

What's in this envelope and how to use it

- 3 sets of scores (instructions) from the facilitators
 - one set of instructions you should follow on the eve/erev of the workshop on 11/27
we meant: do it on 11/26 in the evening
 - one set of instructions you should follow during the day of the workshop on 11/27
 - one in an envelope that you will open *during* the workshop, don't peek
this score is the final page in this PDF
- a few pieces of ephemera you can look at any time in advance:
 - community agreements
 - an example of a "fragment," from me
 - a short story by ssipsis, a Penobscot poet and artist

What to bring on 11/27 (2PM-4PM ET)

- writing materials
- any art supplies you have on hand
- any fragments you're able to gather, maybe inspired by the fragment included in this envelope: for example: objects passed down to you, grocery lists/recipes, pieces of cloth, photographs, memories you've transcribed, things from the bottom of your junk drawer, a quarantine project
 - you can bring a list, too, of fragments you would include but can't gather physically! Bring them with you in your thoughts/ imagination.

epigraph 1 to erev score

A JEWISH PRAYER ON HAVING A CONFUSING DREAM

One who saw a dream and does not know what they saw should stand before the priests when they lift their hands during the Priestly Blessing and say the following:

Master of the Universe,
I am Yours and my dreams are Yours.
I dreamed a dream and I do not know what it is.
Whether I have dreamed of myself, whether my friends have dreamed of me or whether I have dreamed of others,
If the dreams are good, strengthen them and reinforce them like the dreams of Joseph.
And if the dreams require healing,
Heal them like the bitter waters of Mara by Moses our teacher, and like Miriam from her leprosy, and like Hezekiah from his illness, and like the bitter waters of Jericho by Elisha. And just as You transformed the curse of Balaam the wicked into a blessing, so transform all my dreams into good.

credit Reb Irwin Keller via the 5781 Study Group

epigraph 2 to erev score

EXCERPT FROM “ZID A MEAG”

Last night the moon was going into slivers, then the nights would be dark. This is a time of fasting, a time of watching. My eyes would not penetrate the darkness, the blackness; but many visions of a journey, a feast, a meeting of friends, a solitary time, a direction to enter would be pulled from the ashes of my former fires.

A time to be alone, to requisition for my self, to re-create all the needs for the next growth, the next moon, the next journey; the nearest that I could be as a creature of the earth, of the earth when it is warmed by the sun and protected by the trees, fed by the sea and entertained by the gulls, clouds and sand.

My imagination, my thoughts, my being, this morning by the shore...

** zid a meag = down by the shore, in Passamaquoddy*

From Molly Molasses & Me by ssipsis & Georgia Mitchell

Erev Score

instructions to be followed the night before the workshop, 11/26

look up the moonrise and moonset times for where you are.

try to find the moon at either its moon rise or moon set time.

notice which direction you are facing.

spend some time moon-gazing.

if you cannot see the moon directly, conjure it in your imagination.

spend some time moon-imagining.

later...

if you have tobacco, put some down as an offering to your dreams next to where you sleep.

if you don't have tobacco, put a material or object that can be a messenger for you next to where you sleep.

ask a question before drifting into sleep.

in the morning, try to remember your dreams.



COMMUNITY NORMS

everything is a mushroom is a fungus/hyphae is a mycelium network, mushrooms are fruits and for one to fruit is special, not all things are lichens because lichens are the coolest, we can talk with plants and animals, a basket is a canoe is a wigwam is a mountain is a vessel is a home

Preparation Space Score

instructions to be followed the day of the workshop, 11/27

During the workshop, you're going to work on creating something we're calling an "altar collage."

Choose a space in your home/room/wherever you'll be joining from that can house this altar collage. It would be nice if it's a space where the altar can stay, and accumulate material, between the two workshop days. It can be a space of any size.

Identify a thought partner. This might be a human or nonhuman entity, but should hold personal meaning for you.

Examples: a family member or ancestor or friend, a story or fable you remember from childhood, your favorite writer or artist, a body of water you visit every summer or a mountain you've scaled, your astrological sign, a scientific theory, a landscape...

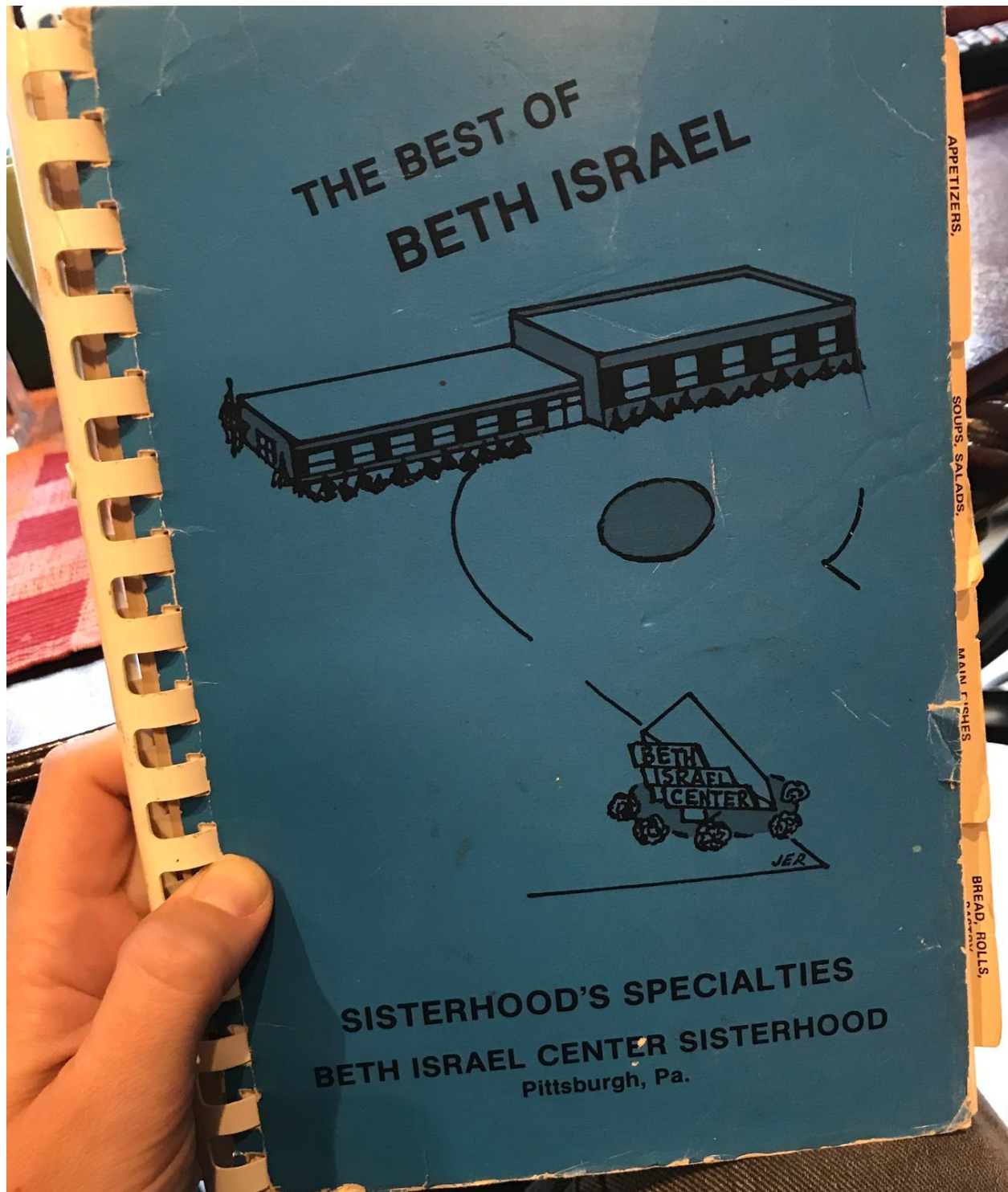
Ask that thought partner to accompany you through your day, observing you/witnessing you.

Three times today, at intervals of your choice, set a 10-minute timer and write from your thought partner's perspective. What have you witnessed? What does it mean/what do you think of it?

For 10 minutes before the workshop start time, sit with your thought partner in your chosen altar space. You might meditate together; you could freewrite a final time; or you can allow your thought partner to inspire you to move part(s) of your body. Arrive together.

example of a fragment

A FEW SELECTIONS FROM...



Cory's childhood synagogue. Published 1982.

"WHATEVER YOU HAVE" FISH CASSEROLE

1/2 c. milk or white wine	1 c. shredded processed cheese
4 or 5 oz. of your favorite pasta	1/2 tsp. seasoning (dry mustard or dill weed or curry powder)
1/2 c. mayonnaise or salad dressing	6 - 8 oz. drained canned fish
1 can soup (mushroom or celery)	

Cook pasta. Combine mayonnaise or salad dressing

STUFFED MUSHROOMS

24 large mushrooms	3 Tbsp. seasoned bread crumbs
3 Tbsp. minced scallions	1/4 c. grated Parmesan cheese
6 mushrooms for filling	Salt to taste
1 clove of garlic	White pepper to taste
1/4 c. sherry	
2 Tbsp. margarine	

Remove stems from 24 mushrooms and mince along with additional mushrooms, scallions and garlic. Saute all in margarine quickly. Add sherry, salt and pepper to taste. Let simmer briefly. Remove from heat, add bread crumbs, cheese and a little milk to moisten if necessary. Fill caps. Dot with margarine. Lightly sprinkle with fine bread crumbs. Refrigerate (do not freeze). Bake at 375° for 15 minutes. Serve immediately.

Robert Kaufman and Mom

(Robert Kaufman is my uncle. "Mom" is my grandmother.)

MOCK SHRIMP PUFFS

1 jar gefilte fish balls

1 pot hot oil

Heat oil for deep frying. Drain fish very well and pat dry. Drop one at a time into oil and fry until brown. Remove from oil. Serve hot with duck sauce and Chinese mustard.

235-82

Joan Glickstein

11

STRAWBERRY CREAM CHEESE SALAD

1 small pkg. strawberry
jello

1 c. boiling water

1 small pkg. cream cheese

1 pkg. frozen crushed
strawberries

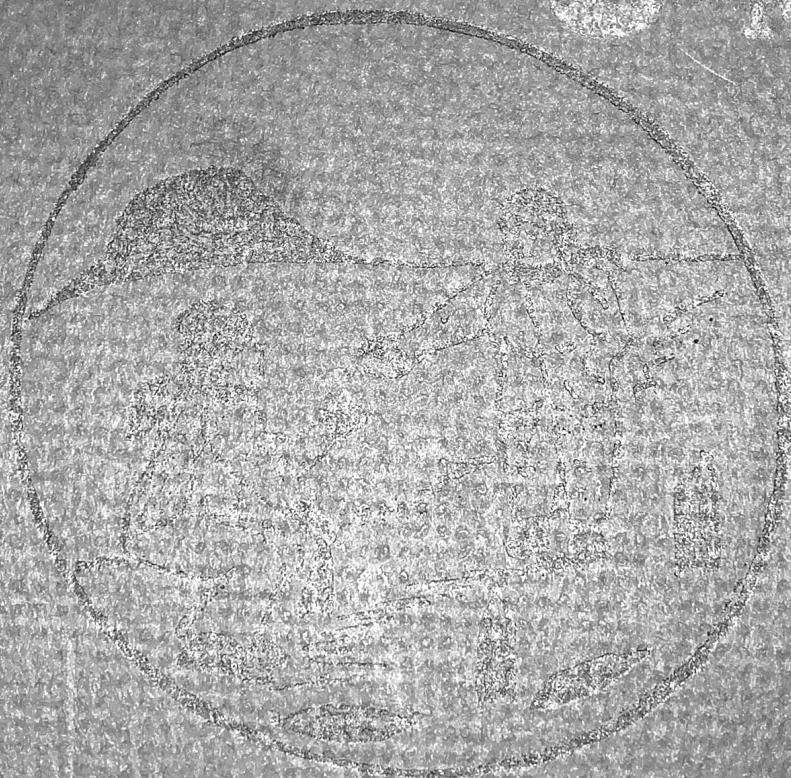
1 small can crushed pineapple

Chopped nuts

Dissolve jello in the boiling water, then melt cream cheese in this. (Small bits of cream cheese will remain whole.) Take juice from fruit and add enough cold water to make 1 cup. Add jello and chill until soft. Add fruit and nuts. Chill till firm. (Mold in an 8-inch square Pyrex dish.)

Mrs. Yvonne Frenock

MOLLY MOLASSES & ME



KWA BID*

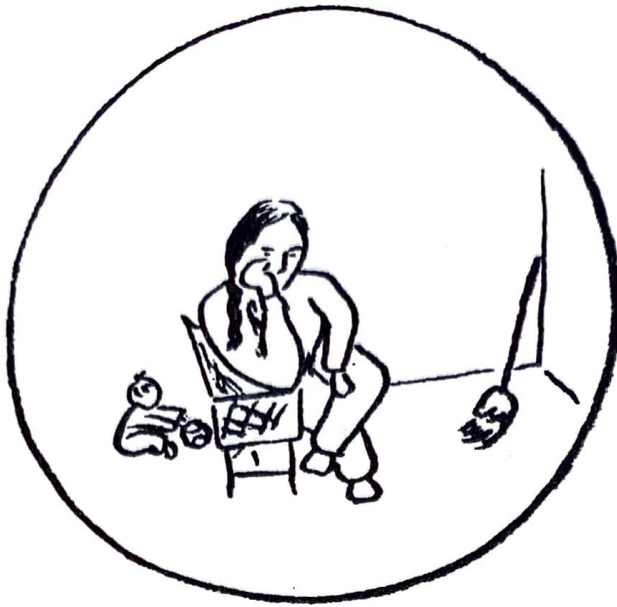
A COLLECTION OF
LIVING ADVENTURES



scipais

&

Georgia Mitchell



KWAY*

We see this journey across the country as an extension of our innate curiosity and an inborn migratory pull. We are native and we allow the spirit of ourselves to drive us on to the next sunset. Molly Molasses and I, scavengers from the old times, being driven in the present and riding on hopes into the future. We see many things and hope for many other things. The future sees these highways of four to eight lanes in width overgrown with moss and green grass and tall saplings of alder, willow and birch.

"The time of sadness covered the land with the arrival of the white man," foretold by my great grandfather, Joseph Nicolar in his book, *Life and Traditions of the Red Man*, 1893. Perhaps in the telling of these tales of the white man's touch another tale of happiness will be told.

Now let me tell you of the pride and the feeling of seeing another human being. Even when the back is turned and the light is dim, we "see" another one of us still holding onto the sacred trust, still holding up the corner of the earth. Each of us has a responsibility to caretake the earth. We walk freely

on the earth, and sustain ourselves from the fruits of the earth. Our time is to be shared not in submission to another but in celebration. So, despite the sadness and misery we have found on our walks throughout the continent, we will still celebrate the creation.

We have walked from the salty ocean's rim, over the misty mountain tip, over the mossy highway path, travelling the earth way. We hollered out in the rosy dawn the sacred names of the earth's treasures.

"I'll bet you never heard this one before," Molly Molasses would yell as she said the names in her own language.

We laughed during the thunder and lightning and wind storms that followed us, bringing energy and purification. We smiled at the tricks nature would play before us.

And so I write this tale of an adventure that began on Mother's Day when we left behind homes, children, grandchildren in the making, fiddleheads rising, lakes thawing, to see the land our next generation would inherit. The teacher within us, that ancestral smidgeon of necessity drawing many others to feast on the salmon, acorns or berries, now drew us from our nesting places and our ancestral burial grounds to dance upon the earth in a oneness with creation.

We left gifts. Molly Molasses left her little corner of bread, a little bit of meat for the spirits. We left tobacco or a little bit of braided sweet grass. Always in our minds to never take more than we needed and to always be thankful for whatever was given to nourish us.

The land spoke to us, the rivers cried, the sky wept as onward we travelled thru the misery of the cities, the outlying dumps. We felt like strangers in our land as we came to be witness of this decay caused by white man's touch. We often

wondered about this curse and if there was ever a cure for greed. Our conversations led us to some very serious thinking about this present time, our own histories of our own tribe and nation, and possible and probable futures.

From the hibernating eastern woodlands to the chaparral and sand and magic trees and cactus in bloom, we made a trip across the country to feed our curiosity and to fuel our spirit. The ordinary became mystical. Many shadows in early dawn and late night cast our imagination in legendary pursuits of ghosts and phantoms and shamans fighting with puny selves.

If it weren't for the no-nonsense, practical, handle-on-the-reality of heat, sands and cactii that Molly Molasses oversaw, I would have easily settled in for the night, fighting giant rattlesnakes, dancing with families of cactus and giant moving flowers.

The full moon cast its yellow eye over the deepening blue haze inching lower with each second over the desert quietness. Coolness set in upon the sacredness of the earth. Yes, I would have easily stayed and made this corner of creation my station. I would have enjoyed the music of the universe, communed with saintly souls, meditated on the healing arts, painted pictures of blues, reds and golds. And when the dawn came, I would have dug holes and found water, planted trees, made shade, ground corn into meal and baked tamales. I would have made each step, each thought, each action have meaning for I knew it had been before.

But I had to hurry on.



Molly Molasses needed water, food, sleep. And this road would only go deeper into the desert, and the snake cautioned us as it lay in the middle of the dirt road. I could

KWAY

not convince Molly Molasses of the spiritual retreats of desert, snake and sky and aloneness. She knew of them already.

Mystical woman, she pooh-poohs such ideas, even though I caught her marveling about some mysteries and wondering about how in the nick of time the thunderstorms waited until the cooking was done; we were the last ones to register for a campsite each night; we were always one step ahead of the sudden showers, the floods, the cyclones, the hurricanes, except for the earthquake at Coalinga.

ssipsis is a full-blooded Penobscot of the Turtle Clan, born on Indian Island, which rises from the Penobscot River in the Penobscot Nation. Along with her skills as a storyteller, she is an accomplished poet and painter, working in two, three and four-dimensional art. Her favorite pastime is hunting... “hunting this, hunting that...” and she encourages people to “get out and enjoy the land. Respect Nature; respect Earth.” ssipsis has four grown children and two grandchildren.

Molly Molasses, also known as Georgia Mitchell, is a full-blooded Passamaquoddy of the Bear Clan. She was born in a blizzard on Passamaquoddy Reservation at Pleasant Point, Maine with the help of midwife Elizabeth LaCoote. She loves telling stories in her native tongue, hunting berries, and sinking her line into an inviting stream. She urges us to “leave the land in good shape after using it; it gives us oxygen and food. And we must teach the grandchildren to care for the Earth.” Georgia has one daughter and two grandsons.

**Beaver; Passamaquoddy language.*



the next page contains a score
meant to be followed during the workshop

we suggest not reading it beforehand;
we'll tell you when

During Workshop Score

instructions to be followed during the workshop, 11/27

Draw a [floor plan / video-game-style representation / blueprint or map] of the ritual space that you are in now.

Or,

Draw a [[floor plan / video-game-style representation / blueprint / map]] of a ritual space from your childhood.

Include potential and actual movements; include things that can't be seen.

How can you incorporate an altar space or a grounding movement, etc. into what you have drawn? How have you done so already?