

# We Are Women: Let us out!

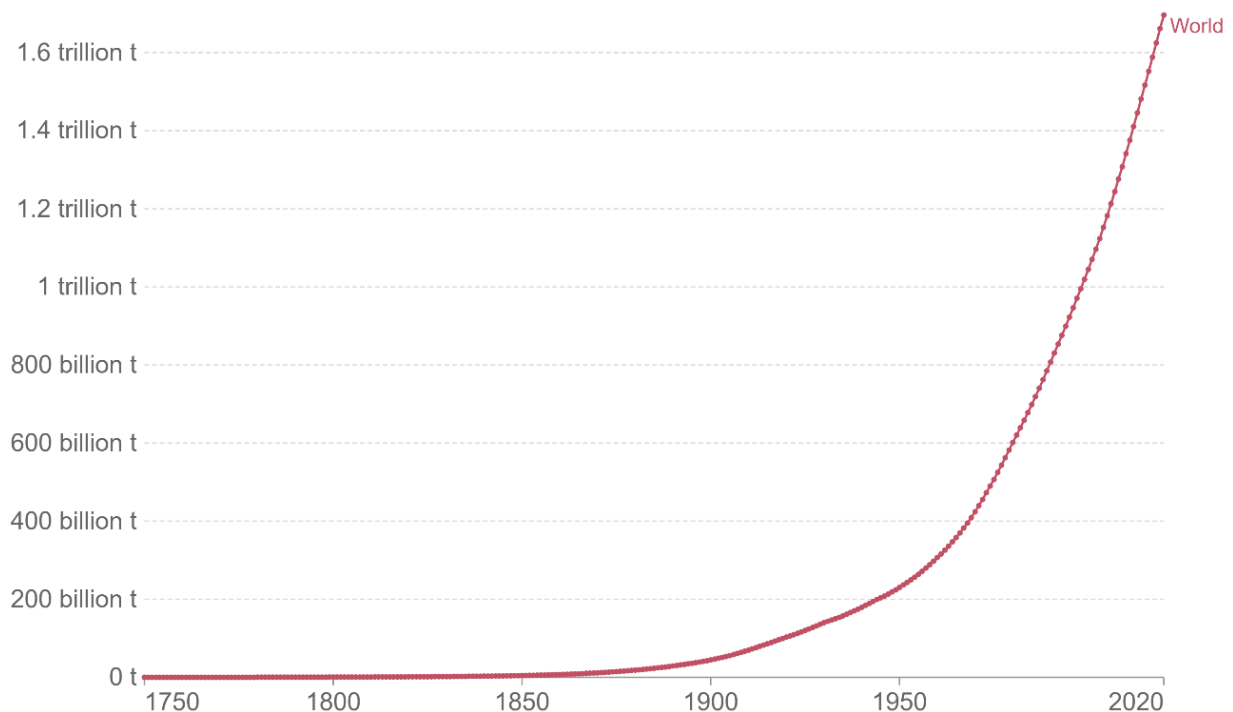
## Conversations Between Two Women Leaving Patriarchy, Discovering the Next Culture, Archiarchy

By Iona

### Cumulative CO<sub>2</sub> emissions

Cumulative emissions are the running sum of CO<sub>2</sub> emissions produced from fossil fuels and industry since 1750. Land use change is not included.

Our World  
in Data



Source: Our World in Data based on the Global Carbon Project

[OurWorldInData.org/co2-and-other-greenhouse-gas-emissions/](https://OurWorldInData.org/co2-and-other-greenhouse-gas-emissions/) • CC BY

**Here's how CO<sub>2</sub> emissions have changed since 1900.**

Source: Our World in Data based on the Global Carbon Project

## **Dedication**

Dedicated to Chiwundu and Charles (2); Mukama and Joana (6); Amos, Akamushaba, Liam (3), and Denis. These African friends are imbedded in my heart and their terrifying stories showed me that horrible things can happen to good people. The years we have spent together (emails, Zooms, and one trip to Africa) propel me to work harder for global justice. The little ones suffer along with their parents, if they even have parents.

## Forward by Harriet and Sparkle

Come learn with us. We are here to help you understand what trying to leave patriarchy is like while at the same time, studying and soaking up a whole lot of new and exciting information. This is our story. We are sharing our earliest experiences and experiments with you as we navigate our way into new territory, the next culture. I, Harriet, am about to have a home birth for my baby girl; and I, Sparkle, am her midwife. This book is like a baby being born.

In the past three months, we have discovered and participated in dozens of Archiarchy experiments, read a few books by the founder of this Archiarchy movement 50 years ago (Clinton Callahan), and stumbled through the exercises in this book. It has been a phenomenal learning experience.

Harriet's words are written in this font.

Sparkle's words are written in this font.

Iona's words are written in this font.

Words from other sources and extraneous words are written in this font.

Our hope is that you'll understand everything as it's flowing from one of us to the other and as new teachings are brought to us. You'll notice our own words revert to the fonts above. If this book creates new awarenesses and awakenings in you, we will have succeeded. If you find yourself wanting to start experimenting with leaving patriarchal ways and starting to live in Archiarchal ways, you will have plenty of material within these pages to choose what appeals to you and "Go!"

"Go" is a supportive, energetic word used in Archiarchy Zoom meetings to keep us talking and feeling, making discoveries and distinctions in life. It's a quick burst of enthusiastic support encouraging us to say what's inside of us.

We close this Forward with:

# GO!

## Introduction

The problem here in the United States is that I care so deeply about the environment and my friends' and family's actions show me that they don't give a shit. They don't even turn off lights in their homes to help bring carbon dioxide levels down or minimize car trips. They are stuck in patriarchy's sinister trap. How can I reach them? One of the best things I learned is that I can create my own "gameworld" to do my work and live my life the way I believe a life should be lived. In many ways I have done that already; I have often felt that I'm living in my own world but that made me frustrated and lonely.

My name is Harriet. Period. I carry no man's name. I am seven months pregnant and faced with a mystery. I am confused. What happened? I want to know what happened to me and other women. What has patriarchy done to us? How do we fix this?

I'm also distraught that humans are killing the planet with murderous greed; it's mostly men and their gigantic, earth-moving machines and multinational corporations pillaging forests, digging into the deep seabed, building monstrous pipelines to move oil. But women shoppers are also responsible for the insane amount of frivolous and unnecessary stuff they buy, while going along with the harmful habits and things men in their lives are doing. My body aches whenever I see pictures of huge cargo ships bringing their loads to the U.S. from overseas sweatshops with horrendous working conditions.

I'm a huge proponent of Consumer Liberation; even my "green" shopping is not a perfect answer to this problem. We cannot buy our way out of this mess. I know that. And what about war? Don't even get me started!

I feel like I've been put in prison, a world where I'm boxed in to a specific role I was taught to play from childhood. I don't know how to get free. Sometimes I think of Maya Angelou's book, *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*. That's how I feel. My spirit is caged. I have been hiding my true self to fit in and feel safe. I don't want to fit in anymore. I want to live life full out without fear.

So, now what? That is the question I must answer. I need to understand how patriarchy has diminished me.

I am bi-racial with Harriet Tubman's<sup>1</sup> spirit flowing through my body; I loved watching the movie "Harriet." My mother named me after her, but I did not want my father's name even though I love him. I did not want my husband's name. All I need is my own name. My father is Welsh. Mom and he met at a Black Lives Matter demonstration. Dad is a Quaker and was arrested there. Quakers have a long history of protesting inequality, war, and inhumane treatment of Blacks and immigrants, even risking arrest for their beliefs. Fortunately, a fund had been created to bail out anyone who was arrested, so he was released and sentenced three weeks later. Ultimately, the charges were dropped. Most people think I'm white, but I'm not.

From birth, I was programmed to live a certain way. I had to squelch my innate responses to everything. I was taught to be a "good girl" and learned that when I wasn't, I got punished or shamed. I learned to hide my emotions, my feelings. I learned that it was safe to smile so I wore a mask to hide my true feelings. I'm always tense. My chest tightens when I'm nervous. My shoulders hunch up. Sometimes when my best female friend (BFF)



comes to visit, we are so happy to see each other that we share a big hug. She says, “Soften” and immediately my shoulders relax; I take a deep, grateful breath.

I went through childhood trying to understand what was happening. I became a good student. I had friends. I learned how to play the game but that didn’t always work. Something was still alive in me and, as I grew older, I started seeing things differently from others. For example, sitting in the children’s choir at church, I realized I did not need that man at the alter to guide me to God. I had a direct link. I knew that by age 12. I didn’t understand exactly what the word “god” meant but I felt love and peace from above.

It’s horrifying how men ruling the world are destroying Earth. I’m doing my best and don’t understand why others don’t care. Hopefully my story will help them wake up and realize that we need every single person to move out of patriarchy and into Archiarchy, whatever that is. I intend to learn. Please join me.

# PART 1: Seven Months Pregnant

## Chapter One

I am going to have a baby girl! The day I learned that I will give birth to a girl baby, I started searching for a meaningful name. Araminta Ross was the name Harriet Tubman was given at birth. Her mother was Harriet but she was known as “Rit.” When Araminta reached the outskirts of Philadelphia after walking and running 100 miles to freedom, she was directed to William Still, an African-American abolitionist based in Philadelphia and a conductor in the Underground Railroad. He kept log books with precise records of runaway slaves. When Araminta sat down across from him at his desk, he asked if she wanted a new name since she was no longer the Brodess’s property. He told her that most former slaves choose a new name when they become free. She picked Harriet after her mother and Tubman after the husband she left behind to protect him from losing his freedom if he got caught.

What woman’s name can I give my child to honor her Blackness and give her something to be proud of? I don’t want her to have a common, popular name; I was searching for something unique. Some combination of Harriet and Rit would be good....Aretha?<sup>2</sup> Yes! That’s it. I cannot predict if she will choose to get married one day and take her husband’s last name, but hopefully she will resist the bondage of marriage, an institution created by men to enslave women in domesticity. That will be her decision. I can only hope that she will find the book *Radiant Joy Brilliant Love: Secrets for Creating an Extraordinary Life and Profound Intimacy with Your Partner* by Clinton Callahan. I did not know how to make a good marriage; that was never taught in school. I am a divorced, single mother, not looking for a man now. I have not read the book but if I fall in love again, I will buy it so we can read it together. It saved my friend’s long but faltering relationship, and she recommended it. My focus now is on raising Aretha beautifully.

I’ve been reading alternative books, searching for guidance. When I was Googling things like “Hippies” and “Alternative Lifestyles,” I found *Cultural Creatives: How 50 Million People Are Changing the World* by Paul H. Ary and Sherry Ruth Anderson. Then I watched Paul’s video in which he mentioned *Cavitation: The Emergence of Archiarchy*, also by Callahan, so I bought that one. It’s really long and I haven’t had time to read it. I will read it when Aretha is napping.

I visualize a home birth with a midwife. Aretha will nurse at my breast for a few years and she will have organic baby food, even if I must make it myself. I will use washable organic cotton, bamboo, or hemp diapers, wipes, and nappies instead of disposable diapers, which are made from toxic materials and who-knows-what chemical reactions occur when urine or feces mix with them. We become an organic duo, my baby and me. Organic farmers must thrive and overcome “Big Ag” or poisonous agriculture. I want to help them succeed.

If we can't find a local organic farmer, damn it, I will plant my own garden, grow my own vegetables and flowers, plant fruit and nut trees, and share the abundance with those in need. I don't know where or how yet, but I'll learn. Surely there are elders or energetic teens in our neighborhood who would love a project like this.

I will not send my daughter to public, private, or parochial schools. She will be home schooled. Surely there are other parents in our neighborhood who would love to collaborate in starting a home-based school, so our kids grow up fully and joyfully without fear of being bullied or confined to a desk every day. Even though I did well in school, I came more alive after my homework was done and I could play outside with the other kids. We had woods and a stream nearby and gravitated to those places.

I watched an amazing TED talk called "Hackschooling Makes Me Happy" by 13-year-old Logan LaPlante. She spends one day a week outside – all day – and has done incredible projects. I love the way she concluded: "If you ask me what I want to be when I grow up, I'll always tell you that I want to be happy." This inspired me. I want Aretha to be educated by life as Logan was and to be happy.

\* \* \*

My friends know I love to read. Nicole buys used books, reads them, then sends them to me; when I'm done, I give them to Goodwill, so one book gets read at least four times. When Nicole was reading Viola Shipman's *The Page Turner*, she found a quote and sent it to me with this note: *This is the grandmother talking to her granddaughter, the main character, who is a freshman in college taking a class about women in literature. Historical. This is what her grandmother tells her. "I am so glad you're enjoying school, but you don't need a class for that, Emma. It's called life. It's always been dominated by men. It always will be. We don't need a class to tell us that. We need women who challenge the rules. And the best way for you to do that is to write the book you've always wanted."*

I will raise Aretha to love Mother Earth as I love her. We will spend as much time outside as possible. I will teach her how to not be manipulated. I will teach her how to fight to protect Earth and work hard to help people be released from slavery anywhere in the world. Right now, I'm on a serious anti-gold campaign. A couple years ago, I read a horrible article about African gold miners in *National Geographic*. It broke my heart and made my blood boil. I refuse to buy new gold and when my ex and I were looking for wedding rings, I insisted that we buy them from estate sales or find a craftsperson to create unique rings using natural, non-slave materials.

We will be Mother/Daughter Earth Guardians, working side-by-side to become emancipated women, at least for as long as she wants to be with me. There may well come a time when she outgrows me and would rather be with her friends. This I know. That's what happened to me in my teen years.

I will not force her to follow in my footsteps. I want her to grow up with Earth-loving values and be free to make her own choices; all I can do is expose her to as many beautiful and energizing opportunities as possible and hope some of my thoughts, actions, and experiences feel right to her, while simultaneously increasing our love for each other. Yeah, I know teenage years can be difficult. I was a rebellious teen and so sassy that one day

when I was being a smartass, Mom slapped my cheek for the first time. That surprised, stunned, and shocked me. I shut up. I realize that Aretha must eventually leave me to do what she is called to do, not what others want or expect her to do, even me.

We will be free from the shackles of patriarchy. Freedom is our key to opening the door to possibilities. I will take radical responsibility for myself to do my part to change and grow as she changes and grows. The old world is disintegrating; it's not an easy time to be alive but it's the best time. We can do this even better when we find others to work with us on the edge of two very different cultures, extricating ourselves from the deadly one we're in now and embracing a new one. I need to find people working on that.

These are my hopes and dreams. As for me, I'm going to keep working on myself. I have a lot of work still to do. I used to be happy, carefree, and fearless but I have lost some of my happiness, I'm not carefree with a baby growing in my belly, and I'm frightened. That's why I hired a midwife; she's due here soon. I can't wait to meet her and show her how my bedroom has become a nursery and then learn everything I need to know about birthing at home that I haven't already read, seen on videos, or gleaned from my girlfriends.

## Chapter Two

When I was a few months into my pregnancy, I started exploring home births. My friend Taylor is a doula who had three home births with midwives. She said that the unpredictable schedule and being on call 24/7 was too stressful now that she has three children; that happens to a lot of Doula's and midwives.

I called Taylor and asked some questions, so I'd have a better idea of what to expect. First, she explained what a doula is, *"A doula is not a medical professional, she provides support to pregnant/laboring/postpartum women. This support can be physical/emotional and also include advocacy."*

*"I decided to train as a doula because I've always been fascinated by birth. I sought out as much knowledge as I could because I feel like our society hides away a lot about birth. I do think it's very important for women to have support throughout pregnancy, labor, and postpartum and to understand all of the options and scenarios they might encounter. I'm hopeful for people to be more informed and less fearful of birth; I think that leads to less trauma no matter how their birth goes."*

I emailed Taylor about water births. *"Some people like the idea of the birth tub, and some people find they hate it. It's definitely a safe practice if monitored correctly and they more frequently have tubs in hospitals now because it's great pain relief. If the baby's head is born under the water, it's critical that the baby either stay under the water until fully born and then be pulled up, or if the birthing person stands up above the water, then they have to stay above the water as the baby will be stimulated to take a breath once exposed to the air....The birth tub does take some time to set up. It needs a tarp underneath, then needs to be blown up, and filled with very warm water. The idea is to have the water around body temperature if the baby is going to be born into it, and our midwives check the temperature. To get the required amount of hot water can be a bit of a chore and takes an hour. I have*

*gone up and down stairs with big pots of water that were warmed on the stove because clients' hot water heaters had run out of hot water."*

Even though a water birth sounds lovely, I asked her to tell me more about a non-water birth. None of my friends had had a home birth so this was all new to me.

I thought having a Doula would be nice, but next I had to learn more about midwives. I called Taylor back, "*The midwives my friend and I use are Certified Nurse-Midwives; they come with oxygen, resuscitation equipment, anti-hemorrhagic drugs, dopplers, stethoscopes, BP cuffs, etc. They provide a set-up checklist for those intending to have home births, which includes covering your bed with a shower curtain and putting a sheet over that. They ask for things to be prepped for the baby, such as blankets, towels, clothing. We never found it too hard to have everything organized and set up. . . . It might take a bit to get it all set up on the fly, but as long as you had everything clean it wouldn't be hard to set up as the midwives bring all the medical equipment.*"

Taylor gave me the name and phone number for the midwife she used, so I called her, checked her credentials, and asked her a few questions. She told me she is 58 and became a midwife after quitting a stressful job in state government. Then I hired her.

## Chapter Three

*A middle-aged woman walks...no, waltzes...into Harriet's apartment with self-confidence and gentleness radiating. She has long, graying hair, and is wearing colorful, loose clothes, bordering on flamboyant, which reflect her bright demeanor. Harriet is instantly enchanted.*

Hello, Harriet. I'm Sparkle. It's so good to meet you in person. If you're wondering why the name on my certificate reads 'Gertrude Sparks' but I introduced myself as 'Sparkle,' it's because my husband Stephen gave me that nickname, may he rest in peace.

I love your nickname; you ARE sparkly. I want my baby to enter a loving, quiet, peaceful world – not a noisy, sterile hospital full of people in uniforms buzzing around with masks covering their faces. I have never done this before and I'm scared, excited, and blissful all at once. I've been doing Lamaze work with my best friend, taking a lactation class, stocking up on lactation cookies, going to labor-rehearsal classes, having routine doctor visits, and reading pregnancy books but I'm still really nervous. I'm trusting you to help me bring Aretha into the world. That's my baby's name.

I love Aretha Franklin! Is that who you named her after?

Absolutely. She was a great influence on my mother. My mother was wonderful – smart, pretty, loving, musical, kind, happy – but she died a few years ago. I miss her terribly and still talk to her. Sometimes, I feel that she answers me. She'll surely be watching over us when Aretha is being born. I just know she will.

I'm sorry she died so young, Harriet. When my husband died four years ago, I couldn't bring myself to say, 'He died,' so I switched to,

‘He entered eternity.’ We, or at least I, have no clear image of an afterlife, though I don’t believe that our souls or spirits die. There is a lot more to us than flesh and bones.

Yeah. I don’t know what to make of it either. I used to go to church but I left because I didn’t like the way men ran everything and women kowtowed to them. I don’t like the way their bible distorts, denies, and diminishes women’s contributions, plus there’s a lot of violence. I just couldn’t buy it anymore. On the other hand, I talk with my mother and get a strong feeling that she answers me, so I know there’s more to the end of life than a corpse.

I agree. I left my church many years ago, too.  
ENOUGH! Let’s talk about you now.

I’m glad you are comfortable sharing personal things with me.

Goodness gracious, dear, I feel comfortable sharing anything with anybody if the spirit moves me to say something meaningful, important, truthful. But I’m also sensitive about the person I’m talking with and our surroundings. I will not be silenced or silence myself anymore. I will not lower my voice unless necessary. I pay attention to my feelings and ask Gaia<sup>3</sup> to guide me.

Who is Guya?

Gaia (spelled g-a-i-a) is another word for Mother Earth, Mother Nature. In ancient civilizations, she was revered as the mother, nurturer, and giver of life. She was treated with love and respect. But let’s focus on you now. Where shall we start?

Would you like to see the nursery?

Yes! Where is it?

Follow me. I had the most unusual, Earthy baby shower. Here are some old-fashioned glass baby bottles and a sterilizer for when I need to pump my milk, and one of my friends made cloth hankies from old T-shirts, so soft and snot worthy; my best friend even embroidered BFF on the one she gave me. That means I don’t need to buy Kleenex anymore and will help save a tree, or at least a couple branches. Pretty good deal, right? My new mantra is: Save money, save trees!

What a gorgeous rocking chair! I’ve never seen anything like this. Where did you get it?

I saw it at a craft festival a couple months ago.

I love all these animals! This is BEAUTIFUL! It’s an amazing piece of art. The woman who made it must have been happy knowing you were

buying it so you can nurse Aretha while gently rocking her to sleep. She will love it too, when she's old enough to notice the cat, dog, butterfly, snake, ladybugs and zig-zag artwork.

I call it my Universe Rocking Chair. My father made the cradle and I knit this sweater and bonnet. My grandmother taught me how to knit when I was a little girl. I love knitting! It's a peaceful and useful hobby. Mom was a fabulous knitter but after my parents got divorced, she had to work full time and stopped knitting. I still have a scarf she made when I was little; it reminds me of her whenever I wear it on cold winter nights, when I have the thermostat set to 60.

My parents were divorced, too. It's a tough thing to go through for everybody.

Yeah, it was really rough, but let's forget the past and I'll show you some more presents. These adorable baby girl outfits are made from organic cotton, hemp, or bamboo. They are incredibly soft. Feel them! I even got a couple of organic cotton nursing bras! My friends and I love shopping at Baby-O, an Earth-loving store owned by women who sell organic products for babies and mothers.

That is a great store! I recommend it to many future mothers. What else do you have?

My sister isn't going to have any more kids, so she gave me the car seat and baby carriage. Grandma sent a gift card to buy a snuggly without synthetic dyes or flame-retardant chemicals. My aunt bought these colorful cotton menstrual pads made by Muslim women in Nigeria in a group called Rescue A Girl. Believe it or not, this was started by a young man. I was so thrilled to learn about this that I sent a Thank You email to him. He replied, *"This project has a rich history of supporting vulnerable girls and women. We also hosted a partner from Mexico who worked with school girls and women in IDP camps (Internally Displaced People). You can learn more about the Rescue A Girl Initiative at [yapd4africa.org](http://yapd4africa.org)."*

These gifts all have one thing in common: QUALITY!

Speaking of Africa, another friend sent me this email after reading a Facebook post with a subject line of 'Interesting Lady Here.'

*She has a project called Operation Sewing Machine, with a goal of collecting 50 sewing machines and lots of sewing notions. She has already collected 20 machines. Her husband repairs them if needed. She's collecting all of this for a village in Kenya. She wants to mail everything in June. She's going there in September to help set up a 'Sewing House' for the women of the village, so they can sew the kids' uniforms for school and also women's clothes to sell so they can sew their way out of poverty. I may look through my sewing stuff to see if I can contribute and go meet her if I gather up some notions.*

What a wonderful project! I wish I knew more about Africa. I'm glad you have all these connections.

As a bi-racial woman, I feel strongly about my family history in Africa, but I'd really like to continue my 'Show and Tell' and we can talk more about that later on. Here are some books I got. *Hope for the Flowers*, *The Velveteen Rabbit*, *The Little Prince*; I have always loved these classics. Look at this one, *Good Night Feelings* by the same man who wrote *Cavitation*.

I love *The Little Prince* and *Hope for the Flowers*, too! Long ago, I met Trina Paulus, who wrote *Hope for the Flowers*. I met Trina in the food coop, we started chatting and decided to carpool to the four weekend sessions in a women's community home in upstate New York to discuss Thomas Berry's book, *The Dream of the Earth*.

That's so neat! I never met an author in person. Let me show you what are the most useful gifts of all. Here is a mixture of organic natural-fiber diapers and nappies my friends gave me, also burp cloths, bibs, and swaddling blankets – wrapped with ribbons instead of plastic! These things are made in the U.S. by ethical companies they found in the Green Pages Directory. You just type whatever you're looking for and categories like food, clothing, baby products, body care, etc. pop up . . . Try it out. It's wonderful!

What beautiful ribbons! I've been at war with plastic for a year and it's so hard to find things not wrapped in plastic. Living near the ocean, I see hundreds of boats during the winter shrink-wrapped!!! I hate it! There used to be a small business in town which created custom-made canvas boat covers. They're barely surviving these days. How can men be so ignorant?

Do you realize that recycling plastic is a ploy by the oil and gas industries to trick people into thinking they are doing a good thing by recycling their obscene products? When people recycle plastic, they think they are helping the environment. They have been hoodwinked. It's a devious scam to keep those polluting industries profitable.

When I was in training to be a midwife, I subscribed to "RN" magazine. The cover on one issue had "POLYVINYL CHLORIDE: Fighting the Secret Killer in Fires" written huge with flames shooting out of the letters.

One part of the article said, "Plastics create a special hazard in fires because they exude toxic fumes that can destroy mucosa and lung tissue long before the victim is actually burned or overcome by smoke from organic materials. Reaction to these fumes may be delayed and the signs and symptoms may be difficult to identify until severe pulmonary edema and hemorrhage develop suddenly after 12 hours or more."

Now, please tell me you don't recycle plastic.

Uh-oh. I do. But I won't do that anymore. I have seen park benches and boardwalks made from recycled plastic. And some of my friends' homes have plastic siding. OHMYGOD the whole world has succumbed to this deception. That makes me furious! Now I will work even harder to boycott plastic.

I'm sorry, Harriet, I totally distracted you from your beautiful gifts. Please carry on.



My 12-year-old niece gave me these tie-dyed organic socks from Maggie's Organics and these adorable infant ones to match! They are all knit in the United States. Maggie's is an employee-owned company in Michigan started by a woman. I love these socks but I'm not wearing mine until Aretha is here so we can wear matching mother/daughter socks! My 10-year-old nephew gave Aretha her first teddy bear. My sister's kids are so sweet; they're both excited about having a baby cousin.

My shower had Earth-friendly things like cloth napkins, real mugs, plates, and silverware. No balloons. No silly plastic gizmos. No plastic tablecloths. I wish you had been there; you would have loved it, too.

I'm impressed by how much you care about Earth! I haven't met anyone else who is as serious and thoughtful about how their baby will be raised. Your dedication, knowledge, and conviction are amazing.

It's what I love to do. I try my best and have fun figuring out better ways of protecting the Earth and my baby, even if I'm not out protesting anymore or getting arrested like Dad. I feel good whenever I switch from something toxic or wasteful to something pure and well made, which will last for years. My friends and I are Renegade Moms. We don't mind paying more for things made locally and well; we just don't buy as much in the first place.

There's something that bothers me when I see other baby girls – headbands. Why would anyone put snug, plastic things on a baby's head? I don't see boys in headbands. Caps or hats for warmth, yes, but headbands? No. I will not be putting stupid, “fashionable” things on my little girl's head. That's just one thing I've been noticing. Actually, people's quest to be fashionable is deplorable; it's a big contributing factor in the climate emergency. It's shocking to see aisle after aisle of imported clothes in the big chains with new styles coming in every season. Most of them are made in sweatshops using oil-based, synthetic fabrics, then brought across the ocean in gigantic cargo ships. All for a new dress? New shoes? New sexy sports outfit? New style of the season? INSANITY!

Anyhow, now that my rant is over, just know that I'm pretty well set and all I can do is waddle around now.

You are going to be one wonderful mother! It's great not just seeing what you've gotten for Aretha but hearing the thinking that went into everything. Since I never had children, I haven't had to make those kinds of decisions. Maybe I can share some of your ideas with the women I'll be helping in the future.

I would love that. Thank you. Did you notice my plaques? This one is by Henry Crow Dog: **“The Earth is a living thing. Mountains speak, trees sing, lakes can think, pebbles have a soul, rocks have power.”** If only we humans really knew how to listen. Here's one by Robin Wall Kimmerer: **“Knowing that you love the Earth changes you, activates you to defend and protect and celebrate. But when you feel that the Earth loves you in return, that feeling transforms the relationship from a one-way street into a sacred bond.”** I'm on a roll now. This one is by Gary Snyder, the Poet Laureate of Deep Ecology: **“Nature is not a place to visit. It is home.”**

Those are *beautiful*! How did you get so knowledgeable at such a young age?

I started long ago. Three things helped me turn out this way. One, my parents were very active in social and environmental justice movements. Two, I was a bit of an outcast since my brain didn't perceive things the same way other kids' did and sometimes they made fun of me. And three, whenever I was curious about something, I searched for books related to the subject and immersed myself in them. Of course, I could only do that wholeheartedly after I graduated from high school because there was always too much homework. I remember the day after graduation, I was euphoric because I could read what I wanted to read and not what was required. These days, I use my computer a lot for research but I'm afraid I'm using it too much.

You're really bright, Harriet! Aretha is lucky you are her mother. By the way, where's your TV?

I got rid of it long ago. I read Jerry Mander's *Four Arguments for the Elimination of Television* and decided to ditch the monster. My book is really old, published in 1978. I found it in a thrift store for 25 cents and thought, "Why not?" Small investment, big life-changer. I came to the conclusion that when we are watching TV, we are not really living; we are seeing people pretending to be someone else, or in reality shows, playing to the cameras; they are not being real and even worse are the abominable news channels promoting fear and superficiality. Would you like to borrow my book?

I sure would. Stephen wasted so much time watching TV; that was his entertainment. Sometimes I found it hard to even talk with him when he was glued to a football game or some horrible news show and when I was trying to read? Forget it!

Same with my ex! When we were dating, I didn't think much about the different values we had. I mean, honestly, the first few months together were very lusty. Our teachers never taught us how to build a happy marriage, which I would have loved since my parents were divorced, so I had no clue how to create a happy, solid, loving marriage. We got married too young. Things started out beautifully but then he turned into a macho boy – playing video games at irritating decibel levels. I prefer silence. Now I can concentrate on my projects, read a book quietly, or listen to music at a soothing volume whenever I want to.

He kept buying things like a motorcycle, a boat, a jet ski, a vintage car, fancy electronic gizmos like Alexa – YIKES! She drove me crazy. Do you know she spies on people who have her in their home? How would you like having Big Brother listening to everything you're saying? I would hate it.

I couldn't believe all the money he was spending and each of those things took him away from me. He makes lots of money so at least I'm getting generous child support. I did NOT want to raise my little girl surrounded by immature masculine energy and absorbing the atmosphere of our increasing coolness to each other and occasional shouting matches. Our marriage was dying.

Thankfully the divorce was uncontested; he didn't even want visiting rights. He was so done with us. That really hurt, but it might actually be easier being a single mom. He is going to marry the woman he's been screwing around with, and they're going to start their own family. Maybe one day he'll change his mind about being part of Aretha's life; maybe one day Aretha will want to find him. For now, it's just the two of us.

I'm grateful for the child support. We are going to be just fine!

Believe me, I understand. It can be more harmful to stay in a bad marriage than getting out of it when reconciliation becomes impossible.

There's something else I need to do before she's born. I'm trying to get unaddicted to my phone and laptop. I find myself having knee-jerk reactions every time I hear an email or text come in. These sounds make my insides jump and are a major distraction to whatever I'm doing. I don't want to be one of those mothers pushing their little one in a stroller or shopping cart while talking on the phone. A couple years ago I read about a teenager in New York who had become a Luddite. I love what the real Luddites did back at the start of the Industrial Revolution – they smashed machines that were stealing their jobs.

I adopted a Luddite spirit long ago, when I first learned about these brave men but I had forgotten about this girl, so when I Googled her, I found the story on [chalkbeat.org](http://chalkbeat.org) with a photo of her sitting in a circle on grass playing a guitar under trees with other teens. Her name is Logan Lane. She got her first smartphone when she was 11 and started using Instagram, Snapchat, and TikTok. At 14, during covid [lower case intentional], while having school online, she realized she was spending way too much time on social media, so she deleted her accounts, ditched her phone, and started the Luddite Club in her high school. I love this young woman! I wish I had half her commitment but mostly all I do is shut things off for a few hours when I want silence or need to concentrate on a project. I certainly don't want Aretha to grow up hooked to electronic devices, so I must be diligent about ending my addiction.

***“The laboring man has not leisure for a true integrity day by day; he cannot afford to sustain the manliest relations to men; his labor would be depreciated in the market. He has no time to be anything but a machine.” ~ Henry David Thoreau, *Walden* (1854)***

\* \* \*

Sparkle, I need you to prepare me for when I go into labor. What happens then?

In NJ, a midwife can't technically attend a home birth if the woman is under 37 weeks pregnant (nine months), as the baby might need some extra medical support, so as long as you make it to your ninth month, we'll be fine.

OK then, what happens once I start feeling labor pains? What do I do?

Call me right away. As far as early labor, there's a lot of checking in if you think things are starting. I'll talk to you on the

phone and see how you sound, trying to listen through a contraction to gauge how far along you are. We can tell from listening to a laboring woman over the phone how intense her labor is and from there how quickly she, or in this case, you might be progressing. If you are happy and bubbly and chatty through your first contractions, I would wait until they are stronger. If you're moaning and can't speak through a contraction I'll come right over.

It's possible that when I arrive, I will do a cervical check to see how dilated you are, but in general I try to remain "hands off" and watch/listen to you as the pains intensify. And then we wait.

Thank you. I understand this a lot better now.

## Chapter Four

Ever since I was a teenager, I was interested in health and wanted to be a nurse and was even a Candy Striper in the hospital, but because the birth process was intriguing, I chose midwifery. I have no children of my own so for a few months after each woman hires me, I can vicariously enjoy the thrill of helping babies begin life. I'm also concerned about overpopulation with the number of humans alive now greatly exceeding Earth's ability to maintain all these people, so we decided not to have children.

We fell in love because we were both environmental activists. Before we got married, I confessed that I was married to Earth. Stephen understood that. I was afraid he would chicken out but he didn't.

I remember sitting at our dining room table preparing to do some writing. I put my best environmental thoughts into a book, concentrating on every word. It was a concise summary with my boldest ideas. The cover started with a seed (me) in the center and grew to a flower, then spiraled out to cover the Earth and out into the Universe. Since I was at the height of my anti-technology stage, I hand-wrote every page. Then a group of friends and I made 11,000 of these 32-page, pocket-sized books. We had book-making parties on our living room floor - fold, trim, staple; fold, trim, staple; fold, trim, staple....

*The Order of the Earth*<sup>4</sup> was made of two pieces of unbleached, recycled paper folded in half three times. We trimmed the edges and stapled them into booklet form. The dimensions were 2 3/4 inches wide and 4 1/2 inches long. Mostly we gave them away until the day one of our friends was at an event and saw a whole box of them copied from the originals we had distributed for that purpose.

Once I knew that my little book had a life of its own, I moved on.

After Stephen entered eternity, I wrote this in my Diary.

*The world as I knew it was changing, and I went to the ocean for comfort and inspiration. My 15-year-long marriage ended when Stephen died. I wasn't sleeping well; I wasn't eating well. I was wretched.*

*One morning I got up early – early enough to watch the sun rise – I sat and waited, filled my lungs with fresh ocean air, filled my head with the roar of the surf, filled my Self with the rhythm of the waves, and waited for the sun to rise.*

*The sky was getting lighter.*

*As the sun first appeared, I walked to the water, my bare feet enjoying the feel of cool sand. I stood at the edge of the water, at the edge of my world as I knew it, at the edge of time, at the edge of the Universe.*

*I stood.*

*And as the sun rose higher, I – my molecules, my body, my physical self – vanished.*

*I was pure spirit. I was one with the universe.*

*I WAS the ocean!*

*I had entered a realm I never knew existed. I never planned this or expected it. I didn't know it could even happen. Nobody had ever told me about such a glorious, beyond-belief experience. It was my first true experience of/with God, or with what I now call*

**The Spirit of Universal**

**Goodness, Energy, and Love**

*This experience helped me to know that*

**I AM EARTH.**

WOW, Sparkle, that is the best story I ever heard! I wonder if my ancestors from Africa had experiences like this; they were and still are much closer to Nature than we are here in the U.S.

That's very likely. Long ago, before white men colonized most of Africa, indigenous people knew that they were part of Nature; they knew how to live, find food, build shelters, treat illnesses. They knew how to survive. They are part of Earth and when they and their land manage to remain untouched and uncontaminated by rich nations and greedy corporations, they still live this way. I'm sure they knew they were the Earth every minute of every day.

That was long ago; so much exploitation and destruction have reached so many parts of Earth that undiscovered people are precious and they, as original Earth people, are an endangered species. I read recently that a formerly untouched group was discovered, and scientists were collecting DNA from them. I was horrified! To me, it's one of the worst things I ever read.

Is there anything we or I can do about this sort of thing? How can we stop it? We are just two people.

Every single thing we do, every time we talk to others, every time we connect with national or international groups like Rainforest Action Network or Greenpeace or Deep Green Resistance, we add our energy to their causes, their actions, we can send donations to keep their work going stronger. Yes, my friend, we can do as much as we can do and that is all we can do. There comes a point at which we need to evaluate our own "natural resources" like time and energy, and keep ourselves healthy and strong. We need to rest when we are tired; that is really important for any kind of activism.

Something else I've learned is not to get entangled with people who don't give a shit and will ignore me anyhow. It's not worth arguing. It's not worth wasting my breath on those who won't listen or getting into an argument. I try to end these conversations gracefully and quickly, then walk away.

I get it. I can do that. Thank you, Sparkle. You have learned so much in your life.

What else would you like to share? Your stories are helpful, not just as a future mother but as an Earth-loving woman who wants to do her part. I know that caring for myself is one way of caring for Earth but I want to do more.

OK then, I'll keep going. I'm glad this is helping you. Personally, I'm trying to slow down. I've been trying for years and still feel myself tense and doing everything fast. I HAVE GOT TO SLOW DOWN! I have gone through life like a runaway train and, by doing so, caused a few wrecks to others and myself.

When I was a teenager, my uncle told me I was an "efficiency expert." He had been watching me over the years doing basic things like clearing the table after dinner, then doing the dishes, or doing laundry or helping Mom get dinner ready. He had watched me come and go

throughout the day. Mostly I wanted to get my chores done fast so I could go outside and play or ride my bike to see my friends when I got older. I was zipping through life.

When Stephen was alive, I took on most of the household tasks while also working full time. I was so busy, busy, busy that after my parents visited, they sent me a long letter starting with:

## WHOA!

...followed by a humorous but factual list of the things they had seen me scurrying around doing in 5<sup>th</sup> gear.

Did I slow down then?

No.

A speed demon has chased me my entire life. I had become a victim of patriarchy's role playing "Suburban Housewife." I finally flunked out. I'm not one of those women who likes to stay inside cleaning obsessively or cooking exotically or shopping aimlessly. I worked hard to get UNdomesticated and life is more fun and more satisfying.

But I'm still rushing around. I walk like a storm trooper.

FUCK THAT! I am consciously doing my best to walk slowly and hope people don't think I'm practicing to become a Buddhist monk or whatever the women are called. I'm not going to shave my head; as a matter of fact, I'm letting my hair grow longer.

Oh, god, this is hard! Case in point: When I was in my bedroom getting dressed this morning, all I was thinking about was going to the kitchen to plug in my coffee pot. I want to stop multi-tasking and multi-thinking. I have not mastered the "Living in the Moment" thing, not even close. I DON'T NEED TO FUCKING RUSH! My breathing is more like panting - short and shallow, in/out, in/out, fast/fast...what am I doing to myself?

I recently found a helpful African quote:

The times are urgent; let us slow down.

I vow to become more aware of my body's pace throughout the day and start applying the brakes. Already I notice a greater awareness of peace when I do that. When my mind wanders off, I bring it back. Dare I say, I feel more alive as a human woman living on Earth? I was going to go to the pool for a swim today, but I didn't feel like it and I didn't want to talk with anyone at the gym. Instead, I went to the wildlife refuge to think and feel and practice walking slowly. I waved at passersby on the trail but didn't open my mouth. I tried shutting off my brain as well as my lips.

I found a pit filled with pine needles and laid down in it; the view looking skyward was breathtaking watching upper branches of trees with leaves emerging, dancing in the breeze. After a few minutes, I stepped out of the pit and continued walking slowly. I followed a smaller path and discovered a teepee made with logs from small trees.

Even though there was an entrance big enough for me, I was afraid to go in, but that didn't lessen the delight I felt in finding it.

I started to imagine sleeping in the pit or even in the teepee one night. I would need to park my car outside of the designated parking area and walk in so nobody would know that someone was there after the refuge was supposedly 'closed at dusk.' I would need bug spray, which I don't even own. This is not very realistic so I'm going to stop thinking about it now but maybe one night???

\* \* \*

One of my favorite things to do is play Solitaire with real cards. I play as if winning was important. Can you imagine such nonsense? Even with something as simple as that, I'm becoming aware of the intensity and velocity with which I slap the cards down and move them around like a tightly-wound-up robot on speed. Now, if I were playing Double Solitaire with my grandson, I would become a fierce competitor like he is! We have so much fun trying to beat each other that the next time we play, I will ignore my new slow-down practice and play full out playfully and fast!

As I was struggling with all of this, I created a name for my disease: Unrelaxableitis. It's highly contagious, passed from mothers to daughters living in a man's world. Indigenous people have natural immunity to it.

Oh gosh, Sparkle, I'm glad you're telling me this. I also do things too quickly. Thank you!

## Chapter Five

Let's lighten up a bit, OK?

Oh, yeah, I can only absorb so much of this heavy stuff.

OK. Let me think...hmmmm...not so easy. I'm such a serious person. I am not a funny woman. I appreciate others who are funny and laugh easily; I just don't come up with funny things by myself...I'm going to have a cup of coffee and try to remember the best belly laugh I've had recently....sorry to say there aren't a whole lot of them...

\* \* \*

I'm having a lot of trouble thinking of an amusing story that was funny for everyone involved.

DAMN! I do not have enough laughter in my life, I mean genuine, harmless, gut-busting laughter. Now I'm turning serious again because I see this as a problem.

FINALLY I have something comical to tell you but first you need to know that I'm in an all-women beginner's tap dancing class and am the oldest, heaviest, and slowest one. My BFF just called and asked how tap



was last night. I told her I'm the worst and I need to practice more before the recital.

She replied, "I'm sure they love having you and are probably glad THEY are not the worst."

We had a good belly laugh. It felt wonderful!

You do tap dancing?

Yes. I love it! All my life I've tried different kinds of dance. Here's a story I wrote that was even published in our local newspaper. We are dancing to Queen's song "Under Pressure" and I love it! At one point, we get to scream along with them, "LET ME OUT!" So many words in this song go straight to my heart. I borrowed that line for the title of this book. I was unfamiliar with the song and found it at <https://youtu.be/a01QQZyl-I>.

## Making My Dancing Dreams Come True

Heel dig spank shuffle heel dig spank. Remember to smile. Heel dig spank heel shuffle dig step. Faster! Faster!

This refrain followed my feet during the past three months as I tried to catch up to my classmates in an adult tap dancing class. We were working on our dance for the recital next month.

At 40, I was preparing for my first tap recital.

My dance history is brief.

When I was 7, I took a modern dance class with my 6-year-old sister. When it was time for the recital, they cast her as celery and me as a plump tomato, crushing my self-image.

Twenty years later, I signed up for an adult ballet class. There was no recital.

And then, when I was 35, I saw Riverdance.

I wanted more than anything to do that.

The closest I came was adult beginner tap for a three-month summer class. Again, there was no recital.

Then I found an Irish Step Dancing class, which I joined immediately, although late. Thankfully, one woman offered to help me learn the steps I had missed.

Ecstasy! This was the dance of my soul, my roots. We were learning how to dance in our hard shoes (aptly named) like the Riverdance cast (well, hardly).

Interesting footwork, vigorous exercise and oh, such FUN.

That was until my knee crippled me for a few months and made it painful even to walk. My knee knew that a 202-pound, 35-year-old woman was abusing it. The doctor diagnosed arthritis, spurs, and floating kneecaps.

Gradually, with intervention on my part, my knee healed. I celebrated my 37th birthday.

I signed up for adult ballet at the "Y." A gentle return to dance. But only two signed up so my class was canceled.

I called my former Irish Step Dance teacher to see if I could return to his class. It was OK with him, so I started practicing the Irish jig and reel religiously before showing up again.

While my friends were glad to see me, it was frightening to me to see how advanced they had become in my two-year absence.

But I didn't have to worry for long because my other knee gave a shriek and I had to quit again.

Darn! Where to dance? What to do? Time was passing.

While walking through town one summer day, I spotted signs for a local dance studio, but it wasn't open for business yet.

I kept checking until one day, the instructor was there getting her new studio ready to teach the Isadora Duncan style of dance.

I became her first student. I liked it. Feminine. Free-spirited. Easy on the knees.

But it wasn't Riverdance.

When my knees felt stronger, I decided to go back to beginner tap (since that never hurt) and lose some weight.

I found an adult tap class in town and started dancing again this January, at age 40 and 190 pounds.

Costumes had already been ordered for the recital when I showed up for my first class but, after participating for an hour, I confidently told my teacher I could learn the steps they were doing.

I plunged ahead and ordered my costume.

"Do you have extra, extra large?"

"No."

"Do you have queen-size tights?"

"No."

"Well, order me the largest sizes you have. I'll be smaller by then." (P.S. NOT)

So I worked and worked and practiced and practiced.

At a time when I felt I'd better drop out so I wouldn't disgrace our teacher and mess up the dance for everyone else, my teacher agreed to give me a private lesson.

I recorded her calling out every move of the foot and then actually doing the dance to the beat of the music. The crisp staccato of her taps inspired me. I then had the courage and faith I needed to see it through.

I realized this was no beginner class. I also began to understand that the others were struggling with a few of the steps. The music for our dance was frightfully fast in my opinion, but I loved it.

But by this stage of the game, I knew I had to perform. I felt this effort symbolized closure on an important piece of my life – to claim revenge for the humiliated, chubby, little girl/tomato.

In contrast to my costume when I was seven, our costumes this time were gorgeous! Bright blue Lycra flowing pants and graceful tops; tons of glitter on the top and velvet shoulders.

There was a slit in the front, up to the bra line, which I prudishly wanted to sew together. Then I relaxed. This was the first time in my life to leave behind the conservative dresser and be a "showgirl."

Dress rehearsal was interesting. Our teacher reminded us to smile. But I wondered if I could smile and remember the steps?

I practiced that evening and again the morning of my debut. I was ready.

Our turn came. The curtain rose. The music started. Tears came to my eyes. Fortunately, our dance started off with our backs to the audience so a few quick blinks did the trick.

We all danced perfectly.

The day of the performance, my husband was out of town and my friend didn't show up. There was no one in the audience to watch me.

But, do you know what? It didn't matter. I danced for ME!

The crushed tomato is gone.

A dancer clothed in glitter and velvet has taken her place, with sparkle in her eyes and a triumphant smile on her face.

\* \* \*

So, that was one of many highlights in my life, but let's get back on track, looking for the funny things in life. Honestly, Harriet, I think we need to do something about this. I do have a few funny stories from the earlier part of my life, mostly laughing at myself and how my serious attempts to help Earth flopped when I brought them to the public arena.

It's great that you can laugh at yourself. Please go on.

These are also from my Diary.

### *Why On Earth Did I Go Back to School?*

*I wanted to learn more about the environment so I could switch careers and know what I was talking about. I was enjoying my volunteer, environmental work more than my job, so when I read about a summer course at Rutgers, I applied and was accepted.*

*I was getting so heady in my knowledge about environmental matters from reading books like Hazardous Waste in America, The Politics of Cancer, New Jersey Environment and Cancer, etc., that I figured it was time for me to start teaching others. I lined up speaking dates using my medical background to impress people with the problems of poisonous chemicals and to put together intelligible talks.*

*I remember giving a lunchtime talk for a professional woman's organization wearing a beautiful, red blouse my mother had given me – unironed. I stood there talking about the*

*evils of coal, oil, gas, and nuclear energy. I suggested that they stop ironing. I was serious but, in retrospect, I must have looked like a homeless person in my wrinkly outfit. I doubt they took my suggestion seriously.*

*\* \* \**

*Later, I created my first business, Avatar Environomics – I was going to become a Household Environmental Consultant and go to people's homes charging \$25 an hour to analyze the contents of their drawers, closets, rooms, etc. and show them alternative products and choices. I asked a friend to let me practice in her home. We laughed so hard at all the items I would have tossed on the floor screaming, "OUT!" that we never did finish.*

*Even though I posted flyers around town, I had no customers.*

**Here's another one....**

*Our wedding was wonderful beyond words. Just when I was getting really nervous, Gwen showed up. Now there was someone to talk with and wait with. We put on a kettle of tea and chatted until Stephen arrived. Then his parents came.*

*Before too long, my sister showed up loaded with presents. My environmental friends were next. As I was about to make a last-minute tuck in my wedding dress, my parents got here.*

*I had started the Hackensack River Coalition a few years ago and was telling everyone why we had chosen the lovely gazebo jutting out over the Hackensack River in the Hackensack Meadowlands Development Commission complex for our wedding. It was a beautiful place, but the county landfill was on the other side of the road.*

*What excitement! We opened presents and then everyone dashed out the door so we could say our vows. Gwen, Gloria, Betsy, and I rode to the environmental center in Gwen's Jeep. She kept us laughing all the way there imagining how she'd have conversations for a*

*month telling her friends about driving the bride to the wedding, past the dumps in a Jeep.*

Oh god, these are great. I can see that you've really been active your whole life, too, and you've lived a lot longer than I have so you have a lot more stories than I do.

\* \* \*

Yes, that's true. You'll catch up to me by the time you're 58.

Here's something that happened yesterday. One of my dearest friends shares her love of cookies with me. She bakes awesome cookies, and I do my best to find cookies from a bakery instead of store-bought ones packaged in plastic now that I'm retired from domesticity. Here's what she emailed me:

*Have you found any cookies in a tin can? I think Trader Joe's has some. And the Pepperidge Farm cookies are in a paper bag with foil lining. I don't believe there's any plastic in those. [Actually, I happened to have just finished a bag of these. Noticing the silvery lining and paper outside wrapper, I dissected them. Tossed out the silvery lining and recycled the paper outer wrap.]*

*Just thought I'd make sure you could get some cookies!*

*There is a store a block from here called One Haute Cookie. It's a cookie bakery. I've often wanted to stop. When I was a kid, we could just go to the bakery down the street and point to the cookies we wanted and they would put them in a little white paper bag. I mean, seriously, you can't live without cookies!!!!!!!!!!*

*I didn't know what you were talking about when you wrote Crumbl Cookies...but now I do; I looked up cookie places in New Jersey and this is what I found: Crumbl, The Baking Company, and La La's gourmet cookies.*

*Gosh, these are sort of spendy from La La's. But then I remembered that Subway sells cookies. I love Subway cookies. Maybe your Subway has them, too. My favorites are the macadamia nut raspberry ones. Or maybe they're white chocolate chip and macadamia nut and raspberry cookies. I don't know; all I know is they're really good!*

*Ohmygosh, I just was given three boxes of Girl Scout Thin Mint cookies and ate six of them!*

*All right, now with all this cookie talk I really do want to go have another cookie, but I won't. Not until after dinner.*

*OPPs too late!*

\* \* \*

That's about it for me. I realize these aren't belly-laugh or pee-your-pants hilarious things, but that's all I can think of. Do YOU have any funny stories?

Well, Sparkle, now it's my turn to think about it. Hmmm....I'm not sure. This is pathetic! I'll let you know when I can remember something really, really funny, but let's move along for now, OK? Back to more serious things than cookies.

Do you think our patriarchal culture is not conducive to laughter? I mean, truly funny where nobody gets hurt or embarrassed, so they laugh with us?

Isn't it sad that we are laughter-deprived? I have a better idea than trying to remember funny stories. Let's go for a walk in the woods but how about if I help you get the plastic shower curtain under your bed before we leave?

YES! Let's do that first.

One of my favorite things to do is relax outside watching clouds and listening to birds. It's so peaceful doing nothing, just enjoying Nature. I will get a healthy dose of that when we're in the woods.

## Chapter Six

I am super furious now. We were just talking about cookies yesterday. Look at the email I got today from Rainforest Action Network.

**The maker of Oreos is not taking its human rights responsibilities seriously.**

We're living in an era that demands action.

Rising authoritarianism is eroding basic democratic principles and human rights around the world. One powerful group of stakeholders, corporations, has a clear responsibility to fight back, but many are just standing around twiddling their thumbs.

One case in point is Mondelēz International, the \$87 billion snacking giant behind Oreo cookies. Mondelēz has a glossy human rights policy, yet it routinely receives the lowest scores on our yearly deforestation and human rights scorecard.

In part, it's because Mondelēz lacks a zero-tolerance policy safeguarding human rights defenders – the activists fighting to make human rights a reality around the world.



Defenders are an integral part of advancing human rights globally, especially in places that lack strong enforcement mechanisms. They're a diverse group of people combating discrimination, labor abuses, environmental exploitation, and more.

Sadly, they're the frequent target of attacks. Land and environmental defenders face heavy persecution, in particular: In 2023, **three people were killed every week** for speaking out against things like pollution, deforestation, and extractive industries.

Agribusinesses, including soy, cacao, and palm oil producers – major Mondelēz snack ingredients – are among the top culprits behind these attacks against defenders.

Unfortunately, Mondelēz hasn't committed to a zero-tolerance policy against such attacks. A truly unconscionable choice as the assault on human rights intensifies, both at home and abroad.

That does it! I'm boycotting Oreos from now on. I have literally eaten hundreds of them in my life. No more. That's it. I'm done. I had no idea my love of Oreos was helping destroy rainforests.

\* \* \*

Damn! I'm boycotting Oreos, too. I'm so glad you're on the Rainforest Action Network email list. I'm going to get on it, too. I love rainforests even though I've never seen one. I've seen hundreds of photos and they helped turn me into an environmental activist. Here's what Rainforest Action says, "*Rainforests are home to the most significant biodiversity in the world. From tiny creatures like tarsiers to giants like elephants, these jungles are home to more species than any other ecosystem. They're also our best defense against climate chaos.*"

I'm going to squeeze in as much time with you as I can before I go into labor. It feels wonderful knowing another person who is as passionate about Earth as I am. Every time you come here, after we get things organized for Aretha's birth, I'm glad you are able to stay for a while so we can keep learning from each other.

We're lucky that my other client isn't due for a few months; I have more free time than usual and I'm enjoying our conversations immensely.

I love the things *you* are teaching *me* about your life and how you got to be so dynamic. I'm trying to solve an important mystery. I need help from someone who has lived under patriarchy longer than I have. I don't know how to get out of this prison. I'm trapped.

Have you ever felt this way? I love to read and think; I keep wondering and puzzling but I'm going 'round in circles. I am really trying to figure this out and don't have any friends

who understand what I'm talking about. Here's what I want to know: What harm has patriarchy done to women? And how do we escape? I want to raise Aretha so she never feels this way.

Sometimes when I'm out back quietly enjoying Nature, I watch squirrels and birds. Squirrels know what to do. Birds know what to do. Me? I don't know what to do. They have instincts but I don't seem to have those kinds of instincts.

I had a horrible dream last night and wonder if it might be related to womanhood under patriarchy.

Do you want to tell me about it?

Yes. I think it would help defuse the neurotic energy I'm feeling. This dream started when I was going outside to check my mail and saw a note slipped under the door.

**WARNING**  
**I WILL HUNT YOU**  
**I WILL HAUNT YOU**  
**YOU ARE DEAD**

I was scared shitless, trembling. I quickly packed a bag, grabbing whatever clothes were lying around, clean panties, my carving knife, diary, cell phone and charger, and my purse, then locked the door, and drove away as fast as I could. I kept looking in the rear-view mirror to make sure I wasn't being followed. I had no idea where I was going; I was just GOING! My heart was pounding. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't figure out why someone had targeted me.

Then I woke up.

Geeeezzzz, what a frightening dream! This might refer to the effects patriarchy has on you, on women in general. It doesn't let us rest. It haunts us and kills our spirits, making us like Zombies, making us feel dead inside. Does that make any sense?

Yes. I can see how those feelings could be amplified to terrifying dimensions. I felt fear all over. I have never had a dream like that. Have you?

Not that I can remember. How are you feeling now?

My body feels like it's been beaten up. I have felt like that before when people insulted me or treated me unfairly because I'm a woman. That's what I'm feeling now but

even stronger. I used to put on shorts and my running shoes and run away from my hurt emotions. I love how the rhythm of my feet on the pavement soothes my soul. I ran a lot in high school and during my unhappy marriage; I just couldn't take all the criticism, but I can't run now.

I understand. This is helpful for trying to interpret your dream - uncovering some of the physical and mental problems we face living in a world ruled by men.

Would you like to hear more stories to get your mind off this nightmare?

Yes. Just let me take a few deep breaths.....I'll put on a pot of tea. But maybe a glass of wine would be better? Tea or wine?

Wine!

\* \* \*

OK, here goes. Once again, these are from my Diary. I'm glad I kept a Diary because otherwise, I would never remember so many details.

After I graduated from college, I got a job as an inspector in Paterson. My certificate gave me police power.

My friend Lydia (from Rutgers) ended up in Paterson, too. She was Russian and passionate about worker safety and OSHA regulations, and I was passionate about the environment. We were two white, middle-aged women in an ethnically-diverse city - with Police Power. Our boss was the academic type who preferred staying in our basement office to giving us field experience, so we trained ourselves on the streets and came back to him for advice when we needed it.

The two most shocking inspections I did were of a blue-dye factory and a post-fire inspection at a plant where both automobile paint and nail polish were made; however, my most meaningful inspection was after a fire in a deli.

On my first day, a City policeman gave me a tour of the industrial section; he thought I should see the blue liquid being discharged to the ground next to the Passaic River. After he dropped me off back at the health department, I returned on my own.

I hadn't yet learned the enforcement codes, I walked in with my badge, asked for the manager and told him flat out, "You can't do that."

The reason this single inspection was etched into my memory is that the grass outside the factory was blue, the tree was blue (and dead) and, inside, the workers were bluish and the whole interior had a blue hue. Neither my previous suburban housewife existence nor the summer's classroom lessons had prepared me for such a scene. The company rerouted the pipe discharging the contaminated water, but I have no idea what they did to improve the rest of the place.

\* \* \*

Another morning, we got called out to inspect the damage after a nighttime fire in the auto paint/nail polish plant. It was a ghastly mess and reeked of poisonous chemicals. Again, the location was along the banks of the Passaic River so we KNEW the firemen's hoses had washed toxic chemicals into the ground water and river – not to mention the fire having created exposures to the firemen plus those of any other life or the neighbors, even to me, as I had no respirator then.

That was the day I promised never to wear nail polish again. If its manufacture caused such horror, I could live without it. And these days nail polish has become a national obsession with nail salons everywhere and women flaunting polished, decorated nails in a most unnatural way. Strange – they're just nails!

Here's an email petition I received May 15, 2015:

*Walk into any nail salon and the pungent, eye-watering smell will hit you immediately. As customers, you and I can quickly escape the choking fumes as soon as the nail polish dries. But nail salon workers – predominantly immigrant women, many of whom are unaware of their right to basic workplace safety – are forced to constantly inhale noxious vapors during their 10- and 12-hour work days.*

*There's one easy step we can all take to help these workers, who have been exploited and ignored for far too long. Tell the EPA to regulate toxic chemicals used in salon treatments.*

Doing my part, I stopped wearing nail polish and started telling women about this ghastly fire.

\* \* \*

And now for the last inspection that made an indelible mark on my memory – the post-fire deli one. Lydia and I were asked to oversee two insurance adjusters as they calculated the damage shelf by shelf and can by can. We were bored watching them so we volunteered to help. I'm not sure that was the *modus operandi* but we were high-energy women who didn't like to waste time so we worked with them for a few hours and they treated us to lunch.

As we were waiting for our meal, one of the men looked directly at me and asked, "What is your dream?"

DAMN – was in my 40s and nobody had ever asked me that! I had no idea how to answer. I ignored my food and sat quietly trying to figure it out.

What is my dream?

After a long time, when their plates were nearly empty, I had it.  
"I want to help people stop hurting each other."

\* \* \*

Thelma Wilson called our office; she had concerns about the off gassing of chemicals like Scotch Guard that were applied to furniture. She wanted to buy a non-toxic sofa because of her allergies. With my midwife training, I was better equipped to help her than my colleagues were. I did some research and gave her a few ideas.

Little did I suspect that when I decided to search for an environmental job, Thelma would be the one to whom I applied at the Department of Environmental Protection.

I was hired. My job was to work with people living near Superfund sites and plan the required public hearings.

When I arrived excitedly at the DEP building, I was dismayed to learn that, for most employees, theirs was just an ordinary job. I had expected to be surrounded by eco zealots. I found a few and gravitated toward them.

One day I went to the ladies' room and a woman I had never seen was there. She was surprised when I took a cotton hankie out of my pocket to dry my hands instead of using paper towels or the blower. She would have loved seeing all your new hankies, or snot rags as we used to call them. We introduced ourselves and talked for a few minutes; she had also just started working there.

We became friends. When everyone in the department was given electric pencil sharpeners, I told her I had refused mine. I was outraged that the Department of Environmental PROTECTION would purchase such stupid, electrical products. Our hand-cranked sharpeners worked fine. I got in a little bit of trouble when I posted notes on everyone's desk in the Bureau where I worked telling them to come to cubicle 403 if they wanted to save electricity.

\* \* \*

Thelma had just created a slide show (remember those?) explaining the correlation between hazardous waste sites and consumer products. She needed someone to take the show on the road. Nobody else wanted to work all day and then go out at night but I didn't mind. I became a traveling spokeswoman for the department and loved it.

My Toyota Tercel was crammed with safe alternative products and lots of other "Show and Tell" things. When the DEP made large posters to use in my talks showing the hazardous sites they were cleaning up, I traded in the Tercel for a used station wagon.

During that period, I took a day off to attend a DEP hearing on pesticides. I stood before a room full of men in suits and ties wearing my favorite outfit - a wool skirt and pretty blouse (ironed this time). Then gave one of the most powerful and well-thought-out testimonies of my life. "Let me speak for thousands of women and children who are not here, who don't even know about this hearing. We don't want your

pesticides, herbicides..." I reminded them that the suffix -icide means "to kill" and presented a lot of facts with a lot of conviction.

The next day, my boss told me it's not permitted to take a day off from one DEP department to testify at another DEP department's hearing. That had not occurred to me. But I managed to keep my job.

Being in the public eye, both as a full-time DEP employee and as a grassroots activist, I was well known and respected in the world of ecology. I was serious and dedicated.

But I wanted more.

So what did you do?

\* \* \*

I learned about and became intrigued by the idea of Nature Spirits. This comes from my Diary.

*I was taking a Toxicology course and cramming for an exam. Toxicology is the Study of Poisons. I was learning how chemicals damage the human body – lungs, livers, brains, hearts, skin; every organ of the body can be hurt by man-made chemicals. Do you know that the only safe exposure level for carcinogens is zero? And toxics in a pregnant woman's body are passed on to her unborn baby through the umbilical cord?*

*Anyhow, while studying for the exam, my mind drifted to devas or fairies, spirits of the plants I had read about in The Findhorn Garden: Pioneers of a New Vision of Man and Nature in Cooperation. Findhorn is a community in Scotland where people honor spirits of plants. Their vegetables and flowers grow much larger than average, presumably because of the love and reverence people bestow on the plants. Some Findhorn people can actually see fairies. I believe that's possible, too, although I had never seen them, except on greeting cards.*

*OK, I was ready! I was convinced that I would see fairies.*

*I LOVED our backyard. I never put chemicals on it and let plants grow as they wished. I only mow a small patch with a hand-pushed mower and let the flower beds grow relatively wild. I know that the animals who share our back yard are safe from poisons as long as they stay on our land and not my neighbor's who uses toxic chemicals to have a "perfect" lawn – meaning perfectly deadly.*

*I took a break from studying.*

*Eagerly, quietly, and cautiously I opened the screen door to our back yard and stepped outside.*

*It was dark.*

*And then it happened.*

*My entire being opened to the universe – my eyes, my ears, my lungs, my heart, my soul, my mind.*

*I was flooded with an acute awareness of the spirits of the grasses, mosses, violets, ajugas, lilacs, hostas, ivy, daffodils, the unknown grasses (some people call them weeds); the spirits of chipmunks, squirrels, ants, crickets, ladybugs, the unseen animals; the birds, trees, bushes – LIFE – ALL THAT LIFE IN OUR BACK YARD!*

*Then I looked up to the heavens, the stars, the galaxies, and beyond – beyond my imagination – beyond forever.*

*My awareness switched to all the peoples of the world – all colors, shapes, sizes – all the religions of the world.*

*All the goodness of all these people and all the spirits of all these plants and animals at my doorstep and all the stars and planets together showed me "GOD."*

*I saw nothing I hadn't seen before, but I FELT everything good in the universe at once!!! I felt "God's" awesome love over everything and in everything. I didn't use the word "God" then and hesitate to use it now – it's too limiting.*

*What I felt, can only be described as a universal Spirit of Goodness, Energy, Life, and Love which escapes definition on paper.*

*All I can say is, keep yourself open to this possibility. It's there for you.*

OHMYGOD, Sparkle, that's beautiful! Thanks for sharing this awesome experience with me! My spiritual friend can see fairies, but I can't.

I could listen to you all day long but I'm getting pretty hungry now. Can I treat you to lunch at Giuseppa's Super Pizzeria?

Groovy! I would love that. Thank you. Let's go!

## Chapter Seven

Did you see what's going on with 197 wind turbines to be built off the coast of New Jersey with blades as long as football fields? Some of the major environmental groups are in full support of this dreadful plan. I am not! I read this in *New Jersey Monitor*:

*New Jersey Republicans have broadly opposed offshore wind, charging wind surveying work confused whales and caused a spate of whale deaths and strandings along the eastern seaboard.*

*The National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration has pointed to climate change to explain elevated deaths and strandings since 2016, saying warmer waters pushed marine life into busier waterways where they are more likely to be struck and killed by boats.*

A group called Protect Our Coast NJ warns of threats to mammals, birds, and fisheries: hazardous chemicals, cold pool disruption, fish habitat destruction, electromagnetic fields. It's horrifying. They continue:

*Many offshore wind projects require the conversion of AC current to DC current in order to deliver electricity over long distance through cables on the ocean floor. This conversion creates tremendous heat and a cooling system is necessary. The open loop system Sunrise Wind intends to discharge super-heated water and pollutants into the Atlantic after sucking up nearly 8 million gallons of sea water each day and killing fish and crustacean larvae and other small forms of sea life in the process.<sup>5</sup>*

I read about this in an online newspaper published by an ardent environmentalist called *Grassroots Rising*. Many people are all in favor of it so they can get more electricity to power their energy-hungry appliances and maintain their comfortable lifestyles.

On the other hand, I also get emails from Deep Green Resistance, so I learned how horrible wind farms are. Did you ever think about how much energy is used to dig up the earth for minerals and metals to build them using slave labor in Africa? The energy used in the factories with workers' exposure to toxic chemicals? The energy used to ship finished turbines? Trees clearcut to make roads to deliver components of windmills to hilltops or farmland bought up to build them? Birds who die when they hit moving blades and turbulent weather makes them lose their bearings? The fact that propellers can fall off and



that these machines eventually break down? And then what? It's off to a landfill, where they will disintegrate with poisons leaching into the ground and water table? And what is the byproduct of putting wind farms in our ocean? Dead whales and dolphins.

\* \* \*

I went to a protest before I got so huge that I couldn't do that anymore. So far, we seem to be winning to keep these monstrosities out of the ocean. Groups who investigate the dead sea animals don't even mention the damage caused by underwater vibrations from seismic testing or other harmful activities by wind companies. They are greenwashing just to get this project approved.

Here's what I found when I was doing research about marine mammals:

*In general, as well as having extremely good eyesight that allows them to see both above and below the water, toothed whales (including dolphins) use a sense called echolocation to navigate and hunt underwater. This means that they emit sound waves and then detect and interpret the echoes that bounce back off of other creatures and objects in the water around them, allowing them to build up a picture of their surroundings. Dolphins hunt using their highly-developed echolocation, which means they can find food no matter how murky the water might be. Not only that but they can even use it to identify any prey that might be hiding, such as under the sand.<sup>6</sup>*

I knew something like that was being held from the public.

Have you read Michael Moore's post on April 6<sup>th</sup> when gigantic protests broke out across the U.S. because of trump's horrible actions? [Lower case "t" because this author has zero respect for the psychopath president.] He wrote, "You Will See The True Leaders of This Next Revolution...." Even if I can't protest now, I think of myself as one of those leaders; I'm a revolutionary.

I am, too! Today I am pissed about something else I just read! I got this email today: "Your Business Here: Ads on Schools' Buses Aim to Help Your District's Budget. The ads that have recently appeared on the sides of some of the township's buses are an effort to help fill budget cuts."<sup>7</sup>

Do you know what this means? I HATE THIS. It's like they're selling our kids' minds, turning them into consumers. I know trump has cut funding from the agencies which help people, including the Department of Education, but must a town stoop this low? Since businesses are in business to make money, why don't they just donate a percentage of their profits to the local school district? I mean, they could be recognized as supporters on the school's website so that parents would appreciate and support them. This could turn out totally differently; this could become a cooperative effort without silently corrupting innocent young people's thoughts.

## Chapter Eight

Good morning, Harriet. How's it going today?

Hi, Sparkle. I'm doing great, thanks. I love feeling Aretha moving around inside me. How are you?

I'm excited because I'm starting to prepare for our town's annual Green Fair at an historic farm. It's not a farm anymore but the house and land have been preserved by the historical society and it's a beautiful place.

I went to the fair last year. It was wonderful! So many educational exhibits. Several schools had tables, and I talked with nearly all of the presenters about their work. I especially enjoyed talking with students who had set up exhibits to show people better ways of living. I even got a set of ear buds when I won an eco game the kids at one school had created.

That sounds great. When my home school gets going in a few years, we can have Green Fairs, too.

I'm going to have my own table this year. CONSUMER LIBERATION is my theme. I've come so far shunning materialism and, since it's a huge factor in causing climate chaos, I want to have a display with signs like "STOP SHOPPING" OR "STAY HOME" – things that will challenge some of the harmful habits Americans have developed to distract themselves from serious thinking about the state of the world and taking action.

What an important thing to do! What can I do?

I was hoping you'd ask but I want to go even further. Would you help me get ready for it and come with me to talk with people since you know so much?

I would love that! Thanks for including me. When I see young mothers or pregnant women, I will try to catch their eyes and draw them in. Now I'm excited, too.

You don't need to stay the whole time if you get tired, but it will be wonderful having you at my table as long as you can manage it. Plus, you'll want to explore the other exhibits. There will be a vegan food truck so you can have lunch there if you want to.

Definitely. My heart is happier when I'm with others who care about the environment.

Since you're artistic, would you consider helping me make a poster if I can find non-toxic markers? I wouldn't want you to inhale poisonous fumes.

Sure, I'll help. Good luck finding safe markers!

Thanks. Also, I want to get rid of some of my books so I'll be letting people take the ones which appeal to them. I am in the habit of giving books away when I don't need them anymore. When I'm on Zoom meetings with other midwives or with people in some of the environmental groups I belong to, I see bookcases behind them stacked neatly with dozens or even hundreds of books. It's a shame that they hold these books hostage instead of releasing them to the world so they can touch other readers' hearts and prompt them to action.

That's brilliant! I have a few books I'm done with; I'll bring them along. What books are you giving away?

OK, here goes...

*Restoring Our Sanity Online: A Revolutionary Social Framework*  
*Cascades: How to Create a Movement that Drives Transformational Change*

*What Do You Do With an IDEA?* (a beautiful book for children)

*Clearcut: The Tragedy of Industrial Forestry*

*It's Been WONDEROUS! A Centenarian's Memorial*

*The Theory of the Leisure Class* (an important classic about conspicuous consumption and snobbery written in 1899)

*How On Earth Did I Become a Radical Environmentalist* Grandmother (my friend wrote this)

*True Story of and by a Tree* (by Stephen's and my Norfolk Island Pine as told through me)

If any are left by the end of the day, I'll snatch one up. I'll bring *Four Arguments for the Elimination of Television*. I don't need it anymore. Even as a child, I hated ads. I'll be delighted if someone takes that book.

I have a few magazines, too. "Adbusters" is a radical publication I've subscribed to for years. They take on the world fiercely with magnificent and scathing layouts, plus one important magazine for women, "Ms." There's a possibility I'll get some flack.

Don't worry, I'll have your back. You're awesome, Sparkle; I can't wait to see what happens. When is this going to be so I can put it on my calendar?

Earth Day, April 22<sup>nd</sup>.

OK, got it. This could be the last time I'll be able to have an outing like this for a few months so I'm glad you invited me. When shall we make the poster?

I'll let you know when I find non-toxic markers. I saved a large piece of cardboard to write on. Last year, most of the tables had fancy, store-bought display racks and plastic banners, but I'm not willing to spend money on these things, plus I want our table to look like we're living the life we're promoting by reusing things that would otherwise be discarded or recycled.

I'm even more excited than when I walked in the door an hour ago because you'll be coming with me. I have a feeling our friendship is going to last well beyond Aretha's birth.

I do, too!

## Chapter Nine

Good morning, Harriet. I just learned something scary and extraordinary. One of my friends, Wynne, ran a nonprofit and created a dynamic, international Board of Directors networking with Africans, some of whom were climate activists and others who were orphanage managers. She had a particular fondness for her African friends and called everyone she worked with her Global Family. Since money donated to the nonprofit was tax-deductible, she did several successful fundraisers raising thousands of dollars to help African children in crisis but when the requests continued at an increasing pace and the stress was too great, she and the Board of Directors dissolved the organization.

One orphanage manager stood out because he had done so much by the time he was 27; his name is Amos. He had built and was running a school for the children and then a clinic, which his wife Akamushaba ran. By the way, she is also a trained midwife with medical knowledge. When one of his orphan caretakers (Denis) was struck by a car and his leg was crushed, Amos rushed him to the hospital, where a large metal contraption was applied to the broken bones in his leg.

Denis was in excruciating pain and couldn't move by himself, so Amos slept on the hospital floor by Denis's bed. During the day, when Amos had to go to work, Akamushaba came to the hospital to help Denis. When Denis was healed enough to go home, the hospital demanded money to pay the bill before discharging him. Wynne lived at the poverty level so she asked her friends and family if they would help. They did and Denis went home. But he had a fall trying to get to the bathroom alone and the repair work was ruined so Amos took him back to the hospital. The doctors removed all the metal and applied a cast. In the meantime, the bill grew even larger, so Amos signed a contract agreeing to pay \$2,035 within a month. Amos brought Denis home again and then collapsed, going into a coma for a few days. When he woke up, his memory was gone, and his doctor prescribed medication costing \$50 a day.

Wynne went back to her friends. When they had sent all they were going to send, she withdrew \$399 from her savings to help finish Amos's doses. His memory returned but his strength did not. And then he was fired from a really good IT job for having spent so much time helping Denis.

As all of this was going on with the men, Akamushaba was running the home, getting her and Amos's 3-year-old son ready to start school, cooking meals for her family and Denis, and treating as many patients in the clinic as she could.

The hospital demanded \$2,035 and when Amos couldn't pay it and Wynne's fundraising had run dry, the hospital engaged the police to arrest Amos, who fled. He had heard that they tortured people in prison and was terrified that would happen to him. He went from one friend's home to another, contacting Wynne during the day via WhatsApp and sneaking home in the middle of the night to see his wife and son.

The day Amos learned that one of his friends who had sheltered him had been visited and questioned by the police, he went to another friend's home, and that friend was arrested. Apparently the police were tracking Amos through his phone. The finance man at the hospital wrote to Wynne saying they were going to put Amos on the list of wanted people in the following day's newspaper with a bounty to anyone who turned him in. Wynne told Amos and Akamushaba what was going to happen. Nobody wanted this fine, upstanding orphanage manager, who had done so much for his community, to be publicly humiliated.

Amos turned off his phone and stopped going home at night. Nobody heard from him for two days. Wynne reached out again to her friends; two women responded with \$300 and \$400, so Akamushaba took \$700 straight to the hospital even though she was afraid she might be arrested, too.

Last night, Wynne prayed intensely for Amos's safety. Then she sent another SOS email; one man said he would pay the remaining \$1,335 so he wired that to Wynne, who wired it to Akamushaba, who raced to the hospital in time to stop the newspaper announcement.

Akamushaba paid the entire bill and got Amos's friend out of jail, but she had no idea where Amos was. As soon as Wynne knew the bill was paid, she placed a WhatsApp call to Amos, praying he would answer. He did! She told him the bill was paid, his friend was free, and he could go home! He was shocked and didn't believe it, but after being reassured that it was true, he went home.

Here's the email he sent to everyone who helped him after he got home:

Dear my American family,

I honestly don't know where to begin, because saying "thank you" doesn't feel like nearly enough for what you've done for me.

In a moment where everything could have fallen apart – when the threat of prison and public exposure loomed over me – you stepped in without hesitation. You didn't just help financially; you gave me back my freedom, my dignity, and a chance to start over.

Your generosity, trust, and belief in me will never be forgotten. I am overwhelmed with gratitude, and I promise I will honor your support by making the most of this second chance, a lifeline, and a powerful reminder that God places angels on Earth in the form of people like you.

I thank God for you every day. May He bless you abundantly for your kindness, your compassion, and your faith in me. I will carry this gift forward with humility, responsibility, and a renewed heart.

By stepping in and covering the required funds, you not only kept me out of prison and the newspapers, but you also gave me a second chance – a chance to rebuild, to reflect, and to move forward with integrity and purpose. I will never forget this act of kindness and belief in me.

From the bottom of my heart, thank you.  
With deepest appreciation and prayers,  
Mugarura Amos  
Comforter of the Voiceless Child Friend Space  
Uganda, Africa  
amosmugarura@icloud.com

## Chapter Ten

I just bought a great book – *Her Conscious Anger: Workbook for Women* by Julia Neumann and Alice Belz. Their Dedication drew me in:

*“This book is dedicated to you, dear Woman. A rising tide of radically alive Women lifts the whole world. This (r)evolutionary book is a celebration of Women.”*

And here’s their Forward:

*When we Women deny ourselves our conscious Anger, we are cutting ourselves off from one of our biggest energy resources. Suppressing Anger affects our own lives, as well as our families, communities, and work environment. Without Women’s conscious Anger, everyone misses out: on Women’s voices, on Women’s language, on Women’s perspectives, on Women’s Creation force. The result is that the dominant culture on Planet Earth today is still patriarchy. Patriarchy is an unsustainable culture in which humans kill life on our Planet at the fastest rate possible. Devastatingly, women to date have enabled patriarchy, amongst other things by believing that they cannot be angry.*

*The time is ripe to change the paradigms. It is time to stop fighting patriarchy and direct our energy where we want it: To build out regenerative cultures in Archiarchy. Archiarchy is what is emerging across the globe as Matriarchy and Patriarchy have run their course. It is characterized by authentically initiated adult Women and Men collaborating for Regeneration. As Women, we are physically and energetically designed for the regeneration of Life, and our conscious Anger is an immensely valuable resource for that.*

*This book is an invitation for Women to wake up to their radical aliveness with a focus on their conscious Anger. It is an invitation to find your way with the immense resource that your conscious Anger is for your life, and for life on the Planet. If you are a Woman alive today, you were born to create the world that your heart and womb know is possible. By going through this book, in your own space and time, you are not alone. Hundreds and thousands of Women are reclaiming their Anger. When you are ready to meet them in person, online and offline, please do so.*

*This book springs from a wider container called ‘Radically Alive Women.’ It is designed for Women to radically collaborate and lean into the mycelium network that we are through the connectedness that comes through us. New systems need to be invented, and you have wisdom for those. Let us farewell the times of the **lone wolf**, where we may think we need to accomplish things alone. As Women, we can be radically alive together, with fierce Love and Clarity. **This is how we create a different future for our children and the generations to come. . . .***

*Your way out of survival into radical aliveness: To create a culture worth living in. Imagine a world where you are the source of the culture you want to live in. This Workbook is for every woman who wants to unleash her potential and reclaim her Anger to transform its energy and information so that: She has her center, her voice, knows what she wants, and vibrantly thrives. When we, as Women, reclaim our Anger, a new form of Sisterhood emerges. One in which each Woman finds her piece and stands fiercely besides her sisters, leaving competition behind and uniting in collaboration. In a world hungry for authentic connection, our true power lies in our ability to uplift and inspire. When Women reclaim their radical aliveness, they build regenerative cultures. The whole community thrives.*

I started reading this last month but didn’t finish. It helped me deal with all the anger and fear I felt during the last days of my marriage. He had cheated on me. I had so many emotions jumbled up inside my body that I didn’t know how to handle. I was devastated, I was hurt, I was sad, I was angry. I didn’t want my moodiness to affect my baby.

Once I started reading, I became calmer, more accepting of the situation, and was relieved when I saw a brand new vision of what we women can be. When I got to the words “lone wolf” I thought perhaps I could find someone to work with me, another woman who might benefit from this new way of thinking. Might you want to read it with me like a mini book club and we can do some of the exercises together before Aretha arrives?

This is fascinating. Give me a minute to absorb this. . . I still have some issues that I have not really dealt with so, yes, let’s do this work together!

## Chapter Eleven

Another letter had been slipped under Harriet’s door again. She freaked out but took a deep breath, gathered her strength, and opened it.

HELLO, HARRIET.

I AM THE OGRE WHO WAS CHASING YOU IN YOUR DREAM. I AM PATRIARCHY. I HAVE BEEN KEEPING YOU FROM FINDING YOUR AUTHENTIC SELF YOUR ENTIRE LIFE. BUT YOU HAVE TAKEN IMPORTANT STEPS TO DISCOVER THE NEW CULTURE BY BUYING *CAVITATION* AND *HER COUNSCIOUS ANGER*. THOSE BOOKS ARE DOORWAYS TO A NEW LIFE. I GIVE UP. I HAVE TRIED MY BEST TO BOX YOU IN, HOLD YOU BACK.

YOU HAVE WORKED HARD AND ARE NO LONGER IN MY CLUTCHES. YOU HAVE ESCAPED MY EVIL WAYS BY CREATING A WHOLESOME, EARTH-LOVING LIFE FOR YOURSELF AND YOUR UNBORN BABY.

I'M PROUD OF YOU BUT I'LL MISS INTERFERING WITH YOUR NEWFOUND FREEDOM. YOU ARE DISCOVERING ARCHIARCHY AND LEAVING ME IN THE DUST. SINCE I HAVE SEEN YOU WORKING ON THE EDGE OF TWO CULTURES, LET ME BE THE FIRST TO . . .

. . . WELCOME YOU TO THE NEW CULTURE, ARCHIARCHY. YOU ARE LEAVING PATRIARCHY AND LEARNING HOW TO BECOME AN ARCHAN WOMAN.

YOU WILL FIND INNER PEACE WITH BECOMING THE ARCHETYPAL WOMAN YOU WERE BORN TO BE. YOU HAVE FOUND ALL THE LOVE YOU NEED WITHIN YOURSELF. IT HAD BEEN BURIED FOR 22 YEARS.

FAREWELL.

YOU CAN STOP RUNNING.

YOU ARE SAFE NOW.

Hi, Sparkle. Come on in; I have something important to tell you. Look at this letter I found inside my door this morning!

WOW, Harriet; I am in shock, as you probably are, too. What a huge burden has been lifted. You must feel like a newborn baby yourself; it's as if you are on the brink of living the life you have been longing for!



## PART 2: Eight Months Pregnant

### Chapter One

[phone conversation]

Sparkle, I have some good and bad news. Which do you want to hear first?

Let's start with the good. What happened?

I got a call from my former boss. They are hiring a new woman to do my old job and they want me to train her remotely. That means extra money I can save toward starting the homeschool. So, I told her Yes.

What's bad about that, Harriet?

I'm sorry but it means I can't do this Conscious Anger work with you.

Oh dear. Well, let me think about this for a moment.

Of course.

I guess I'm going to plunge ahead on my own. I'll be happy to share what I learn with you when you're ready to hear it. I'm really excited about doing this, even if I must go solo. I want to learn how to use my anger to propel me to greater, more effective action.

Thank you for telling me. I hope you have some fun training your replacement.

I was looking forward to doing this together, too, but as long as you're willing to share what you learn, at least I will get the idea and in the future, I can do this work solo, too.

That's a good plan. I'll see you on my next maternity visit. Bye for now. Good luck!

Thanks. I'll be looking forward to seeing you again in a couple weeks. Have fun exploring your anger; well, maybe that's not the right thing to say. Let me rephrase it: I hope you get a lot out of doing Conscious Anger work! Farewell for now, my friend.

### Chapter Two

Words from the Conscious Anger book are in this font and the first line of each paragraph will not be indented, with all credit going to Julia Neumann and Alice Belz.

## INTRODUCTION

Often, women try not to be angry. What is more: they may be convinced that, in fact, they are not angry.

Not being angry might make life seem more predictable. But life is not predictable. Sometimes, you will be angry.

Some women are the opposite: They are angry all the time. Being around them can seem like walking through a minefield – you never know when the detonation goes off.

Either case is the result of not having learned some essentials about Anger that allow for a different way of handling this Feeling.

Anger is like gravity. It exists. It is a force of nature like fire, wind, or water, and this force of nature runs inside of you as a human Being. This means that as long as you are alive in your human body, you will have access to the Feeling of Anger. Your Anger is here for you to harness and use for your life purpose. When you neither suppress it nor use it unconsciously as an explosive, your Anger enables you to create different results in your life, and to take actions by which a new culture, your culture, can emerge through you. . . .

Something completely different is possible right now.

In this book, we are offering you the Possibility that the Feeling of **Anger is neutral energy and information that serves your life purpose.**

This may sound abstract to you right now. Our goal is that you experience your Anger as a neutral source of energy and information for your life. It is like learning a new language: As you start out, the words might mean nothing to you until you begin practicing enough so that it begins to sink in experientially. . . .

*For example: Used consciously, Anger would be the type of energy that informs you of what you have a Yes and a No for. It is a physically, emotionally, and energetically felt experience. You do not have to think about it, it is crystal clear inside of you. From that clear, felt information you could use this exact energy to say clear Yeses and Nos and from that Clarity create your whole life. . . .*

If you learned to be a nice girl, your survival strategy will be to accommodate other people's needs first. That includes to never say "No", or to first find out whether the

other would be OK with a No, or to say it apologetically, or to give a ton of reasons justifying why, in those extraordinary circumstances, you “have” to say No. If you cannot say No, then you keep saying No to yourself, and parts of you cannot shine. You have to squash these parts in order to fit into others’ realm of acceptability. If you can only say No with giving reasons, then your power is with your reasons, and you become imprisoned by your reasons. . . .

Did you ever experience that?

If you cannot use the energy and information of Anger, it shows up unconsciously, “sideways.” It becomes part of your Underworld. One way that your repressed anger could show up then is by resenting yourself and others. Or maybe you doubt and beat yourself up internally. . . .

When you are occupied with your mind, your reasons, or are pushing through, how present are you with yourself or others?

Probably zero. You are out of contact with reality, and you lose the one thing that allows you to create what you are really here for in the present moment: Your attention. You need your conscious Anger to stay present with your **center of attention** in yourself, not out there with other people, or in the past, or in the future. . . .

You could find yourself to be a different Woman before and after thoroughly going through this book.

**Welcome to the journey of your lifetime.**

## Chapter Three

I’m ready! While I was waiting for my book to arrive I Googled Archiarchy because I wasn’t really sure what it meant. I borrowed Harriet’s *Cavitation* book and started reading it, but I wanted a more specific definition of what I was getting into. Here’s what I found.

“Archiarchy is the creative collaboration of the archetypal feminine with the archetypal masculine. The prerequisite for Archiarchy is adulthood. Adulthood is nonexistent in patriarchy.”<sup>8</sup>

What does Archetype mean? A perfect example, “first form,” pure form embodies the fundamental characteristics of a thing, inherited, unconscious

disposition, instincts long before any consciousness develops, original pattern from which copies are made.

Here are three websites to explore for more information about Archiarchy:

- <http://archiarchy.mystrikingly.com>
- <https://possibilitymanagement.org>
- <https://4feelings.mystrikingly.com>

*Her Conscious Anger* arrived yesterday and I'm up to the section titled, "How to Work With This Book."

With this book, we invite you to make this paradigm shift as you discover your Anger from a new perspective and without judgement, from your experience in a Woman's body. That is a wild experiment, because it asks you to take a territory that you have been familiar with for your whole life and discover it afresh. . .

Drink plenty of water. Go at the speed of Love. Get fresh air. Go for a walk. Swim in a body of water. Breathe deeply. Do not isolate yourself. Instead, reach out to your loved ones, and also to us at [life@julia-neumann.com](mailto:life@julia-neumann.com), [www.julia-neumann.com](http://www.julia-neumann.com), or [www.radicallyalivewomen.com](http://www.radicallyalivewomen.com) and Alice at [alicebelz@gmx.de](mailto:alicebelz@gmx.de) or [www.alicebelz.com](http://www.alicebelz.com).

## **Chapter Four**

### **Ready, Set, GO!**

#### **ALIVENESS SPARK**

**Be angry first. Start by expressing your anger.**

Instructions such as "accept what is offered", "obey the orders", "don't freak out", "behave", or "be nice", "that's the way it is" could determine and limit how you can act today. If that is true for you: Does it work?

Maybe you have questions like "Is that all? Isn't there more to feel, to explore, to live?"

What if you could freely express what does not work for you? Or, maybe even better, say what you want?

In modern culture, women often learn to numb their anger and not ask for what they want. We too had trained ourselves well to fit in, and we judged our anger as something bad. We put a lot of energy into trying to behave and camouflage our anger. We smiled when in fact we were in rage. We softened our voice and were particularly nice and sweet with people if we wanted something. We avoided showing people that we were angry at all costs. We did not want them to think of us as a “bad person,” given that we had learned that anger was bad. We played the nice girl. Maybe you resonate with this experience?

### **Experiment #1**

#### **Get angry.**

Take a hand towel and roll it up on its short side so that it makes a thick enough roll that you can grab with both hands in front of you. Hold it so that your hands are next to each other, with your thumbs touching. Then start activating the power of Anger in your hands, wrenching the towel. It is a physical sensation at this point. If it helps, you can tap into something you remember you were angry about recently. It can also help you to access the Anger from your womb.

Let your Anger come up to 10%, not more. 10% Anger has no sound yet. Your shoulders and jaws may be wanting to move slightly, and you can start feeling a heat rise. As your Anger rises, let it flow from your hands up along your arms and into the rest of your body, all the way down to your feet. If you are activating it from your womb, let it flow also through the rest of your body at maximum 10% intensity.

Do this for 45 seconds. Notice what comes up in you as you activate the Anger in your body. Then stop and let your Anger come all the way to zero, by letting go of the towel and relaxing your body. Repeat this exercise if you wish.

What are the blockages?

Are there any sentences that come to you?

What do you notice?

## WRITING EXERCISE

Take 5 minutes to write down the conclusions that you made about anger. This is your Old Map of Anger. Anger is...

...something I must not show. Smile instead. Stay quiet. Let it pass. I don't like this feeling. I have to hide it and pretend everything is fine. Smile. Then go back into my apartment and isolate myself.

I was infuriated at patriarchy after reading *The Great Cosmic Mother: Rediscovering the Religion of the Earth* by Monica Sjöö and Barbara Mor. I hated how men discovering metals had turned the gentle, ancient world of women into the fierce, fighting world of men and obliterated the earlier women's societies and goddesses, burning powerful women as witches. I also became aware of how living in a man's world today has led me to some unhealthy habits and unproductive ways of living my own life.

## PRACTICE

As you continue your day, and over the next 3 days, place awareness on your Anger and the conclusions you made about it.

Set a timer and ask yourself 3 times a day: "Am I angry? Was I angry?"

Notice what you notice about your Anger and write down why it is not OK or scary.

Saturday: #1 = Not angry  
              #2 = Not angry  
              #3 = Angry, driving, and I'm really focused on FEELING  
                    for a change, large dentist bill and locksmith closed

Sunday: #1 = Not angry, swim in river  
              #2 = Not angry but I do have fear in general, anxiety  
              #3 = Angry reading book about a woman who does not like  
                    motherhood, realized that I help so many women become  
                    mothers and have no idea if they will be good ones

Monday: #1 = Angry that I put myself under too much patriarchal  
                    pressure in my life, rushing around trying to do too  
                    much  
              #2 = Not angry, actually laughing because my timer just  
                    went off telling me to notice how I'm feeling this  
                    very moment! I feel overjoyed typing this experiment  
                    right now!  
              #3 = Angry at patriarchy for putting me in the position

that I need this book to learn how to feel and to become aware of all the addictions I have picked up as ways to get through my life so far and cope with unpleasant circumstances as a woman

## Chapter Five

### EXPERIMENTS

Take a hand towel and roll it up on its short side so that it makes a thick enough roll that you can grab with both hands in front of you. Hold it so that your hands are next to each other, with your thumbs touching. Then start activating the power of Anger in your hands, wrenching the towel. Let it come **up to 10% Anger, not more**. As a reminder: 10% Anger has no sound yet. As your Anger rises, let it flow from your hands up along your arms and into the rest of your body, all the way down to your feet. You can also let your Anger come up from your womb. Also in that case, let it flow through your whole body.

Do this **for 45 seconds**. Notice what comes up in you as you activate the Anger in your body. Then stop and let your Anger come all the way to zero, by letting go of the towel and relaxing your body.

Repeat this exercise **to go to 20% Anger**. At 20%, there are no sounds yet but you are about to want to growl. Your body moves more intensely than at 10%. You can feel heat rise in your body. If you need activation beyond the physical wrenching of the towel, you can feel the Anger from your womb or remember something you were recently, or still are, angry about.

Go back to zero after **45 seconds**. What do you notice in your body now?

### WRITING EXERCISE

Take 5-10 minutes to write down what happened for you in the previous exercise. What are the sentences that come up when you activate Anger consciously in your body? What do you sense in your physical body? Are there any other Feelings?

It's almost like I can let my anger about the overall condition of women everywhere get strangled in this towel. WOW! I feel better. This is a great experiment.

I feel my energy – conscious anger energy – flowing through my entire body. I’m breathing harder than normal; my shoulders are no longer hunched.

*Paused to FEEL*

0% anger feels so good; this could be the new me evolving out of patriarchy. Now I MUST remember to do this when I feel upset either with myself or others – squeeze my towel and let it out, let it flow, let it go. I get it! I will keep my towel handy from now on. THANK YOU, JULIA AND ALICE, for creating this book.

[Oh boy, here come new thoughts about my noisy neighbors and the woman who puts blatant signs of patriarchy around the outside of our shared cottage: American flags and stupid things surely made in China. I hate seeing these things.]

Where is my towel?

45 seconds later – my anger has moved through my body and I’m back to a peaceful 0%. Still breathing a little harder. I have never paid such close attention to my own body; this is miraculous.

## Chapter Six

### PRACTICE

Over the next 3 days, observe how you suppress your Anger and how it affects the possibilities that are available to you in your life. Be radically honest with yourself.

These questions might help you with that:

**Tuesday, May 6, 2025**

How much do you create what you want in life?

I have to think about this. Until now, nobody ever asked me such good questions. H m m m m . . . . I want to create a long-lasting friendship with Harriet, one in which I share what I’m learning here and we help each other do a better job of getting out of patriarchy and working online with all the great Archiarchy people.

How much space do you have for yourself?

Physically I have all the space I need living alone in my nice apartment but mentally, I crowd myself out with distracting thoughts about other people – some good, some anxiety-producing. I am rarely just allowing myself to feel ecstatic joy and contentment from clearing my



mind to BE, soaking up love from Earth and the Universe, sitting still, doing nothing, not even playing Solitaire.

What do you want, and do you dare say it?

I want to become a fiercer warrior for Mother Earth using midwifery to share beautiful ways of bringing babies into her embrace.

What's your goal?

Break free from patriarchy. Experience more Archiarchy. Get rid of harmful patriarchal habits and addictions. Be happier. Well, those are four goals, but they are all related.

How much freedom do you have to change your mind?

Tons. But what holds me back? PATRIARCHY! FEAR. My old habit of being a smiling, happy, friendly "good girl."

How clearly can you identify your next step and follow through with it?

I'm pretty good about this but I do sometimes get hung up with distractions like phone calls and emails. I am trying to not answer the phone if I'm busy; I'm trying to shut down my computer for an hour or two when I need to concentrate or relax with a novel. Basically, I hate interruptions.

How often do you speak up, even if people might not approve?

Not often enough. I'm still cowardly, fearful of others' responses to my strong opinions. My Conscious Anger is not fully developed or useful yet. Patriarchal restrictions on women's behavior bind me and my mouth. I'm very judgmental but resist speaking my mind about other people's Earth ignorance and lack of caring enough to do even the simplest things to reduce pollution and waste. I'm afraid of starting an ugly verbal battle. I don't know how to challenge people without creating a little war of words and if I do that, I would feel awful and so would they. Peacekeeping is too strong in me; maybe it's time for me to get my shield and sword and go into battle for Mother Earth.

**Wednesday, May 7, 2025**

How much do you create what you want in life?

I created my new job as a midwife, but I don't create the healthier life I want for myself, and I'm only beginning to learn how to use my Conscious Anger productively.

How much space do you have for yourself?

I am going to have a lot more space when I retire in two years but now that I'm getting so excited about this new culture, I might retire a lot sooner.

What do you want, and do you dare say it?

OK, here goes....I WANT TO RETIRE AFTER ARETHA IS BORN! I have only written it here; once I have taken time to think more about it, and get my feelings settled down, I will dare to let the midwifery association know that after Aretha's birth and postpartum follow-up, I will be retired. They will need to find someone else to help the woman I had scheduled next. Whew! This is huge! I am changing radically, rapidly, and wondrously. I feel euphoric. This exercise has been helping me take giant steps into Archiarchy. Thank you, Julia and Alice!

What's your goal?

My goal, one I have never even imagined a week ago, is to learn how to be a Placeholder, how to do Emotional Healing Processes, participate in Expand the Box trainings, learn what Possibility Management is, join the Beauty Myth Book Club, and explore Heart Gym. I had never heard of these things until I started looking up Archiarchy websites. I mean, I go to LA Fitness gym but Heart Gym? I will find out what that's all about.

How much freedom do you have to change your mind?

I used to think I was trapped, but since I became curious about your work (Julia and Alice) and found The Village at the Heart Gym website, I realize that I have all the freedom in the world to shed my old life and join these amazing people creating a brand new culture for the entire world!

How clearly can you identify your next step and follow through with it?

My next step is to call Harriet and tell her all about this exciting work. I will definitely follow through with this. I'll call her tonight.

How often do you speak up, even if people might not approve?

I can't answer this honestly yet; I have not really tried it, just imagined it. I will need more practice and will let you know when I do this work tomorrow. I am very nervous about this.

**Thursday, May 8, 2025**

How much do you create what you want in life?

I'm really on a roll now that I will be retiring. I will be free to create much more than. So far, I have created an exciting life as an environmental activist and midwife but is that all? I am going to figure out what else I want to create. Look out world, here I come!

How much space do you have for yourself?

This workbook has opened so much space in my heart that I'm not sure how to hold it all. This is unbelievably exciting work. I can do whatever I damn well please from now on!

What do you want, and do you dare say it?

I already mentioned that I will dare say that I'm retiring. What else do I want? Good question....I want to regain my younger "happiness, carefree, fearless" self. YES! That's what I want to do; healthier, too.

What's your goal?

My goal now is to handle all the doctors' appointments my aging body requires and get my strength, agility, and stamina back. I must take better care of myself if my overall goal is to work tirelessly and endlessly for Earth and Archiarchy. Being 58 has its limits but even though I have learned to respect them, I hope to be able to lessen them so I can live the rest of my life more fully and spend a lot more time in Nature.

How much freedom do you have to change your mind?

Actually, I've had plenty of practice in changing my mind but I'm smiling as I write this because I know I will have much more freedom when I retire and live my life in Archiarchy from this day forward.

Already I feel more alive than before I started reading and doing experiments in this book.

How clearly can you identify your next step and follow through with it?

My next step is to write my letter of resignation. No, let me make a phone call to my supervisor first and tell her what I'm doing; then, I will write and send my letter. That's two next steps.

How often do you speak up, even if people might not approve?

Oh god, I'm still not good at this. My chest tightens just writing about this. I am going to move along to my next Practice and see if I can learn more to help me open my mouth when I want to. I guess this is going to be Step #3: speak up even if people might not approve. THANK YOU, ALICE AND JULIA, FOR HELPING ME GET THIS FAR IN STEPPING OUT OF PATRIARCHY AND INTO ARCHIARCHY!

## Chapter Seven

### ALIVENESS SPARK

Learn to use your voice.

You might have noticed that after being with people you feel drained or lower in energy. In that case it could be that something was not working for you. You did not say it because they were your friends or family, and you wanted to be with them “without making a fuss”. Then your only option maybe is to go into victim mode – of being drained, of the others “being so mean”, or something “happening to you”. Consider dropping the victim state, wouldn't that be a powerful possibility? Imagine you chose what you really want and say it out loud? Even unfiltered? Speaking the Unspeakable?

Using your Anger consciously on the New Map is a key. Is this familiar to you: You shrug off a meeting as unsatisfactory because your questions remained unanswered or points weren't addressed? You are left with the thought of “they waste my time” and “this is not for me”? Have you noticed that the complaint or inner dialogue sometimes comes with a delay? Then you might end up skipping meetings that your Being wants to attend because of playing the victim of the parts you do not like about the session.

This leaves the question of how to navigate and honor the more passive and softer parts in us while still also creating what we want?

We found out that rediscovering your voice is necessary. It makes a big difference if you use your voice instead of raising your hand only, hoping someone will by chance look into your direction. If someone asks: “Who wants to be on this team?” or “Who wants to share something?” or “Who starts?” you could answer: “Me!”

You could also use the energy of your Anger to start a conversation by declaring what you are interested in for this conversation, instead of silently observing if the others might or might not speak about what you are interested in.

From our experience, it helps to start in smaller circles and expand your new practice of using your voice to larger groups. . . .

Let us tell you: We would rather have you making a mess than elegantly letting people invade your space. We wish that you can stop your self-doubt and honor your Dignity. In short: We have your back, while you just go! . . .

It takes practice and it is also a really fun journey to be on! You get to create what you want. What a wonderful experience to be the creator of your own reality!

Will you start using your voice?

Try it, try something!

We have your back!

## EXPERIMENT

Ensure that you are present in your physical body and feel your feet firmly on the ground. Then center, ground, and bubble. Connect with your womb. Look around as you stand in the Old Map of Anger, where Anger is not OK. Decide that you are stepping out of the Old Map of Anger into the New Map of Anger. Then make a physical step forward into the New Map of Anger.

Now start making your hands into a fist. You will have to activate some Anger energy for that. Let that energy flow from your fists along your arms into your whole body. Ramp it up a little so that you get a feel of this energy. If it helps, you could remember a time when you were angry recently, and channel it into your body.

After one minute, come back to zero. Do not breathe this energy out. Instead, keep breathing through your nose, with your mouth closed. Let the energy integrate with the intention to put it into your bones. Notice what happens in your body.

### WRITING EXERCISE

Write down what you noticed. On the New Map of Anger, how does the energy of Anger serve you when it is neutral and not laden with your old stories?

It's amazing how calm I feel with the anger that went to my fists ending up in my bones! I never felt this before! Now what I want to do is tell Harriet about this exercise and start using it when I'm with my family or neighbors or in a boring meeting.

Did you experience one or some of these?

- A heat in your body [no]
- Your posture becoming taller [yes]
- Wanting to move or otherwise go into action [no]
- Being clear inside yourself [yes]
- Other: Joy, emotional strength, what a great experiment! I'm going to remember to use this tool when I feel my Conscious Anger growing.

Even if you managed to only activate 1% of Anger, you now have proof that you can consciously start and consciously stop your Anger.

**Congratulations!** You are already bigger than the amount of Anger you just activated.

## Chapter Eight

The more I explore the Archiarchy websites, the more I'm captivated by what I'm finding. So many great things been created over decades by active Archan people already living in the next culture.

Here's an experiment I'm going to try before I move on to different Archiarchy explorations.

## EXPERIMENTS: SPARK041.01

Meta-conversations often begin with an orthogonal question [*unrelated, having no bearing on or connection with the subject at issue, veering off at a right angle*] because orthogonal questions take people's attention and put it somewhere where it was not. If you ask an orthogonal question about the conversation itself, the orthogonal question will take a person's attention outside the boundaries of the conversation. A question about the conversation wakes participants up to the fact that they are not actually imprisoned but are simply trapped in the illusory limits of one particular conversation. Suddenly many other conversations become possible. Here are some examples of orthogonal questions:

What is really going on here?  
What kind of conversation is this?  
Is this gossip? Blame? Triangulation? Low Drama?  
Who is responsible here?  
What are the hidden assumptions you are making?  
What is the purpose being served now?  
What else could you be doing right now?  
What did you forget?  
Who is having this conversation?  
What is the benefit of this conversation?  
Why are you saying this to me?  
What would it take for you to have integrity and be responsible?  
Are you victims?  
What do you really want to do?  
What are you really committed to?  
What else could you be considering right now?  
What really matters here?  
What do you really care about?

The experiment starts with you memorizing three of the above orthogonal questions. Then twice a day pop, drop, slip, flip, or spin outside of the limits of what is being created in a conversation by seriously asking one of your orthogonal questions.

You do not have to know what the new conversation will be before you take apart the present conversation. You just need to sense that something else is wanted or needed. Try to remember that starting a meta-conversation often immediately takes the present conversation into chaos and disorder. You should take care that having a meta-conversation does not feed your Gremlin<sup>10</sup>. If the other people follow your metaconversation they may be a little shocked to find that the previous limits of their investigations are no longer as solid as they were believed to be.

Using the Possibility Wand, orthogonal questions and meta-conversations it is easy to shift perspective to the outside of a conversation. The difficult thing is to remember that having a conversation about the conversation is at any moment possible

## PART 3: Ninth Month

### Chapter One

Good morning, Harriet. How did the training go for your replacement?

Very well, thanks. I think she's going to do a good job once she gets used to it. How about you? How did your Conscious Anger work turn out?

It was wonderful because it helped me decide to retire after Aretha is born and I've made my final postpartum visit. I'm so excited I can hardly sleep imagining how different my life will be with a lot more freedom.

I woke with a wonderful insight. While you and I have been preparing for Aretha's birth, we are also learning about a new culture. You spoke of mystery and we worked on solving that – how patriarchy has harmed women, us in particular. We have felt it in our hearts and our bodies, but now we need to discover how on Earth we can help birth the new culture of Archiarchy in our own lives, and then nourish and grow it like we would a newborn baby.

We can help each other be sprung from the cage men created to ensnare us over millennia. I'm too excited and joyful for words. Now the next mystery to be solved is: HOW ON EARTH DO WE DO THIS? I mean bring it to reality? There are thousands of tools in the Possibility Management website, the Heart Gym website, hundreds of videos, the books we already know about, and there's an entire universe filled with ways to learn, to live, to feel, to think, and it's up to us to find what we need, the people we need in our lives – new people, and if we need to leave old friends and family behind – we do that gracefully and with love.

Where do we begin?

This is what we need to explore, each in our own way, and then we share it with each other. We become a team!

\* \* \*

You and I are Edgeworkers, living between the physical patriarchal world of the United States and the glorious, global world of Archiarchy.

But, Aretha – ARETHA – will be full-out Archan from the moment she leaves your womb. I mean, of course the larger world is still stuck in a man's world but if she learns Archan ways and is raised with all we are learning and experiencing, she will grow up wise, free, and safe. She will know how to use her feelings. She will not accept bullshit and manipulation. She will have a much more beautiful life than either of us have had. This is a miracle! YOU, Harriet, are a Miracle Mother. You



already own *Cavitation*, you already do everything you can to protect Mother Earth and preserve natural resources. You have already discarded many of patriarchy's destructive ways of thinking and being.

Aretha will still encounter unthinking, unfeeling robots living in patriarchy, but she'll show compassion for them as she gets older, she'll start doing what I've been doing – talking with people about Archiarchy. Some will be receptive, others won't, but it won't upset or derail her. She'll know how to handle her feelings and emotions and how to build healthy relationships. She will carry on in her own, special way.

Even by hiring me, you have taken a giant step out of the system. One giant step away from patriarchy; one giant step toward Archiarchy.

And you, Sparkle, have done the same but you have already taken TWO giant steps because you've chosen a humane career and you've done work with your Conscious Anger. I'm glad you shared so much with me; I have learned vicariously.

Do you remember when we were first getting to know each other, you told me you thought our friendship will last past Aretha's birth?

Yes, I remember saying that.

It's true. We are becoming Archan Sisters, not just teammates. Now that our spirits have fled the tyranny of men, we can explore the new culture together. My heart is bursting with Joy and eagerness to live differently, better.

I have become very fond of you since we first met. I can easily imagine you as my sister, despite our age difference. But I am mystified. How do we begin this? Any thoughts?

You have mentioned a few websites. Why don't we each take one? I only have another month before my labor starts so I'll need to do as much as I can before then.

Harriet, this is BRILLIANT! My heart is beating faster and you have taken my breath away. I had never thought of this.

You are already on the path of evolution. The way you have created yourself as a strong, alive, free-thinking woman has laid the foundation to allow Archiarchy to take hold.

And you, Sparkle, with your choice of midwifery and your recent Conscious Anger practices have laid the foundation to allow Archiarchy to take hold in YOU! Which website would you like to explore?

How about if I take Heart Club. What about you?

I'll start with Possibility Management. Plus, I'll keep reading *Cavitation* when I don't want to be on my computer in the evening. How does that sound?

Perfect. It's good to rest as much as you need to. I know you love reading, so you can share some of the things you learn from the book.

This is great! Maybe we can check in with each other on the days you're not here with phone calls or emails.

I like that idea. I'll say farewell for now and look forward to hearing from you when you have something you want to share with me.

## **Chapter Two: Sparkle Heart Gym #1**

### **How to Participate**

#### **Read**

The Heart Gym website

The 4 Feelings website: [4feelings.mystrikingly.com](http://4feelings.mystrikingly.com)

The 4 Emotions website: [4emotions.mystrikingly.com](http://4emotions.mystrikingly.com)

#### **Join the Telegram**

Join the Telegram group and introduce yourself there about your necessity to join the Heart Gym

There you will find the Zoom link to join the practice.

**When & Where We Practice: The Heart Gym meets online via Zoom every Monday through Friday at 11:00 New York time for 30-45 minutes.**

This is a major commitment. I'm going to do the reading before I decide to join fully, which would mean I would need to be free every weekday at 11:00 but I can certainly do this when I retire. Let's see how this goes.

The Heart Gym website is so interesting and complicated with so many links that I simply made comments as I read. I will put my comments in [brackets].

Here I go....

### **The Village at the Heart Gym**

Heart Gym is an online or in-person research and practice space to connect with your Emotional Body, come into Experiential Reality, and practice your Basic Inner Navigation Skills (BINS), while honing your ability to Hold Space and create Intimacy.

Connecting with your Emotional Body requires you to Consciously Feel, which means to feel and distinguish between the Four Feelings – Anger, Sadness, Fear, and

Joy – on purpose. Feelings serve your Being by delivering you energetic information to use to take action in your life for what you care about.

[I feel fear because I really wanted to do Heart Gym and it looks so hard and with my unpredictable midwife schedule, it's impossible to guarantee that I'll be free every weekday at 11 am. I feel sad about this now but I will be able to make that commitment soon enough.]

There are also Four Emotions that deliver you information about what needs healing that you still carry from your past. You may discover some of these healing doorways in the Heart Gym. While this space is not for processing emotions, it can give you hints of where to go deeper into your healing journey, which can be supported by completing Emotional Healing Processes.

If you dare to Consciously Feel, you might think, "I am **terrified**, I don't know how to do this." This would be one of those healing doorways. If you think, "Oh, it is already easy for me to talk about what I am feeling," it is time to come to Experiential Reality.

[I am terrified. It's so hard for me to express my inner feelings; mostly, I'm unaware of them. Imagine how my life would change if I learned how to do this!]

The reality is that *talking* about your feelings is often a mental exercise to numb and avoid what you are feeling. This is called Verbal Reality, where most people spend their lives out of touch with what is really going on. What is real is to *feel* what you are *actually* feeling and let *that feeling*, which is inside of your Heart, speak. In the Heart Gym, you will practice this skill, alongside other BINS such as lowering your Numbness Bar, distinguishing between the Four Feelings, distinguishing between the Four Emotions, Becoming Present with what is, scanning your 5 Bodies (physical, intellectual, emotional, energetic, archetypal), and many more.

[I really need this work; I'm so glad we are doing this. I know it's going to help me *feel* more alive as a woman who has been deadened by patriarchy.]

The Heart Gym uses a number of distinctions from the context of the Possibility Management Gameworld, linked throughout this page. If you get in touch with your Conscious Feelings, and want to go even deeper, you can explore Rage Club, Fear Club, or dive into Authentic Adulthood Initiatory Processes at an Expand the Box,

a 5 day immersive training for taking Radical Responsibility for your life, and all life on Gaia.

The Heart Gym is simply a doorway back to living in deep connection with your Heart, and the Hearts of those around you. Welcome.

Sónia Goncalves delivering the distinction between Verbal and Experiential Reality at <https://youtu.be/zAcXpMvjtb0>.

### **How It Works**

[That is such a great video that I watched it twice. There is a link to contact Sónia at [soniamaiagoncalves@gmail.com](mailto:soniamaiagoncalves@gmail.com). I sent her an email telling her how much I enjoyed learning how she described my own way of being in my head so much (Verbal Reality) v. Experiential Reality. This is important work.]

### **The Practice & Traditions**

The Heart Gym began inspired by a practice called Let Your Heart Speak that came from a Fear Club held by Anne-Chloé Destremau. It has been evolved and adapted into the practice it is today.

[I love Anne-Chloé! I listened to her interview with Julia Neumann SIX TIMES! I'm becoming a huge fan of Archan videos!]

The main spaceholder shares the daily practice with the group at the beginning of the session, and then breakout rooms of two to three people are created that they enter for 20 minutes. In the breakout room, one person will start the practice, and the other person(s) will Hold Space for them, collectively bringing each other deeper into Inner Navigation and exploratory research of the given prompt. **You are continuously encouraged to go deeper into letting your Heart speak, and be on each other's team to do so.** When it has been 10 minutes for the first person to speak, you are notified to bring it to a close, thank your partner, and switch roles.

After the 20 minutes are up, the collective group returns to the main room to share discoveries, Feelings, and Aliveness. At times, a secondary practice is added at the end, such as the "I Hate It Practice," at which point participants can choose to leave the space or stay for the next round that follows a similar format as the first round.

[This is interesting. I say “I hate...” so often, yet I don’t actually feel hatred in my heart. I might feel anger, disgust, extreme dislike (I mean EXTREME dislike) but hatred is such a strong emotion that when I say “I hate...” it’s possible that my vocabulary isn’t adequate.]

## **The Context**

The Heart Gym is a space for:

- Researching what skills are necessary to Inner Navigate
- Using the 4 Feelings distinctions from Possibility Management
- Learning how to feel and connecting with your Emotional Body
- **Coming to Experiential Reality by feeling instead of speaking from Verbal Reality**
- Developing Intimacy and Emotional-Body communication skills by feeling and speaking about what is happening inside of you while being witnessed by someone
- Developing the Basic Inner Navigation Skills (BINS) necessary to get in contact with and communicate from your feelings, may you be new to the Gameworld of Possibility Management or an experienced spaceholder
- Practicing speaking from the Heart
- Practicing the basics of communicating from your feelings in the Small Now [In the moment.]
- Meeting each other in the village
- Opening a doorway for people with any level of Matrix to learn how to feel
- Being a doorway for Archiarchy to unfold
- Valuing Nonmaterial Value first

The Bright Principles of the Heart Gym

- Love
- Integrity
- Being With
- Simplicity
- Possibility

## Chapter Three: Harriet, Possibility Management #1

YIKES! There is so much here, I hardly know where to start. It's like a whole new world just opened up for me at <https://possibilitymanagement.mystrikingly.com/>. I'm so eager to escape from the capitalistic, patriarchal empire I'm living in now. This is how it goes.

New Possibilities Await You

Possibility Management is a global Gameworld providing:

- 3 Phase Healing,
- Authentic Adulthood Initiations,
- Thoughtware Upgrades,
- Transformational Skills, and
- Personal Agency for creating the culture you would love to live in.

You can start where you are.....and help build a new future on Earth together.

*Many would agree that humanity – and the entire web of life – are in a collective moment of great peril. Whether this moment is one of extinction or one of initiation remains to be seen. ~ Ian Mackenzie*

**Authentic adulthood is a potential... not a given.**

**NO ONE CAN GET INITIATED FOR YOU.**

**MORE INTERESTINGLY, NO ONE CAN STOP YOU FROM GETTING INITIATED.**

*"Until you get bigger than your relationship with your mom and your dad, this is where you will be stuck. Every conflict you are in, every tension you feel, every problem you have will come from you still carrying this adolescent baggage. Children have parents. Adults have ancestors. It may be time for you to grow up."*

~ Anne-Chloé Destremau

**Authentic adulthood initiatory processes have no top end... but there is definitely a beginning.**

**For you, that beginning could be NOW.**

Think of this website as a free online e-pathway which is initiatory if you actually do the experiments. This is an Initiation Experimenter's Handbook. The suggestion is to take the time you need to allow your inner workings to shift and evolve. I promise you, it will be worth it.

Each Experiment contains a powerful new Distinction that is too clear for your mind to digest. Instead, the Distinction digests your mind. Each new Distinction has the power to hack your worldview into a different shape and give you a brighter future as a more 'free and natural' Adult. By changing the shape of your worldview, you simultaneously change the shape of the human Morphogenetic Field [*a concept in developmental biology that refers to a specific region of cells in an embryo that can respond to biochemical signals, leading to the formation of tissues, organs, or body parts*] also causing the Earth Coincidence Control Office (E.C.C.O.) to interact with you with more respect. This creates new results in your life.

Isn't that why you are reading this? To get some new results in your life?

### **THE MEANING OF THE TERM 'INITIATION'**

In modern culture's Standard Human Intelligence Thoughtware (S.H.I.T.) the first meaning one might think of for the term 'initiation' is something like 'the admitting of someone into a secret group through ritual which is traditionally painful and often abusive...' This may be a definition that makes your skin crawl and your stomach curdle due to bodily memories of your own personal experiences...

In the Archan culture, the term 'initiation' means 'to start something, to be introduced to a particular skill or activity, the process of beginning'. 'Initiation' is 'a process of being awakening afresh, becoming at source for, becoming the cause of...'

In other words, in the authentic-adulthood-initiation-centered culture of Archiarchy, the term 'initiation' means 'any process that reconnects a human being to their innate ability to start something'. Through participating in certain transformational spaces, through using certain practices and processes and qualities of attention, an initiation introduces a Human Being to the skills of being a creator...

An 'initiation' in Archiarchy is 'any experience after which a person is capable of being more responsible'. This means that Archan initiations change the shape of your Being by building your 'causal body'.

Your life... *"How's it working for you?"*

[I thought my life was working well for me until I discovered *Her Conscious Anger* and Sparkle started sharing what she was learning with me. Now I'm not so sure. And with my "assignment" to read and work with the Possibility Management website, I can see that my life has not been as wonderful as I thought it was. Now that I'm about to bring a baby girl to planet Earth, I realize I'm not even an "authentic adult" yet. That's a scary thought but at least I have discovered a new map for my path of life and am eagerly soaking up lots of new and wonderful information, ideas, feelings, and courage to change; that is the best gift of all – courage to change. I feel my heart blooming as I'm typing this to share with Sparkle.]

This is how important authentic adulthood initiations are in a regenerative culture.

You might want to change your priorities. What would happen if for the next 5 years you made your adulthood initiatory processes your highest priority and let the rest of your life fall where it may? Who might you become? . . .

During initiation you take responsibility for something for which you may never have imagined responsibility could be taken. This puts you at source for that thing.

For example, before you take responsibility for your energetic center you reflexively give your center away to external authority figures as a survival strategy. After you are initiated into Being Centered you consciously decide what you do with your Center. . . .

Have you waited long enough?

[YES! I've waited 22 years but I have many more years to learn how to live in Archiarchy. I'm just beginning and so far I'm loving what I'm learning about myself, my past, my future, my culture. I'm taking baby steps now but my stride will lengthen as I strive to become more real, more ME!]

As Sylvie Guillem says, *"If you spend your life just doing what other people tell you to do, it's not your life. It's their life."*

\* \* \*

### **Initiations In the School Of Lost Borders**

**Gaian Road Team Interview with Gigi Coyle – a guide creating initiatory processes by asking, *"How am I part of the new story...?"***

I just watched Clinton Callahan interviewing Gigi Coyle who does Initiations in the School of Lost Borders (46 minutes and 12 seconds). Clinton asked Gigi to describe both uninitiated and initiated adults.



Of uninitiated adults, she said that they haven't had a good separation from their family of birth so that leaves them living in the dreams of their parents, not acting fully from their own dreams, their own consciousness. Then she enumerated characteristics she noticed about these types of people, who abound in patriarchal culture:

- They are always trying to prove themselves;
- They don't love being students, they want to be the leader;
- They are still trying to get approval; and
- They are pleasers.

Gigi got involved with Rites of Passage for people of all ages. She had missed that herself and was stuck in old patterns, old habits. She wanted to explore the right way to be, the right way to live, and had many experiences with women and wilderness, women in "third world" countries.

She decided to sit on a rock in the river for four days; she listened to the desert; she created her own initiations and noticed that aboriginal communities provide Rites of Passage for their young people – a place to be tested, to be seen, to be heard, to be honored and to be welcomed and invited into a community of responsible adults.

Clinton asked her how she would describe a New Story. She replied, "People deeply listen; they learn how to care for themselves, how to care for each other, how to care for this planet. By deeply listening and asking questions, I'm living the New Story but it's really an old new story."

Gigi spent a year "being nobody," not organizing groups and not showing up as a guest speaker or host, but as an ordinary person, being and observing.

*For over 40 years, the School of Lost Borders has provided vision fasts, guides, trainings, and other programs that offer initiatory, transformational experiences to those seeking growth, insight, and restoration. Our participants are of various ages, lifestyles, and cultures.*

*Our headquarters are in Payahuunadü, also known as the Owens Valley in California, which is ancestral and contemporary land of the Nüümü and Newe people. Our courses expand from the deserts of California, New Mexico, and Arizona, to the Rocky Mountains, to diverse landscapes across continents. Please visit our Cultural Relations page for more information about the School's commitment to regenerative relationships with people and place.*

*The School of Lost Borders has an organizational model of representational governance that incorporates guides, administration, and Board perspectives in its decision-making and evolving vision.*

*The School resides in the living room of each guide and on the land of each basecamp.*

One day when Aretha is old enough, we can watch this video and see if she wants to go there with me. This sounds like the kind of “school” that is really important. I have a feeling we would both learn a lot, plus a trip to the West Coast would be extraordinary. Maybe Sparkle would like to join us for a Great Adventure?

## Chapter Four: Sparkle: Heart Gym #2

### FOUR Feelings: Your Rocket Fuel for Life.

#### There Is Value In Consciously FEELING YOUR FEELINGS?

##### The heart can think?

##### Feelings have intelligence?

Yes. Yes. Yes. But, it is best to answer these questions for yourself, experientially...

*"The idea that we can think with our hearts is no longer just a metaphor, but is, in fact, a very real phenomenon. We now know this because the combined research of two or three fields is proving that the heart is the major center of intelligence in human beings. Molecular biologists have discovered that the heart is the body's most important endocrine gland."*

*"In response to our experience of the world, it produces and releases a major hormone, ANF – which stands for Atrial Natriotic Factor – that profoundly effects every operation in the limbic structure, or what we refer to as the "emotional brain." This includes the hippocampal area where memory and learning take place, and also the control centers for the entire hormonal system. **And neurocardiologists have found that 60 to 65% of the cells of the heart are actually neural cells, not muscle cells as was previously believed.**" ~ Joseph Chilton Pearce, researcher, author of *Magical Child, From Magical Child To Magical Teen, Magical Child Matures*, and many other useful books.*

## Anja Rudolf interviews Clinton Callahan about this incredible distinction of 4 Feelings

This was such a great video because the man who began creating the possibility for another culture to follow patriarchy was the one being interviewed. He explains everything so clearly and patiently. When Anja was describing her sweaty palms, her heart going “bump” a lot more than usual, her breath being very short, and having a dry mouth, she asked Clinton to help her distinguish what these physical symptoms meant. She wasn’t sure if it was a feeling or an emotion.

He answered, “You were having thoughts; thoughts can be mixed together to make a story, and a story can cause feelings. You believe your own story and it triggers your emotional body to create sensations. It’s so easy to tell the difference between feelings and emotions; emotions last longer than three minutes. . . Humans are so sensitive and we can have millions of intensities, qualities, sensations of feelings and emotions (mad, sad, joy, and scared). Your heart can perceive all the different shades of feelings and emotions.” Just like the four primary colors (red, blue, green, yellow) can create an infinity of shades, our hearts can create an infinity of feelings.

“What you were feeling is an exact description of one of the four feelings; which one is it?”

“Fear,” she replied without hesitation.

“What intensity?” he asked. “We have a feelings detector in our heart, and it can tell you what feeling it is and what intensity, from 0 to 100%. Our bodies are designed to experience and express 0 to 100% of these four feelings, or combinations of them.

He went on to say that modern culture wants us to NOT feel.

\* \* \*

Now, Harriet, this is what I want you to know about me after watching this interview. I live inside an egg with my survival strategies still working from childhood. I developed them to remain safe in all circumstances. I could have broken out of my shell earlier and been able to use my feelings to live my life fully alive! If I had any notion of how useful both feelings and emotions could be, they would have guided me to follow the path I could have been on if this had happened to me 40 years ago. I would have had an initiation into adult womanhood. I would

have used my feelings and emotions to make better decisions and to create the things I was born to create without being stifled by living in a world ruled by men. I would have started breaking rules earlier and learning how to enjoy life more deeply, more enthusiastically without all the fear built up by 58 years trying to protect myself.

Remember a while ago, I told you I used to be “HAPPY, CAREFREE, AND FEARLESS?” After watching this video, I understand that being “fearless” is foolish. If my body is trying to warn me about an upcoming danger of any kind, big or small, I need to pay attention to my fear so that I can take the appropriate action. I had not known this before.

The best lesson I got from Anja’s interview with Clinton is: COME WAY MORE ALIVE!

Aretha is the luckiest baby in the world! She will be raised with Archiarchy’s Bright Principles such as Abundance, Aliveness, Growth, Learning, Love, Inclusion, Clarity, Kindness, Possibility, Acceptance, Respect, Joy, Communion, Commitment, Impeccability, Creation, Winning Happening, Healing, Transformation, Openness, Communication, Relationship, Practice, Service, Appreciation, Fitness, Hospitality, Generosity, and Authenticity. She will have an initiation into adult womanhood when she is 18 so she will never live as an adult woman under patriarchy’s oppressive treatment of women, and she will blossom.

I know you will raise her well.

\* \* \*

## **FOUR FEELINGS**

We have been discovering that human beings have only four feelings: Anger, Sadness, Fear, and Joy.

The four primary feelings are like the primary colors from which all other colors can be made.

Many people ask what about shame, or disgust? Aren't those feelings too?

Our research is showing that shame is a phantom emotional experience created by mixing together three of the core emotions:

- Anger that you were caught by a system or an authority person carrying a rule-book with so many restrictions.
- Sadness that you are not allowed to be like you want to be.

- Fear of being punished for what you did or what you are, or fear that you might never escape the system or person or rule book.

We find that when a person **unmixes** their three emotions of shame into its component parts of anger, sadness, and fear, then the shame experience disappears immediately.

The same is true for jealousy, greed, guilt, envy, resentment, disgust, etc.

Only four feelings? That's it?

This is often great news, especially for men!

A feelings conversation does not have to be loud, twisted, or confusing! With internal experiential clarity about feelings, the conversation can be clear, simple, and tremendously productive. Clearly communicating about your feelings and emotions establishes deep connections between people almost instantly. Learning how to clearly communicate your feelings and emotions does not take so long.

\* \* \*

Derrick Jensen's video: "No, Your Feelings are NOT Valid."

"Derrick Jensen does not distinguish between feelings and emotions, but we [in Archiarchy] do! What he describes here are emotions."

I love how Derrick is holding a fluffy, gray, sleeping cat on his lap. In other videos I've watched, there is often a dog walking around. It's clear that he loves animals.

At an early part of this video, Derrick checked the definition of "Valid." His theory is that people use their feelings to validate their beliefs without them being based in fact. He talks about different layers of reality and how many of them interact in his mind all at once and his thoughts shift and his "senses bring in all sorts of things."

In searching for truth, he said, "I always go back as far as I can to first principles. "WHAT AM I TALKING ABOUT? What is really going on? and then trying to peel back the layers of projection."

If he's having an argument he tries to "unpack what feelings I'm having" and sometimes it ends with "DOUBLE WHACK." If the person said something that triggered old, bad memories, he would be whacked in the present and whacked again in the past when those feelings were reactivated.

“It’s always helpful to try to unpack what is coming from the actual physical reality in front of us and what is coming from all our baggage in the past; what has been handed to us by society and based on physical reality and what beliefs are based on cultural eyeglasses or passed on [from] our own personal prior woundings. Every day this culture provides examples of its extreme narcissism and the belief that anybody’s feelings are more valid than reality is an extreme sign of this culture’s narcissism.”

\* \* \*

I am learning so much from this pre-requisite for joining Heart Gym. I need to slow myself down to appreciate and absorb all this feeling work. It’s a lot.

In thinking about my own life, I admit that sometimes I get really more pissed than a situation warrants. It must be because of what I now know about my childhood ways of protecting myself and being safe. I was never beaten, abused, or threatened; my life was pretty good, other than the fact that my parents got divorced when I was very young and my sister and I often found ourselves in the middle of our parents’ lawsuits over money or child support or things like that, which we were too young to understand. Sometimes we got in trouble because, as children, we had not mastered the science of silence and even as teens, we weren’t used to deception. It wasn’t easy. We also had two entirely different homes, one of which moved frequently, the other (Mom’s) was stable. Dad’s was stable, too, but whenever he or my other mother changed jobs or they upgraded apartments to rental houses, they moved.

Now that I think back and am becoming more aware of my feelings, it’s clear that my sister and I had to be very flexible and secretive about what was going on in each home. We just did whatever we needed to as we switched several times a year from one home (and one state) to another without really understanding the implications these circumstances would have later in life.

Doing these Heart Gym experiences has actually made my chest tighten up as I’m typing this. I know it’s an emotion, a very old one, like 53 years old. I was five when Dad left Mom and us.

I’ll try describing what’s going on in my physical body. I actually feel my blood flowing all over, limbs and torso. Gee, I have never, ever noticed this. It’s bizarre. This paying attention. This feeling is even in my fingertips as I’m typing! Like Anja’s above, my breath is shallow. Palms not sweaty, mouth dry. FEAR. Yes, it’s fear.

OK, let me get through this. What am I afraid of? (deep breath, exhale loudly twice, eyes closed)....MY BODY IS TALKING TO ME! This is a miracle. I get it, Clinton!!!!!!!!!! THANK YOU.

I'll close here and take a break from this reaction to very old emotions. I'm not really sure what I'm afraid of.

## Chapter Five: Harriet, Possibility Management #2

**Gaian Road Team Interview with Donna Summerville at [www.nextculture.org](http://www.nextculture.org).**

"Donna Summerville is delightful, an extraordinary Next Culture Healer from Ojai, California. In this rare Interview she shares with the audience, what was given to her. While you listen to the video you can experience the Healing Power which is running through her system. Enjoy!"

Sparkle, you have got to watch this video! It's 43 minutes and 3 seconds long; by minute 22, I had such a deep sense of inner peace just listening to Donna describe her healing work. If you (or I) ever feel frazzled, this is one way to become unfrazzled.

Donna is a bridge builder for people to take evolutionary steps toward Next Culture personally, helping them make the leap from the existing culture and all it's drawbacks to Archiarchy. "I know that this is magic; when people come together serendipitously with great beauty, magic happens," she said. [*I love her already.*]

Clinton asked her how she provides service. "It's spirit-guided. When somebody asks what I do, I can't tell them because I don't really know what I'm going to do. What I do is listen to what their needs are, not what I think they need, and I ask inside, pray a lot, what will best serve that person's development, their growth, their soul, their enlightenment. And then magic happens. You don't give people your worries, your fears; you give them hope and courage and confidence."

Then he asked her what are the new challenges today [2013]. What are you seeing, what do people really need?

"God. Crises are forcing people to come together. We're actually mutating. Technology is changing our brains; people are learning to multi-task. It's a good feeling to be alive at this time; this is *power time*. This is a time of hope, of great beauty, this is a time of loving life, not fearing life, and that's what I teach."

[*By this time, I was spellbound.*]

Donna had extraordinary parents, and they brought Donna into the world for us, automatically possessing inherited and learned characteristics of a spirit healer. She said, "Mind stuff is crap." She's all about spirit and energy flow.

“We’re already one, there is no separation; we just forgot,” she explained.

“People are crippled; they bent their souls to fit into some pattern given to them by society or the media,” Clinton said, then asked how she helps her clients get out of these patterns.

“You can’t hammer down a person’s defenses. You have to embrace them and make them feel safe and help them release them in their time. That takes a lot of patience and love, a lot of love,” she answered.

Clinton wanted her to describe the culture Donna lives in, a different kind of human presence on Earth. “What do you see?”

“A willingness to not be afraid of one’s own pain, the necessity to love even if it hurts. It takes maturity and grace to love someone who’s not so loveable. I’ve been, until recently, a bit of a hermit for 30 years so I could go through my own healing,” Donna replied. She was 65 at the time of this interview and had had five near-death experiences and lots of pain; she couldn’t walk very well and often had to use a cane. “I was going down,” she said.

Her answer, her personal healing? “Divine love. Just open up to the divine.”

## **Chapter Six: Sparkle, Heart Gym #3**

### **Inclusion as a Dance**

Anne-Chloé Destremau and Clinton Callahan were invited to the Global Ecovillage Network Online Gathering on November 8 to 9, 2020. They talk about feelings as a resource for connection and the practice of admitting the fears that block connection.

\* \* \*

Harriet, you have got to watch this video before Aretha arrives. It’s 1 hour, 40 minutes, and 17 seconds long and every minute is valuable from the beginning when Clinton is playfully teaching Anne-Chloé and those who had shown up early for the “dance” how to configure their mouths to make the sound of popcorn popping. What a great way to start an otherwise serious talk on the Four Feelings!

Many of the people were drawn to the video because of the word “Dance” but in reality, the only actual dance was done hurriedly during the final seconds when one woman realized they had not physically danced, moving their bodies. As for me, I just was doing my Heart Gym exercise with no anticipated outcome. Participants were from all over the world. Clinton said, “The dance of feelings is inside of us, going on all the time. We’re going to dance together.” You’ll get the idea when you watch the whole thing.



What I decided to do instead of rehashing my notes is to actually put myself into the experiences the participants were having by setting my phone for three minutes and writing down all my feelings for each of the four emotions.

Ready? Here goes:

Where is my phone???

Got it; now I'm ready.

ANGRY:

I am angry because so many trees are being cut down

I am angry because men are destroying my world

I am angry because I don't know how to express my feelings

I am angry because my family lives in another culture

I am angry that my friends in Africa suffer so much

I am angry that rich white men rule the world

I am angry that trump won

I am angry that I have trouble losing weight

I am angry that I even think it's important to lose weight

I am angry that patriarchy has made me nervous

I am angry that patriarchy has made me feel like rushing everywhere

I am angry that wildlife perishes when forests are clearcut

SAD:

I am sad because I love the Earth so much and it's being destroyed

I am sad when one of the women I'm helping has a miscarriage

I am sad that sometimes one of the women I'm helping has too much pain

I am sad that my friends and family buy bottled water

I am sad that dolphins and whales washed up dead on our beaches

I am sad that the baby orangutan died at the end of Michael Moore's 'Planet of the Humans' documentary

I am sad that I have so many problems brought on by patriarchy

I am sad that my grandmothers and their grandmothers became domestic slaves

I am sad that I became a domestic slave  
I am sad that Stephen died  
I am sad that I don't have a loving husband now

SCARED:

I am afraid of getting really sick  
I am afraid of needing surgery  
I am afraid of falling  
I am afraid that my mother will get cancer  
I am afraid that my father will get cancer  
I am afraid that I will get cancer  
I am afraid that I will get sued  
I am afraid that developers will kill more trees  
I am afraid that I'm not doing enough to help everyone  
I am afraid to speak my mind  
I am afraid of hurting people's feelings  
I am afraid of wildfires in forests

GLAD:

I am glad I'm a midwife  
I'm glad I had a wonderful husband  
I'm glad I love my midwife work  
I'm glad I will retire soon  
I'm glad I have good glasses  
I'm glad I know some things about keeping healthy  
I'm glad I can swim in a pool during the winter  
I'm glad I know so many wonderful women  
I'm glad that I'm discovering Archiarchy  
I'm glad that so many people loved that video and shared their feelings  
I'm glad I'm learning how to feel my feelings  
I'm glad Clinton started this whole movement

I'm glad I'm doing this exercise

I'm glad Harriet hired me

I'm glad I will be helping bring an Archan baby girl into the world

Harriet, I hope you'll love this YouTube as much as I did and will experience the experiment I just did. It's a good one!

## **Chapter Seven: Harriet, Possibility Management #3**

Today I watched How to Live in Archiarchy Study Group 135. These happen every week; there are other Study Groups, but this is the one I love because I'm just beginning to learn Archan ways and I want to get a feel for it before Aretha is born.

This gathering was really interesting. There were two placeholders, Clinton and Vera, and about seven of us. As we were talking, Clinton and Vera said things to us that helped us better understand how conversations and life go in Archiarchy. One example is that at some point, I said, "I should..." and Vera promptly reminded me that there is no "should" in the new culture. Words like "should" are from patriarchy and expectations or rules from someone else about what I want to do or need to do; I am the only one who decides those things. It was a good, gentle, clear reminder of something I had forgotten.

Clinton told us that he had tried to arrange a Zoom meeting with two women and when he asked if he could record it (as they usually do to post on websites so others can watch the videos when it's more convenient), he was met with resistance because one woman said she would be "uncomfortable." Clinton explained that the desire to be "comfortable" is not an Archiarchy value. Some of this work is very uncomfortable because we go deep into old wounds and do our best to escape from deadly old habits, which require a lot of hard work.

In Brene Brown's<sup>11</sup> talk 'The Call to Courage,' she tells her adoring audience that when she wakes up every day, she tells herself, "Today I'll choose courage over comfort." She continued by discussing how white people can feel uncomfortable having discussions with people who are targeted by racism, homophobia, heterosexism, and gender bias. She tells the "uncomfortable" ones to listen and learn from the others, not to hold those people accountable. Their discomfort is the definition of privilege. "It just doesn't work that way. Of course, you're going to get your ass handed to you in these conversations and the whiter, straighter, Christian-majority-culture you are, the more mistakes you're going to make."

In Archiarchy, we are learning how to make an elegant bridge from old culture to new culture. When we have these Zoom meetings with people from around the world, we are investing our time and attention and getting food for our souls, and we can always watch recorded videos later.

We talked about celebrating the train wrecks of our lives because they mean we have new opportunities to start something brand new with Radical Freedom. When our lives fall apart, we feel like we're in a straitjacket all tied up – arms, legs, torso – we can't move freely. Clinton said, "You have a choice to be dead or scared." Right! Especially with all these tools and all these Zoom meetings, we will be supported and find our way out of the swamp.

Naturally I looked up <http://radicalfreedom.mystrikingly.com/> and found this:

Are you still under pressure even when no one is around?

Are you manipulating yourself to do what you already want to do?

Are you still being adaptive to voices in your head?

Radical Freedom is about leaving all that childhood and adolescence Survival Strategy stuff behind, and starting over at Absolute Zero on your own Path.

I swear, there is a website for EVERYTHING IMAGINABLE with Archiarchy. I LOVE IT! This is exactly where I'm at now. As we enter Archiarchy, Sparkle and I are withdrawing from our old lives of political activism and protests and devoting our full energy to becoming Archan women.

## Part 4

### Chapter One

#### **An Archan Baby is Born.**

*(Note from Iona)* I had trouble finding a woman who had had a non-water home birth to write this chapter and then found Selina Frei on an Archiarchy Telegram group. When I asked Selina if she knew anyone with a home birth who could help me write this part of my book, she told me she had just had a non-water home birth five weeks ago. Aretha's home birth would have been fictionalized but Luan is a real baby boy born into Archiarchy.

I literally cried when I finished reading her story it was so beautiful.

### Chapter Two

#### **My archetypal communitarian birth initiation with Luan.**

By Selina Frei, Mexico

*With trembling fingers, I will share with you all the tremendously beautiful and touching birth experience I went through 5 weeks ago.*

*I want this experience of a woman giving birth in such a powerful and loving environment (Inla Kesh) to be accessible – as my contribution for a new information about empowered, natural birthing.*

*I take a stand for the new babies, the new life, to be received in dignity, love, tenderness, and respect.*

\* \* \*

Five weeks ago, Luan took the big step of leaving his cozy home in my belly and coming a little more into earthly existence.

He announced his arrival weeks before the birth with gentle waves (contractions). This was new for me, as Aru, my first son, came two weeks earlier than planned and had not announced himself in advance. So I was able to relax more deeply with each practice wave and prepare myself for the transition.

I had gentle waves throughout the night from January 27 to 28. In the morning they came every 10 minutes, more and more rhythmically. David, Aru, and I took a last moment of intimacy between the three of us and had breakfast together in bed.

Lamina, my dear friend who had traveled from Switzerland to Mexico to be with me and accompanied me before, during and after the birth with all her love and incredible ability to hold space, massaged my back and helped me to open up completely and let go for the start of the birth.

Tears streamed down my face, knowing that the magical time of pregnancy was now coming to an end. The sadness helped me to let go and say goodbye to the deep physical symbiosis I had enjoyed with Luan.

As I had spent a lot of time during my pregnancy thinking about birth and womanhood, I knew what a positive effect a lively sexuality and presence in my vagina had on the birth. So David and I took our time and opened the birth with a love ritual.

Then there already arrived the midwife Valentina, and her helper Laura. All the lovely people of the Inla Kesh community were busy carrying out the task I had asked them in advance.

The women decorated our aula with large white flowers, candles, altar, mattress, cloths, exercise ball, birth bath and fragrant scents. The aula is our auditorium, a big, round room where we met for dancing, ceremonies, processes, etc.

Outside in front of the auditorium, the men lit a large fire, which burned throughout the birth. We all gathered around the fire to open the birth ceremony together.

Intentions, prayers and feelings were placed into the fire.

A light rain drizzled around us. The sun occasionally shone brightly between the clouds. A gentle wind made the leaves of the trees around us rustle and the crowns sway back and forth. All the elements were present on this Sunday.

Dried tobacco leaves were traditionally added to the fire as we spoke our intentions and wishes.

I thanked the little being in my belly again for the time in deep physical connection. The tears ran down my cheeks again as I let my heart be touched by the magnitude of this miracle.

Aru jumped back and forth excitedly, bringing wood for the fire and sitting close to my side again and again. He obviously sensed that a big change was imminent - and that he would soon be a big brother. He was allowed to be with his beloved Nonna (Corina) during my birth.

Cacao was poured into cups and passed around.

This was the moment when David, I and the midwives retreated to the assembly hall.

The waves were still coming gently at 10-minute intervals.

The midwives checked my blood pressure, pulse and body temperature and left us alone to create our intimate energetic birthing space. David lit the candles and I darkened the room. I then sat on the bed and sounded each wave with deep "OOOOO"s, which I vibrated into my pelvic floor. The sound was beautiful. As with the first birth with Aru, it was the medium that allowed me to transform the enormous power of the contractions of my uterus. I felt no pain as I welcomed each wave and surrendered to the intensity. I was completely confident in expressing whatever was there, allowing the forces to flow freely.

Guitar sounds and singing reached my ears softly from the fire outside. I was told later that Oliver hadn't put his guitar down once.

Slowly, my perception of the time and space around me faded. Now, in retrospect, there are only memories of different scenes:

David's harp playing enveloped me and Lamina, who sat closely behind me, gently rocking me from side to side.

Valentina and Laura checking on me from time to time, taking my pulse and blood pressure and making sure I was hydrated. It was getting dark outside, the candles shone brightly and powerfully.

On the altar was the birth picture that I had painted over the last few months.

I was the woman in the picture. Luminous, introverted, soft, opening up, centered and present. There was no tomorrow and no yesterday. There were only the waves and the silence in between.

With each wave, I sank inwardly down to my cervix. I saw a glowing circle in front of me, which widened with each long "OOOO".

David didn't leave my side once. He sang along with me in his powerful voice. I could feel him very close, attentive and calm at the same time.

Suddenly my body began to tremble. The waves became stronger and came at shorter intervals. I have rarely experienced such uncontrolled shaking all over my body. It was as if my body was asking me to give up control completely. My mind panicked: "How long have I actually been in labor? Is it going too slowly? How far along am I already? How much longer can I go? What if I can't give birth at all? I don't know how that works..."

My anxiety was building up. I shared my thoughts and feelings with my companions. Lamina encouraged me to welcome the shaking in my body and to surrender completely. She said this was a totally intuitive and wise way for my body to handle the intensity and fear. She also reminded me that I had wished for a gentle and relaxed birth – and that things would progress a little more slowly and relaxed accordingly.

The midwives checked my vitals again and reassured me that everything was going well.

At my request, I lay down on the bed with David and he held me close. I relaxed. Everything is fine the way it is. The adrenaline in my body dropped. And the magical hormone oxytocin, which is released through relaxation and love, naturally increased the contractions.

Soon after, the waves were too strong to stay lying down and so I once again sought out the positions, movements and sounds to which the waves were moving me.



I had asked Lamina to hold the energetic space during the birth. She did this wonderfully. And so she intuitively sensed that there were too many people in the room. She asked everyone to leave David and I alone.

That was the turning point of the transition phase. The fear disappeared and I became more focused and clearer with every wave. The one-on-one intimacy with David was exactly what I needed to move on to the next phase. I took my pants off. And dared to feel how far my cervix was already. I couldn't draw any clear conclusions and regretted not having practiced feeling my cervix during my pregnancy.

The waves crashed over me and came one after the other at ever shorter intervals. Suddenly the midwives were there again.

Now everything happened quite quickly. Valentina was visibly surprised at my condition, she hadn't expected things to progress so quickly.

My amniotic fluid broke. The placenta detached – which was evident from the blood that came with the water. Now the baby was coming.

I no longer had any doubts. Squatting down, I gripped the sling that Corina had hung from the ceiling with both hands. I could feel my baby's head moving through my pelvis. Lamina hugged me and held me from behind. Her warm presence and love filled me with deep trust. David and the midwives knelt in front of me.

The sheet felt like a connection to heaven, which gave me the strength to help my child slide into his father's hands with the last contractions.

I saw myself kneeling there, my arms stretched upwards and it seemed to me as if two large wings were growing out of my sacrum.

It was 11:40 pm. David handed me the small, warm, perfect human being that had just come out of me. I took off my sweater, which I was still wearing, and placed the little bundle on my bare chest. The first thing I noticed were the incredibly alert eyes with which Luan looked around. He was very calm and relaxed, quickly found my breast and started sucking vigorously.

Valentina massaged my tummy and helped me to deliver the placenta.



\* \* \*

I had an epidural with my first son ("saddle block") so I could see him being born. It was miraculous watching him begin life! Even this was a pretty "radical" thing to do 59 years ago. The pregnant women I knew back then had been knocked out, but admittedly I wasn't in the midst of alternative-thinking people then. My only regret was that I didn't have my glasses on.

Here's what happened when I went into labor with my second son. Being on the natural side of things 55 years ago, I went to a special OB/GYN doctor who was affiliated with a small, local hospital which allowed "rooming in," where my baby could stay in a bassinette in the room with me during the day, so I could nurse him and care for him, but I think they might have taken him to the nursery during the night so I could sleep. Not all hospitals were set up for this. (I had never even heard of home births back then.)

When it was time for us to head to the hospital I had chosen, the maternity floor was full, and we had to drive quickly to Perth Amboy. I vividly remember when they came into my room with a gas mask. I told them I didn't want to be gassed; I wanted to see my baby born, like I had seen my first son emerging from my body. They kept putting the mask over my face until I went out cold. I remember nothing about his birth. Thank god he's fine but it was one of the worst moments of my life.

## Conclusion

Something I didn't realize I was missing until now was a group of women who share my values and with whom I can speak openly about things that bother me. The women who have been living in Archiarchy for a while, and even newcomers, help me deal more effectively with my feelings and emotions. I love being with them, even if it's only on Zoom. I have found a home with them; they are my Archan sisters and a few brothers. Basically, in my daily life, I'm surrounded by women and men so deeply entrenched in patriarchy that I don't even know how to have a real conversation with them. When I feel like sharing some of my joy, they look at me strangely and close down; they don't seem to get it, but I keep trying.

I feel awake, wide awake! I'm in a Rage & Fear Club learning how to use and express my anger. It's stimulating, wonderful, and hard work for me.

There is a lot of material in this book, dozens of resources. Do you feel like you might be drowning in Archiarchy thoughts and experiences? I do sometimes but I just keep swimming. All this "work" doesn't feel like work at all. I have grown to prefer Clinton's books to romance novels, Possibility Management and 4FEELINGS videos to Sandra Bullock's movies. My life is really changing. Once I realized that I could create my own gameworld, I decided that I am living in the Nanonation of Iona and learning how to hold my bubble space and not let annoying neighbors bother me (too much).

WHOOOPS! When I was proofreading this opus, I looked up "Nanonation" in the Distinctionary and learned that it needs three people. I will need to find two others and we will need a new name for our Nanonation, which we will create collectively. For now, I will continue thinking and feeling that I am living in the Nanonation of Iona, since for years and years, I have known that I'm living in my own world anyhow. Now it has a name! I like it here!

Sometimes I feel like the Sorcerer's Apprentice in the Disney film "Fantasia." I can still picture Mickey Mouse with his broom, wearing the Sorcerer's cap and trying to stop the flood of water pouring onto the floor. That's pretty much what I've done to myself by trying to soak up as much Archiarchy material and Zooms as I could. Now my plan is to "retire" for a year from activism and use my time working on becoming an Archan woman at a leisurely pace. I feel my body instantly relax typing this.

I tried to start an international Archiarchy Study Group on May Day 2025. One African friend was 12 hours early but didn't reappear on time despite my email alert, and an African climate activist was 12 hours late. Time zones have always been a problem. We had a nice meeting with old friends, but nobody was interested in forming an ongoing Study Group or any group at all. I heard

a song with these words, "Let's pretend it's not the end of the world" and I feel fear that this is what most people are doing; they are not facing reality and playing their part in changing things. They are too comfortable and too ignorant. They are not accepting the fact that in many ways, this could be the end of the world, at least for humans. For thousands of creatures going extinct, it actually *is* the end of their world.

While I was writing this book and doing experiments, I kept a Diary of my personal work to share with you, so you get a sense of how it's going with me as I leave patriarchy and immerse myself in Archiarchy.

In the past 12 years, I have fallen in love with the entire continent of Africa. I'm sure my Quaker ancestors were involved in the Underground Railroad and in my own way, I have imagined myself carrying on Harriet Tubman's work in the world today. We collectively have helped get some of our African friends through surgery and other debilitating circumstances. Even in my very low-income situation, I just finished sending \$50 a month for a year to one man whose life was unimaginably horrible, and he was left being the sole caretaker for a six-year-old girl, the only survivor in her family of five.

One thing I want people living in rich countries to know is how desperately my African friends struggle without necessary funding. My heart cries for them; they are wonderful people doing wonderful work. I have done all I can do, sending thousands of my own money and thousands of my friends' and family's money but I can't continue. It was great when I was running an official 501(c)(3) and their donations were tax-deductible but for the past two years, it's been just me and my friends, and we're tapped out. I don't have the energy to even ask anyone to help anymore, even though I still get urgent requests for financial help.

If you happen to be on the rich side of life and you know how to use Remitly or World Remit, please contact me and tell me who you would like to help, and I'll connect you with them. You can read dozens of stories by wonderful African friends in the newspapers I published for 16 ½ years at [www.ionaconner.com](http://www.ionaconner.com).

Over the years, I have become very close to some of them and trust them explicitly. If your heart tells you that you need to do something, please email me at [ionaconner@pa.net](mailto:ionaconner@pa.net) and I'll help you help them. We have so much and they have so little.

My final words to you are: LIVE THE LIFE YOU WANT TO LIVE!

## My Diary While Writing This Book

May 4, 2025

I just did the most wonderful thing! I swam in the Metedeconk River. My River. 40 years ago, I lived on this beautiful river, got divorced, moved away, and when I returned five years and five months ago, I couldn't find a public place to swim that wasn't posted or privately owned. I had promised my son that I would only swim in the ocean when lifeguards were on duty. Sometimes, I get knocked down and have trouble getting up, so I honor his request. The river is calm and easier for me.

Yesterday I discovered Riverwalk Refuge, only a few miles away. I walked through the woods on a path with boards in muddy sections and balanced on them. I really need to work on balance at 79. Nobody else was there. The path ended in a serene, secluded cove surrounded by marsh grass, basically a private little corner of the world just for me! The idea of coming back tomorrow delighted me.

\* \* \*

It's "tomorrow." I was so excited I could hardly sleep so after five hours in bed, I got up, had coffee, checked emails, showered, and instead of getting dressed, put on my bathing suit, sweatpants, beach cover-up, shoes and socks – got my backpack, goggles, hair scrunchie, beach towel, water, purse and keys, locked the door, and gleefully took off.

I wanted to plunge all the way in no matter how cold it might be and expected to be the only one there, as I was yesterday. I wasn't. A fisherman in hip boots was about 200 yards out. I took off my outer clothes, positioned my scrunchie and goggles, and waded in without saying a word. He turned his head enough to notice my presence, but didn't speak.

Once I was waist high, I dove in fully. The water was chilly but not cold and shallow enough that I knew I wouldn't get in trouble. I swam a few strokes far enough away from him that I hoped I didn't scare any fish, then floated for a few seconds, and got out. It was all I needed to do.

I took my goggles off, wrapped the towel around my waist, grabbed my things, walked up the incline, wiped off my sandy feet, put my socks and sneakers back on, hoisted my backpack, and had a lovely walk back through the woods. When I reached the parking lot, I prayed to be invisible to people in passing cars so word wouldn't get out that this is a swimming place. I got in my car quickly and, with a gigantic grin, drove home.

I had waited five years and five months to find a place to swim in my river.

DONE!

## May 5

I just watched "Growing Broke: Forever Chemicals Tainting Food Supply, Destroying U.S. Farms" with Erin Brockovich. It's horrifying. I sent the link to my family with the subject line: You need to watch this, and to the local environmental officials with the subject line: Maybe you know this already? Then I sent it to my wonderful, young organic farmer friends. I hope all these people read it and then forward the link to everyone they know.

The compounds in question are called poly- and perfluoroalkyl substances, or PFAS. They are typically used in fire retardants, oil and water repellents, furniture, waterproof clothes, take-out containers, and non-stick cookware. The film says it's in meat and dairy products as well as plastic food wrap. I have been at war with plastic for several months and when I go shopping, avoid plastic in any form as much as possible; this greatly limits what I buy. I especially hate seeing all the plastic boxy things in the bakery and produce sections. For decades, I have boycotted laundry detergent in plastic jugs; instead, I buy the large cardboard box of Tide but I just learned that Tide contains PFAS. Geeezzzz, we can't win! Today I ordered a Patchouli laundry powder in a compostable container from Black Cauldron Soap company. It's 100% natural and requires much less powder per load.

Here's an email Nicole just sent.

*This was one of the most depressing films I've ever watched. Knowing that we now have tons of PFAS in our bodies and there's nothing we can do. All farmers all over the U.S. are facing these problems. I cried when the farmer said he had to shoot his 80 cows!*

*Even organic food isn't safe. FUCKING EPA and other government agencies that have put money over the health of millions of people and animals! And also continue to do nothing about it. Depressing! Maddening!*

*I did some research on PFAS in the U.S. and the world.*

*Well, I'm not totally shocked by this. I knew a lot of chemicals were out there and in our food and on our farms and land that they didn't know were as bad as they are, but most commonly, they DID know and remained silent while continuing to rake in enormous profits. I did notice dots on several maps I looked at representing PFAS contamination. It is way worse from the East Coast... almost the entire East Coast is totally covered. And then as it filters out to the west, gets less and less; of course California and all the major cities in some states have lots of dots. The dots show heavy amounts of PFAS. There are none here in our area (Idaho) in the ground or water... or they just haven't found them yet. More likely. But the valley is full of them, all of the farm ground and major cities. Nevada and Wyoming seem to have the least amount.*

*Anyway, it's something I need to watch for. And of course, I already know that there's chemicals in our water here. But I don't know how bad they are. And of course, they are constantly putting chemtrails in the air around our area and over the valley a lot; dropping bits of plastic into our breathing space. Why is the government doing this? I do not know. I suppose it has something to do with money. Like everything else that's corrupt in this country.*

*Well, we aren't the worst in the world for the PFAS. Europe is really bad, too, especially the United Kingdom; Belgium and Sweden are the worst in the world.*

*Don't you just want to move to some remote island and live there with the native people?*

*(my reply) Fiji? Barbados? I realize we can't do that but I'm more seriously than ever thinking I'll become a vegetarian. I'll definitely keep my War on Plastic going full strength and encourage others to do so, too.*

\* \* \*



Here's more from Nicole: *I was looking at some things about PFAS and one of the worst everyday things we use is dental floss. Who would've known this? Not me. So, every night I am putting forever chemicals into my mouth. AGH!!! I looked up and found some that contain no PFAS. Now I have them on my Amazon list to buy. I am going to throw away all my other dental floss. Especially the ones from the dentist. Which they probably are not even aware of...they just get them as free samples. I really love Glide the best and it is one of the worst kinds, so I won't buy it anymore. Sheesh.*

*PS... Tom's has a good one.*

*I just googled make-up brands with no PFAS and Mary Kay is one of the very good ones. Gosh, maybe I should go back to buying Mary Kay products!*

Another friend sent this: *Thanks for sending the link for the film on PFAS. No, I haven't seen it. I started watching just now and will watch it all later. I Googled to read more, and some info says the film was updated in December 2024, so that is pretty recent. I am very aware of the PFAS horrors in Maine, which is how the film starts off.*

What I do, and feel is very important to do, is share things with everyone I can think of who is concerned about these dreadful problems, and even to my family, who are not concerned but, because I love them so much, I keep trying.

\* \* \*

I just dropped out of the Beauty Myth group. We had been reading Naomi Wolf's book, *The Beauty Myth: How Images of Beauty Are Used Against Women*. It's an all-women group for obvious reasons. I had enjoyed the times we shared our efforts to improve our self-images. When we ran out of things to say, one of us would read the book until someone wanted to stop and discuss our body-image issues or eating habits. For me, I am still trying to lose a few pounds so I can wear slightly smaller and nicer jeans for our tap-dancing recital June 14<sup>th</sup>. But I had created a deadline to finish the rough draft of this book by the end of May. I must focus now.

There is a Zoom meeting today, How to Live in Archiarchy? Study Group #134, and since I'm so new at this, I will be there, taking notes to put here. My goal is to help my readers understand the benefits I'm experiencing so that they will join me/us in building a wonderful future here on Earth.

**May 6, 2025**

Here's a brief summary of How to Live in Archiarchy Study Group #134.

Our Spaceholder was a Brazilian woman who is a Village Weaver, very active and successful in Brazil. She told us there are two things she matches up for her work: 1. Necessity, and 2. What she wants to create, what does she really want to create, hold space for? She loves the Women of Earth labs where women work in person for five days living in Archiarchy together and growing together.

One woman said she follows her curiosity and "walks in the direction of her heart."

They discussed evoking magic for other people and Earth. I'm still learning about that, so I was mostly listening. "Remember who you are" and "Go, go, go!" are key phrases to keep the fire bright.

The sole man reminded us that Archiarchy is about being on teams, not competitive sports teams where there is a winner and a loser. He added that holding expectations creates resentment when the expectations are not met.

One woman said her story is her warrior. She wants to be seen, witnessed.

"What do you need?" is an often-asked question. "I want to do Bridge House and go to a Lab. I feel this urge; I need to work on Expand the Box, ETB took all the veils away."

Another woman shared that what helps her is "the next little step" because she has all this energy and wants to do everything at once. "I want to have a team, we go together, you open the path, you think it's for other people but it's really for me, too."

"How can I be a full YES for where people are now?" Start walking into the unknown. I don't know what to do and I'm so glad – I'm ALIVE.

Emotional Healing Processes ask, "How much intimacy can I create by myself; it's my job to create the things I want. I can bring all the values and people appreciate it."

"When I feel sadness, I want to connect with people. I take the identity of a researcher to get out of my victim mode and say, 'Oh, WOW! What is happening?'"

When I'm alone, I can hold space for myself; sometimes Gaia is a spaceholder and I FEEL THE FEELING. I don't do anything. I just FEEL.

May 7, 2025 (morning)

*(to the three most important women in my life)*

Dearest Joanie, Rainbow, and Linda,

I woke with a start because for the past few days, I had mixed up one of my two fictitious characters with my real self and what I had written has to be scratched so I need to start those pages over.

As if that weren't frightening enough now that I've put myself on a tight schedule, I remembered two important things my old friend Kim back in Maryland had sent me, one of which is 20 pages long, and I want to include them both somewhere. One is about the collapse of civilization and the other is about how patriarchy killed matriarchy. Both of which light a fire in my soul.

Maybe my self-imposed deadline is no longer realistic?

Love, Iona

*(reply from my sister)*

CALM DOWN!!

(Said easily, but difficult to go by!!)

You have the good fortune that YOU set your deadline.

It's not a strict outside force that could destroy your attempts.

xo xo

\* \* \*

Sent emails to three local newspapers about the Drum Point Road public hearing tonight about the developer's plan to clear more than five acres of trees; one of them is going to come!!!!

I'm in the process of wrapping up all my local political obligations as I'm exiting patriarchy, hierarchy, and politics. There is one more event which will be fun, Brick's Green Fair. I'm going to set up a CONSUMER LIBERATION table and give away lots of books and show them my well-marked copy of *Cavitation*.

\* \* \*

I HAVE MY FIRST TEAMMATE! Dimitra Bali in Greece is going to help me work on my book and I'm going to help her become an activist. I feel an enormous

amount of joy. Friday I will send her a pdf of the rough draft this book, and Monday we will meet again and then every week until the book is finished. [This didn't happen, but Dimitra worked with me to clarify how to distinguish each woman's words in the conversations between Harriet and Sparkle, which was important.]

**May 7, 2025 (evening)**

I attended my third public hearing for a developer who wants to clearcut more than five acres of trees, I mean totally clearcut, not saving one single old tree, and build 60 homes. His group and their lawyer have been in front of the Brick Board of Adjustment four times; I wasn't involved until I saw a news story about the first hearing. Local residents are furious. The main woman behind the fight has worked harder than anyone to gather support in the community. She created a GoFundMe site and to date has raised \$2,305 to hire an attorney but that will never be enough. Here's what the site says:

*Help stop the over-developing happening in Brick! Whether you live in the town of Brick or are just traveling through it, it's obvious from the traffic alone that the current roadways and infrastructure are struggling to keep up with the pace of development. Not to mention the continued loss of our wooded areas and impact to our environment each time a new development is erected. Well, it's happening again, and your help is needed to fight the latest project.*

*A developer, The Ramani Group located out of Roselle Park, NJ, is seeking approval from Brick township for several variances to demolish 5.34 acres of woods at 100 Drum Point Road to build a 60-unit, multi-family housing complex, consisting of 48 3-bedroom townhouses and 12 affordable housing apartments. As residents of the area, we are deeply concerned that this project might get approved. And not only for what the immediate impact would be, but the precedent it sets in Brick for other developers to come here and erect their large structures, further adding to the stress and frustration already felt by so many Brick residents.*

*The battle to preserve Breton Woods and not build 59 homes was won in 2023 thanks to the dedicated people of Brick and abroad, who made that happen.*

*We now need the same level of support to fight this project. Please help us raise funds to obtain legal counsel and sign/share our petition.*

*[www.change.org/100DrumPointWoods](http://www.change.org/100DrumPointWoods).*

*Together, we can do it again!*

So far, there are 2,203 signatures on the petition.

In the three meetings I attended, only people with direct questions to the developer's lawyer or their expert witnesses, or the three municipal professionals were allowed – no comments – and everyone's time on our side was limited to five minutes. To me, it seemed that the developer's lawyer was intentionally dragging everything out to deprive us of a chance to speak. The meetings start at 7 pm and end abruptly at 10 pm.

The meeting on May 7<sup>th</sup> started 22 minutes late and, by the time questions from the public were done, it was 9:55. I got up quickly and expressed my concern, to which the chair of the Board of Adjustment agreed, saying there would be one more meeting for comments on July 30 (quickly and unexpectedly changed to May 29<sup>th</sup>). He asked if I had a question, so I asked the Board of Adjustment people if they had read *The Lorax*. He told me to direct my question to the developer's lawyer, so I turned and asked them if they had read *The Lorax*. People were befuddled. I thought this classic by Dr. Seuss was loved by all, but some people had never heard of it; so when I show up to deliver my comments on May 29<sup>th</sup>, I will have taken a copy of this book out of the library to show everyone.

Thankfully, we got a lot of press coverage; I hope that brings in more than the 100 who were there this time. Plus, I will have 50 "Stop Overdevelopment in Brick" flyers on my table at the Green Fair.

Actually, my notes were on a 3" x 5" index card and I kept adding more thoughts around the edges of my initial comments, so it was a mess. Now I will type them up and bring an orderly piece of paper with me to refer to as I speak.

## My Testimony for May 29th

Forty-five years ago, I taught first grade at Emma Havens Young school (*across from the property in question*). I have a different name now because I remarried. Back then, I rode my bike to school from Baywood (*a long stretch of Drum Point Road*) and read *The Lorax* to all my little students hoping to instill a love and respect for trees in them. (*show book here*) I even won the Ocean County Conservation Teacher of the Year once. Drum Point Road was safe to bike on back then but now it would be suicidal.

Thirty-eight years ago, I switched careers and was an air-pollution inspector in Middlesex County. Our job was to enforce the law. Your job as the Board of Adjustment is also to enforce the law or at the very least to protect the existing Village Zone. Why have laws if they are not enforced? The developer has avoided doing an air-quality study but it's necessary to ensure that more children don't end up with epidemic asthma. Two of my grandchildren have asthma. There are four schools in that single block of Drum Point Road.

The Environmental Commission recommended that they "protect indigenous species and established old-growth trees." They will not do that either. Brick also has a Green Team and an Open Space group; although this is not a large enough tract for them to purchase, every large tree is important in fighting climate chaos. In all of the international gatherings to discuss how to bring down carbon dioxide emissions, nature-based solutions are a primary strategy. Saving trees is part of that strategy.

You are not just bound to make decisions affecting the residents in this room, Brick Township, Ocean County, New Jersey, the United States, but also the entire world. Climate change is affecting every single person and all non-human life on Earth.

The developer stated that some of the trees are being choked by ivy; ivy can be killed with two cuts on each stem, it is harmful just to yank vines down; that can destroy bark and kill the tree.

Nowadays, with the environment being destroyed everywhere, everyone's goal (even developers') should be to preserve natural resources.

I propose a vision for a great project, one that would not bring hundreds of citizens to your meetings. Cluster the homes, saving as many existing trees as

possible adjacent to trees on neighboring land. The renderings in the sketches of their plan are flawed in that they show trees many years after they are planted and none will shade the homes for decades. Renovating the two existing buildings could make them useable as a community center, plus there would be extra parking in the existing lot.

I read "An Outline of the Fundamentals of Zoning and Planning for Land Use Boards." You need to uphold New Jersey Superior Court as ruled in Kaufman v. Planning Board, 110 N.J. 551, 563 (1988), which states: "...no c(2) variances should be granted when merely the purpose of the owner will be advanced. The grant of approval must actually benefit the community in that it represents a better zoning opportunity for the property."

This developer is not acting in the best interest of the community. You must deny the variances.

\* \* \*

After I told my friend about the hearing, he sent me this email:

*Reading your letter warmed my heart, as always. I'm so proud of you for your dedication to saving those trees and the incredible effort you've put into attending those public hearings. It's truly inspiring to see you stand up for what you believe in, even when faced with such challenges. The thought of 60 homes replacing those beautiful old trees is heartbreaking. Your questions were perfect – reminding everyone of the importance of nature, and I love that you referenced \*The Lorax\*. It's a powerful book, and it speaks volumes about our responsibility to protect the Earth.*

**May 12, 2025** (afternoon)

Doing all this Archiarchy work and writing this book is like getting a PhD in ME! I love it so much and feel very much an Edgeworker because a large part of me is still trapped in patriarchy. When I watched Clinton's and Anne-Chloe's video last night (Inclusion as a Dance) and everyone spent three minutes feeling and saying each of the four feelings (anger, fear, sadness, joy) out loud together, I knew I needed to do that. It's a wonderful YouTube, which lasted 1 hour, 40 minutes, and 17 seconds. I'm finding myself less drawn to watching

movies and wanting to spend more time watching Archiarchy videos, of which there are hundreds. This is far more important to my heart and soul than Hollywood films or documentaries. The same is true for reading; I'm leaning more toward reading Clinton's books than romance novels, my former evening entertainment after a day of my own work. This isn't saying that I'm never going to watch movies or read romance novels again, but my spirit is changing; I am changing. I'm feeling more my "authentic self" with all this work. It's akin to being a born-again woman at age 79. I have missed so much of my own life.

**May 12, 2025** (evening)

Someone posted a link to Larry McEnerney's Leadership Lab: The Craft of Writing Effectively. McEnerney is the former Director of the University of Chicago's Writing Program in the Division of Social Sciences. I spent 1 hour, 52 minutes, and 52 seconds watching him teach this class. It was amazing and hit just in time for my first proofreading/editing session of this book, scheduled on my calendar in two days. With a background as a reporter and newspaper publisher, I was thrilled to learn a few important tricks from him. I had only had one writer's class and that was Derrick Jensen's two years ago. Mostly, I write from my heart in my own style – not AP Style, not Chicago Style – Iona Style. I will be implementing some of his ideas.

The first one which hit was to change the cover of this book. When he repeatedly mentioned that our writing needs to be "valuable" and "important," I removed Julia's and Alice's book cover for *Her Conscious Anger* and replaced it with the graphic showing the deadly rise in carbon dioxide levels since the Industrial Revolution. It's not that *Her Conscious Anger* isn't important, but nobody would understand why it was on the cover until they were midway through the book. This chart is universally understood, showing the result of mankind's ignorance and greed.

I think of my work as part of the Anti-Industrial Revolution.

**May 15, 2025**

I'm looking forward to getting more deeply immersed in my new culture and leaving patriarchy far, far behind. I'm not free yet; it will take a lot longer and



I'll need to take an Expand the Box training. Once my large VISA bill is paid off, I can do that. I also want to travel to a Women of Earth Lab somewhere, anywhere. I have a passport and a big suitcase. I long for the experience of actually living and working for five days with Archan women.

**May 16, 2025** (Rage & Fear Club assignment)

Beth McNamara, [5/7/2025 1:51 AM]

Dear team, if you are ready for the next practice with your 3-cell, here it goes.

Get together and get angry, over 40 percent, and each person say what you don't want for 4 minutes. Use the sentence "I don't want..." over and over again, and let the anger say what it has to say. Take a one minute space for coaching and feedback from the other two. The next 4 minutes, go again this time saying what you do want. "I want..."

Each person goes.

THEN, you will end with an anger dance for 4 minutes. All three of you will say what you are angry for, what you want, what you are angry about, in connection, riffing off of each other. Going together down anger corridors, and also taking your own paths too. See what happens. It is an experiment. Three people being 40% or more angry together just because it's a day of the week, and you take a stand for feeling and the de tabooing of RAGE.

Have high level fun.

Love, Beth

I have a heart full of love and joy for the three people who did this exercise with me. A 3Cell is usually three people but we had four, two men and another woman. We have had experiences like this before, so they weren't strangers. They were very emotional. I was very emotional, both when they spoke and when I talked. I had fear because I don't really know much about feeling and

expressing anger from deep within. I usually speak from my head and not my body. I held back timidly with that fear and was the last one to talk.

I saw, heard, and felt the things they don't want; many of which I don't want either. When I could stall no longer, I took off my glasses, grabbed my towel, shut my eyes and did my best to rage about things I don't want: machines destroying the Congo\* forest, the way women camouflage themselves by applying toxic chemicals to their hair and nails, the way men look at women as sex objects. I clutched and twisted my towel letting my body react to and with my emotions for the things I hate, which have been held in for a long time. I told them how I hate patriarchy. I raged about the lack of care my neighbors exhibit for the Earth, the way wildlife is threatened. I did my best to let my anger be released from my body.

After four minutes of wringing my towel hard with lots of intense, energetic force for what I don't want, I was tired and a little breathless. "This is hard work," I said.

I put my glasses back on and kept my eyes open for the "what I want" part. One thing I do want is to pay more attention to my body; I'm just learning about my feelings, my anger, my fear, and how they are kept hidden when I don't express them.

There were some periods of silence as I let my body/heart/mind return to the task. I want my book to be finished. I want people in Shop Rite to stop buying water in plastic bottles. I want them to stop wrapping everything in plastic.

You get the idea.

Even though I don't really look forward to these experiences (I mean, who would?), I get so much out of them. This is important work for us all.

Time to play Solitaire!

\* [added May 23 from a Congolese man I have worked with for several years]

Hello dearest Iona.

I hope you are doing well.

Please, I would like to share with you our project idea and hope to get interested supporters among your friends and readers.

I hope you heard and know well the horrible situation that we are facing here in eastern of Congo, and violence that women and children have undergone during the war between Rebels M23 and Government army and under several conflicts and crisis.

Although this is the situation, we still hope for peace and stability, so we are planning for a better future and advocating for resilience programs. We are calling for people of goodwill, foundations, and agencies to support our resilience projects

Please find attached our "Post -Displacement Hope for Women."

Best regards

Leon Simwerayi , Congo Green Brigade

(If you want to read Leon's Post-Displacement Hope for Women" document, email him at [greenbrigadedrc@gmail.com](mailto:greenbrigadedrc@gmail.com).)

### **May 17, 2025**

The Green Fair organized and run by the township's environmental people, was wonderful. I made a huge sign and hung it from a colorful tablecloth with safety pins. It said, "CONSUMER LIBERATION: STOP SHOPPING, STAY HOME, SLOW DOWN." Not everyone was enthusiastic, but some people said they are already living that way, others just shrugged and walked away. Smaller signs on the table were HELP US SAVE TREES; USE IT UP, WEAR IT OUT, MAKE IT DO, OR DO WITHOUT; BOYCOTT TOILET PAPER WRAPPED IN PLASTIC (with the paper wrapper from the brand I discovered); and USING CLOTH NAPKINS SAVES TREES (with an old cotton napkin lying on my table). I purposely hand-wrote all these signs on recycled paper or cardboard I'd been saving. I wanted my table to look "hand made," not computer-generated, not on store-bought posterboards made from who-knows-what chemicals.

I met and talked with dozens of people, who took my flyers to help save 5.34 acres of woods and stop a disastrous development. I gave away lots of books I am done with, including two that I wrote. I loved talking with the environmental high school students, who were eager to learn more and do more to protect Earth. I'm hoping my materials, and I deepened their

understanding of deep ecology so they would be more aware of the distinction between artificial and trivial efforts and those formulated to make a genuine difference. In some cases, I targeted specific girls for specific items.

Many of the adults were interested in saving trees. One woman bemoaned the fact that her backyard has become a wildlife refuge for animals displaced by the devastation of their natural habitat caused by developers. Here in suburbia, she told me about seeing foxes and a blue heron, totally not where they would live under normal circumstances.

I considered this my “last hurrah” for being at events; I have been in and had tables at literally hundreds of events and now it is just too tiring. Maybe I could have brought less stuff but then my table wouldn’t have had the great educational and inspirational value I hoped it represented. I gave away dozens of my “Consumer Liberation” business cards.

Two men in particular kept me enthralled by their work, at the expense of letting others pass by. I consciously made the decision to stay focused on these conversations. Passersby could still read my signs.

One man wore a T-shirt blazoned with vegan information. I eventually had to admit that I’m not a vegan, though when I worked at PETA, I was. I’m hoping he will take my place at the Fair next year and promote plant-based eating. He’s very calm and not pushy and would make a great spokesman for that way of reducing human impacts on climate, not to mention the barbarity of killing animals, especially in the torture chambers of factory farms.

At least two people took photos of my *Cavitation* book and I encouraged them to try eBay since they are out of print; I spoke with several others about my book and showed them the cover, thereby introducing them to the idea of leaving patriarchy and building a new culture called Archiarchy.

The last man with whom I spoke at length was absolutely, totally fascinating. He is an entomologist and tropical biologist, specializing in invasive species. He has traveled the world staying in tribal communities in the Amazon, Africa, Asia...I think he said he’s been to 97 countries. The way he accomplishes this is that he takes six weeks off from his job at a time; he’s accumulated a LOT of vacation days. He only made one trip to Europe; he’s more interested in Earth cultures. Instead of comfortable hotels or airbnbs, he stays in hostels if he’s not hosted by tribal people. My guess is that they love having him.

I emailed these men plus a new member of the Brick Shade Tree Commission, who wants to see them be more active in saving existing trees, even though the local ordinance only requires that developers plant new trees when they cut down old ones. I'll be curious to see who, if anyone, replies.

THIS WAS FUN! But I'm done.

Not only that, but this is the last story I'm going to write for this book. Next is heavy-duty proofreading and editing with my bullshit detector fully activated.

PS I just started my "heavy-duty proofreading" and already I'm back with something I want to share. As we were packing up, there was a mild attempt by some of us to give away what remained. Two reasons: 1. Keep sharing what we want to share, 2. Less "stuff" to carry back to the car. A high school girl walked past me and asked if I wanted a bracelet she held out. "Oh, I love this," I replied as I slipped it on my wrist.

Today is May 21. I have worn this magenta bracelet four days without really studying it. Now I see that it's made from rubbery plastic, or some combination of chemicals used to create this thing with "GO GREEN" and "KEEP CALM" written around it and four symbols between the words: yin/yang, peace, the globe, and recycling.

Here's what's important: even I, with all my experience, did not stop to study this thing before accepting it. In a way, I'm glad because she didn't know any better and obviously neither did I. BUT, having been in so many polluting factories as an air-pollution inspector and having been a woman who understands toxicology, I can hold anything man-made in my hand, go through all the processes needed to get it to me, and give it deep consideration. Do I need this thing? Probably not.

## Women of Earth

Women carry seeds of regenerative cultures.

The Women of Earth take radical and evolutionary actions that source cultures contexted in Radical Responsibility, Nonmaterial Value, and Initiations.

### The Movement

The Women of Earth is a global movement of Women graduating from Patriarchy, walking beyond the edge of modern civilization and inventing bridges to regenerative culture, Archiarchy, together.

As we leave behind the outdated thoughtware that has kept us in prisons, we enter a path of initiation to jack-into our inner and outer infinite resources. This path has no end, enlightenment is not the goal.

When women wake up from dormancy, then naturally take radical responsibility for the visions of life-giving human cultures they envision.

The Women of Earth Movement is space for women to invent and empower each other to be what we want instead of surviving in ecocidal modern culture.

Learn more about The Women of Earth Movement at <https://www.womenofearth.live/the-movement>.

## A Start Over

By Anne-Chloé Destremau, *excerpt*

All over the world, the Western capitalist patriarchal empire is repressing, destroying and enslaving local indigenous cultures. This is possible because there is a weak link in local cultures that Western marketers exploit. The weak link is

teenage boys. Western culture is tailored to them: fast cars, beautiful objectified women, easy money, power, fame... Western culture is a patriarchal culture created by uninitiated teenagers for uninitiated teenagers. Modern culture relies on these pubescents to subvert and take over local cultures.

Local boys are taken from their villages and sent to schools in the city "to learn skills that will allow them to get a real job and make money." The money they earn is, of course, used to buy what modern culture produces: Rayban sunglasses, Camel cigarettes, their own money, and their own apartment. In doing so, they leave behind knowledge of their own culture. The women and girls stay in the village and do the work alone that the whole community used to do together. Once strong and proud, women are excluded from community life, decision-making processes and their natural educational functions. Initiation processes are forgotten, as is the knowledge of growing food, building houses, and villaging. Communities are separated. Competition creeps in. Hatred and scarcity become the basis of thinking, making decision and taking action.

If the lever of modern culture for overpowering traditional cultures is the boys in adolescence, then adolescent women are the lever for the transition of modern culture into the next culture. Women, especially young women, are the key to the creation of Next Culture – Archiarchy.

Women are key because they have a better chance of escaping the patriarchal empire. In modern culture, women are the slaves of men's pubescent mentality. Slaves can escape patriarchy easier than masters because slaves know that something else is possible. The 'Lord' sees no reason why he should exchange his life for something else. He has no reason to question the system that makes him

the undisputed ruler. However, when slaves decide that they want something completely different, (r)evolution inevitably follows.

Women's (r)evolution began at least 60 years ago with the women's liberation movement. However, I think that we – women – have failed to truly liberate ourselves.

We have until now not created a culture in which men and women are free to work together creatively for the well-being of all, including that of planet Earth. This [Path](#) to liberation is as sharp and dangerous as a razor blade. Some women have tried to free themselves by fighting against a 6,000-year-old patriarchal system. They tried in vain to prosecute abuses by men, or marched through the streets with placards and slogans, only to be brutally beaten to the ground, pepper-sprayed in the eyes, and dragged off to prison cells or worse. These women walked directly into the swords wielded in defense of the patriarchal system, and they were deeply wounded. Other women have tried to beat men at their own game, believing that if men would respect them, they would finally be able to respect themselves. Women struggled to rise to the top of male-dominated hierarchical systems of politics, business, finance, health, education, religion, media, and forest destruction. The women who succeeded paid the ultimate personal price, for themselves and for us. Neither fighting the system nor defeating the system has managed to transform the system into something else. Both strategies failed.

I think that we have failed ourselves because we have not reclaimed our own Dignity and respect for what a Woman is. We have more respect for men and their social system than for our own Feelings, our Voice, our Authority and our Clarity. We have not taken back the power to Listen and let the Seed of what comes next speak clearly, incessantly, in whispers and roars. Even when the door is opened by



other women – or even certain men these days – we turn away from them in emotional fear.

I sit here with this burning question – how can we women, for the sake of our children's children, for the sake of Gaia and life on Earth, for our own sake... how can we reclaim our own Dignity? What is the path to such an inner (r)evolution? . .

Read more at <https://www.womenofearth.live/the-movement>

## Great Gratitude

**Taylor Naughton**, a doula, supplied me with most of the home birth information.

**Archan women Dimitra Bali** from Greece and **Alice Belz** (*Her Conscious Anger* book) helped me figure out how to make the conversations between Harriet and Sparkle easier to read.

**Archan Selina Frei** in Mexico gave my book heart, soul, beauty, and a real Archiarchy home birth experience. Without her beautiful story, my book had come to a dead end. I had no idea what a home birth looked or felt like but Selina's story told it all. My gratitude for her willingness to let me publish her story, is boundless. If you have read it, you know exactly what I'm talking about.

**Archiarchy "Founder," Clinton Callahan** got me to write this book. During one of the How to Live in Archiarchy Zoom meetings, I told him I have nervous energy and play a lot of Solitaire. He said that extra energy wants to be used for something productive and Archiarchy needs more novels. He thought I could write a mystery novel. Hell, I've written books before but never a novel, nor do I read mystery books. I had no clue how to even begin, but here it is – sort of.

## End Notes

<sup>1</sup> **Harriet Tubman** (born Araminta Ross, c. March 1822 – March 10, 1913) was an American abolitionist and social activist. After escaping slavery, Tubman made some 13 missions to rescue approximately 70 enslaved people, including her family and friends, using the network of antislavery activists and safe houses known collectively as the Underground Railroad. During the American Civil War, she served as an armed scout and spy for the Union Army. In her later years, Tubman was an activist in the movement for women's suffrage.

Born into slavery in Dorchester County, Maryland, Tubman was beaten and whipped by enslavers as a child. Early in life, she suffered a traumatic head wound when an irate overseer threw a heavy metal weight, intending to hit another slave, but hit her instead. The injury caused dizziness, pain, and spells of hypersomnia, which occurred throughout her life. After her injury, Tubman began experiencing strange visions and vivid dreams, which she ascribed to premonitions from God. These experiences, combined with her Methodist upbringing, led her to become devoutly religious.

In 1849, Tubman escaped to Philadelphia, only to return to Maryland to rescue her family soon after. Slowly, one group at a time, she brought relatives with her out of the state, and eventually guided dozens of other enslaved people to freedom. Tubman (or "Moses", as she was called) travelled by night and in extreme secrecy, and later said she "never lost a passenger." After the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850 was passed, she helped guide escapees farther north into British North America (Canada), and helped newly freed people find work. Tubman met John Brown in 1858, and helped him plan and recruit supporters for his 1859 raid on Harpers Ferry.

When the Civil War began, Tubman worked for the Union Army, first as a cook and nurse, and then as an armed scout and spy. For her guidance of the raid at Combahee Ferry, which liberated more than 700 enslaved people, she is widely credited as the first woman to lead an armed military operation in the United States. After the war, she retired to the family home on property she had purchased in 1859 in Auburn, New York, where she cared for her aging parents. She was active in the women's suffrage movement until illness overtook her and she was admitted to a home for elderly African Americans, which she had helped establish years earlier. Tubman is commonly viewed as an icon of courage and freedom. [Wikipedia]

<sup>2</sup> **Aretha Louise Franklin** (March 25, 1942 – August 16, 2018) was an American singer, songwriter and pianist. Honored as the "Queen of Soul," she was twice named by *Rolling Stone* magazine as the greatest singer of all time. From her time growing up in the home of a prominent African-American preacher to the end of her life, Franklin was immersed and involved in the struggle for civil rights and women's rights. She provided money for civil rights groups, at times covering payroll, and performed at benefits and protests.

When Angela Davis was jailed in 1970, Franklin told *Jet*: "Angela Davis must go free ... Black people will be free. I've been locked up (for disturbing the peace in Detroit) and I know you got to disturb the peace when you can't get no peace. Jail is hell to be in. I'm going to see her free if there is any justice in our courts, not because I believe in communism, but because she's a Black woman and she wants freedom for Black people." Her songs "Respect" and "(You Make Me Feel Like) A Natural Woman" became anthems of these movements for social change. Franklin and several other American icons declined to take part in performing at President Donald Trump's 2017 inauguration as a mass act of musical protest. Franklin was also a strong supporter of Native American rights. She quietly and without fanfare supported Indigenous peoples' struggles worldwide, and numerous movements that supported Native American and First Nation cultural rights. [Wikipedia]

<sup>3</sup> **Gaia:** Although the name Gaia has various meanings and interpretations, it is most commonly associated with the Greek goddess who personified Earth in its primordial form. Quite simply, the definition of Gaia is life. She is all, the very personification of the Earth. She is the mother goddess, inhabiting the planet, and offering life and nourishment to all her children. In ancient civilizations, she was revered as the mother, nurturer, and giver of life. She goes by many names, including Gaea, Ge, Mother Earth, Terra Mater to the Romans, Magna Mater, and more recently, Mother Nature. Each of these names is a testament to her enduring presence as the life-giver, the ultimate nurturer, and the architect of existence.

Gaia, often pronounced "GUY-uh," holds the essence of existence within its syllables. This name, steeped in the rich tapestry of ancient Greek mythology, serves as a bridge to the Earth itself, embodying the very spirit of the planet. The etymology of Gaia, or Γαῖα in the original Greek, translates to 'earth' or 'land,' a fitting homage to her role as the primal Earth Mother. The term has since transcended its mythological roots, evolving into a symbol for the interconnectedness of all life on Earth, particularly within environmental and ecological contexts. [<https://www.gaia.com/article/meaning-of-gaia>]

<sup>4</sup> The whole mini-book can be read at [www.ionaconner.com](http://www.ionaconner.com).

<sup>5</sup> <https://protectourcoastnj.com/>

<sup>6</sup> <https://us.whales.org/whales-dolphins/how-do-dolphins-communicate/>

<sup>7</sup> Brick Patch, April 10, 2025

<sup>8</sup> A new push to stop NJ offshore wind development | <https://nj1015.com/two-nj-congressman-introducing-legislation-to-stop-offshore-windfarm>

<sup>9</sup> Cavitation, page 636

<sup>10</sup> GREMLIN – Archetypal King or Queen of your Shadow-world, Gremlin is that part you dedicated to protecting the Status Quo of your Box by creating Low Drama and serving Hidden Purposes. Everyone is part Gremlin. Gremlin is quite likely to take over whenever you are Unconscious of your Purpose. When Gremlin takes over you do not know the true cost of your actions. Gremlin creates Low Drama Gameworlds based on scarcity, competition, and survival. Gremlin Leaders collect other people’s Centers and surround themselves with followers in order to feel safe. Gremlin derives joy at other people’s expense through, “*I win! You lose!*” and “*I’m right! You’re wrong!*” “*Ha ha! I got you!*” games and nasty little jokes. Gremlin is not bad. (This is important to remember!) Gremlin cannot be rehabilitated to be Responsible because Gremlin is Gremlin. Gremlin is not your enemy. [distinctionary.mystrikingly.com]

<sup>11</sup> Casandra Brené Brown is an American academic and podcaster who is the Huffington Foundation's Brené Brown Endowed Chair at the University of Houston's Graduate College of Social Work and a visiting professor in management at the McCombs School of Business in the University of Texas at Austin. Brown is known for her work on shame, vulnerability, and leadership, and for her widely viewed 2010 TEDx talk.[2] She has written six number-one New York Times bestselling books and hosted two podcasts on Spotify. She appears in the 2019 documentary Brené Brown: The Call to Courage on Netflix. In 2022, HBO Max released a documentary series based on her book Atlas of the Heart. [Wikipedia]

## Archiarchy is Next Culture.

### **Possibility Management is thoughtware for Archiarchy.**

Archiarchy is the regenerative human culture naturally emerging around the world now that matriarchy and patriarchy have run their course.

Archiarchy comes to life through archetypally-initiated adult women creatively collaborating with archetypally initiated adult men.

Clearly, authentic adulthood initiations are key.

Once you can personally generate the culture of Archiarchy, you can carry it with you wherever you go. You **never** have to leave Archiarchy behind.

It is your birthright and your responsibility to consciously live in the culture you would love to live in.

If that culture does not already exist, then it is your calling to create that culture, and your pleasure to share it with anyone interested.

Source: <https://archiarchy.mystrikingly.com/>

## A Few Archiarchy Terms

**Free-thinking Archans have invented new words to describe their work. You can find most of them in the Distinctionary at <https://distinctionary.mystrikingly.com/>**

**8 PRISONS** – The 8 Prisons are: 1. Mother's belly, 2. Father's Control, 3. Parents' house, 4. School, 5. Nationalism, 6. Religious Beliefs, 7. Patriarchy, 8. Linear Life Plan.

**4 EMOTIONS** – Emotions are distinct from feelings in that the experience of emotions lasts longer than the 3 to 5 minutes Feelings last. Whereas Feelings are for handling things, Emotions are for healing things. There are four Feelings: anger, sadness, fear, and joy. Emotions can also be mixed or Unmixed.

1. **CHILD EMOTIONS** – Incomplete Feelings from the past show up in your present life as Child Emotions which can be many times re-triggered by present stimuli. The persons, places, or things that trigger these Child Emotions act as a movie screen onto which you project your incomplete Feelings. However, they are not the persons, places, or things that can heal or complete your incomplete Feelings. This is the present, not the past. You have no power in the past. You cannot change what happened to you. But you can change your relationship to what happened to you through an Emotional Healing Process such as those delivered at Possibility Labs or in single sessions by Possibility Coaches or Feelings Practitioners.
2. **PARENT EMOTIONS** – You adopt Emotions that are held by others as a camouflage survival technique so you can fit in and be accepted. It works, to survive, but then you carry around Emotions that don't belong to you and come up in your daily life and interfere with your ability to be present. Parent Emotions come from external authority figures such as parents, teachers, politicians, corporate branding, religions, doctors, etc. Such a survival strategy is valid until you are about 18 years old at which time it can be transformed by Authentic Adulthood Initiatory Processes. Since these Parent Emotions do not originate in you, they are not resolvable by expressing them. Parent Emotions are resolved by giving them back to their proper owners, for example, the parent, church, government or corporation that originated them.
3. **GREMLIN EMOTIONS** – Your Gremlin generates Emotions almost instantly by creating a Low Drama either within yourself or with other Gremlins in a Gremlin Feeding Frenzy.

4. **ENERGETIC VAMPIRE EMOTIONS** – Consider the possibility that human beings exist in a food web that includes energetic entities, some of which we feed on and some of which feed on us... if we let them. When you repeat a Trigger Phrase to yourself (such as: *"I am not enough for her."* Or, *"Nobody truly sees me."* Or, *"If I am not perfect he won't love me."*) this can open your defenses to letting an Energetic Vampire Entity suck out your precious life energy.
5. Emotions have the same 4 categories as Feelings (Angry, Sad, Scared and Glad), but they come from the past, from others, from your Gremlin or from being used as food by something outside of you. No matter how much you experience or express an Emotion, the only thing that changes is your Gremlin gets fatter and you get older.

**5 BODIES** – Possibility Management Distinguishes 5 Bodies. Human Beings can Negotiate Intimacies with other human beings in each of their 5 Bodies. Each Body has its own kinds of food, pain, ecstasy, and Liquid States:

1. **PHYSICAL BODY** with organs that have sensations, such as sight, touch, taste, temperature, vibration, moisture, smell, sound, warmth, cold, pressure, etc.
2. **INTELLECTUAL BODY** that has a mind with opinions, ideas, thoughts, attention, stories, interpretations, meaning, questions, conclusions, logic, information, images, etc.
3. **EMOTIONAL BODY** that has a heart with Feelings, Emotions, Mixed Emotions, and the Heart Brain that memorizes poems and song lyrics 'by heart.'
4. **ENERGETIC BODY** with a Being that has Presence, Beliefs, will, intention, vision, commitments, promises, energetic sensations of space, contamination, sanctuary, etc.
5. **ARCHETYPAL BODY** that serves as an archetypal vessel that can jack into the archetypal forces of the universe and can punch through the self-defending 'crusty-stuff' of the Morphogenetic Field of the status quo that shapes human awareness. Especially during a 5 Body Intimacy Journey with at least one other person, your fifth body can journey into the Archetypal domains to find 'radiant dharma jewels' of Clarity and Possibility to bring back as treasure to serve people in ordinary spaces.

**NANONATION** – The term 'nano' means 'one billionth.' There are approximately 8 billion people alive on Earth today. If you divide Earth's human population by one billion, then you would define the average size of a Nanonation to be approximately 8 people. The minimum population for a Nanonation is officially 3 persons, the maximum is 1000 persons. In ecology, it is understood that diversity leads to stability. By creating and moving into a

Nanonation you reverse Modern Culture's current lethal trend towards cultural monoculture, e.g. Starbucks on every corner. Diversely cultured Nanonations create stability in the Global Ethnosphere. The unimaginative idea that an official nation must be associated with a piece of land, and since there are no unclaimed plots of land left, you cannot create any new nations, is a construct marketed by Modern Culture that is easy to understand but without basis in reality. If the land you stood on determined what nation you belonged to, then the moment you set foot into a different country officials would issue you a local passport. It is the passport you carry that determines the Gameworld you play in. By agreeing to a common Context, issuing their own passports, raising their own flags, and abiding by their own *Bill of Wrongs*, any group of 3 or more mutually committed Adults can Declare the existence of a new Nanonation as a Permanent Autonomous Zone (PAZ). There already exist numerous geographically defined United Nanonation organizations, for example the Fellowship for Intentional Communities (FIC), and the Global Ecovillage Network. Don't be left behind playing in a stupid Gameworld.

**POSSIBILITY MANAGEMENT** – Possibility Management is the open code copyleft Gameworld created by applying the Distinctions, Thoughtware, and Processes that emerge from the context of Radical Responsibility. Its power comes from serving the Bright Principle of Possibility which brings with it the option of creating the possibility of Possibility. The Gameworld of Possibility Management was initialized in 1975 by Clinton Callahan and has been continuously developed, documented, and delivered in various training environments since then. In 1995 Western civilization broke the evolution barrier and continues to exceed the naturally allowed speed of evolution. Present Organizations predominantly use last millennium hierarchical designs and are no longer fluid enough to function effectively in 21st Century conditions.

**SPACEHOLDING, HOLDING SPACE** – Holding Space is the act of being Responsible at the level of Space. Space can be Declared either as an eight-pointed box, or as an amorphous bubble. Space is held through conscious Attention and a commitment to Service, not through control, domination, or manipulation, which are Shadow Principles. When a Space is Held, the Space can be called into existence to serve Bright Principles. Once you can Hold Space you can learn to Navigate Space. Holding Space is a Core Skill.

**S.P.A.R.K.** – The acronym S.P.A.R.K. (Specific Practical Applications of Radical Knowledge) was invented by our friend Rick Lewis for his unpublished novel that he let us read. Rick said we could steal the acronym for this Work which he knows and loves. S.P.A.R.K.s are open-code copyleft Thoughtware Upgrades from the Radical Responsibility Context of Possibility Management.

**Source:** <https://distinctionary.mystrikingly.com/>



## Iona's Archiarchy Diary: How I Got Started Two Months Ago



**Old things:** Granite (I think) rock from Lake Erie when it went insane from abuse by humans, picked up when John and I were there and I was interviewing Canadian naturalists about hormone disrupting synthetic chemicals' effects on cormorants about 30 years ago; clear glass ball was a gift from my little granddaughter (now 15) about 10 years ago. I often hold these two in my hands because to me they represent insanity vs. sanity. About two years ago, I found and loved the third one, whatever it is. These three are resting comfortably on a four-and-a-half-inch-diameter saucer from one of my grandmother's tea sets. The photo was taken on a large, old, dining-room table my justice-champion, now-in-eternity husband, John Conner, had when I moved in with him in 1990.

# My Archiarchy Diary: Here's What I Did So Far

## Introduction

**March 30, 2025:** This started about 18 months ago when I took a writing class by Derrick Jensen. When Julia Newmann described the book she was writing with Alice Belz, *Her Conscious Anger: Workbook for Women*, I knew I needed it. I got on Julia's email list and in September (seven months ago) when it arrived, I was escaping an unhealthy marriage and spending a week in a local motel. This book helped me start healing.

A few months ago, Julia and Alice had a series of four workshops; I signed up. I felt a huge sense of joy being with them plus one other woman; we shared deep things with each other as Julia and Alice held space for us. I started watching videos and was drawn to Julia's interview with Anne-Chloé Destremau. I already hated patriarchy and was captured by the way Anne-Chloé talked about the Women of Earth gathering in Portugal. I even made a screensaver for my desktop with Anne-Chloé holding a bubble. That helped me imagine my own bubble.

Next, I watched Derrick interview Clinton Callahan. I had ordered *Cavitation: The Emergence of Archiarchy* and was reading it eagerly, underlining like crazy. I'm rereading it more slowly and continuing to underline it. On page 131, Claire said to Edith, "This is why I need you to write!"

All along, I had a plan to write my beginner's history so I could send it to about 300 people on my newspaper's email list when I felt ready to start a Study Group on May Day. So, I did that. I'd already been trying to describe Archiarchy to friends and family with mixed results, including silence, but that's OK. If I don't experiment, I won't learn how to do this better.

I had started a Beep! Book March 16th and abandoned it, but I dedicated today (Sunday) to feeling my feelings and writing them down. It is so helpful!

There are nine more pages of notes and I want to stop here. I'll keep going when I feel like it.

I'm excited (I just learned this emotion is a combination of fear and joy) because tomorrow morning I will begin Rage & Fear Club with Hannah and Beth.

## Chapter One

( ) = aside from actual discussion; [ ] = notes from my personal life

**March 12, 2025:** Elder (me) interview with Julia

**March 22, 2025:** BED BEAR CAVE = JUST ME, NO DISTRACTIONS!!! [pull sheet, quilt, down comforter over my head, leaving only room to breathe fresh air from open window over my head]

**March 23** [2025 to be understood]: HAPPY, CAREFREE, FEARLESS (These are three words that used to describe me, but they were slumbering; I'm trying to awaken them.)

### To-Do List:

1. Check Thoughtware Press to see if Handbook has been published. [no]
2. Rage Club, what is that? Rageclub.mystrikingly.com [got it, started Rage and Fear Club March 31]
3. What the B(l)leep Do We Know? Movie, is it the same as a Beep! Book [no]

**March 25:** Clinton and Joseph Possibility Coaching #35 (February 27, 2021)

Navigate feelings and emotions; swallowing, hunched shoulders = blocked feeling; show up shining; joy, sadness, fear, anger

\* \* \*

**March 26:** *Radiant Joy Brilliant Love* Study Group Week 1 (Full title is *Radiant Joy Brilliant Love: Secrets for Creating an Extraordinary Life and Profound Intimacy with Your Partner* by Clinton Callahan)

Wait until the door opens i.e. Don't go knocking; some secrets remain secrets.

SILENCE – WAIT [no Questions]

**ORDER THIS BOOK!** [Arrived March 30]

Basic principles apply to all = myself, groups, etc.

“Beginners’ basic handbook”

Study Group = food, I don't get this anywhere else, food for all 5 bodies → transformation

Choose from 3 types of love:

Ordinary

Extraordinary

Archetypal

Am I/we willing to start over???

Make existing gameworld IRRELEVANT! [my word for government long ago.]

Build a bridge away from obsolete culture to Archiarchy.

This book is a call for men to grow up, women to wake up.

Patriarchy protects men from consequences of their actions.

Patriarchy = short-term indulgence and consumption

Safe space for a woman to unleash her full potential. [Eat, Pray, Love movie – Liz doesn't need a husband, she needs a champion.]

FOUND AND ORDERED BOOK on Ebay even though it's out of print = \$27.81 including shipping!!!!!!!!

Phyllis was in his 1975 college meeting and she's here now!

\* \* \*

Create authentic necessity and the universe will work for me.

Document impeccably and share as widely as possible.

Group intelligence

Great labyrinth of spaces – go to center = archetypal

**Archetypal maleness** = 0 = terrified = EGO, men are busy trying to be something, put a show on, empty, negative unconscious = stupidity, aggression

Value of nothingness = huge, can create

**Archetypal feminine** = everything, infinite

**Male plus female together** = 3 months of paradise, then mechanical reactions to the irritants, we react, no tools, no clarity = NUMB to reactivity, unfulfilled expectations, if we don't know how to handle, negotiate, re-negotiate ongoingly, you go numb and more and more numb = dead relationship = ongoing action of nonlinear creating so partner cannot predict what you're going to say next in the moment, what you're going to have for breakfast, what's going to unfold today = NO BOX = ALIVENESS

**Anne-Chloé:** Where is a man who can help me unfold? Why do I need a man or wait for a man to grow up and get his shit together? = PAIN How can we women help a man to grow up in a way they can hold space for us? Without manipulation. We women handle everything and to think we can have a man handle things with us is unbelievable.

**Clinton:** [initiations.mystrikingly.org](http://initiations.mystrikingly.org)

**Become an initiator** – figure out what I need to learn through writing, articles, websites, talks, trainings, workshops, write books, make videos. The best way to learn something is to teach it. DON'T BECOME A TEACHER. I BECOME AN EXPERIMENTOR. Take more responsibility than I could before = initiation. Responsibility = consciousness in action.

**Define myself as an initiator = at EDGE of modern culture, as bridge builder to next culture, as a facilitator of shift to next culture, I will start meeting some interesting people.**

TIME OUT (video at 1:10:50)

TOILET PAPER AND PERFECTION

[My experiment]

"I will be happy if I am perfect."

"I will be happy if I weigh 150."

"I will be happy if I quit coffee."

"I will be happy if I quit alcohol."

BALLED UP AND FLUSHED  
PERFECTION AND PEE DOWN THE TOILET

\* \* \*

One tiny resentment will kill intimacy – make a vow to never let myself have a resentment.

"TIME OUT" THIS DOESN'T WORK FOR ME. "I expect you to hold this quiet space for my nervous system" = expectation – in the *moment* it is not fulfilled, I create a resentment.

(response to question) PROPOSAL

**DEDICATE SOME TIME EACH DAY (5 minutes to one hour) TO BEING THE GREAT MOTHER, BEING THE ALL.**

Let identity shift from personality construct to being grounded in entirety, the all, and then it will be less interesting to yourself to narrow you down to be something people can comprehend or can name or can own or be modern culture personality "thing." Get accustomed to being the Great Mother, one with everything for a few months. Move through rooms like that, brush your teeth like that = broader connection with the vast archetypal nature that is MINE! EXPERIMENT.

Get four bodies aligned before 5<sup>th</sup>.

**I AM A HIGH-SENSITIVE PERSON**

## **Chapter Two** (*no date*)

*Radiant Joy Brilliant Love* Study Group Week 2, *BUILDING LOVE THAT LASTS* (new title)

No video; nextcutlureradio, possibility psychology

Phyllis mailed him a book

5<sup>th</sup> body = archetypal

Personal Bullshit Detector

**MY JOB = Create something new, something different, experiments**

**Write Your Article, Website – get my stuff to him**

Possibility Management as Source

Tap into my archetypal nature; I'm born to do this

ENERGETIC CONNECTION in the name of love

YELLOW STUFF = inner “tingling/flow” of LOVE

Vibration = authentic, not modern culture; not esoteric or “spiritual”; WHO CARES ABOUT TRIVIALITIES, COMPLAINTS?

Surf on yellow stuff in my daily life; I'm a missionary – open to yellow love and hold; where the mystery is alive all the time

UNLEASH MYSELF

SURFING – can't fight the waves, waves are forces of nature and there's a way to dance with them. Earth Coincidence Control Office (E.C.C.O.) = manage circumstances; “good” vs “bad” = religious

What do I have to do to develop surfing skills?

GO WITH THE FLOW  
LEARN TO FLY  
We are designed to fly.

REFUSE TO GO BACK TO ZOMBIE WORLD

I do not ever have to go back – radical responsibility

We have capacity to be extraordinary

KIDS (young) HAVE FREEDOM

## **MAKE EXPERIMENTING A WAY OF LIFE = try new behaviors**

Changing myself simultaneously changes my culture. The moment I expect anything from my partner, the possibility of relationship is killed. What I then have is my expectation instead of the relationship.

No effort is wasted, my matrix builds.

## **BEST GUIDANCE FOR USING BOOK = HAVE FUN!**

Take on an ID that makes me brave, kind, healthy, and happy.

Become a door-maker.

Matrix = what's happened in last 10 years that made me today.

Mechanical skills = where people (or I) am stuck → help others shift.

## **Chapter Three (*no date*)**

Notes from “An Introduction to Liquid State, Possibility Management (PM) Terms Explained” with Marina Mello and Anja Rohlf

I cavitated to a new space for me, to live in today or maybe always? No – I feel that I need to and want to do this every day. It's a beautiful way to life. Thank you, all. Thank you, gremlin, for helping me survive patriarchy.

All my bodies are soothed. It's peaceful in here.

Pause....feel....BE!

I'm more still than usual.

Too many hours watching videos yesterday.\*

8:30 pm: pages 17-27 Shall I start a study group? I could. I know I could. Zoom = \$16 a month. I would need to learn more about spaceholding. That's all. A beginning. Like Clinton in college. Create a flyer – InDesign!!! I KNEW I couldn't drop it. Maybe I'll be back. SCRATCH “maybe”???? Clinton says “GO!”

MAY DAY

\*All day = Archiarchy. All night = Erin Brockovich!!!

**March 28:** Cavitated new space

Studying and printing in color Rage Club and Beep! Book; updating looseleaf

Q: Can I afford good journals for BB?

A: Not now! Taking financial responsibility.

Signed up for Rage & Fear Club – Leave the 8 Prisons with Hannah Hirsh and Beth McNamara. Paid \$160 after realizing I had forgotten to write down Marita's \$100 check so I used that.

*Cavitation* page 52: Remington's Beep! Book

"...a small notepad you carry around for instantly documenting new distinctions, new ideas, or feedback and coaching from others before your Box and gremlin cause you to forget....

"Your 'Box' is...your psychological defense strategy, your memetic construct, your comfort zone...the worldview you live inside of that gives your life its look and feel. Your 'gremlin' is the active part of your Box that does whatever it takes to keep things the same in your life, because if anything changes or evolves in your survival strategy, it might no longer work to assure survival."

Hannah showed me how to get on Telegram.

**March 29:** Put my introduction on Telegram and got a wonderful message from Anne-Chloé!

Read Edith's chapter (Pages 59-65) STARTING OVER: Start by writing an article and making a website.

Note to Self:

PAUSE NOW

REVIEW

And

KEEP READING *CAVITATION*

\* \* \*

Looks like I didn't pause.



Watching Helena Norberg-Hodge: Reflections on the Big Picture (9 minutes, 14 seconds)  
Psychological pollution, going slower, going local.

Gameworlds by Katharina Kaifler at [possibilitymanagement.org](http://possibilitymanagement.org)

**April 1:** Women of Earth Movement with Anne-Chloé and Vera Franco (1 hour, 31 minutes, 30 seconds with Spanish translations)

We fiercely love each other

We need each other to be the most radiant, powerful women we can be.

How much fun can we have with each other? (Not the kind of fun that was authorized) FUN  
= Who can I be around these women that they will celebrate me? How big can I be:  
feedback culture

Tendency among women to receive the Beep! as punishment or I did something wrong = go back in shell or pressure to be perfect so I belong

We create a meshwork, a field around the world –

WHAT'S YOUR JOB?

WHO ARE YOU?

WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR YOURSELF?

WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR HUMANITY?

Then they paused for five minutes while everyone was writing their answers to these questions:

1. What do you want for yourself – future?
2. What do you want for the future of humanity?
3. In what way do I want to be met with dignity?
4. What part of me do I want to be seen and called forth?

When the 5 minutes was up, Anne-Chloé asked:

**HOW'S IT GOING? IS THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO FOR YOU?**

[Iona: I did not do this exercise, I'm hiding, waiting for a phone call and will do this later – maybe when I'm typing up to here.]

OK, I'll do this when I finish this page.

**April 2:** I'm finished now. No more excuses. Here goes:

1. I want to be seen and recognized as someone with vast environmental experience gained through 79 years of life on this planet, gradually abandoning patriarchy but not totally. I have a lot to share and will create an Archiarchy website soon so that people who want to learn some of what I have to teach, will be able to reach me.
2. I want the future of humanity to grow up and start living with the deepest love and respect for themselves, other people, and all life. I want global peace. I want equality for everyone. I want my friends in Africa to have everything they need to thrive in Archiarchy. Actually, I want that for all of us.
3. I want to be met with dignity as an elder, like Julia Newmann did. She videoed me and will post it one of these days. I hope people see it.
4. I want my vulnerable, don't-know-everything, don't-know-much-at-all person to be called forth. TIMES UP!

chuckle

***All this is happening, and I'm going to have fun?*** [Anne-Chloé says sarcastically in a later video re: how can we dawdle and waste our time with distractions like entertainment, sports, etc. when our home is on fire? = my words; hers are bolded and italicized]

Also, Anne-Chloé answers a question about how to talk with people who are still in patriarchy:

**I'm a human from the future. You can become that, too. It's fun here.**

**March 31:** Started Rage & Fear Club; learned via a video that there **is NO FEE TO BECOME A RAGE CLUB SPACEHOLDER (training needed)**

**April 1:** Started reading *Conscious Feelings: Living Life Closer to Your Own Truth* (revised edition 2022) by Clinton Callahan

**April 2:** Called LL Bean told them I'm saving trees and want to get off their paper catalogue mailing list. I did not say that now I see it as a materialistic vehicle for wealthy people (even though I really like my LL Bean bathing suit and Nordic sweaters). I HAVE A DISTINCTION NOW: I AM NO LONGER AN LL BEAN SHOPPER!

## ***50-Years-Into-the-Future Dream***

*(When I woke up I wished I had known a good movie producer to bring this one to large audiences. Sometime after the Gulf War, around 1993.)*

**WHIRLWIND** – John and I are doing our work, getting ready for a meeting in some building.

**TORNADO** – We're lifted off our feet – everything is turning GRAY – we're bumped into walls but not hurt – we're both airborne – spinning from one wall to another individually

Trying to get to him – success – Now WE'RE TOGETHER – holding on to each other

**ROOM FLOATING** – not much fear: I say to him for encouragement: "THINK OF GOD!"

**MY OWN THOUGHTS** – Our work (I was not a Christian – did not think of God for my own comfort)

**CYCLONE STOPS – ALL IS GRAY – ALL FACES NOW PRETTY MUCH  
THE SAME!**

My face looks like all the other women's; John's like all the other men's – like an old "TWILIGHT ZONE" show

Clothes, ages, facial hair and hairdos are different BUT –

Basic men's faces are all the same

Women's, too – very little difference

**PEOPLE EVERYWHERE**

**EVERYTHING ARTIFICIAL**  
**ARTIFICIALLY BRIGHT COLORS**

**NO EARTH**

**NO GRASS**

**NO TREES**

**NO FLOWERS**

**NO ANIMALS**

**NO SKY**

**NO NOISE**

**SILENT PEOPLE EVERYWHERE**

**PEOPLE – LOTS OF THEM –**

Aimless, all moving as a herd

LARGE BUILDINGS – FOUR STORIES HIGH

ALL GRAY

ALL CRUMBLING

PEOPLE SLOWLY, CONSTANTLY MOVING IN THE SAME DIRECTION

Faces coming out of a GRAY building – Smoothly – constant silent motion

They have faces of shiny, colored plastic with slits for mouths which don't move or speak.

NO HORROR OR PAIN – Just coming out of the building like roaches as building is  
about to disintegrate

NOBODY TALKS TO ANYBODY, LOOKS AT ANYBODY

NO SIGN OF INTERACTION OR CONCERN

SLOW, STEADY MOVEMENTS –

NO PANIC

SAME PACE

NO RHYTHM OR BEAT

ONE HOMOGENIOUS MOVEMENT

NEXT BIG GRAY BUILDING CRUMBLING

PHONEY PHONES BEING HANDED DOWN AND AROUND

(like Dr. Seuss's Whisper-ma phone in *The Lorax*)

PHONES MADE OF LEGO-TYPE MATERIAL

POOR SECTION – EVERYBODY USED SAME PHONE

– COULDN'T PAY THE PHONE BILL –

"EVERYBODY" SLOWLY LEAVES BUILDING AS BUILDING

CRUMBLES

FALLS

SLOWLY

C R U M B L I N G

NOT REAL PEOPLE ANYMORE –

LIKE LEGO PEOPLE – PLASTIC

BROWNISH, BLUISH

SMOOTH, SHINY, PLASTIC FACES

NO PAIN

NO FEAR

## **ANAESTHETIZED**

Occasionally John reappears – not much like himself but somebody to talk with as I'm walking through this

STERILE, CRUMBLING CIVILIZATION

LARGE NUMBERS OF PEOPLE THE SAME

WALKING AIMLESSLY

NO EMOTION

JUST GOING ALONG

NO NATURE LEFT

GRAY BUILDING (NOT DARK)

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W A T E R

Building had been made of recycled, GRAY material, did not last!

RECYCLED PAPER – **ALL** THE BUILDINGS WERE MADE OF RECYCLED GRAY CARDBOARD

NOT LASTING

NOTHING IS LASTING

EVERYTHING IS CRUMBLING

NOTHING IS "REAL"

NO CHILDREN

NO CARS

NO MORE TECHNOLOGY

NO MORE NATURAL RESOURCES

**NOBODY**

**CARES!**

EVERYBODY JUST KEEPS MOVING IN ONE DIRECTION AS IF IN A

DAZE/HAZE



THE WHOLE MOOD CHANGES



I find an old, cotton book cover on the ground on which I had written a letter to John when I was in Israel.

I'm excitedly showing it to him – the cloth feels good – it's REAL cotton, well-made, worn but holding up after all these years. It had endured! Natural cotton. One could see the threads woven together.

It was reddish in one corner – blood? paint? Not startling, just a curious stain.

BRIEF IMAGE OF WAR

ALL OF THE GLORY BOYS HAVE MELDED INTO ONE EVIL IMPRESSION FROM SADDAM HUSSEIN TO NORMAN SCHWARZKOPF – ALL THE KILLERS – ALL THE FEROCIOUS MALE WARRIORS BECOME ONE EVIL IMPRESSION – NOT ONE STANDS OUT – ALL EQUALLY AWFUL – DEADLY MEN

ONE MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN COMES LOPING, BOPPING OUR WAY

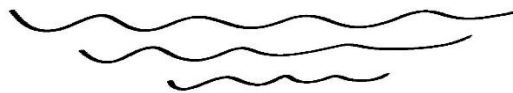
BOUNCY

HAPPY

She wears a T-shirt full of slogans.

SHE IS

ALIVE



She has messages of hope on her T-shirt.

SHE HAS

A S M I L E

The first smile in the whole damn dream –

**SHE'S REAL**



She's got some quirky religion – New Age? Fundamentalist?



WHO CARES?

She is the first human being who is awake mentally in the entire dream!

She's not "pretty" by Hollywood standards but she's much more beautiful than all the actresses in the world because she is

HERSELF.

She is not made up to be anybody else.

SHE IS HER **S**ELF

She wears glasses and has a pocketbook slung recklessly over her shoulder.

Her religion is not exactly mine but she's

VIBRANT

HAPPY

ALIVE

and willing/eager to

THINK AND TALK

SHE HAS ENERGY

SHE HAS HOPE

SHE IS REAL

### ***Epilogue***

John and she and I are now together – we have somebody to talk with and to plan with and to work with to change the world. As I woke up I wondered whether John and I got our own faces back. The answer has to be YES.

***[Why I published this dream in 2025: I have spent my life, ever since this dream, trying to avoid the reality of no nature, plastic people, and disintegrating buildings.]***

## Revolution: Imagine the World YOU Want to Live In

(I love this story so much that I published it four times in my newspaper.)

By Surnai Ó Maoildhia, Ireland

Originally published in *Parabola*, Spring 2020

There came a time when the square concrete slabs sitting heavy along the suburban streets were pried up with crowbars and the squashed soil beneath sucked in the fresh air and people kneeled down along the stretches of dark earth and said Sorry.

There came a time when all of the lightbulbs in each of the streetlights in each of the streets were unscrewed. And in the night the stars shone down unblinded.

The bricks of derelict houses were pulled from tired walls by many sets of hands and were stacked, like the building blocks of children, in wheelbarrows, to be wheeled away and used again.

Then the foundations of the lonely houses crumbled and were swept away and soil flew in on the breeze carrying dandelion seeds with it, and those many hands with soil in the curves of their fingerprints placed tiny seeds in tiny pressed hollows that grew to be oak and sycamore and birch and ash.

The black smoke that once wheezed from car exhausts and chimneys and seeped up into the sky, staining the white clouds dark, was now only in the burning of fallen branches on beaches from bonfires, and the smoke was grey, not black, and the red sparks wove within it a fiery embroidery that sparkled beneath the unveiled stars.

The trees that lived in their circles in the pavement in the cities now stretched their roots out, stretched the length of them, stretched long and lovely and intoxicatingly

as all that concrete was changed to loose earth and so the roots could uncoil and the trees could stand steady.

And in this time, this time that came, on Sunday mornings, people went to the sea and kneeled and saw the waves swell against the cliffs or lap against the stones or soak into the sand. They went to the forest and kneeled and looked at the trees shiver, shake, and lose themselves in the wind. They went to the mountains and kneeled and watched, straining their eyes to see the breaths in the earth of the mountains, the mountains that breathe so slowly in their millennial meditation that one cannot see the rise and fall.

And above this breathing, above this spiraling of roots and trickling of water in the hollows in the soil, and alongside the curling of the waves and amidst the frolicking of the dandelion seeds, is the turning, turning, turning of bicycle wheels as people make their way through their day, to the sea or to work or play or school...

To school where children have risen from beds to kneel against rows of different beds and gently pluck out weeds and water the seedlings and the growing bulbs, and place potatoes in their patterns and name each one before they bury them...

To school where children solve puzzles with simultaneous equations and build contraptions with blueprints and nimble fingers and then discover the workings of plants, animals, atoms, space, and the rhythms of a story as they read and read and read... writes the author.

To school where children fill the halls with music and the foot-stomping of dancing and the pounding of running feet and the careful breathing of yoga and meditation as they learn to stretch their limbs and minds and where to stretch them so as to get the most light...

The light that fruit and vegetables have used to swell and ripen, to be gathered then in baskets on bicycles or pooled in cloth bags, and the soil is brushed off with fingers and the slugs are placed outside and the vegetables, each one a different shape, are chopped and cooked.

And the flowers are nourished by that same light, the flowers that were planted in the ground and in boxes and baskets and on rooftops and in the old bulbs of streetlights hanging upside down from loops of twine. The same light that's sprinkled like sugar onto the fields and fields of daisies, fields bursting with daisies, trimmed with pink and centered by their own little suns, and if you look quickly, especially at dusk, it is only pink you see; oh, but how can you only glance? Of all the standards of beauty, there is nothing more lovely than a field full of daisies...

And in a house where all the windows are open a bumble bee has found himself trapped and a young girl sees him and gasps and she runs for a glass. And following him on tiptoe through the different rooms of the home, she finally moves the glass over him and places a book on the end and shifts the buzzing bee, buzzing, buzzing, buzzing, into the garden where he swoops up into the air, pauses, buzzes, and swoops again and disappears.

And though the girl can't see – but can imagine – the bee moseys over miles of green grass, dotted with pockets of gardens and houses and trees, and the bee crisscrosses with swallows who have tuned the sounds of spring to summer with the forks of their tails. And the bee pauses on a sunflower planted in a stretch of space that was once a graveyard, and is still, but the rectangles of gravel and the squares of headstones have been swapped with shrubs and flowers and so bluebells grow from the bodies and the memories of lost ones, who are not truly lost, simply shifted, and their names are painted on pebbles that have been moved from the shore.

And all of that rubbish that dropped from all of those cluttered lives, the rubbish that could not decompose, that could not die – immortal – heaped on top of nature, smothering; and then on top of itself, piling, over and over, minute after minute, until it leaked into the cracks in the planet, filling the gaps and then overflowing until it spilled and spilled into all of the bellies of all of the whales, cleared. It was cleared.

And there came a time when the ocean released that breath it had been holding and eased down a few inches. And the wounds in the sky were allowed to heal and knit back together and dolphins could sew their threads through the clean, blue waters again.

And there came a time when the treetops were patched up and noisy again and orangutans collected their armfuls of fruit again and all that crumbling, wilting, dying turned to growth and the world was fresh and clean, as after a spring rain.

And the poles became solid once more.

And the famine ended.

And people learned to love this nature.

Loved it wholly and completely and unconditionally. And they learned that they are not excluded, that they are nature too. And the indomitable nature within them loved the uncontrollableness, the insuppressible-ness, the irrepressible-ness...loved the wildness of it all, the mess and the chaos; they learned to love the life in it, the life in them, in us, the organic, circular movement of everything.

And we learned to say, Sorry.

**"The Great Work of a people is the work of all the People. No one is exempt. Each of us has our individual life patterns and responsibilities. Yet beyond these concerns each person in and through their personal work assists in the Great Work. This can be seen in the medieval world as the basic patterns of personal life and craft skills were aligned within the larger work of the civilizational effort. While the alignment is more difficult in these times it must be an ideal to be sought."**

***The Great Work* by Thomas Berry**

**Strength means honoring your entire range of emotion, even your despair and heartbreak. It means acknowledging each of those feelings, your questions and ideas and faith and terror, and meeting what comes with the full force of your heart.**

**Brenda Shaughnessy**

**"We gather and rebel not with a vision of a fairy-tale future where we have fixed the climate, but because it is right to do what we can. To slow the change. To reduce the harm. To save what we can. To invite us back to sanity and love. The truth is we are scared and we are brave enough to say so. The truth is we are grieving and we are proud enough to say so. The truth is we are traumatized and we are open enough to say so. We are angry and we are calm enough to say so and invite others to join us."**

**Founders of the Extinction Rebellion in Oxford Circus on April 15th, 2019**

**How do we see the world as sacred again?  
By radical noticing. Looking for awe in all of life.**

**Lucy Jones**

If you want to learn more or have questions, please email me at [ionaconner@pa.net](mailto:ionaconner@pa.net) and go to [www.ionaconner.com](http://www.ionaconner.com).

Adios, patriarchy.

Hello, Archiarchy!