The Greater New York Smudge Cleanse

Jeanine Oleson

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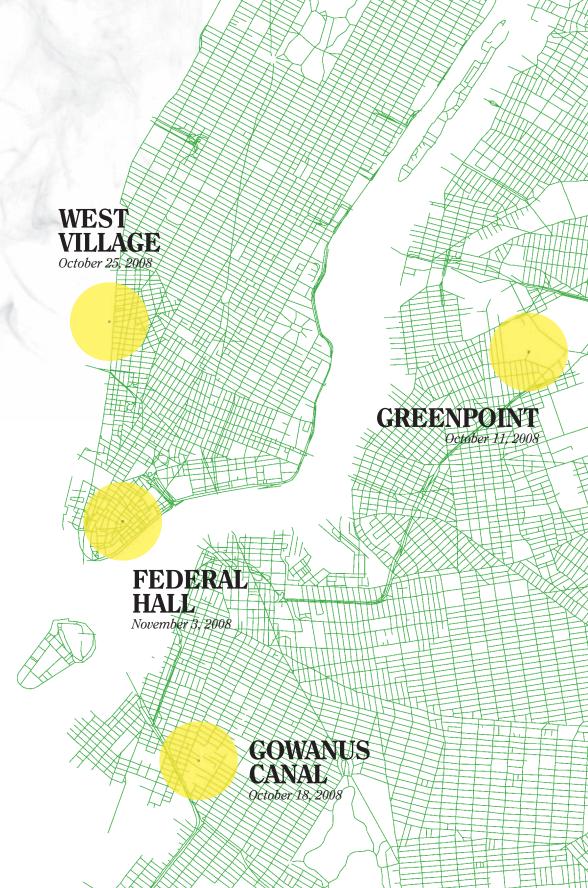
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THE GREATER NEW YORK SMUDGE CLEANSE MAP OF ACTIONS



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The Treater New York Smudge Cleanse

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INTRODUCTION

Jeanine Oleson

I used to spend about a month every summer in Santa Fe, New Mexico. It's a devastatingly beautiful place; the colors, smell, and the feeling of being thousands of feet above sea level causes something special to happen, or maybe just altitude sickness. I had a lot of time to observe the abundance of wealthy New Age tourists, locals who spanned from older hippies to the descendants of early Spanish settlers to the Native Americans who'd always been there, and, of course, everyone in between. I particularly love-hated the problematics of Santa Fe as a site of spiritual pilgrimage. Everywhere I went, spiritual goods and experiences were available, from past-life regressions to shamanic workshops to aura readings. I am not a spiritual person in the usual sense—I'm by nature far too critical to participate in many ceremonial practices of faith, because I'm not really sure about belief. With that said, I am strangely superstitious and ritualistic. I don't know if I believe in bad energy, but sometimes I need to do something about it.

Many friends who visited that summer helped me collect huge bags of sage. As I pushed and squeezed the sage together with string, it actually did start to look like a giant smudge stick. I hadn't thought about what to do with the object, only that I'd like to make it as a symbol of my thinking about catalyzing change, cultural co-optation, spirituality, and the painful and absurd history of the American West.

After looking at the smudge stick that fall back in Brooklyn, it seemed best suited to some larger-than-life form of a cleansing process, and what better place than New York. There are so many places that contain deep levels of psychic dirt here, but I ended up concentrating on a cross section that represented my dissatisfaction, sadness, and anxiety of living in New York in the fall of 2008. I wanted to address the toxic pool of oil I was literally living on top of in Greenpoint, a north Brooklyn neighborhood, and the putrid conditions of south Brooklyn's Gowanus Canal. I also wanted to address the legacy of queer history in the face of gentrification and class struggles in the West Village, and the (still) very present effects of the economic col-



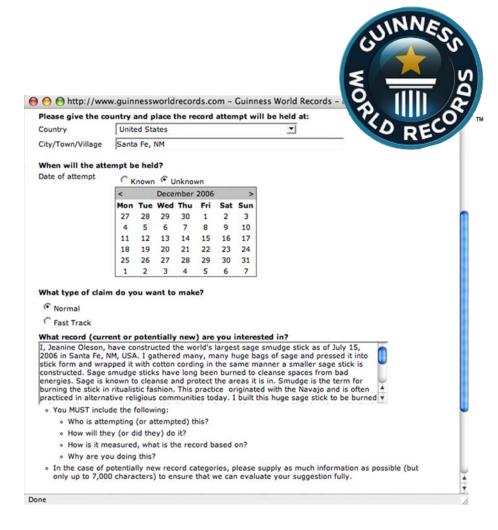
lapse and the anxious 2008 presidential election at Federal Hall on Wall Street. So I attempted, by way of intention and public performance, to organize around situations of toxicity that needed transformation. I invited many friends and strangers together to share moments of joy and a strange rebellion in the face of everything wrong by hauling a giant burning smudge stick through the streets of Brooklyn and Manhattan. I also planned these events in collaboration with organizations and spaces that had long been addressing the issues that concerned me. At the Gowanus Canal, I smudged with the Gowanus Dredgers Club, an educational conservancy group, so that people could go out on the Canal in a canoe and hear the organization's members talk about oysters as filters, the history of the area, and conservation work. In the West Village, we walked from Christopher Street Pier to the Stonewall Inn, where Melissa Anderson, Geoffrey Hendricks, Robert Marshall, and Emily Roysdon read oral histories and other documents of queer history in New York followed by a dance party. At Federal Hall, the day before the 2008 presidential elec-

tion, historic texts were read by Abbey Williams and my mom, and amazing smokedancers Rebecca Brooks, Layla Childs, Anne Hall, Emily Roysdon, Colin Stillwell, and Sarah White provided the movement of cleansing smoke (I was afraid I wouldn't be able to burn in the police state that is Wall Street). Also, a public tarot reading with Shelley Marlow was offered about the following day's election. In addition to these people and organizations, I'm grateful to friends who supported this project. Leah Gilliam helped shoulder the heft of the stick through city streets in an ever-changing muumuu that she sported like a real sport, Carl Williamson designed a poster and website for the project that seems to have had a life of it's own, and Hannah Deutsch helped me make cookies and sell the merch. Marina Ancona helped me in so many huge ways through the life of the project, and along with Cecilia Dougherty and Khaela Maricich, took the best photographs and video footage ever—which has made this book possible and interesting to look at. I hope you enjoy it and can feel some of the ecstatically ridiculous pleasure each event brought me.











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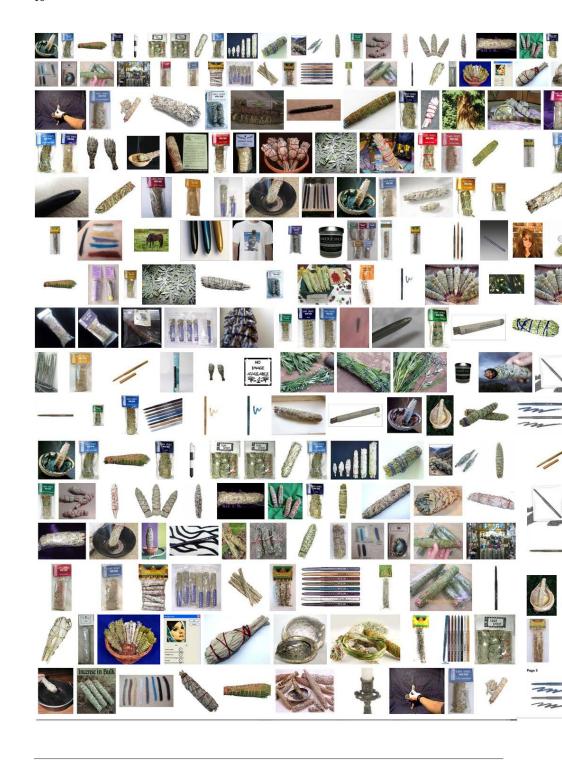
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GREENPOINT

October 11, 2008

Greenpoint is the site of the Exxon-Mobil oil spill, one of the largest oil spills in U.S. history. The underground spill, which dates as far back as 1948, contains between 17 to 30 million gallons of degraded gasoline, fuel oil, and naphtha. At the time of the GNYSC, there was no clear plan of how it would be removed and little attention paid to the health and welfare of those in the neighborhood. Since I lived on top of the underground spill on Apollo Street for seven years and felt profoundly disturbed by both the lack of attention it received and the potential effects upon my health and welfare as a resident of the area. I wanted to enact some form of cleansing. There are known problems, like large amounts of methane gas and benzene found near and in homes in the area, and it's unclear how

extensively the Newtown Creek water supply has been affected by the spill. Since 2004, Riverkeeper, a nonprofit environmental watchdog organization, has worked to raise public awareness about the creek and filed major class-action lawsuits to begin cleanup. Unsurprisingly, in 2010 the Environmental Protection Agency designated the area a federal Superfund site and it also has numerous state Superfund designations. Let's hope the area is cleansed in a very real way.

For the GNYSC, there was a procession from the edge of Newtown Creek that traversed the underground spill to McGolrick Park, where there was a cookie picnic and discussion of the issues facing the area.









SMUDGING. (WHAT'S THAT?)

A SMUDGE STICK IS A BUNDLE OF DRIED HERBS, MOST
COMMONLY SAGE. OFTEN OTHER HERBS OR PLANTS ARE USED OR ADDED AND THE LEAVES ARE USUALLY BOUND WITH STRING IN A SMALL
BUNDLE AND DRIED.

THE TERM "SMUDGE STICK" ENTERED THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE THROUGH INDIGENOUS AMERICAN INDIAN TRADITIONS IN AMERICA VIA CULTURAL EXCHANGE AND HAVE ALSO BEEN PROPAGATED IN NEW AGE TRADITIONS OF SHAMANISM. THE BINDING OF SMUDGE STICKS FOR MANY TRADITIONS WAS A SACRED INTENTIONAL PROCESS IN AND OF ITSELF. THE PROCESS OF EMPLOYING SCENT IN RITES OF PURIFICATION, BE IT IN CENSERS, THROUGH BURNING INCENSE OR SMUDGING (THE PROCESS OF USING A SMUDGE STICK) IS ENDEMIC THROUGHOUT TRADITIONAL RITES.

The theory behind smudging is that the smoke attaches itself to negative energy and as it clears it takes the negative energy with it, releasing it into another space to be regenerated. Sage is burned in smudging ceremonies to drive out evil spirits, negative thoughts and feelings, and to keep negative entities away from physical and psychic spaces.

MAYBE NEW YORK COULD USE A LITTLE OF THAT.

THE GREATER NEW YORK SMUDGE CLEANSE WWW.NYCSMUDGE.COM



One of the world's largest underground oil spills lurks beneath Greenpoint. It is referred to as the ExxonMobil Oil Spill. At somewhere between 17-30 MILLION GALLONS AND COVERING 55 ACRES, THE SPILL IS MUCH LARGER THAN THE 1989 EXXON VALDEZ SPILL IN ALASKA. IT WAS OFFICIALLY DISCOVERED BY THE US COAST Guard in 1978, but clean-up didn't begin until 1990 and has been suspended af-TER ONLY 7.7 MILLION GALLONS HAVE BEEN REMOVED BY EXXONMOBIL. RIVERKEEPER, A NON-PROFIT ESTUARY CONSERVATION GROUP FILED SUIT AGAINST EXXONMOBIL INITIALly on behalf of residents and in 2007, in tandem with the Attorney General's OFFICE. IN RESPONSE, EXXONMOBIL SUSPENDED THEIR OIL EXTRACTION INDEFINITELY. THERE ARE DISPROPORTIONATLY HIGH CANCER RATES IN THE SPECIFIC NEIGHBORhoods on top of the oil spill, and the EPA has confirmed the existence of high LEVELS OF FUMES CONTAINING BENZENE AND TOLUENE THAT HAVE BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH ELEVATED RISKS FOR CANCER. ALSO, WITHIN 1-2 MILE OF THE START POINT OF THE SMUDGE, THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF BROWNFIELDS, 10 STATE SUPERFUND SITES, 19 WASTE TRANSFER STATIONS, THE LARGEST SEWAGE TREATMENT FACILITY IN NEW YORK CITY, 19 REGISTERED POINT SOURCE AIR EMISSIONS FACILITIES, AND DOZENS OF INSTANCES OF HAZARDOUS VAPOR INTRUSION IN HOMES AND BUSINESSES. IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO FIND OUT MORE OR GET INVOLVED IN THE ISSUES AFFECTING THIS NEIGHBORHOOD, PLEASE SEE THE BELOW LISTED ORGANIZATIONS THAT PROVIDED MUCH INFORMATION:

NEWTOWN CREEK ALLIANCE, COMM. OUTREACH, WWW.NEWTOWNCREEKALLIANCE.ORG

RIVERKEEPER, ENVIRONMENTAL ADVOCACY NGO, WWW.RIVERKEEPER.ORG

HABITATMAP, ONLINE INTERACTIVE MAPPING PROJECT, WWW.HABITATMAP.ORG



Region 2 Superfund : Newtown Creek Brooklyn and Queens, NY

Newtown Creek, located in the City of New York, is a part of the New York - New Jersey Harbor Estuary and forms the northern border of the Borough of Brooklyn and the southern border of the borough of Queens. In the mid 1800s, the area adjacent to the 3.8 mile Newtown Creek was one of the busiest hubs of industrial activity in New York City. More than 50 refineries were located along its banks, including oil refineries, petrochemical plants, fertilizer and glue factories, sawmills, and lumber and coal yards. The creek was crowded with commercial vessels, including large boats bringing in raw materials and fuel and taking out oil, chemicals and metals. In addition to the industrial pollution that resulted from all of this activity, the city began dumping raw sewage directly into the water in 1856. During World War II, the creek was one of the busiest ports in the nation. Currently, factories and facilities still operate along the creek. Various contaminated sites along the creek have contributed to the contamination at Newtown Creek. Today, as a result of its industrial history, including countless spills, Newtown Creek is one of the nation's most polluted waterways.

Various sediment and surface water samples have been taken along the creek. Pesticides, metals, PCBs, and volatile organic compounds (VOCs), which are potentially harmful contaminants that can easily evaporate into the air, have been detected at the creek.

In the early 1990s, New York State declared that Newtown Creek as not meeting water quality standards under the Clean Water Act. Since then, a number of government sponsored cleanups of the creek have taken place. The New York City Department of Environmental Protection has sampled sediment and surface water at a number of locations along the creek since 1980. The Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) conducted a sampling event in 2009 to analyze sediment samples for a wide range of industrial contaminants. Results of this study are found via the 'additional documents' link.

In September 2010, Newtown Creek was listed as a Superfund Site on the National Priorities List. EPA signed an Administrative Order on Consent (AOC) with six Potentially Responsible Parties (PRPs) on July 7, 2011. The AOC finalized the Remedial Investigation/Feasibility Study (RI/FS) process, to characterize contamination at the creek, with EPA oversight. Field sampling began in November 2011 and will re-start in February 2012.

Apricot cornneal and Suga cookies I stock of butter, soften 3/4 (Sugar 1 279 3/4 c. (+ 1 lith) flow Le top. baking sola 1/4 c. chopped drud agricots
1/2 c. continued
2 tbs. frish sage, finely chapped 1/2 top. salt Down 350° Mix 5. Hr, sugar and ogg. Sift in the rest! Bake for 10 mins.



GOWANUS CANAL

October 18, 2008

Gowanus Canal is a very polluted waterway in south Brooklyn rounded by several communities that widely represent the discrepancies of life in New York, and the legacy of a first world nation's noxious runoff in a postindustrial era. After many years of toxic discharges, runoff, sewer outflows and industrial pollutants, the Gowanus Canal has become one of the nation's most contaminated bodies. of water. Contaminants include PCBs. coal tar wastes, heavy metals, and volatile organics; additionally, the polluted canal is known to contain STDs. kill whales, and possibly hold the key to new strains of superantibiotics. This smudge was in conjunction with the Gowanus Dredgers Canoe Club, a volunteer organization dedicated to

promoting waterfront access and providing hands-on experience and knowledge about the ecological state of the canal. The area was smudged, Rudy Shephard presented his bad energy-absorbing sculptures, and the Dredgers provided canoe access and information about the history and condition of the canal.

Like Newtown Creek and the ExxonMobil oil spill in Greenpoint, the Gowanus was designated as a Superfund site by the Environmental Protection Agency in 2010. Many debates have ensued about how to remove the "black mayonnaise" of sludge from the Canal, but at least something is finally being done.









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What kinds of bad energy are present in and around the Gowanus Canal? On a physical plane, the waterway is known as one of the most polluted waterways in the country. The area is designated as a brownfield due to excessively high levels of cyanide, mercury, benzene, PCBs, "volatile organics" and a history of unchecked waste dumping, both industrial and sewage. Of course non of this has improved the life of those living near the canal on psychic and/or physical levels.

THE GREATER NEW YORK SMUDGE CLEANSE WWW.NYCSMUDGE.COM



Region 2 Superfund : Gowanus Canal Brooklyn, NY

The Gowanus Canal, in Brooklyn, New York, is bounded by several communities including Park Slope, Cobble Hill, Carroll Gardens and Red Hook. The canal empties into New York Harbor. Completed in 1869, the Gowanus Canal was once a major transportation route for the then separate cities of Brooklyn and New York City. Manufactured gas plants, mills, tanneries, and chemical plants are among the many facilities that operated along the canal.

As a result of years of discharges, storm water runoff, sewer outflows and industrial pollutants, the Gowanus Canal has become one of the nation's most extensively contaminated water bodies. Contaminants include PCBs, coal tar wastes, heavy metals and volatile organics. The contamination poses a threat to the nearby residents who use the canal for fishing and recreation.

On March 2, 2010, EPA added the Gowanus Canal to the Agency's Superfund National Priorities List (NPL). Placing the Gownaus Canal on the list allows the Agency to further investigate contamination at the site and develop an approach to address the contamination.



The New York Times



Frolicking Visitor Delights Hearts, Then Dies

By ANTHONY RAMIREZ and ANN FARMER Published: April 19, 2007

A 12-foot-long whale that had surfaced and frolicked near the mouth of the Gowanus Canal on Tuesday, delighting and surprising even the most hardened of Brooklyn residents, died yesterday, officials said.

The whale — a minke, the second-smallest whale species — had been thought to be in good health because it was not surfacing erratically. Like other ocean mammals, whales must surface to breathe.

Shortly before 5 p.m., during low tide, it was seen churning in the water. Teri Frady, a spokeswoman for the Fisheries Service of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, said, "It swam by a bulkhead" near the canal's mouth, "thrashed a little, and then expired." Neither its age nor sex were known.





Gowanus Canal Has Gonorrhea

By Robert

Published: Wednesday, October 3, 2007

There's good news and bad news to report about the Gowanus Canal, along which developers hope to someday develop many luxe condos. The bad news: the canal has gonorrhea. The good news: it no longer has typhoid and "virulent" cholera. A report in Scienceline, which is published by NYU, details a bunch of nightmare problems, including the aforementioned gonorrhea found in a drop of water, a lot of lead in oysters, a possible "colonizing life form" on the bottom, muck loaded with oil and more. (These are the water problems, not the land-based ones.) There are also details about the flushing tunnel shut down which, in layman's terms, is going to cause the canal to smell like crap. The pump will be shut down in the winters of 2008 and 2009. After that, there might be dredging or other clean up. Possibly, some shots of penicillin too.



WEST VILLAGE

October 25th, 2008

The West Village is a historic home to the gueer communities, the site of both legendary cruising and the Stonewall Riots. This neighborhood has provided several decades of this community with a consistent and meaningful space to gather within a largely hostile society. The area has been in a long process of gentrification, and the ability for largely disenfranchised queers to gather is being quickly eradicated along with any sense of a radical history-even for others within the same community. This event sought to bring attention to these forms of bad energy in the neighborhood, and encourage

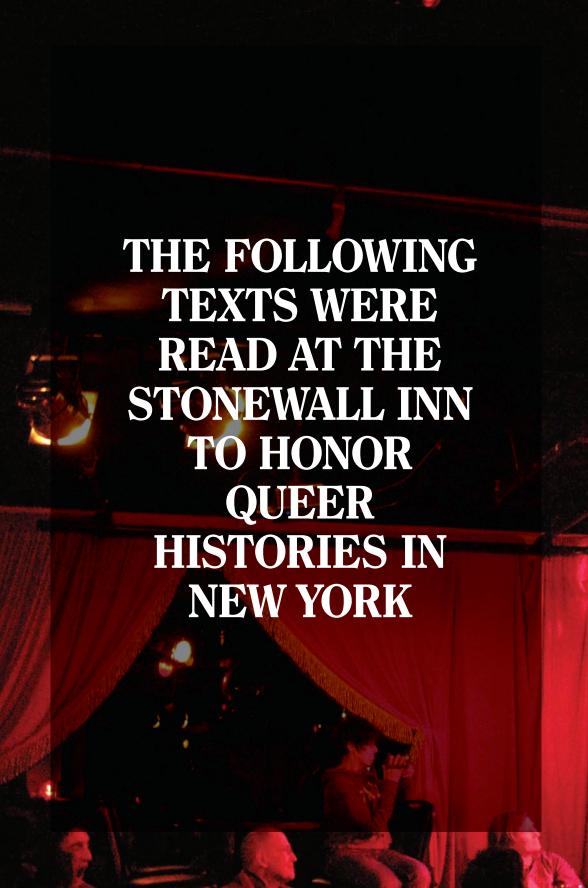
thinking about the importance of this place in collective memory. A smudging procession started at Pier 45 and traveled across Christopher Street, home to generations of queer history, and ended at the Stonewall Inn. site of the riots in 1969 that symbolically represented the beginning of the modern gay-rights movement. Fluxus artist and AIDS activist Geoffrey Hendricks, writers Melissa Anderson and Robert Marshall, and visual artist Emily Roysdon read historic texts from gueer history. The readings were followed by a tea dance with di Holli Smith spinning the gay anthems.













MARTHA SHELLEY'S ORAL HISTORY

READ BY Robert Marshall

This oral history was collected by Eric Marcus and used in his book *Making History: The Struggle for Gay and Lesbian Rights* published by Harper Collins, 1992.

Martha Shelley was born in Brooklyn. She found herself at the crux of the gay rights movement in the 60s while also involved in various other causes and social movements of the time. She was the reluctant president of the NYC chapter of Daughters of Bilitis, a pre-Stonewall lesbian organization, and one of the founders of the Gay Activist Alliance, formed on the energy for change post-stonewall.

I was always aware of the outsider's point of view. First, from being Jewish. Second, from having friends who were of a different race. That made it easier for me to be gay. I was used to being different. I was used to being an outsider. I didn't even want to fit in. I remember Joan Kent from DOB (Daughters of Bilitis) had tremendous difficulty with that. She was a WASP and Republican, and it was very important for her to be a "lady" the way she defined it. And her definition was, I guess, the same as society's definition. It caused her tremendous grief that the world wouldn't accept her on her terms as a lesbian and as a Republican lady.

It was very easy for me in the late 1960s, when the Gay Liberation movement came along, to run around in a tie-died tank top and a pair of cutoff jeans and say, "The hell with it," and thumb my nose at the world. Gay liberation just blew away the last restraints. I felt like I didn't have to fit in anymore—at least I didn't have to pretend to fit in. There was a whole movement that was supporting my not fitting in. The civil rights movement gave me a deep underpinning. The Women's Movement questioned sexual roles. The Yippies and the left-wing movements of the sixties questioned the politics I grew up with and the economic and social underpinnings of the whole society. Then the drugs, LSD, and writers and philosophers caused me to really question everything and to say, "The whole perception of reality I was raised with is fucked up, totally crazy, certifiably insane."

One of my friends from the Student Homophile League at Columbia University turned me on to LSD in the men's dorm of Columbia University. This was even before the Stonewall riots and gay liberation. I was having an affair with him. It wasn't a very hot sexual affair. It was just more thumbing our noses at the universe. We used to walk into

these meetings arm in arm. It was a scandal. There were these seven little homosexual organizations: DOB, Student Homophile League, and I forget the others. Some of them were just two people and a mimeo machine. So it was a scandal, in a sense, but at the same time, because the two of us were so blatant and out there in public being pro gay, they certainly couldn't afford to throw us out. And it wasn't like we were sleeping only with each other.

Anyway, while I was tripping around, my friend from the Homophile League took me to see 2001. It was a real blast of an experience. It shook a whole lot of my previous notions of reality. All of a sudden I saw the great white light: And a lot of the teachings of Eastern philosophy weren't just mumbo jumbo anymore. That pushed me a little further over the edge. So even before Stonewall, I was going to junk the whole thing. I was planning to leave my Barnard job at the end of the semester. I was offered another job there even though I was openly gay—I guess I had done my work well. But I said, "No, thanks." I had an offer of a part-time job doing typesetting in Greenwich Village for this woman who did typesetting for the Black Panthers on the side and all kinds of radical and artistic groups. I figured I would quit my job, move down to the Village, work part time, and have the rest of the time to write and be a political activist. Here I was, the end of the semester, June 1969. And just around that time, the Stonewall riot happened. The shit hit the fan. The night of the riot I was escorting two women from Boston around Greenwich Village, taking them on a tour of the bars. The women were going to start a DOB chapter in Boston. While we were walking around, we saw these people who looked younger than I was throwing things at cops. One of the women turned to me and said, "What's going on here?" I said, "Oh, it's a riot. These things happen in New York all the time. Let's toddle away and do something else." I took them to Joan Kent's house and then I went over to my lover's place in New Jersey. It was too late to get the last bus across the bridge. So I walked across the George Washington Bridge and hitchhiked the rest of the way at three in the morning. This was a long time ago. The next day I had to get up and attend some DOB thing; I don't remember what. When I got there, I found out what happened at the Stonewall. From lack of sleep and exhaustion, I was sort of feverish. And I lay on my couch that evening or the next day thinking, We've got to do something! We've got to do something! We can't just let this pass. I went to Joan Kent and said, "We should have a march." Joan said, "Well, if the Mattachine Society agrees, we'll cosponsor it." Mattachine was already having a meeting about the riot, and all these gays showed up at the meeting to talk about what was going on.

SYLVIA RIVERA'S ORAL HISTORY

READ BY Melissa Anderson

This oral history was collected by Eric Marcus and used in his book *Making History: The Struggle for Gay and Lesbian Rights* published by Harper Collins, 1992.

Sylvia Rivera (July 2, 1951–February 19, 2002) was an American transgender activist. Rivera was a founding member of both the Gay Liberation Front and the Gay Activists Alliance and helped found STAR (Street Transgender Action Revolutionaries), a group dedicated to helping homeless young street trans women.

If you were a drag queen, you could get into the Stonewall if they knew you. And only a certain number of drag queens were allowed into the Stonewall at that time. I wasn't in full drag that night anyway. I was dressed very pleasantly. When I dressed up, I always tried to pretend I was a white woman. I always like to say that, but really I'm Puerto Rican and Venezuelan.

That night I was wearing a fabulous women's suit I had made at home. It was light beige—very summery. Bell-bottoms were in style then. I had my hair out. Lots of makeup and lots of hair. I was wearing boots. I don't know why I was wearing boots.

So I was drinking at the bar, and the police came in to get their pay-off as usual. They were the same people who always used to come into the Washington Square Bar, too.

I don't know if it was the customers or if it was the police, but that night everything just clicked. Everybody was like, "Why the fuck are we doing all this for? Why should we be chastised? Why do we have to pay the Mafia to drink in a lousy fuckin' bar? And still be harassed by police?" It didn't make any sense. The people at them bars, especially at the Stonewall, were involved in other movements. And everybody was like, "We got to do our thing. We're gonna go for it!"

When they ushered us out, they very nicely put you out the door. Then you're standing across the street in Sheridan Square Park. But why? Everybody's looking at each other. "Why do we have to keep on putting up with this?" Suddenly the nickels, dimes, pennies, and quarters start flying. I threw quarters, and pennies, and whatnot. "You already got the payoff, and here's some more!"

To be there was so beautiful. It was so exciting. I said, "Well, great, now it's my time. I'm out there being a revolutionary for everybody else and now it's time to do something for my own people." It was like, "Wow, we're doing it! We're doing it! We're fucking their nerves!"

The police thought they could come in and say, "Get out," and nothing was going to happen. They could padlock the door and they knew damn well like everybody else knew that as soon as the police were gone, the Mafia would be there cutting the door. They had a new cash register. They had more money and they had more booze. This was what we learned to live with at that time. Until that day.

The cops, they just panicked. They had no backup. They didn't expect any of this retaliation. But they should have. People were very angry for so long. How can you live in a closet like that?

That night I got knocked around a bit by a couple of plainclothes cops. I didn't really get hurt. I was very afraid that night, thank God. But I saw other people being hurt by the police. There was one drag queen, I don't know what she said, but they beat her into a bloody pulp. There was a couple of dykes they took out and threw in the car. They got out the other side. It was inhumane, senseless bullshit. They called us animals. We were the lowest scum of the earth at that time.

CALAMUS: POEM 5

READ BY Geoffrey Hendricks

from Leaves of Grass (3rd Edition, 1860), Poem 5

Walt Whitman, an American poet, wrote this selection as a part of Leaves of Grass over 150 years ago. This selection seems to be a rally for what we could become as a nation, a dream unfulfilled to this day.

1.

States!

Were you looking to be held together by the lawyers? By an agreement on a paper? Or by arms?

2.

Away!

I arrive, bringing these, beyond all the forces of courts and arms, These! to hold you together as firmly as the earth itself is held together.

3.

The old breath of life, ever new, Here! I pass it by contact to you, America.

4.

O mother! have you done much for me? Behold, there shall from me be much done for you.

5.

There shall from me be a new friendship—It shall be called after my name, It shall circulate through The States, indifferent of place, It shall twist and intertwist them through and around each other—Compact shall they be, showing new signs, Affection shall solve every one of the problems of freedom, Those who love each other shall be invincible,

They shall finally make America completely victorious, in my name.

6.

One from Massachusetts shall be comrade to a Missourian, One from Maine or Vermont, and a Carolinian and an Orgonese, shall be friends triune, more precious to each other than all the riches of the earth.

7.

To Michigan shall be wafted perfume from Florida,
To Mannahatta from Cuba or Mexico
Not the perfume of flowers, but sweeter, and wafted beyond death.

8.

No danger shall balk Columbia's lovers, If need be, a thousand shall sternly immolate themselves for one, The Kanuck shall be willing to lay down his life for the Kasian, and the Kansian for the Kanuck, on due need.

9.

It shall be customary in all directions, in the houses and streets, to see manly affection,

The departing brother or friend shall salute the remaining brother or friend with a kiss.

10.

There shall be innovations, There shall be countless linked hands—namely, the Northeasterner's, and those of the interior, and all their brood, These shall be masters of the world under a new power, They shall laugh to scorn the attacks of all the remainder of the world.

1971 PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION AND BYLAWS OF THE GAY ACTIVIST ALLIANCE, INC.

READ BY Emily Roysdon

The Gay Activists Alliance was founded in New York City in December 1969 after the Stonewall riots, by former members of the Gay Liberation Front (GLF) who wanted to form a non-violent "single issue, politically neutral, militant organization" whose goal was to "secure basic human rights, dignity and freedom for all gay people."

WE AS LIBERATED HOMOSEXUAL ACTIVISTS demand the freedom for expression of our dignity and value as human beings through confrontation with and disarmament of all mechanism which unjustly inhibit us: economic, social and political. Before the public conscience, we demand an immediate end to all oppression of homosexuals and the immediate unconditional recognition of these basic rights:

THE RIGHT TO OUR OWN FEELINGS. This is the right to feel attracted to the beauty of members of our own sex and to embrace those feelings as truly our own, free from any question or challenge whatsoever by any other person institution, or "moral authority."

THE RIGHT TO LOVE. This is the right to express our feelings in action, the right to make love with anyone; anyway, anytime, provided only that such action to be freely chosen by the individual concerned.

THE RIGHT TO OUR OWN BODIES. This is the right to treat and express our bodies as we will, to nurture, display and embellish them solely in the manner we ourselves determine, independent of any external control whatsoever.

THE RIGHT TO BE PERSONS. This is the right freely to express our own individuality under the governance of laws justly made and executed, and to be the bearers of social political rights which are guaranteed by the Constitution of the United Sates and the Bill of Rights, enjoined upon all legislative bodies and courts, grounded in the fact of our common humanity.

To secure these rights, we hereby institute the Gay Activist Alliance, which shall be completely and solely dedicated to their implementation and maintenance, repudiating, at the same time, violence (except for the right of self-defense) as unworthy of social protest, disdaining all ideologies, whether political or social, and forbearing alliance with any group except for those whose concrete actions are likewise so specifically dedicated

It is finally to the imagination of oppressed homosexuals themselves that we commend the consideration of these rights, upon whose action alone depends all hope for the prospect of their lasting procurement.

The New Hork Times



The Kids of Christopher Street

By STEVEN KURUTZ Published: October 1, 2006

IF some out-of-town visitors had stood on Christopher Street on Wednesday evening, they might have thought they had stumbled upon a ragtag, two-way parade. All night long, a steady stream of gay teenagers, many black and Latino, clustering in small groups and shouting to friends, walked up and down Christopher Street, headed to and from Pier 45.

Many of these gay teenagers live outside Manhattan and are drawn to the Village as a secret haven.

"I've been coming here for a few months now," said a Latino boy wearing a royal blue cap and a pink polo shirt, who would identify himself only as Jonathan because his father back in Astoria did not know he was gay. "If you're gay, you can't show yourself to everybody. A friend from school told me about the pier. They said I could be myself."



Gay and Loud

The new battle over queer kids' ruckus in Greenwich Village

By Kristen Lombardi Tuesday, Mar 14 2006

Dave Poster will tell anyone who listens about the gay teenagers who plague his neighborhood—the ones with enough attitude to tell you to fuck off when you ask them to pipe down at two in the morning, the ones with the nerve to piss on your garbage cans. The Greenwich Village resident, an aging spark plug of a man who heads the Christopher Street Patrol, pounds the pavement in his home turf on a recent Saturday night, doing a routine sweep for trouble. What he finds is a young, queer parade.

Hundreds of queer teens, most of them black or Latino, amble along Christopher Street, in groups of 10 and 20. They're headed west, to the waterfront, to the public pier they've long called their own. It's a warm March night, the first hint of spring, and the Village feels electric. Straight and gay couples pop in and out of restaurants, in and out of bars. But the teens, by far, dominate the scene.



4 POLICEMEN HURT IN 'VILLAGE' RAID

Melee Near Sheridan Square Follows Action at Bar

Hundreds of young men went on a rampage in Greenwich Village shortly after 3 A.M. yesterday after a force of plain-clothes men raided a bar that the police said was wellknown for its homosexual clientele. Thirteen persons were arrested and four policemen injured.

The young men threw bricks, bottles, garbage, pennies and a parking meter at the policemen, who had a search warrant authorizing them in investigate reports that liquor was sold illegally at the bar, the Stonewall Inn, 53 Christopher Street, just off Sheridan Square.

Deputy Inspector Seymour Pine said that a large crowd formed in the square after being evicted from the bar. Police reinforcements were sent to the area to hold off the crowd. Plainclothes men and detectives confiscated cases of liquor from the bar, which Inspector Pine said was operating without a liquor license.

The police estimated that 200 young men had been expelled from the bar. The crowd grew to close to 400 during the melee, which lasted about 45 minutes, they said.

Arrested in the melee, was Dave Van Ronk, 33 years old, of 15 Sheridan Square, a well-known folk singer. He was accused of having thrown a heavy object at a pairolman and later paroled in his own recognizance.

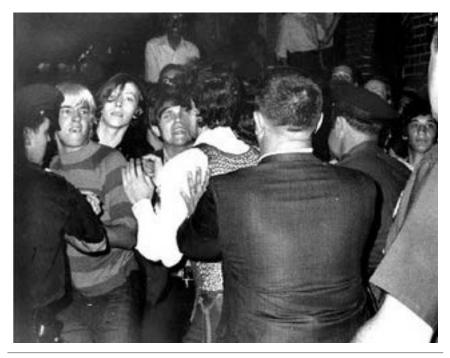
The raid was one of three held on Village bars in the last

two weeks, Inspector Pine sald, Charges against the 13 who were arrested ranged from harassment and resisting arrest to disorderly conduct. A patrolman suffered a broken wrist, the police said.

Throngs of young men congregated outside the inn last night, reading aloud condemnations of the police.

tions of the police.

A sign on the door said, "This is a private club. Members only." Only soft drinks were being served.



This photograph appeared on the front page of *The New York Daily News* on Sunday, June 29, 1969



FEDERAL HALL

November 3, 2008

The site of George Washington's inauguration as the first President, Federal Hall is a symbol of the United States' political beginnings. This smudging happened the day before the 2008 presidential election, an event that stirred strong emotions and anxieties about the nation's future both cultural and economic. The day before Barack Obama was elected, there was a palpable sense of anxiety about who would lead in a moment of political and financial duress. Federal Hall is also located on Wall Street, a symbol of international financial markets that. at the time, were plummeting dramatically. This event sought to smudge

away the bad energy associated with a brutal election season as well as U.S. economic imperialism and profound financial distress.

As we stood on the plinth with the sculpture of George Washington, Abbey Williams and Sally Oleson Shoop read historic texts connecting the site to its past and present meanings. Rebecca Brooks, Layla Childs, Anne Hall, Emily Roysdon, Colin Stilwell, and Sarah White were amazing smoke dancers, and Shelley Marlow, dressed as George Washington, read tarot cards in preparation for the next day's election.



GREATER

FEDERAL HALL – NOVEMBER 3, 2008

CLEAI

















SMUDGING. (WHAT'S THAT?)

A SMUDGE STICK IS A BUNDLE OF DRIED HERBS, MOST
COMMONLY SAGE. THE TERM ENTERED THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE THROUGH
INDIGENOUS AMERICAN INDIAN TRADITIONS IN AMERICA VIA CULTURAL
EXCHANGE AND HAVE ALSO BEEN PROPAGATED IN NEW AGE TRADITIONS OF
SHAMANISM. THE BINDING OF SMUDGE STICKS FOR MANY TRADITIONS WAS A
SACRED INTENTIONAL PROCESS IN AND OF ITSELF. THE PROCESS OF EMPLOYING SCENT IN RITES OF PURIFICATION, BE IT IN CENSERS, THROUGH BURNING INCENSE OR SMUDGING (THE PROCESS OF USING A SMUDGE STICK) IS
ENDEMIC THROUGHOUT TRADITIONAL RITES.

THE THEORY BEHIND SMUDGING IS THAT THE SMOKE ATTACHES ITSELF TO NEGATIVE ENERGY AND AS IT CLEARS IT TAKES THE NEGATIVE ENERGY WITH IT, RELEASING IT INTO ANOTHER SPACE TO BE REGENERATED. SAGE IS BURNED IN SMUDGING CEREMONIES TO DRIVE OUT EVIL SPIRITS, NEGATIVE THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS, AND TO KEEP NEGATIVE ENTITIES AWAY FROM PHYSICAL AND PSYCHIC SPACES.

What kinds of bad energy might we want to dissipate at Federal Hall and Wall Street? The site of George Washington's inauguration as the first U.S. President, Federal Hall is a symbol of the United State's political history. This smudging is happening the day before the 2008 presidential election, an event that has stirred strong emotions/anxieties about the nation's future. Wall Street is a symbol of the global market. This event also seeks to smudge away the Bad energy associated with U.S. economic imperialism and current financial anxieties. Since it is going to be difficult to actually burn on site, smokedancers (very special guests

REBECCA BROOKS, LAYLA CHILDS, ANNE HALL, EMILY ROYSDON,
COLIN STILWELL AND SARAH WHITE) ARE PRESENT TO EMULATE SMOKE,
TAROT FORECASTS INTO THE POLITICAL LANDSCAPE WILL BE MADE BY THE
AMAZING SHELLEY MARLOW AND ADDITIONAL ORATIONS ARE PLANNED.

THE GREATER NEW YORK SMUDGE CLEANSE WWW.NYCSMUDGE.COM

INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Upon his election as President of the United States Saturday, March 4, 1933 $$\tt READ\ BY\ Abbey\ Williams$

I am certain that my fellow Americans expect that on my induction into the Presidency I will address them with a candor and a decision which the present situation of our Nation impels. This is preeminently the time to speak the truth, the whole truth, frankly and boldly. Nor need we shrink from honestly facing conditions in our country today. This great Nation will endure as it has endured, will revive and will prosper. So, first of all, let me assert my firm belief that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself—nameless, unreasoning, unjustified terror which paralyzes needed efforts to convert retreat into advance. In every dark hour of our national life a leadership of frankness and vigor has met with that understanding and support of the people themselves which is essential to victory. I am convinced that you will again give that support to leadership in these critical days.

In such a spirit on my part and on yours we face our common difficulties. They concern, thank God, only material things. Values have shrunken to fantastic levels; taxes have risen; our ability to pay has fallen; government of all kinds is faced by serious curtailment of income; the means of exchange are frozen in the currents of trade; the withered leaves of industrial enterprise lie on every side; farmers find no markets for their produce; the savings of many years in thousands of families are gone.

More important, a host of unemployed citizens face the grim problem of existence, and an equally great number toil with little return. Only a foolish optimist can deny the dark realities of the moment.

Yet our distress comes from no failure of substance. We are stricken by no plague of locusts. Compared with the perils which our forefathers conquered because they believed and were not afraid, we have still much to be thankful for. Nature still offers her bounty and human efforts have multiplied it. Plenty is at our door-

step, but a generous use of it languishes in the very sight of the supply. Primarily this is because the rulers of the exchange of mankind's goods have failed, through their own stubbornness and their own incompetence, have admitted their failure, and abdicated. Practices of the unscrupulous money changers stand indicted in the court of public opinion, rejected by the hearts and minds of men.

True they have tried, but their efforts have been cast in the pattern of an outworn tradition. Faced by failure of credit they have proposed only the lending of more money. Stripped of the lure of profit by which to induce our people to follow their false leadership, they have resorted to exhortations, pleading tearfully for restored confidence. They know only the rules of a generation of self-seekers. They have no vision, and when there is no vision the people perish.

The money changers have fled from their high seats in the temple of our civilization. We may now restore that temple to the ancient truths. The measure of the restoration lies in the extent to which we apply social values more noble than mere monetary profit.

Happiness lies not in the mere possession of money; it lies in the joy of achievement, in the thrill of creative effort. The joy and moral stimulation of work no longer must be forgotten in the mad chase of evanescent profits. These dark days will be worth all they cost us if they teach us that our true destiny is not to be ministered unto but to minister to ourselves and to our fellow men.

Recognition of the falsity of material wealth as the standard of success goes hand in hand with the abandonment of the false belief that public office and high political position are to be valued only by the standards of pride of place and personal profit; and there must be an end to a conduct in banking and in business which too often has given to a sacred trust the likeness of callous and selfish wrongdoing. Small wonder that confidence languishes, for it thrives only on honesty, on honor, on the sacredness of obligations, on faithful protection, on unselfish performance; without them it cannot live.

Restoration calls, however, not for changes in ethics alone. This Nation asks for action, and action now...

UNITED STATES DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

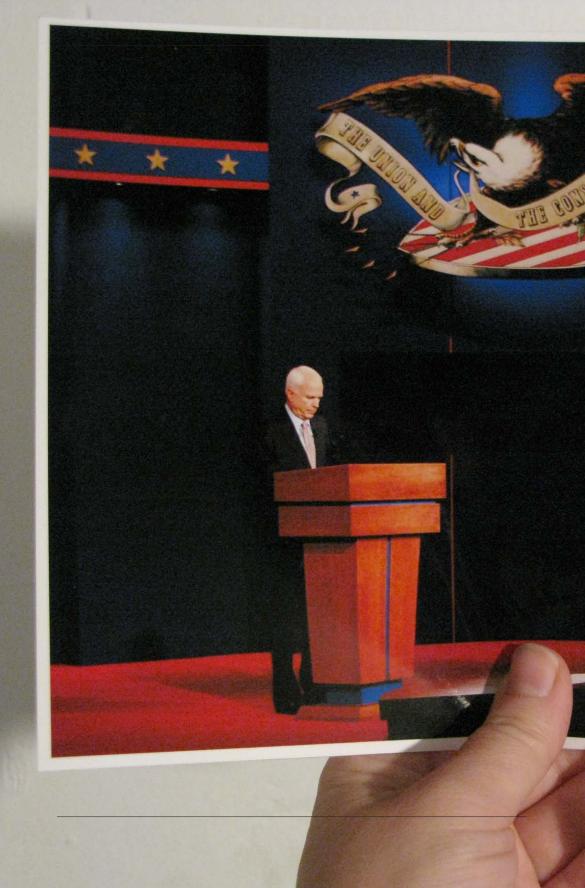
READ BY Sally Oleson Shoop

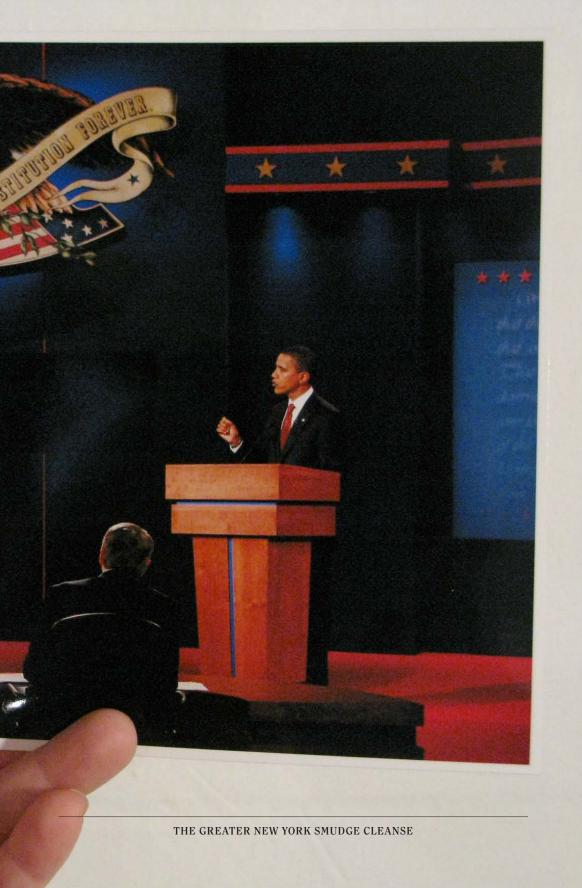
In CONGRESS, July 4, 1776.

THE UNANIMOUS DECLARATION OF THE THIRTEEN UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

When in the Course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shewn that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world.





THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1006 - VOL. CCLII NO. 67

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Mounting Fears Shake World Markets As Banking Giants Rush to Raise Capital

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

DOWNSON

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 2008 - VOL. CCLII NO. 68

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U.S. Drafts Sweeping Plan to Fight Crisis As Turmoil Worsens in Credit Markets





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Типанах, Ѕертемвен 25. 2008

Bush Calls Bailout Vital to Economy, Will Meet With McCain and Obama

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A Street Construction Construct

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 2008 - VOL. CCLII NO

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Financial Crisis Upends Campaign

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

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TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1008 - VOL. CCLII NO. 17

**** \$1.00

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Bailout Plan Rejected, Markets Plunge, Forcing New Scramble to Solve Crisis



RESPONSES FROM A COMMUNITY OF SUPPORT

Jeanine asked me to wear a George Washington costume for the Greater New York Smudge Cleanse at Federal Hall. Grand witchiness met everyday political life since the performance happened the day before the 2008 presidential election.

I haven't worn a costume in years, except if you consider dressing up in drag a costume: with patent leather boots and a Mamma Roma dress or my wearing a suit jacket and tie.

Jeanine and I met to discuss the event and my George Washington costume, which included a white ponytailed wig. I read tarot at our meeting, and suggested that she have people dance for the performance. Jeanine had already invited dancers. Jeanine had talked to the park rangers at Federal Hall obtaining permission to perform. They approved of the performance, but stipulated that she couldn't burn the incredible ten foot smudge stick. During our initial meeting, I read tarot that indicated she would be able to burn the sage after all, and suggested that she be prepared, matches and water-bucket wise.

The park ranger guarding the monument the day of the performance was different from the rangers that she had met with before. The current ranger allowed the burning of the sage.

I read the round Motherpeace tarot cards for the audience and passersby who asked questions about how the election would turn out. I predicted that we (the general NYC audience) would get who we wanted for a president, but that we will still have much work to do. I also read that a lot of closets will have to be cleaned out from problems left over from the last administration, such as the wars, the deficit, and Guantánamo.

I helped hold the giant smudge stick and unexpectedly got high from the smoke. The public burning of sage is a welcomed relief after a history of witches burning.

— SHELLEY MARLOW

I remember tie-dyed, priestess-of-ceremonies muumuus.

I remember the smudge stick's surprising weight.

I remember the acrid stench of the Gowanus Canal being supplanted by herbal wafts.

I remember curious kids, excited to be allowed to stand so close to a lit match.

I remember the slight hesitation of participants about to be cleansed.

I remember an earnest, rambling talk by a member of the Gowanus Dredgers Canoe Club.

I remember the queries of onlookers on Christopher Street, some of whom took umbrage at being handed an explanatory purple leaflet.

I remember being videotaped by West Village tourists.

I remember being afraid of certain jail time.

I remember the words of Sylvia Rivera.

-MELISSA ANDERSON

Did you see the sisters down by the creek? They were hollerin' and singin' and holding signs, wearing muumuus, taking pictures, and raising consciousness. Did you see the wimmin down at the Exchange? One of them was shoutin' through a megaphone, another was dressed as Sister Auntie Sam reading the lezzie tarot, tellin' the future, she was. Did you see the womben at the pier? Hootin' and hollerin' about yuppie queer oppression. Did you see the burning bush? The holy fire? The sisterhood of travelin' smoke? The faggy haze still haunts my dreams. I'm gonna tell my cats these stories till my end of days. —CARL WILLIAMSON

It was in 2008 that Jeanine, my professor at Sarah Lawrence College, asked me if I wanted to help out with her smudge stick project. As a child of hippies, I was all too familiar with the smudge cleansing ritual—usually accompanied with a discussion of auras and power crystals. I would roll my eyes but go along with it because I found the simple ritual to be rather soothing despite the New Age banter. I was delighted to take part in this project and witness the ritualistic burning of sage turn into more than just a holistic hippie activity and become something more. What a place to cleanse—New York!—filthy in more ways than one. The sites of each cleanse were so poignantly chosen, places with bittersweet and brutal histories, each deserving of rumination and positive attention. Truly, this project is one that transgressed the lines of performance art and activism.

-HANNAH DEUTSCH