous people's land in Columbia.

The Black Bloc marched and marched. Every day, we'd offer them Anarchy Love Spray as a respite from the heat. Every day, their heads would bow and their necks would get sprayed with the sweet smelling water and flower essences. What is so terrifying about that? I know. I know they broke windows in Seattle and spray painted someone's jacket with a Circle A. I also know they planted gardens in DC. I also know they were there, with collective spirit, connected to one another in Anarchist precision at the anti-corporate marches, the U'wa march, at the Queer March, at the marches against police brutality.

What I also know is this: corporations do far more property damage than the breaking of a few windows. And what I want to know is this: what is property in the first place, whose prop-

erty is it and why are we so bent on protecting it? We need to begin to look at these things. Many people admire the Plowshares activists for smashing government computers, hammering on missile nose cones and pouring their blood over weapons blueprints. These are all acts of "property destruction." I've heard people who support these very actions speak with disgust about "those anarchists" - the Black Bloc. We need to look at the fact that, in a Capitalist society, more energy goes to preserving this dubious "property," usually owned by the rich, than goes toward creating school programs, availability to health care, to art, to distribution of food and money, to stopping murder in the inner city. Now, I am still a believer in the premise that violence begets more violence. Property destruction still counts as an act of violence in my book. But I also understand the sense of rage and helplessness that causes a French farmer to drive his bulldozer into a McDonald's, or causes some young people to smash the windows of a corporation that destroys ancient forests and indentures children into working under sweatshop conditions.

Sorry for the rhetoric, but I want us to remember what our real issues are. Let us not splinter our forces by forgetting what unites us. We want clean water and soil. We want food and education. We want art and music and the dance

*continued on next page*

## WITCHES' YELLOW PAGES

**Box 17, 325 Huntington Ave., Boston, MA 02115, Phone: (617) 983-5906, Fax: (617) 421-9835, Email: wypage@hotmail.com**

The Witches' Yellow Pages (WYP) is a new community resource designed to connect witchcampers and others to the rich variety of services, crafts, talents, etc. within our community. A percentage of application fees will be donated to Reclaiming supported actions, events, or special projects.

### APPLICATION FORM

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Magical Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_ City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_  
Phone #: \_\_\_\_\_ Email: \_\_\_\_\_  
Fax #: \_\_\_\_\_ Website: \_\_\_\_\_

### Listings

Categories to be listed under: (eg, massage therapy, pottery, legal aid, etc.) You can create any category that best fits you.

1) _____	2) _____	Single Listing - Initial @ \$15.00	_____
3) _____	4) _____	Additional Listing @ \$5.00 ea.	_____
5) _____	6) _____	(business card) 1/4 Page @ \$25.00	_____
		(4 1/4 x 5 1/4) 1/2 Page @ \$40.00	_____
		(5 1/4 x 8 1/4) Full Page @ \$60.00	_____
		<b>Total Amount Submitted</b>	_____

Send application to above snail mail address, or fax or email application and send money snail mail.

1/4, 1/2 or full page ads **MUST** be camera ready. *Make checks payable to WYP.*

I would like to be listed on Witches' Yellow Pages website for free.  Yes  No

**DEADLINE IS JANUARY 1, 2001**

## Black Bloc

*continued from previous page*

of our revolution. We want sustainability. What else do we want? We need to figure that out. We also need to figure out what non-violence is and what is important about it, not just lash out at those who may lend support in ways with which we are not comfortable. Can we work together to decide issues of policy? What is our morality? We also need to figure out how to deal with the violence that coils within each of us. I know I felt that violence within when surrounded by the LA cops. Let us talk with one another. Let us focus on alliances, not on what can tear us apart. Isn't that tearing apart just another act of violence?

Down in LA, I was thankful for the Black Bloc. They gave me hope. And I certainly couldn't wear Anarchist Black in that heat and smog. It takes discipline and guts to do that, and to walk, never unlinking your arms from your collective members and your friends. They also gave me a physical reminder that, when everyone was chanting "This is what Democracy looks like!" I could chant my alternate phrase, "This is what Anarchy looks like!" I don't even know what

Democracy is, so how can I know what it could look like? Anarchy, however... I've seen images of it, surrounding me. I've seen it in your faces and your hands at work and play.

The Black Bloc drank their water through the black bandanas or ski masks that never left their faces. Day after day, more people were wearing bandanas in solidarity. On the day of the marches against police brutality, even the beautiful Guadalupe puppet of the Tacoma Catholic Worker sported a bright bandana across her brown, papier mache face.

I heard that on the final day of actions and protests, the dreaded Black Bloc sang the cops a lullaby. I wish I had been there to hear it.

*T. Thorn Coyle is a writer, activist and student of Philosophy and Religion. She wears a lot of black at home.*

## Occupied Space

*continued from page 12*

forms.

• no more displacement — begin a city planning process that respects people over profits.

*"It makes me remember to take myself seriously. It makes me want to do whatever it takes over the long haul, on a non-violent path of resistance, to help society recognize places for people. It makes me want to create art that is about this, and also art that is not just about this. It*

*makes me want to really value my community on an on-going basis." — Victoria*

## HOW YOU CAN HELP

• Call the 848 Community Space Hotline: (415) 923-9599, or visit [www.848.com/action](http://www.848.com/action)

• If you are in the Bay Area, come to the many events being organized in threatened neighborhoods such as the Mission and SOMA districts of San Francisco as well as Berkeley and Oakland.

• Call or write Pomegranate Design and Development, (415) 826-8860, [mlion@aol.com](mailto:mlion@aol.com) or [info@pomegranate.to](mailto:info@pomegranate.to) — tell the profiteers they must preserve community!

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*Edited by George Franklin/RQ. Thanks to Pod for background material.*

## The RNC Crackdown

*continued from page 13*

court costs that we are facing.

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## Vandenberg October 2000

*continued from page 18*

with this, hundreds of people will come to Vandenberg Air Force Base.

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be used for education for our children and care for our elders, not to create devices that could destroy, in seconds, all that we hold most sacred. We will be showing the world that the fist of the world's bully is an empty hand, unsupported by the strength of its people, and that we are not afraid to pull the fangs of the beast of greed that is devouring our friends and neighbors.

For more information, call (510) 496-6012. See schedule of events, page 18, column 1.

## Los Angeles/DNC

continued from page 28

as easily as we recognized them — the bandannas on our heads to protect us from tear gas, the types of clothing we wore, and, in some cases, our pale skin in a dominantly Latino neighborhood, were our uniforms.

The protests themselves were acts of beauty. Being there, in the heat, surrounded by people carrying huge colorful puppets and birds and chanting, I began to understand in a more elemental way what Martin Luther King Jr. meant when he said that breaking an unjust law was an act of love. The protestors were there to participate in actions of solidarity and hope, and the sacrifices they made stemmed out of the desire to create a better world. And because the actions did come out of such a sincere and heart-full place, they manifested as radiance, as light and magic. We walked to protest police brutality, we walked as youth to raise consciousness about racism within the educational system, we walked and woke up the neighborhood around us with voices of protest in English and Spanish, we danced in the streets and raved in the parks.

And perhaps because of this, for four days downtown LA became what we envisioned the future to be. It was staggering to be in the midst of, and incredibly liberating. I felt safe walking the streets, not because of the police, but because around me a multitude of people were all taking up the same space. The community already had a vibrant, striving street culture, and now it had been flooded with protestors in ripped jeans, piercings, and sarongs, young people in

big pants and colorful tops, delegates in suits and tasteful jewelry. The streets overflowed with the entire spectrum of ethnicities, classes, and dreams. As satisfying as the protests were, it was this contradictory transformation of the city that taught me the most; both the heavy-handed response of the police that could not be overlooked, revealing the oppression of the system, and the community of diversified unity we invoked... a manifestation of what the future could be... might be ... will be.

Riyana Lilyhawk is an avid raver, swing-dancer, and dreamer. She is currently working towards an MFA in film at USC.

## Samhain at Arlington

continued from page 21

forty-five minutes, we all agreed it was time to go. We went back to the fountain to purify again, organized an aura carwash, and finally went our separate ways.

For days afterward, I was radiant with loving kindness. Good thoughts about everyone and everything kept rising up in me, quite unlike the energetic letdown and inevitable respiratory ailment I've often experienced following the Spiral Dance. Don't get me wrong — the Spiral Dance is a rush of energy that almost always catapults me into the dark quarter of the year with hope, inspiration, and a *joie de vivre* unlike anything else. It's a wonder to partake in that huge energy, to cast the spell of healing for the coming year, and to travel in trance with so many fellow passengers. But to cross into

the dark in loving kindness, in silence, and with compassion for that which is most bewildering to me was the most amazing, healing — and revealing — thing I could have done.

I'm finally getting some hints about how I, Reyasdottir, a Bay Area-identified Witch, can follow the faith from far-flung regions. I'm learning about creating holiday rituals that aren't anything like the public rituals in San Francisco, but instead are the rituals that work best where I am. I'm finally getting it — I'm not in San Francisco anymore. I have to start from scratch.

Happiest New Year to all. May it be a year of beauty! Blessed be.

Reyasdottir is a Jewish, bisexual priestess of Feri/Reclaiming tradition, bodyworker, and friend to the Dead.

Since last year, when this article was written, she has continued to sit with dead soldiers. She is currently planning a ritual to be held on the Fredericksburg battlefield on the anniversary of the 1862 battle in which 12,000 Union soldiers and 3,000 Confederate soldiers died. "Our intention is to open to compassion for all who were a part of the battle, to listen, to honor and to learn."

For more information on this ritual, contact [reya@earthlink.net](mailto:reya@earthlink.net)

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## Vandenberg 1983

continued from page 31

they carefully wrote a number on each arrestee's hand.

Most of Change of Heart and Overthrow wound up on the same bus. People were yelling to each other, leaning out the windows to holler at the soldiers, and laughing up a storm. We had survived a confrontation with the U.S. military, even out-maneuvered them for a few minutes! The nail clippers came out, the plastic bands were cut off, and people bounced around the seats. Secret stashes of fruit and nuts and even a few candy bars were passed around as the last protesters were loaded in.

We finally sat down and the decibel level dropped as the bus pulled out and headed into Vandenberg. "They're keeping us on the base," I speculated, settling into a seat next to Hank.

He shook his head. "Naw, they're just taking a back road out, I'll bet."

"Remember what you see for the occupation next time," Karina put in. "This is our chance to scout it out."

We rolled down a two-lane road, passing an occasional nondescript little building. Without discussing it, a number of people began industriously rubbing the numbers off their hands. Hank went a step further, obliterating his number and then inking a fresh one in its place with a pen I loaned him: "4Q-U812."

I laughed, even though I wasn't sure it was such a great idea to mess with the system that way. But I didn't want to be the only one not doing it. I rubbed out most of my number "56."

The bus pulled up in front of what looked like a little classroom complex. I turned to Hank. "We're still on the base, I told you!"

An officer with an unnecessary bullhorn leaned into the bus and barked: "Everyone out! Single file!" Through the windows we could see a pack of guard dogs straining at their leashes, snarling at the first people stepping off the bus.

They herded thirty of us into the first building and through a doorway so low you had to stoop to enter. We found ourselves in a twenty-foot square room with a high ceiling, painted entirely white except for a few lines around the walls.

"What's this," I said to Hank, "The brainwashing chamber?"

"No, it's a squashball court. See, up there's the cage for spectators."

"Or to spy on us!" I said.

"It's pretty convenient for them," Doc said as he joined us. "They can watch us without having to be in the room. They don't want the soldiers around us, they're afraid we'll corrupt them."

People were milling around, unsure whether to bother getting comfortable. We could be here for five minutes or five hours. I figured the feds were in no hurry to deal with us, so I sat down and unlaced my new shoes. The canvas was wet, but amazingly, inside, my socks were dry.

GRADUALLY WE drifted into small conversations. Some people took seats against the white walls, while others paced the floor. Karina, not content to pace, did a mock-ballet around the perimeter of the room, using people's bodies as props and balance beams.

I took a seat in the corner by Doc, who was rubbing again at the back of his hand. He held it up to the light, rotating it to see if the number showed from different angles. I looked down at my faded "56," still hesitant to efface it completely.

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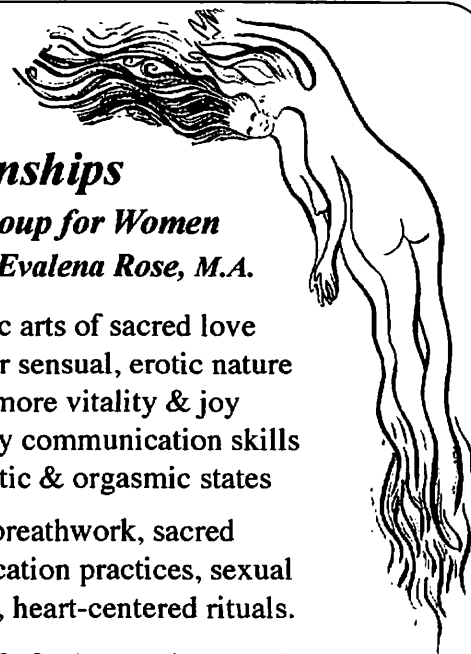
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It was the first time I'd really had a chance to talk with Doc in a while, and I was curious about his motives for getting busted in the January action. "I'm glad you're here," I told him. "But this turned into such a 'LAG' action. I thought you would be more interested in the VAC action in March."

"Well, I am," he said. "I'd prefer an action organized by affinity groups instead of an office staff. But this protest will set the tone for March, so I knew I had to be here."

I leaned my head back against the wall. "Do you really think VAC can get the March action together without LAG?"

He stopped working on his hand and looked at me. "It's not a question of 'VAC' getting it together. It's going to be organized by AGs. And a lot of this action was too — look at the kitchen, look at the whole encampment. Those are done by affinity groups."

I crossed my arms and nodded. "But LAG wound up co-ordinating all the publicity, getting the rally together, and paying for posters and mailings. Plus, the media collective is all LAG people."

"That doesn't mean AGs can't do it," he said. "The problem is, as long as the LAG office is involved, people will assume things are getting taken care of. If there isn't a central organization, it would be clear that AGs have to take it on."

"That's too idealistic," I said. "If the organizing gets decentral-ized, who's going to have an overview? Who is going to make sure that pieces don't fall through the cracks?"

"That's what the spokescouncil is for."

"But every meeting it's different people," I argued. "The spokescouncil is as transient as a lot of affinity groups. Someone needs to provide the continuity."

Doc paused and knit his brow. "What you're describing is a traditional, top-down power model," he said. "It may be efficient, but

is that our highest goal? A central office and staff just reproduce the dynamics of the system we're trying to change."

A large paperwad being used as a soccerball bounced off his leg, chased by two guys kicking at it. Doc shuffled around as if collecting his thoughts.

I tried to anticipate him. "People on the office staff or Coordinat-ing Council aren't trying to control the action," I said. "They're committed to not being leaders."

"It's not that simple," he answered. "It takes more than good intentions. An organizational staff is an inherently hierarchical func-tion. It's only natural that they'll be seen as leaders, and start to act the

*continued on next page*

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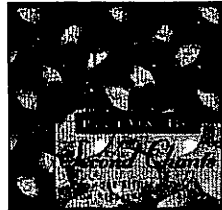
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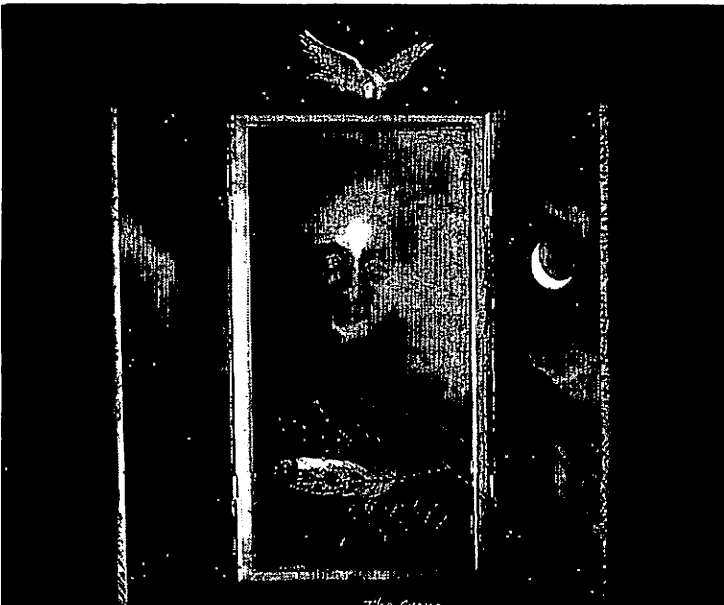
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## Vandenberg 1983

*continued from preceding page*

part."

I was thinking about my friends on the LAG staff, and I must have looked uncomfortable, because he tried to reassure me. "This isn't an attack on them as people," he said. "But we need to organize differently. Building LAG into a strong organization shouldn't be our goal. Suppose we succeed. The government would just know what to sabotage. With a decentralized network of affinity groups, we'll build a community of resistance they can never destroy."

I liked the image, although I still felt like he was evading the question of overview. But at that moment, the door opened and a soldier stepped in. All talk stopped as he methodically counted us. Without a word, he backed out of the room and locked the door.

"Maybe they're going to bring us lunch," someone said. Suspecting that something was about to happen made it hard to concentrate on conversation. Doc went over to talk with someone from his affinity group, and I sat by myself, feeling restless. People were quieter, the earlier hyper mood giving way to a subdued tension, an impatient desire for some change. Anything, just to be on with it.

After a few minutes, the little door opened again. Two soldiers ducked in, followed by an officer. "Line up by your numbers," the officer ordered us. "You're going next door to be booked."

I looked around to see what others would do. There was some shuffling around, but no one lined up.

"We're not moving unless we all move together," someone called out.

"We want to see a lawyer," Karina piped up.

The officer tried to assure us that we would all end up back together. "You won't be separated. We just need to process you one at a time. Now line up by your numbers."

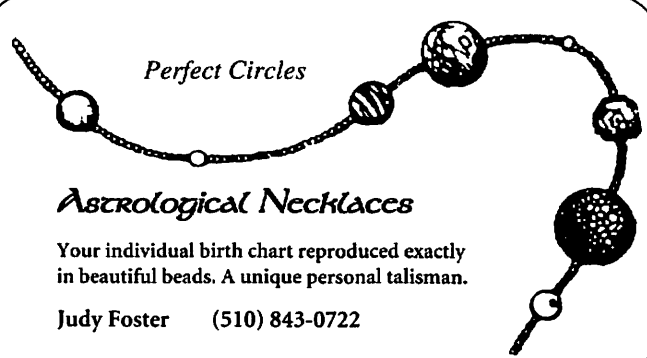
This time his command set off a ripple of half-suppressed laughter, which perplexed the officer until someone explained the situation to him. The officer turned and barked at one of his aides, who ducked out of the room. "Alright then," he pronounced, "Everyone line up along this wall." As he spoke, the aide ducked back in with a magic marker and six more soldiers.

"Line up!"

Faced with the six soldiers, we slowly made our way to the wall. One of the soldiers came down the row and renumbered us. When he got to me, he labeled me "A-17," then scratched out the rest of the "56". I felt embarrassed that I hadn't erased it entirely myself.

We decided to go ahead with the booking, but everyone would make sure that they could see the person ahead and behind at all times. If anything went wrong, we would all sit down and refuse to move. A couple at a time, we were ushered out of the squash court.

The booking was held in a gymnasium divided by partitions into a series of little cubicles. Being back in motion raised our spirits, and many protesters mugged for the polaroid photographer. The



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only downer was when they took away the paper and pen that I had smuggled in. So much for keeping a journal.

As each of us finished the booking, we were steered to the other side of the gym and put into a small cage — the gym was only as big as a basketball court, and to save sideline space, the team benches were enclosed behind wire mesh.

I joined Cindy, Hank and about fifteen other people in the cage, followed soon after by Doc and Karina. Karina seemed unusually subdued. She gave me a faint smile as I caught her eye. I wanted to ask her how she was doing, but she went and sat with a couple of people from her AG. Her voice was low, and I could see the stress in her gestures.

I wasn't feeling especially stressed myself. Bored was more like it. I wished I had a book. They hadn't searched my shoes, I realized. I should have smuggled in some pages of a novel. Or maybe Trotsky's autobiography, which I'd been reading lately. That would make good prison fare.

Daniel was put into our cage, but before the next person could be brought over, the calm of the gym was rent by the sound of stomping boots. A squad of men in khaki fatigues came marching across the floor, and the racket echoed off the concrete walls. We stared through the wire mesh as the squad came to a halt in front of our cage. "Hright, Hace!" The column snapped around to face us — the U.S. Marshals.

Someone called out in a shaky voice: "I don't think we should move again unless we all move together." People nodded, but no one took their eyes off the Marshals.

The commander finished briefing his men. He pulled open our cage door. I pressed my back against the wall.

"Cindy Davenport!" he bellowed.

Cindy didn't answer. We stared back at the commander, motionless.

"Move it! Davenport!" No one budged. Cindy was hunched behind two people in the center of the cell. She held her head down, her hair hanging across her face.

The commander glared around at us, then stepped out to confer with two of his men. The three of them came back into the cage studying a small piece of paper — Cindy's polaroid photograph.

"That's her, over there!" The three Marshals charged at her, knocking other people aside. They grabbed Cindy by the arms and dragged her out the cell door. Then, as she staggered to her feet, they flung her headlong into a partition. She hit it with a thud and dropped to the floor.

I froze in my seat, but as the cage door slammed, Karina leapt up against the wire mesh. "Shame! Shame!" she screamed. Her broiling rage sparked the whole cell. In an instant, everyone was up and shouting, "Shame! Shame!"

The Marshals gawked at us. The commander hollered at his men. "Get her out of here!" Still shaking, Cindy was hauled away. "Shame! Shame!" The shouts rocked the gym. An Air Force officer ran up and talked heatedly with the commander of the Marshals, who kept making sweeping gestures with his arms. "Shame! Shame! Shame!"

Suddenly the Marshals snapped to attention. "Left, Hace!" The column bristled as the commander strode to the

front of the line. And with a step so quick it made us jump, they marched straight out of the gym.

We gaped after them. Were they really gone? Had we shamed them into leaving? Before we could get our bearings, a short man in an impeccable suit stepped up to the cage. "Legal Counsel," we started yelling. "We want to see a lawyer!"

He waved for quiet, a hard tight gesture that belied his cool exterior. "I'm the assistant federal prosecutor for this district. You'll see your lawyers."

"Where did you take Cindy?" people demanded. "We're not moving till we see our lawyers!"

He set down his briefcase and pleaded with us in a terse, polished manner. Gradually, by various arguments and reassurances about us all ending up together again, and getting to see our lawyers, and not having to deal with the Marshals, he persuaded us that it was in our best interest to move back to the squashball court.

A gauntlet of soldiers with riot clubs and helmets lined our path as we were led out the back of the gym. I tried to make eye contact, but they stared blankly away. Behind me, Hank jived at some of them: "Protecting national security, huh? Feel good about working in a

*continued on next page*



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## Vandenberg 1983

*continued from preceding page*

prison camp?"

We were steered to another small wood-floored exercise room. It wasn't the squash court we'd been promised, but no one felt like fighting over it. We ducked through the low doorway.

What's with all these four-foot doors?" I asked Karina.

"Teaches you to stoop," she said.

A few people sat down. We were arguing over what to do about Cindy when several soldiers ducked in, grabbed Hank, yanked him out, and slammed the door behind them.

Everyone sagged. We'd been had. I felt totally naive, duped by my trust of authority. And what about Hank. What was happening to him? A loose circle formed, more of a horseshoe, really, since no one wanted to sit with their back to the door.

Karina was the first to speak. "We can't let them drag us away. Next time the door opens, we should all get in that corner and pile up on whoever they're looking for. At least make them work for it!"

Next to her, a big guy named Tim seemed shaken up. He hung his head dejectedly. "Why fight when we know we can't win? They can move us if they want to."

A woman named Aurora from Spirit affinity group nodded. "I don't feel good about fighting them, either. They're not my enemies. Noncooperating only escalates the confrontation." When she finished, she looked around. "We need a facilitator."

"No," someone said, "A facilitator will get singled out as a leader. Each person call on the next one. It's safer."

Aurora called on Doc. His voice cracked as he spoke. "We've got to make some basic solidarity agreements," he said hurriedly. "There's

no guarantee that we'll end up back together if we leave here separately. This is the federal government. They can ship us all over the place if they want to." Several hands went up as he paused, but he waved them off. "Wherever we are, we should all keep demanding a mass arraignment, so we can meet before we go to court. If you get isolated, don't go to arraignment till you've seen one of our lawyers."

A woman across the circle kept her hand up insistently, and Doc finally called on her. "The question is," she said urgently, "What are we going to do when they come back again? Are we —"

"Process, process," I called out anxiously. I knew it sounded formalistic, but the scattered energy was hard for me to handle, and I really wanted us to stay focused and make some agreements. "Doc made a solidarity proposal. We should stick to that."

Karina groaned. "We're never going to reach consensus on this."

The woman across the circle spoke again. "We shouldn't be wasting time trying to reach consensus. We should break into small groups based on what we want to do, so people who want to resist can plan it."

But the idea of splitting the group got a cold reception. Daniel spoke next, in his deep, measured tones. "We have to stay together. But that doesn't mean we all have to do the same thing. Solidarity means respect and support for each person, not identical responses."

More hands flew up, but at that moment, the door swung open. "Tim McCormick," a soldier called out. "Come with us."

Tim looked sheepishly around, then stood up. The soldiers latched onto his arms, led him out, and relocked the door.

Karina threw her arms up in exasperation. "This is so disempowering!"

"Process," someone yelled over the rest of us. "Let's do a go-round and see what people plan to do when their name is called. It'll give us an idea where we are."

It sounded good to me. I was back in the right-hand corner, next to Daniel and Doc. Probably they would both non-cooperate. I pictured twisted wrists and sprained elbows. Was it worth fighting, just on principle? But if the rest of my cluster resisted, how could I not do it? Hopefully they wouldn't call my name right away, so I

# DINNER WITH THE DEAD

A SAMHAIN FEAST

## SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28

Doors open 6:30 p.m., Dinner at 7 p.m.  
225 Potrero (at 16th), San Francisco

Last year's Dinner raised funds for the WTO protests. This year's Dinner will raise funds to seed a Magic and Action Camp put on by Revel Alliance, dedicated to providing training in earth-based activism. Besides being a benefit, the Dinner is a powerful magical working in which we dine with the dead and toast those who we want to work beside us in the coming year.

This event is a potluck. Bring a dish that ancestors of the blood or spirit would enjoy. There will be a sliding scale donation at the door. Bring energy for toasting and revelry! Dress for dinner!

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could see what the others did.

The go-round had just started when the door opened again. "Aurora Elkhart?"

Aurora rose from the floor, but as the soldiers approached her she knelt down. "I would like a moment to pray." The soldiers stopped and put their hands on their hips, waiting like patient executioners. At last they beckoned to her. She nodded, crossed herself, and slowly got to her feet. Taking her lightly by the elbows, the soldiers ushered her from the room.

Her response lowered the tension, but it quickly rose again as we went around. Daniel spelled out his plan: "I'm going to tell them, 'I can't co-operate with you because of the way you have treated people before me.' Even if they drag me away, it's important that the soldiers understand the consequences of what they do to us."

When the guards returned, it was Doc they called for, and he adopted Daniel's tactic. "Because of the way you yanked Cindy and Hank out of the room, I cannot co-operate with you." The soldiers looked at each other, then bent over, grabbed him by the upper arms and dragged him out of the room.

A few minutes later, Daniel followed in a similar fashion. I decided that I would do the same when my turn came. It felt good to declare solidarity with Hank, and it made me feel personally stronger to join in a common response. But it was dejecting that there was nothing we could consense on as a group that was more effective than each of us acting individually.

The door opened again. Was it my turn? Two soldiers stepped in and flanked the door. Instead of calling a name, though, they stood at awkward attention, staring at the back wall and pretending not to notice that we were in the room. A minute passed. An unhelmeted head ducked in — Walt!

He surveyed our grim circle and burst out laughing. "Haven't they told you what's happening?" We shook our heads, disbelieving. "They've charged thirty people with misdemeanors," he told us, "and given them three-day sentences. Most of them have already pled 'no contest,' and they aren't asking for further solidarity. All of you here are getting tossed off the base with ban-and-bar notices. You'll be out in an hour."

My initial response was stunned silence. I wanted to believe it was true, but I couldn't quite summon the faith. After all of our preparation, after all we had just been

through, we were getting out the same day? People looked around at each other, dazed. Was it a trick? Or was it really a victory?

Karina finally broke the ice. She clambered to her feet and let loose a loud whoop. "Yeah! I knew they couldn't handle us! We're free!"

A few others joined her celebration, but the rest of us were still recovering from the shock. Karina caught my eye. I wanted to jump up and hug her, but my body didn't respond. I just smiled at her and shook my head, as if to say, "It's unreal, isn't it?"

Walt stuck around to answer a few more questions. Both Cindy and Hank were already free. "They just dragged them right on out to the bus," Walt said.

That was a relief. But what an irony — the people who got jerked around got released first! And here we were, getting out with a slap on the wrist. Well, why not? In a way, I felt like we deserved the break, that we'd earned it by our months of preparation, by our willingness to travel halfway down the state to protest a missile that the Pentagon couldn't even get it together to test.

But it was hard to feel too glib. Our half-baked jail solidarity hadn't exactly forced their hand. It felt more like we'd escaped than that we'd actually won anything.

Still, we had occupied Vandenberg Air Force Base. And for whatever reason, the government had backed off from a confrontation. Score round one for us.

*The subsequent March and June actions had dramatically different outcomes. For details, visit [www.groundworkmag.org/vandenberg](http://www.groundworkmag.org/vandenberg)*

*"Jeff Harrison" is the pen-name of an activist and journalist who has been involved in Reclaiming, the defense of People's Park, and protest organizing for almost twenty years. His work regularly appears in the Revolutionary Pagan Workers Vanguard [see page 64]. The novel from which this narrative is excerpted, "Direct Action," will appear in 2002, published by GroundWork magazine. For more information, visit [www.groundworkmag.org/directaction](http://www.groundworkmag.org/directaction)*

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## Arms of the Wild CD

continued from page 34

highlights the lyrics of the chants and also the individual instruments.

Listening to this CD makes me sing along. My favorites are "Chicole'le" (a South African freedom song) and "In the Arms of the Wild." The songs are short enough that you can learn them easily, then use them in ritual or just sing them around the house. Conveniently, the lyrics are listed in the liner notes. I have found that I can sit and listen intently to Beverly's music, or have it as the background to my everyday life at home. I really enjoy this CD, and recommend it to anyone who wants to learn new songs, or refresh their memory.

"In the Arms of the Wild" and "Through the Darkness," Beverly Frederick's compilations of ritual chants and magical ballads, are now available on cassette and CD. To order call (415) 339-8313 or (707) 865-WAND.

Reviewed by Lily

## RQ Welcomes Reviews!

Send 200-300 words to PO Box 14404, San Francisco, CA 94114, [quarterly@reclaiming.org](mailto:quarterly@reclaiming.org)

## Brigid's Charge

continued from page 35

the old ways, the divine Brigid Who is the most radiant presence in this book. She guides the lives not only of Deborah Leeds, but also of her friend Erin, an indentured servant from Ireland who also becomes Deborah's dearest friend, confidante and colleague; later, She guides Deborah's daughter and heiress to her gifts, Deborah Fae, and Erin's daughter, Ana, a midwife.

To students of colonial American ways, to people who practice the healing arts, to Pagans and Witches, to feminists — to all of you, I recommend this worthy novel. It is a fitting continuation of the work of Deirdre English and Barbara Ehrenreich (*Witches, Healers, Midwives, Nurses*) in revisiting the history of the healing arts and women's role in them, as well as to the great historical novelists of our day, such as Diana L. Paxson, who re-invoke Her memory and presence.

May Brigid's inspiration guide the hands of those who heal! So mote it be.

*Brigid's Charge* is published by Bay Island Books, (415) 924-9026. The audio version is available from Arania Books, [www.araniabooks.com](http://www.araniabooks.com), (219) 486-3554.

Reviewed by M. Macha NightMare

## Investing Your Values

continued from page 37

boring, dull, confusing, with all the evils of capitalism. Not the case. This book is written in a clear, easy-to-follow manner. Each chapter builds on the chapters before it. Examples, historical references and a few simple worksheets help you organize your thoughts about what, how much and where you want to invest. Everything from community banking to natural investing in mutual funds, to shareholder activism, is covered in detail.

And for those people with no experience in investing, *Investing with Your Values* is also a good beginner book. The basics are covered with the same care as the advanced information. So, if you don't know what preferred stock, large cap, or beta means, you will. Even after reading it, this book retains its value as a reference book with its list of information resources, socially screened companies, and community lists.

This book is an important piece of work for our community and for activists of all financial levels. Sometimes the best way to beat corporate America and the evils of capitalism is to fight for our values in their arena — Wall Street. And the ideas in *Investing with Your Values* give us the tools to take activism to this whole new level. A must-buy for anyone concerned about their financial future and the world.

Reviewed by Snow


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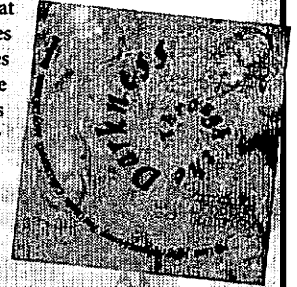
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— see page 46 for details

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## Reclaiming Sweatshops Exposed

### Coerced labor revealed at annual Witchcamps

IN A STARTLING revelation that sent shockwaves through the Pagan world, the RPWV has uncovered evidence of systematic use of sweatshop labor by Reclaiming.

The break came when sources confirmed that the new Reclaiming banner was manufactured by indentured labor at California Witchcamp.

Under the guise of a "summer intensive," participants in the weeklong retreat were lured into sewing the elaborate five-sided banner depicting earth, air, fire, water and spirit.

The banner is part of an intricate pyramid scheme. It was shipped to Los Angeles for the protests at the Democratic Convention, where it was used to recruit further Witchcampers, who will be pressed into similar labor at the 2001 Camp.

If successful, the scheme will be exported to other Witchcamps in 2002.

The first evidence of this sordid scandal came to light when it was revealed that California Campers are systematically denied access to meat and brand-name soft drinks. Investigative research soon established that sugar is rationed on a once-per-day basis.

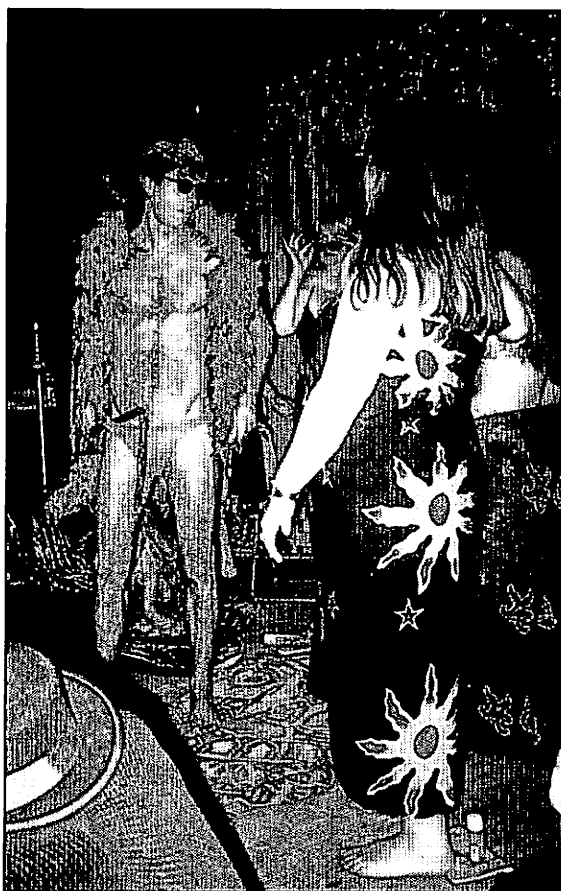
Further reports that the top-selling Reclaiming Chants tapes were also produced by coerced labor could not be confirmed at press time, but the accounting department at Reclaiming was unable to

provide any proof of payment for musical services.

And new evidence began to emerge that Reclaiming Quarterly, the tabloid publication of the group, is produced entirely by volunteers.

"But they like volunteering on the magazine," protested a spokesperson in what is sure to become the standard

*continued on page D-113, column 6*



*Taken Water Path too many summers at your usual Witchcamp? It's time for Surf Path at the all-new Maui Witchcamp®, where every teacher is a lifeguard. Or take Spirit & Mystery (S&M) Path, where the scourge is the magical tool of choice!*

## Movie Review

### The Goddessfather

IN THIS Neo-Pagan sequel to the classic mafioso series, Michael Corleone's grandson Dylan goes to MidAtlantic Witchcamp, where he aspects Aphrodite, changes his name to StregaDove, and dedicates his life to healing the bloody rifts among the feuding Sicilian families.

But at the Ancestors Ritual, the young heir to the bitter Corleone legacy communes with the spirit of his great-grandfather, the legendary Don Corleone, who demands that StregaDove take over the entire Witchcamp operation. When Camp organizers balk, StregaDove channels a spell they can't refuse, and

*continued on page D-117, column 7*

## Surf's Up at Maui Witchcamp®

CONCERNED WITH A drop-off in attendance at several Witchcamps last summer, Reclaiming has taken the wraps off its latest marketing venture: Maui Witchcamp®.

A select group of campers were invited to the trial run on Maui this summer. RPWV's Georgeanne reports:

"The accommodations were first rate. I slept so well in my luxury condo's queen size bed that I was afraid I would oversleep and be late to Path. But then I remembered, Path doesn't start until I get there.

"Another wonderful thing is I never had to listen anyone else all week. After all, it's all about me at Maui camp. As the Camp motto says: 'Ask not what you can do for your community, ask what your community can do for you!'"

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Order RQ for \$2.50 each. Resell them for \$4.99 — a great fundraiser for you, and a big help to us in getting RQ out to folks in your location.

Send **\$2.50 per copy** (\$25 minimum) to RQ, P.O. Box 14404, San Francisco, CA 94114.

## Submissions to RQ

We encourage readers to submit articles, letters, or graphics related to political, Pagan or spiritual issues and happenings. Submissions via email ([quarterly@reclaiming.org](mailto:quarterly@reclaiming.org)) or on disks 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, grammar and readability. We do not alter poetry.

While we are pleased to print letters or articles on ethics, we will not print personal charges or countercharges.

Articles appearing in this magazine are often posted on the Reclaiming web page. If you do not want your article to appear on the web site, you must let us know in writing at the time you submit it.

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

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