

Remembering Susan Griffin, pioneering voice of ecofeminism

Author of over 20 books, including “Pornography and Silence” and “A Chorus of Stones: The Private Life of War,” Griffin’s influential work both named injury and opened a door toward repair.

By [Friends of Susan Griffin](#) Oct. 3, 2025



Susan Griffin. Credit: Irene Young

Susan Griffin, author, essayist, poet and playwright, passed away peacefully in her hillside home in North Berkeley on Sept. 30 surrounded by a close circle of friends.

Through the picture window, the sun sent golden rays across a cloud-dappled sky, and inside, as Sarah Brightman’s version of *Nessun Dorma* reached its roof lifting peak, Susan took her final breath. Those of us holding vigil around the bedside felt as if the roof were being lifted off and Susan’s spirit headed heavenward.

Susan will be remembered for a body of work that braids lyricism, moral urgency and political imagination into a single, unmistakable voice. Born in Los Angeles on Jan. 26, 1943, Griffin drew from a lifetime spent immersed in an intellectual and artistic milieu and the political world

to write books that asked readers to see how violence against the earth, against women, and against the vulnerable were interwoven.



Susan Griffin. Credit: Irene Young

She made her earliest national mark with essays and reporting in the 1970s, and with landmark books such as “Woman and Nature: The Roaring Inside Her” (1978) and “Pornography and Silence” (1981), works that helped launch and shape ecofeminist thought by tracing cultural, environmental and sexual violences as parts of the same social fabric. Her willingness to mix genres — essay, poetry, memoir and political philosophy— became a model for later writers who refused tidy boundaries between art and activism.

Griffin’s later books continued to explore war, memory, and the private lives of public events; “A Chorus of Stones: The Private Life of War” (1992) was a finalist for major national prizes and brought her meditations on trauma and history to a wider audience. Across more than 20 books, her work remained insistently ethical: asking not only what had been done, but how the stories we tell make those deeds possible.

Those who knew her as a reader or as a friend took delight in her lyric intelligence: the poems and personal essays that threaded through her nonfiction offered tenderness as often as they offered indictment.

She lived most of her life in Berkeley — the landscapes of the Pacific and the High Sierras surface again and again in her imagery — and she taught generations of writers and activists to listen for the connectivity between inner and outer worlds.

Susan was a fixture in the cultural landscape. She was a frequent presenter at the Bay Area Book Festival and local bookstores, taught private writing classes out of her home and at the Wright

Institute, and she collaborated with local writers, composers and visual artists. Her wit was subtle, dry and brilliant. Spending time with her, no matter what was going on in the world, was always marked by eruptions of laughter.

We honor her as we grieve the loss of a writer who refused passivity when justice was called for, who believed language could both name injury and open toward repair. Her influence endures in the many writers, scholars and activists who continue to work at the intersection of ecology, gender and social justice. In lieu of flowers, admirers might best honor her by reading one of her books or by working to protect the fragile commons — the earth and the dignity of those most at risk — that she spent her life defending.

Susan is survived by her daughter and son-in-law, Chloe and Scott Andrews, her granddaughter, Sophie Andrews and grandson, Jasper Andrews.