

VISIONARY



Volume 2, Number 1

May, 1996

ELDERS' PERCH

First, our apologies—our production schedule for VISIONARY has been forced to slide over the last few months. We will be more timely in getting future issues of our newsletter out on a more reliable, quarterly basis.

But we have been quite busy since you got your December issue of VISIONARY. Here's what's been going on.

1. **Business structure:** The Gay Spirit Visions Planning Committee, which we are now calling GSV, finalized its official formation on January 13, 1996. GSV's charter members are Joe Chancey, Al Cotton, Dandelion, Epiminondas S.H. Coppock, Jeff Glauser, Jonathan Lerner, Magic Boy Todd Kinney, Bruce Parrish, David Salyer, John Stowe, King Thackston, TreeWalker Martin Isganitis, Bernhard Zinkgraf, and distant member Andrew Ramer. This will be the core of our collective planning process. You, too, are welcome to join.

And The Council of Trusted Elders of Gay Spirit Visions, Inc. will soon be a legally existing, not-for-profit corporation of the State of Georgia. We signed our charter on December 22, 1995, 12:50 a.m., halfway between the Winter Solstice and the New Moon. Bureaucracy in the Georgia Secretary of State's office, among other things, has slowed down its approval, but we hope to be officially incorporated by the time you read this.

The purpose of the Council is to be the duly authorized and existing legal entity by which GSV contracts its business, much as Stepping Stone served in a similar capacity until recently. For its first year of existence, Bernhard is Presiding Elder; Sam is Bursar; Al is Recording Elder; the other Elders are TreeWalker and David. Membership on the Council was determined by Spirit (i.e., drawn from a bowl) from qualifying GSV members who offered their names for service. In choosing that method of selection, we emphasize the idea of selfless service and do away with the politics

and hurt feelings that inevitably surround elections. If you're intrigued by this process and want to know more, call a Trusted Elder and ask for details.

We are pleased with the structure we've created for formalizing our planning and running our business affairs as we strive to maintain the integrity of our process and interact with the corporate business world. If you'd like a copy of our articles and bylaws or minutes from any meeting, contact Al. Both can be sent by E-mail if you like.

2. **Mountain issues:** GSV is pleased to announce that it has signed a contract with *the mountain* to continue holding the Fall Conference there for the next five years. We have also invested \$5,000 of our surplus funds in *the mountain's* short-term, interest-bearing accounts to help them through the more difficult financial times of winter and early spring. We are pleased to be in a position to show our support for an institution that has been so supportive of us.

Many of us also have shown our support individually by becoming *mountain* members. There are varying levels of membership that offer various discounts for individual lodging on *the mountain* as well as the satisfaction of knowing that you are helping an institution that is truly committed to societal change on our behalf. Call 704/526-5838 if you'd like more information about *mountain* membership.

3. **Committees:** Our new Committees structure, which is designed to give people

UPCOMING DATES

May 11: GSV May meeting—a work weekend at *the mountain* (call TreeWalker, 404/377-5933, for last-minute details)

May 17-19: Mark Thompson's Dark Eros workshop in Atlanta (not a GSV event) (call Al Cotton for details)

June 1: target date for mailing fall conference flyers

June 8: GSV June Meeting—10AM, Atlanta Friends Meeting House

June 30: Atlanta Gay Pride parade—GSV will march and have a booth (call Todd Kinney for details, 404/377-5933)

July 13: GSV July meeting—10AM, Atlanta Friends Meeting House

July 19 thru August 3: Olympics—time to hunker down and hold on tight...

August 10: GSV August Meeting—location TBA

September 14: GSV September Meeting—location TBA

September 20-22: Seventh Annual Celebrating Gay Spirit Visions Conference, "Taking Action in the World: The Work Begins", at *the mountain*, Highlands Camp & Conference Center

a chance to volunteer without attending long, process-filled planning meetings, is outlined below.

Inside this issue...

Spring Thing & Fall Conference.....	2 & 3
GSV in Cyberspace	3
Book Review	3
The Way to Spirit	4
Celebrating a Gay Spirit Vision	4
Survey for Fall Conference....	Insert

VISIONARY

Vol. 2, No. 1,
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Communications
Committee
P.O. Box 339
Decatur, Georgia
30031-0339

a. *The Program Committee*—chaired by Magic Boy Todd Kinney (404/377-5933)—has monthly events scheduled through June. We had an afternoon of workshops in February; our March sweat lodge on Rocco and Peter's land was snowed out; see the report on our April GSV interaction and outreach into cyberspace. See elsewhere in this newsletter for information about how to subscribe. We have also generated a list of about 50 E-mail addresses, which will be circulated among the membership soon. Please let us know if you want to be added to (or deleted

SPRING THING, FALL CONFERENCE

by Al Cotton

Spring Thing. On April 6, 1996, GSV's Program Committee presented "Empowering the Elder Within," our third Spring event in Atlanta. 56 people attended.

The morning opened with Celtic and Yoruba invocations from the event's host/ess Dandelion and performance artists Adodi Muse. Then came John Stowe's invigorating exploration of the day's theme. Leave it to John to unearth another new archetype for us to explore: The Inner Troll!

After a vegetarian lunch from The Food Business, workshop offerings were presented by John, Gerry Mitchell (an intro to Healing Touch work), Ron Renz (a Feldenkrais lesson), Jeff Glauser (movement and play), Jamey Collins (communication tools), and Jonathan Lerner (a writing meditation). These were followed by a performance from Adodi Muse with a closing Heart Circle to end the afternoon. Later that evening, there was a festive party at Craig Cook's apartment. Thanks to all who attended.

Fall Conference. The theme for the seventh annual Celebrating Gay Spirit Visions Conference (Sep. 20-22, 1996) at *the mountain*—Highlands Camp & Conference Center near Highlands, North Carolina) is "Taking Action in the World: The Work Begins." Our goal this year is to involve as many conference-goers as possible in active roles on panels and keynotes and as presenters.

Instead of having keynotes this year, our tentative plans include inviting several people that we want to network with to

Also, if there's a sticker next to your address, this is the **LAST ISSUE** of *VISIONARY* you'll receive unless we hear from you. Call, write, or send an E-mail if you don't want to be culled from the list.

event, the Spring Thing, elsewhere in this newsletter, and other scheduled events in our Calendar.

b. *The Communications Committee*—chaired by Al Cotton (404/292-8567, barsekr@aol.com)—is publishing this newsletter, producing brochures, flyers, programs, etc., and implementing the GSV E-mail reflector (thanks to David Brodeur for his efforts here) and eventually a Web Site. We also need an archivist if anyone is looking for a volunteer opportunity.

c. *The Outreach Committee*—chaired by Jonathan Lerner (404/892-3819, 73311.2405@compuserve.com)—is meeting informally to figure out how to network with other gay male groups. Do you know about any conferences like ours? Anyone we should invite to town to speak? Also see the Outreach Committee's questionnaire elsewhere in this newsletter for information on how you can help us plan the Saturday workshops for the Fall Conference.

d. *The Conference '96 Committee* will plan the 1996 Conference and will eventually meet separately from our regular Second Saturday meetings. Come to our June 8 meeting in Atlanta if you want to help plan this event.

Find the area that interests you, and contact the committee chair to find out the next meeting date. We need your help if our vision for this organization is to be realized.

4. **Pride:** We're going to have a big presence at Atlanta's Pride Celebration this year. We plan to march as a contingent and staff a booth at the Pride Market. Call Todd, 404/377-5933 for details and to volunteer your time.

5. **New addresses:** We have a new e-mail reflector, a service through America On-Line, which will create a method of

from) this list.

Our new E-mail address is gsvgsv@aol.com. Our new voice mail box, The Spirit Line, is 404/524-8510, x-6778. Give us feedback about how well these new services are working.

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And call, write, or E-mail us anyway with your cares, concerns, dreams, and desires for this organization. We are calling 1996 a "practice year" for Gay Spirit Visions meaning that we've given ourselves permission to try many things—some of which may have varying levels of success—in our effort to expand our mission. As we incorporate, increase the frequency and types of new programs and events, and disperse our administrative responsibilities among many people, we are reminded that it is in the human spirit to procrastinate, to forget, and to get grumpy at other people when *they* procrastinate and forget. We should remember that it is also in the human spirit to prevail, to go the extra mile, and to excel at what we do. Let's remind each other again and again to do as

Instead of having keynotes this year, our tentative plans include inviting several people that we want to network with to come and participate in the weekend's events.... See Jonathan Lerner's questionnaire elsewhere in this newsletter for your opportunity to be a part of this.

much of that in 1996 as we can.

In spirit,

Al Cotton

Δ

come and participate in the weekend's events. After having Andrew Ramer set the stage Friday night, our vision is to fill all day Saturday with panels, workshops, performance, teaching, and other interactive

events. See Jonathan Lerner's questionnaire elsewhere in this newsletter for your opportunity to be a part of this process. Δ

...AND A SPRING THING REVERIE

by Gary Kaupman

Saturday 8:30am: Is it because my back feels like a pretzel and my right arm is numb that I think a visit to a chiropractor is more important than the Spring Thing? Or is it that pangs of guilt mingle with the numbness? I said I'd help this year, and I haven't. Or maybe it is that the rehab of the front yard really does need another six hours effort *today* in order to assuage the mania that has beset me since my job has gone on idle, and Bill has died, and John has moved to Chicago.

Saturday 9:45am: Fuck my back; it hurts, but it's not broken. My heart is what needs healing and sweet as the bone-cracker is, that's not in her bag of lumbar tricks. I'll go to Spring Thing.

Saturday 10:15am: Somebody welcomes us, Dandelion orchestrates a ritual that moves from mundane to magic as fairie dust is sprinkled, John has us marching around talking to our Inner Troll and the picture ain't pretty. But magic happens and I emerge from my trance more solid, less pained than when I entered.

Saturday 1:15am: I offer my wretched back to the temple of Peter's perfect fingers and wind up teary-eyed when I realize he has been loving me in this way for-what?-15 years? What have I done to deserve such devotion? Or the magic of Ron's near micrometric movement that leaves my back feeling like that of an adolescent? Or the focus of Jamie's communication? Or the magic of three black men bringing both James Broughton and Asotto Saint to life before my very soul? Or the miracle of our circle's honesty? Or the laughter late into the night on Craig's tiny-and architecturally pristine-patio?

What have I done to deserve all this? Heeded the advice of wise teachers. Taken as my mantra Broughton's "Man must love man, or war is forever." And, even when it has been excruciatingly difficult, trusted my heart more often than my spine. Δ

GAY SPIRIT VISIONS IN CYBERSPACE

by David Brodeur

You are invited to join in the new GSV discussion group on-line. By subscribing to our Internet mailing list, you will automatically receive e-mail addressed to the members of the list containing timely notices of the group's activities, announcements by members of the list, messages from other subscribers and any other sort of "dish" you'd like. There is no cost or obligation to the subscriber other than the usual "net niceness" that's expected in any public forum. The list will be as active, timely, and relevant as we care to make it.

TO SUBSCRIBE, send an e-mail message addressed to:

LISTSERV@LISTSERV.AOL.COM

In the text of your message (not the subject), place the following:

SUBSCRIBE GSV-LIST <YOUR-FULL-NAME>

Replace the <your-full-name> with your first and last name. For example:
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You will automatically receive e-mail back from LISTSERV to confirm your subscription and give you a few more instructions. (Capital letters and small letters are not significant in e-mail addresses. Use them in any combination you please.) Once you are successfully subscribed, please consider sending a message of introduction to the other members of the list. Address your mail for distribution to all the other members of the list to:

GSV-LIST@LISTSERV.AOL.COM

If you have questions about the list or how to use it once you subscribe, you may direct your inquiries to:

GSV-LIST-REQUEST@LISTSERV.AOL.COM

The list will be open to anyone who is interested in subscribing. The names of subscribers will only be available to the subscribers themselves. Feel free to pass along this message to anyone else who might be interested. Our thanks to David O'Donnell at America On-Line for his interest and support of this project. Δ

SACRED MANHOOD, SACRED EARTH:

A Vision Quest into the
Wilderness of a Man's Heart

by Joseph Jastrab, with Ron Schaumburg
(HarperCollins, \$13.00 paper)

Review by Marcus Fleischhacker

"In a ritual dance with other men one morning, I claim my power to say no. I touch old feelings about being the good little boy in the family and the seminary. I verbalize a family script, 'What will the neighbors say.' I enter the circle as a pouting three-year-old, hands on my hips, face clenched, totally defiant. Climbing Buffalo physically challenges my no. I challenge his. Nude, we wrestle on the soft moist dance floor. Neither of us breaks away. I sense the deep eroticism of claiming my own power and he claiming his. I rise healed and powerful. I sense he does too."

This is just one of the many powerful stories of ritual and healing in *Sacred Manhood, Sacred Earth*. It's also just a part of my journal, part of my experience as a participant in the eleven-day Vision Quest which is the subject of this book.

Joseph Jastrab has been birthing the Vision Quest for men since 1982. I participated in the summer of 1993 in the Adirondacks of New York. In the book, he intertwines journal entries, used by per-

"Cynically, I hold back, criticizing and judging this seemingly manipulated, high-intensity, imitation primitive ritual. But a part of me whispers, but what if it is real?"

mission, with descriptions and discussions of the rituals, events, and spirituality of the quest. But it's the personal stories that give the book its power.

Jastrab follows the ancient wisdom of other spiritualities as a structure for the Quest. There are three stages or spirals: preparation, separation, and return. The group spends five days together in preparation. Then each is guided to an appropriate space for three days of solo time. Mine was a sun baked granite ledge with a view to eternity. The group comes back together for three days to celebrate each

other's vision in dance and story and to prepare to re-enter the world of jobs and families.

Jastrab has borrowed or devised rituals appropriate for each Quest including the Medicine Wheel, Sweat Lodge, Morning Prayer, and common meals. Equally important and powerful are the rituals created by the group for itself or by individuals for themselves. And, often what we usually don't see as ritual become the revelatory experience for someone: carrying a 60-pound pack three miles up the mountain, dancing nude from rock to rock in the mountain stream, black ants crawling everywhere, a dead mouse on the dance ground. Jastrab skillfully weaves the theory with the experience both during the Quest and in the book.

One skeptical participant writes, "Cynically, I hold back, criticizing and judging this seemingly manipulated, high-intensity, imitation primitive ritual. But a part of me whispers, but what if it is real?" Another, visited by a butterfly after masturbating, discovers it's real. "In the end, I'm afraid. This'd be fucking incredible if it were happening in a dream. What does the earth want of me if it hits this unblest unbeliever over the head with such a sign for real?"

In her introduction, Clarissa Pinkola Estes writes, "This book, in essence, is a document that strives in its own way to tell what happens when a bunch of men go out into the wilderness and try to dig up the living God." To that, I would add, "And find what they are looking for." The experience brought me to the awareness that I needed to leave the priesthood and religious life. My vision concludes "I am simply suffering from a great thirst. And I will drink. And immediately I sense again the power of the medicine name that has come to me: Soaring Eagle. I know I am no longer a priest, yet I am still circling around God—on some invisible currents. I will go! I will go!"

I invite you to read this book. It will make you laugh and cry. It will be an erotic, sacred experience which Jastrab defines as having "to do with establishing a love relationship with the entire universe through the body." You'll see how others have done it and be inspired, guided to do it yourself. You will find yourself in the presence of a Sacred Manhood, living on a Sacred Earth.Δ

THE WAY TO SPIRIT

by John R. Stowe

Sunday mornings often mark the spiritual high point of my whole week. Church? Hardly. Roller-blading. For a few hours, while everyone else is home with the paper or safely parked at church, I own the roads. I enjoy the sunshine, the fresh breeze in my lungs. My muscles do a dance—pumping uphill, balancing for the glide back down. On the blades, I feel Spirit within me, Spirit in flesh.

Gliding by the churches, I remember what I used to feel when I was inside one. Bored. Bad. Itchy. Bored because nothing at church seemed to have much life. Bad because God loved everyone else, "even the smallest sparrow," but not me because I didn't fit His mold. Itchy because my mother always made me wear wool pants. Yuck. Passing the churches now, I always feel just a little defiant.

In church, I heard that the way to Spirit is to renounce the self. Humans are flawed, the reasoning goes, and so to be spiritual means to be *not* human. Physicality and desire are condemned, the flesh made evil, pleasure a sin. Deny yourself now because your reward comes later, after you die.

As far as I can tell, the religionists have it backward. The way to Spirit is to live fully now. Spirit lives here.

It lives through our bodies, through our senses, through the situations in our lives. It lives through our love for life, and our love for each other. It is inside, not out, part of us, not separate. Trying to transcend our humanity is just another way to avoid Spirit.

How do we avoid Spirit? By avoiding life, by staying in our heads, by thinking, analyzing, and justifying until we smother the spark of the moment. How do we avoid ourselves? The same way—by trying to rise above our sensibilities and desires, by trying to be different than we are, by trying to "fix" ourselves so we fit in with the rest.

Spirit infuses the details of living. To be in touch, be as present as possible each moment. Pay attention to the textures. Get out of your head. Smell the air. Feel

warm sunshine, cool rain, hot flesh. Really *be* with the person across from you. Let go of theories about how life *should* be, and notice how it really *is*. Don't look to heaven for permission to live. Live now. This is it, all we've got.

In truth, we *never* know when Spirit will come through. It might hide in the words of a prayer, or in an argument about fixing the car. It might show on the rush hour freeway, or in the blue sky overhead. It might be in music, the arms of a lover, or somewhere on the desk at work. Thinking about Spirit, we never find it. Looking too hard, we just push it away. To find Spirit, stay in the moment. Then, Spirit comes to you.

One well-tested way to stay in the moment is to practice watching the breath. In. Out. In. Out. "Boring," you say? Maybe at first. But once you get beyond the judgment, you'll find an amazing thing. Following the breath makes you more aware of everything else you do. Even if it doesn't change a thing outside,

Trying to transcend our
humanity is just another
way to avoid Spirit.

inside, you'll feel richer.

I find Spirit roller blading. But blading, per se, isn't more "spiritual" than sitting in church or anything else. Blading works because it pulls me into the moment. Either I stay focused, or I fall on my ass. Simple. By the same token, *any* activity done with our full attention can bring greater attunement. Try it.

Next time you're cooking, put your awareness on the aromas and tastes. Next time you visit a sick friend, stay present. If there's pain, breathe in, and out. If you're uncomfortable, watch the breath. Next time you're making love, or dancing barechested with a hundred others, get all the way into your body. Watch the breath. See what happens.

The way to Spirit is the way to *you*. Follow your breath. Follow your desires. Follow the moment, fully. Then, leave the rest to Spirit.Δ

Celebrating A Gay Spirit Vision

by Al Cotton

(This column first appeared in *Southern Voice*, Sep. 17, 1992.)

I am an organizer of the Gay Spirit Visions Conference, which is a group of gay men who gather together annually at a mountain retreat in North Carolina to Celebrate Gay Spirit Visions. Last year, over 100 men from across the continent showed up. It was quite festive.

But when I told someone this year at work about our conference, she asked, "Well, what is it, *exactly*, that you're celebrating?" And I stammered and spluttered, and hemmed and hawed, and said something non-committal, non-threatening, un-specific. And I learned that under the pressure of having one straight person ask about my Gay Spirit Vision, I couldn't come up with the answer.

Since then, I've been thinking. And if I had that opportunity back, my answer would be, very simply, "Our Survival."

I like to look at pictures of gay men when we were children. Paul Monette did an interview in *USA Today* for his excruciatingly personal autobiography *Becoming a Man*, which was accompanied by a picture of him in high school. On the cover of Martin Duberman's memoir *Cures*, there is a picture of him in his late teens, I think, maybe later—youthful, closeted.

When I scan these pictures (with an intensity that often surprises me), I focus on the eyes. I always think I can see something there, something poignant, vulnerable, true. Duberman's picture is manic, full of promise, but it feels ultimately untrustworthy; Monette's is of someone unsuspecting—eager, indeed almost too eager, to please.

There is also one of those pictures of me. I'm in kindergarten in Fayette, Alabama, four years old, maybe five. I'm wearing the first piece of clothing that I remember really liking—a navy blue t-shirt, with groups of red and white stripes. I have the requisite 1962 crew cut—the one I hated because I detested the barbershop. There is no dance in my eyes, no smile. The black-and-white photography underscores the picture's moody, '60s chiaroscuro. Was everything in black and white back then?

Why do I look so sad? Was I sick that day, or tired, or was there no peanut butter cracker at recess? I don't remember; I just know that I look sadder than I remember my childhood being. I even remember being dis-

appointed when I brought the picture home, knowing that school pictures are not supposed to look like that.

Taken together, these pictures make me wonder--Do those teenagers with the deer-in-the-headlights look in their eyes already feel the onrushing anguish of a lonely gay adolescence? Can they sense the enormity of the work that lies ahead, just to build enough self-esteem to break through to the other side? Can a four-year-old already know that the sexuality he will choose will be unacceptable to society? Would he smile if he knew that there would eventually be a place where he can play the way he wants, love the way he wants, and not be Sissied and Faggoted and Queered into hiding? Or would he

"Well, what is it, *exactly*, that you're celebrating?"

"Our survival."

choose to avoid the fight, just surrender?

Can a four-year-old know any of this? I only have to look at that picture to know the answer is yes. My computer's thesaurus says that synonyms for "gay" are blithe, happy, light-hearted, lively, merry, vivacious, airy, bright, sunny. There is no Gay visible in this child.

But it must have been there, because I am here. The Gay Spirit, like the one hiding in my kindergarten picture, is what keeps us going, if in fact we keep going, and not all of us do. Somehow, in the din of society's yelling at us, lots of us managed to hear a voice that said, "Whoa. You could be right about this. You wanna try it?" And a journey called Coming Out begins.

Coming Out is when we first begin to nurture this Gay Spirit. In some bed or backseat or hayloft, we discover the power of saying Yes, and it transforms everything we do. We learn the beauty of play, and creativity flows into our lives, and our hearts are refreshed. I don't think I ever wrote a word of any significance before Coming Out in spite of all that money and time spent dissecting Faulkner and Yeats at Vanderbilt. I had to figure out how to say Yes in my heart before I could tell anyone what was in there.

Now that I've had time to think about it, I can glimpse the outlines of my Gay Spirit. It starts with Visibility--making sure no one denies my existence for me. It has learned to Discriminate, knowing the necessity of making choices at all levels, from "Yes, these people *will* be in my life," to "No, that shade

of mauve just won't *do*."

It honors Anarchy, because I needed anarchy to tell the world to fuck itself, I'm going to live my life. It honors Tolerance, because intolerance is what tried to grind me up and spit me out. It honors Healing because learning to heal myself is my greatest achievement. It honors those whose Spirits we have lost to suicide or addiction or societal bashing or disease.

And it occasionally indulges in bitchy humor because it has no patience with Those Who Don't Get It.

My Gay Spirit chooses as its target the most humorless concept in our society-- Masculinity--and tries to redefine it. Remember that Pink Floyd song--"All in all, it's just another brick in the wall"? My task is to get rid of some bricks, using anything from objecting to offensive humor, to working *for* something--a cleaner environment, a less nuclear world, a more tolerant society, a better croissant at Burger King.

And this Gay Vision points toward a world that heals its wounds by addressing Masculinity with humor and tolerance and anarchy, by being visible and choosing rightly. It envisions a world that does not seek to extinguish the Gay Spirit, but instead nurtures it, even among those who are *not* in the Tribe of Men Who Love Men.

Some of this can be done in Atlanta or anywhere--for instance, I can sometimes see it happen in bars. When bars work *for* us, they give us a place to frolic, to dance and touch and play dress-up like we never really got a chance to do as children. But bars are doing other things, too, like objectifying people and fostering escapism through addiction and compulsive promiscuity. Not the best trade-off.

So some of the work must be done elsewhere. This year, on the weekend nearest the Autumnal Equinox, we will Celebrate our Collective Gay Spirit Vision by going to Our Own Place. We'll feel each other's touch, explore the shadow that hovers over and enriches our lives, examine where our power comes from, and share our gifts--by dancing, drumming, talking, hugging, snuggling, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera...

As for me, I'll be En-Visioning all those little boys that look like me in that picture--to let them know that I'm working to make it easier for them. And I'll send a message back about 30 years to thank one special child for guarding his candle against a really strong wind and to tell him how much I appreciate all his hard, hard work. Δ

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LIGHT TOUCH RETREATS FOR LOVING MEN

Spring in Ontario [near Algonquin Park]: May 17-20. We'll celebrate the explosion of new life.

Summer on Salt Spring Island, B.C.: June 28-July 3. [or July 1] We'll celebrate high summer at the beautiful Salt Spring Center, a yoga retreat located in a restored farmhouse on 69 acres.

Autumn Equinox in New Mexico: Sep. 21-26 [or 24]. Once again we will speak in the healing waters of Bohdi Manda Zen Center in Jemez Springs. The retreat will be followed by an optional Earth Walk to Chaco Canyon.

Autumn on Orcas Island, WA: Nov. 8-13 [or 11]. Enjoy the hot tubs and sauna and the special magic of Doe Bay.

Sliding scale fees. For more information or detailed brochures contact: **Sequoia Thom Lundy, M.A.**
120-1857 West 4th Avenue — Vancouver, B.C. V6J 1M4 Canada. 604/731-4441 or 800/746-4441 or look for our World Wide Web site under Sequoia.

VISIONARY
GSV
P.O. BOX 339
DECATUR, GA 30031-0339



FIRST CLASS MAIL

Jim D. Jones
45 Tanglewood Rd.
Newnan, GA 30263

