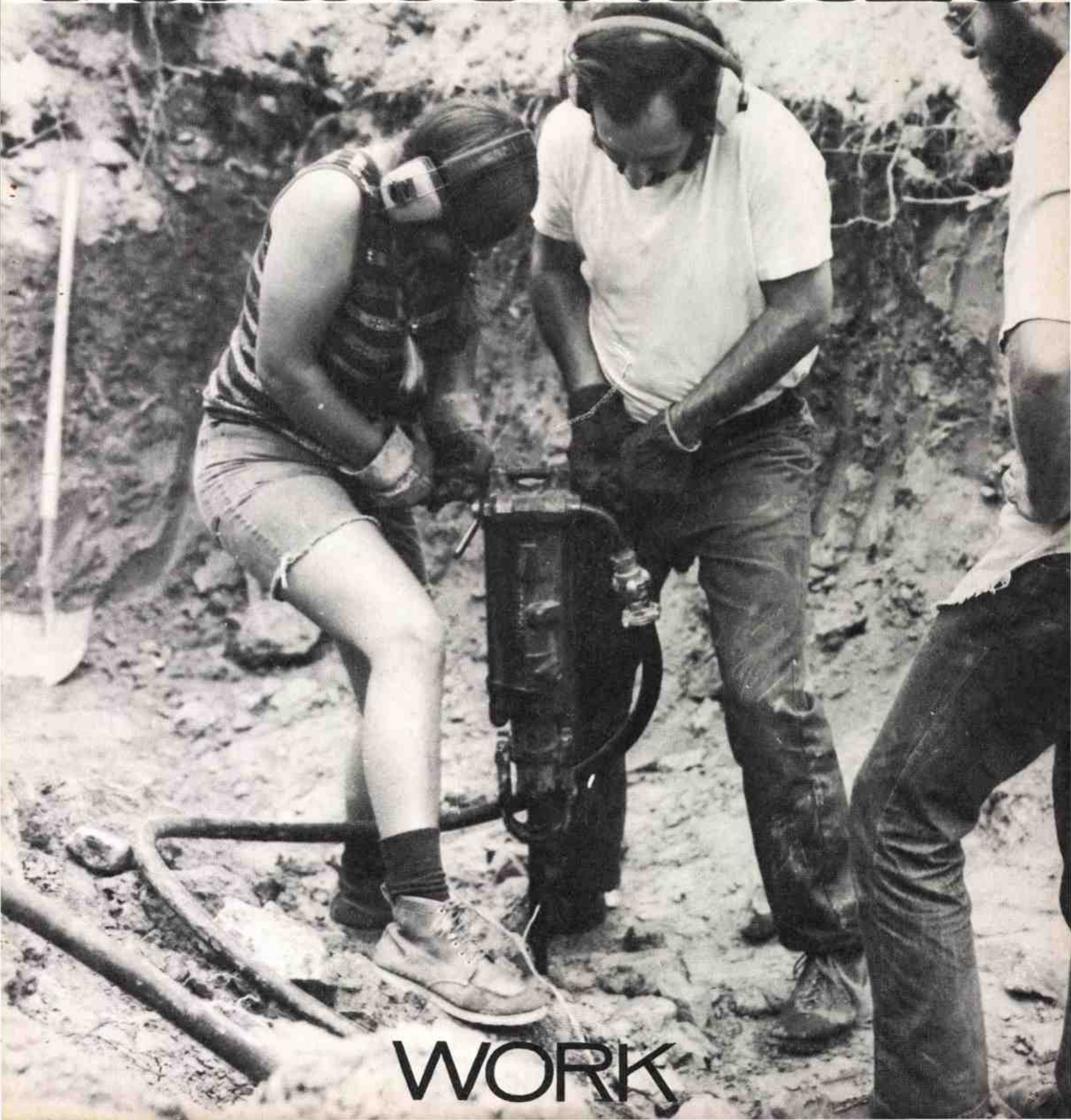


no. 10

\$1.00

a journal of cooperative living
COMMUNITIES



WORK

about this issue



Wow, do we have some things to say about this issue.

The theme of this issue is "Work in Community", with major articles relating to attitudes towards work and how work gets done in communal situations. What irony. More than irony, hilarity really, because the work of putting out this issue is an outstanding example of how work doesn't get done in community, gets done sloppily, and causes terrible and unnecessary hassles and bad feelings.

Since the process of putting out this issue is probably more instructive with regard to communal work than most of the articles, we think it valuable to state what happened.

* * * * *

Several months ago, a group of people, some of whom had previously worked with CPC, expressed a desire to do an issue on work. The theme sounded good and the competence to do the job was there, so everyone was agreeable.

The guest editorial group put a lot of effort into the issue, and produced a good, creative body of material. The graphics were especially strong, including some of the best artwork yet to appear in the magazine. There was also an interesting and appropriate sub-theme which tied the magazine together--the notion of work-as-circus. Work was depicted not as a tedious, mechanical necessity, but as enjoyable, chaotic, productive play.

Along with this (mostly graphic) depiction of work as circus/play, there were some more explicit statements on the guest editorial group's attitude toward work (work/play/life). Among other things, these statements urged the reader to learn to enjoy the present as the only significant reality, and to put aside concerns about the future and efficiency in favor of doing what feels good to the body at the moment.

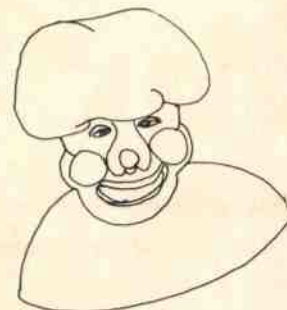
We think there's a lot that's good about this attitude toward work, and about the ways in which the guest editors expressed it. But we also think, as a result of what happened to the issue, that this approach to work is far from adequate. The reason is that this approach was unable to produce a magazine.

* * * * *

Just before the issue was scheduled to be sent to press, we at Communities/West (LimeSaddle) got a call from Communities/East (Twin Oaks), saying that the guest editorial group was not going to be able to complete production of the issue. The reason was never entirely clear, but it seemed that some new present reality had come into the life of the editorial group, and that they planned to split for the winter on a given date, whether the magazine was finished or not. Twin Oaks then thought that most of the work would be done, but that there would be a few loose ends to be tied, some pages to be pasted up, etc. Since Twin Oaks was in an intensive labor crunch, they wondered whether we could put the finishing touches on the issue and send it to the printer.

We were beginning to get into a heavy labor situation too, and weren't anxious to take on the added load, but we were expecting the arrival of some people who had worked the magazine before and felt we could spare a few days. Sure, we'd help. Who else was there?

From then on, the situation began to deteriorate at every level. At LimeSaddle, the necessity of preparing for winter, a financial crisis which forced some people into outside jobs and some unforeseen emergencies combined to raise our required workload to nearly 60 hours/week just after we received word that we'd be finishing the magazine. Every hour of that work seemed essential. The children's house had to be completed before the rains, as did the stone house, intended to provide shelter for 4 people, and still very far from completion. Other personal shelters had to be built, and still others winterized. Breakdown of an essential vehicle required an engine rebuilding job. There was harvesting, food preservation, and fall planting to do, and firewood to be collected. Our food business, the community's major source of support, continued to demand energy. A school structure for our children needed to be formulated and approved by a given date. Buildings needed to be wrecked for materials to complete our structures. College opened, and we enrolled in courses to gain access to needed equipment and skills. We were spending an unprecedented amount of time in meetings, attempting to reformulate our directions and improve our group process--items long neglected in favor of other work, and essential for keeping the community together. And, just to give us something to do (we are, after all, 12 people) we were gearing up to produce Communities #11.





COMMUNITIES

a journal of cooperative living

no. 10

NOV. 1974

MEMBER
COSMOP
 COMMITTEE OF SMALL MAGAZINE
 EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS
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Meanwhile, clouds were coming in from the East. Issue #10 was not going to be as near completion as had been thought when the editorial group moved out. Twin Oaks, thankfully, was pulling labor from somewhere to help get it in shape for us. When the first batch of material arrived, we had barely time to notice that it consisted of a depressingly thick stack of papers which had not yet even been typeset!, and to realize that we would now have to hustle or rent a machine to do the typesetting, meaning that we already had more work before us than we had expected.

Then the rest of the magazine came. It was a nightmare, an editor's bad acid trip, chaos objectified. We didn't know whether to laugh or weep. We raged.

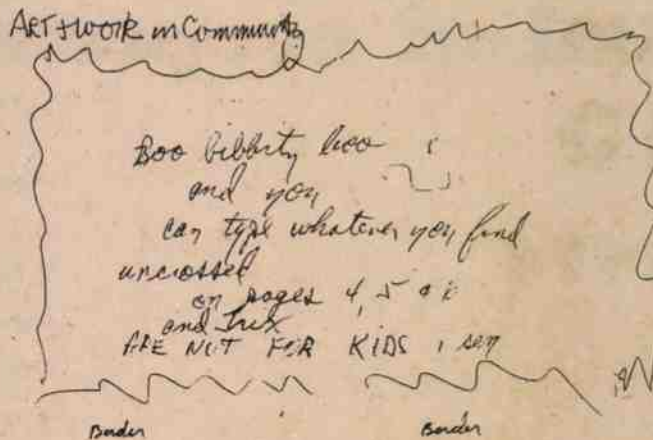
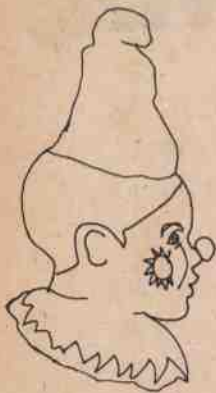
In a few months, if we're still together, if we have roofs over our heads and firewood stashed, if the 16-hour work days have ceased and the vibes mellowed, it will be funny. We will be prepared to try to understand and support our brothers and sisters who are searching with us for more satisfying ways of living, however varied our approaches. But in the past weeks at Lime-Saddle denunciations and tirades against the expletive deleted hippies have been more profoundly obscene than any reactionary hate group ever had the heart for. To say we were angry at what we considered the utter copout of the editorial group, and their leaving the issue for us to bail out, is like saying the ocean is bigger than a bathtub.

Oh, it's all right. Tomorrow we'll struggle to raise our consciousness and love everybody. But in the past weeks we've definitely regressed into a strong desire to kick ass.

Hold on awhile. It isn't all out yet. We're into honesty about what we feel, right? About 6 pages of the issue were completed, ready for the printer. The other 58 were in the form of typed copy, in no discernable order. No, that's not quite true. A lot of it was typed in final form, and a lot of it wasn't. As for instructions as to what to do with this unordered mass, the most promising came from Twin Oaks:

"Your assignment, should you decide to accept it, is to burn the entire contents of this package while chanting the ancient formula "gitchie goomie yummy rum raisin."

The editors helpfully sent along a "dummy" or mock-up of the magazine which was intended to show the proposed arrangement of things. It looked like this:



Then there was a letter from one of the editorial crew, partly indecipherable and mostly asking us to make it pretty and save his baby!

Worse and worse. The copy had been set on two different typewriters, and the editors hadn't noticed that the type was of different sizes. Due to the technicalities of the printing process, this meant that the printer couldn't deal with the issue in the usual way without making the material in one typesize illegibly small or the other too large to fit on the page. We called the printer and found her happy to solve the problem by dealing with one page at a time. Of course, it would cost more.....and then, some of the small type had been set in columns of a size meant for large type, and so..... well, we had to do some of it over.

And on and on. It was just too much to handle, trying to repair the mistakes in such a way as to follow the editors' instructions, if we could decipher them, and still get the issue out less than two months late. It was easier and faster just to take the raw material and redesign the whole issue according to our conception of how it fit together, instead of trying to get into the frame of reference of the ghost editors. We were in no mood to do it in any way but easy and fast. So the artistic concept of this issue has been lost, or at least drastically

altered, probably for the worse. That's what happens when you give up a baby. It doesn't come out the way you would have shaped it. If we do the work, it's our approach that comes through for better or worse.

Okay, the raving is about over. What morsel of insight as to the nature of work in community can be salvaged from this fiasco? The first thing that comes to mind is that it is our uptight, efficiency-oriented consciousness that allowed the situation to bum us out. Why not take the guest editors' advice, slow down, mellow out, forget about production schedules, enjoy the present, and do what feels good to our bodies. Well, that's right on-up to a point. We should have been mellow. It would have felt a whole lot better, and we could have accomplished the same thing. But...There are some things which are hard to be mellow about. Like rain. Rain is hard to be mellow about when you're trying to sleep in soaked blankets because somebody thought it was more fun to go swimming than finish the roof. Of course, the magazine isn't quite like that, but there are still consequences from spaceouts. For example, in order to retain our 2nd class mailing status, we have to produce 6 issues/yr. If we lose that status, mailing costs soar. This is what killed *Lifestyle*, and it had a lot more money behind it that we do. With this issue two months late, we're left with two issues to get out in two months, the time usually required for one issue. How we would do that, even without the other things we have to do, we don't know. Another item is that *LimeSaddle* gets some of its income by distribution of other publications along with *Communities*. The costs and vehicle use time of making two distribution runs are prohibitive, so if *Communities* isn't ready on time, we can't distribute the other publications either. Oh, well, it's only food. Finally, the magazine has enough trouble meeting printing costs without having to pay extra to have foul-ups repaired. Without some semblance of efficiency, the magazine simply can't continue.

Well, it doesn't have to continue. But it feels good to us to do the magazine. So if we want to feel good in that way, we have to do some things, like meeting deadlines, which feel less good than going swimming but more good than losing the magazine. Which is a nice example of how silly it is to think that the absolute freedom to always do what feels good is possible. The world's physical structure doesn't allow that. The cycle of the seasons is a natural schedule of deadlines to which we have to adjust our impulses to satisfy the pleasure principle. And why, anyway, should we always serve the desires of the body, as though the body were separable from the mind/body organism. Letting the more gross physical feelings of the organism dominate our actions is enslavement of the total organism to the body, just as surely as constant future thinking is enslavement to the mind. It represents a lack of balance, of center. Western culture's suicidal overemphasis on rational, future-oriented activity requires some counteracting, but it does not require an equally suicidal denial of the legitimate and natural functions of the mind, including the capacity to extrapolate, plan and shape the future so as to enhance present experience.

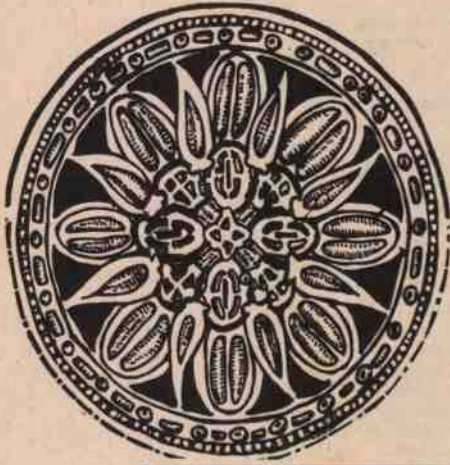
There may be a headspace--an attitude toward work/play/life--which is a good alternative both to the consciousness which demands efficiency at the cost of enjoyment, and to the one which demands concern only with present experience at the cost of not getting things done. Rather than abandoning an activity which no longer feels good for one that does, we might learn to fully experience and enjoy whatever it seems necessary to do, where 'necessary' means what is required for accomplishing what we would like to have happen. One thing this would mean is that if we make commitments to other people, and don't want to harm them or burn them out, we fulfill those commitments and fully appreciate the experience of doing it. That's a hard space to find--everyone's looking for it. The best place to look is in community, where there is the possibility that others will learn to serve us as joyfully as we serve them, where people are willing to try because they care for one another.

Our attitude toward work in community: it gets done efficiently, joyfully, satisfyingly, not when the members are concerned with doing what will meet their individual needs, bodily or conceptual, but when they are committed to using their unique talents and perspectives to meet the needs of the other members, who, often enough to make it worthwhile, will reciprocate. Work can then be a circus, a wonderful spectacle of activity in which all the freaks do their outlandish tricks in chaotic harmony. But the jugglers and the trapeze artists and especially the clowns need discipline--a discipline that is easy because it satisfies. There's nothing more wonderful than a circus, and nothing more disappointing than a circus that doesn't have its act together.

We're thinking of doing two things to help center our approach to magazine work, one to increase efficiency, one to increase mellowness. Tighten up where we have to, loosen up where we can. First, we're suggesting a new guest editorial policy, to wit: any group who'd like to edit an issue is invited to check it out with us. If it sounds good, you send us a copy and graphics by a specified deadline. If it doesn't show up on time, we go into production with our own stuff, saved up for that purpose, and you can make paper hats with yours. Nobody touches production unless they want to come here to do it and learn how. Second, we're considering going to a quarterly, rather than the present bi-monthly, production schedule. This would allow us to retain our mailing status, give us more time and space for each issue, allow us to be more leisurely, careful, and creative, reduce our printing costs, and generally make the magazine nicer, larger, with more room for depth in some areas, examples of communal art, and other things you want. One thing this would do is make the Reach section more useless than it already is, by increasing lag time from a possible 3 to a possible 5 months. Your comments on these ideas would help.

All right, it's done. Set it, proofread it, correct it, paste it up, and please, please take it away. Hand me the copy for #11. On with the show.





But Its ART, man, can you dig it?


—or—

ART AND WORK IN COMMUNITY

Mary and I were in the garden planting swiss chard. She looked up from her hoeing and said "Well, the way I see it, there's some things you can eat, and some things you can't." I had to admit she had a point. We were discussing the role of the artist in community. I was fresh out of college, where I had spent 80% of my time playing music and 20% of my time trying to convince myself that you can't save the world by making music, and that I had better get busy learning Something Useful. When I visited Twin Oaks during a January term break, it became painfully clear to me that my feeble attempts to learn Something Useful were getting me nowhere on the path towards becoming a Better Communitarian and Crusader for World Sanity. I reluctantly began to realize that my big contribution to the world, aside from simply being a warm fuzzy person (no mean accomplishment) was to be a musician. Let me reiterate my twofold enlightenment. First, I came to believe that the best way for me to save the world was to put my body in the right place - not just my mind or some set of behaviors, but my whole life, my whole being, perfect at each moment - and that the right place was/is the communal movement. I need make no other political statement to the world than to live out my life at Twin Oaks, working to keep it alive and growing. Second, I came to see myself as an Artist, a Musician, and I came to see that as a good kind of person to be. I saw the tremendous power music has; I saw people - Twin Oaks people - taking pleasure in my art and appreciating the role that I was assuming; I saw Art as a necessary component of Twin Oaks culture.

A DEFINITION OF ART. Before going any further, I need to make clear what I mean when I call myself an artist. On the one hand, art can be seen as a highly stylized expression of some aspect of the Life Force, whether it be human emotion or cosmic truth. On the other hand, any and every behavior, object, phenomenon, or event can be seen as a work of art. When I use the term "art" it is in one of those two senses, more commonly the first. The divine spirit can be seen in everything; it is just more easily observable in some things than others. My personal goals as an artist are 1) to make that spirit or that truth more and more evident in all my work, and 2) to attune all my senses more finely to the divine art in everything.

So there I was, a new communitarian, perfectly clear on my purpose in life and how that fit in with the flow of the universe. The only remaining question was: How does all this fit in with the labor credit system. I knew of only one example of someone who considered coself a full-time artist trying to fit into Twin Oaks' economic system: This person cleverly set things up so that cos mate was doing cos assigned work, enabling co to devote coself to poetry. When the community learned of this arrangement, the artist was asked to leave, and did. A grim precedent for an artsy communitarian. It was easy to see that Twin Oaks was not affluent enough to include "art" in its economic system in the same way it is included in the capitalist system, and would not be for some time. But economics is not the only factor involved in the question of "the artist in community". There is also a whole set of ideological considerations: A lot of us were brought up to think of "art"



as a very specialized behavior, and "artists" as a particularly closed and mysterious class of people. I've heard a lot of people here say they'd like to see some of the mystery taken out of art, to make it much more of a people's activity. It is a basic Twin Oaks norm to avoid specialization whenever it gets in the way of people's happiness, even at the expense of efficiency. We try to set up our labor credit system in such a way that it is easy for people to learn new skills and to participate in several different work areas. This philosophy extends to play, as well: We have already had to deal with what seemed like an emerging "class" of skilled volleyball players, and the basic feeling that emerged was that we wanted to enable the less skilled players to participate fully, even if it meant having somewhat less exciting and dynamic games. And so it goes with art - when the bluegrass band plays in a public place, it is generally agreed that everyone should feel free to join in, regardless of cos level of skill. There is also a general desire to get away from defining ourselves in terms of the work or other roles we fall into; in other words, I want to see myself primarily as a person rather than as a printer or an artist.


In my utopian dreams I sometimes envision Twin Oaks giving labor credits for some artistic activities at some point in the rosy future. Alternatively, I envision Twin Oaks moving in the direction of a Walden Two-type 30 hour work week, with only the most essential survival activities actually "on the system", giving everyone the leisure to pursue whatever non-breadwinning activities they choose; and "art", ideally, just dissolving into the culture, especially music and dance, being behaviors which would occur spontaneously and fluidly within the group.

In the meantime, I have to accept Twin Oaks as it is, and somehow try to pacify my artist ego until utopia arrives.

WHAT I DO TO KEEP HAPPY. Now for the nuts and bolts. First of all, a lot of what I do to keep happy is to define work and art for myself in a number of flexible ways. That way, I avoid getting too hung up in any one specific role; I find that I'm most unhappy when I create in my mind a wide schism between work and art; but when I see each meal I cook as a work of art, and each song I write as another contribution to Twin Oaks culture, then I feel fulfilled.

The other main thing that I've done to keep happy is to work my way into the artsiest niches of the T.O. labor credit system. In other words, I try to find activities that I consider "art" and that the system considers "work".

Printing has been the major area of work/art for me. Since I've come here, I've learned how to operate our offset press and, in fact, how to run the entire printing operation, from darkroom to platemaking to actual printing. I've also picked up some skill at layout and design, and hand lettering. I guess hand lettering is the most blatantly artsy fartsy thing I do for credit these





days. People come to us with church programs and revival posters and (even!) wedding invitations to be printed, and I'm finding that it's a real gas to do the lettering for them. I also write and do some lettering for them. I also write and do some editing for our newsletter, the *Leaves*, which gets pretty creative at times. In the music area, I give occasional lessons to members on guitar, dulcimer, and voice (I get credit for lessons but my pupils don't - all teaching of this sort is creditable), and I have one paying guitar student who comes out to Twin Oaks from a neighboring town for a lesson once a week. My current pie-in-the-sky scheme is to cut an album of my own songs, thus winning fame and fortune for Twin Oaks and labor credits for myself.

WHAT YOU CAN DO TO KEEP HAPPY. And so, my fellow communitarians and artists, I say to you: keep the faith! If you're in community and feeling frustrated, don't despair. Advertise in your local area as a teacher of music, painting, dancing. Get into freelancing: writing, photography, whatever - one of our members, an oboe player, is now looking for work as a stand-in orchestra musician. Our bluegrass band recently played for a high school party and actually got paid for it! Write CPC and we'll publish your book. Make an album. Peddle your wares. If your community isn't big enough to support you internally, let the outside world support you with money.

If you're an artist who's thinking of joining a community, I say to you: Do it! The more artists we get into the communal movement, the more art we'll be able to make. Get a community of artists together. (Write to me if you do!) Remember you're forging the culture of the New Age. Write, dance, and sing about community. Spread the word. Enjoy.

One more thing: let's keep in touch. Tell me what you're doing. I'd like to see an issue of *Communities* devoted to art in community, so write and let us know where you're at. Address correspondence to pammy wammy, Twin Oaks, Louisa, VA., 23093.



Twin Oaks Love Song

3rd fret → G⁶ 3rd fret → A⁷ 3rd fret → G 3rd fret → G⁶ 5th fret → C⁹

With every day that passes here there comes a song worth

3rd fret → G 3rd fret → G⁶ 5th fret → C⁹ 7th fret → E⁶ 5th fret → E⁹ C⁹ G⁶ A⁷ G

singing. I let my words float to the sky

3rd fret → D 3rd fret → C 3rd fret → D 3rd fret → C 3rd fret → D 3rd fret → C 3rd fret → G

Hello, hello, brothers and sisters, your warmth is like the sun;

3rd fret → C^{maj7} 3rd fret → G 3rd fret → C^{maj7} 3rd fret → G

your gift is like the morning; I love you every one

Here is a joy I've never known
I see its strength all around me
In shining faces laughing free

-Chorus-

Hello, hello, sisters and brothers
Your warmth is like the sun
Your gift is like the morning
I love you every one

We laugh along the river
We dance upon the grass
We sing beside our children's bed

-Chorus-

Each day we are together
We sing our music louder
The world will know the love we share

EAST WIND COMMUNITY:

WORK A DAY IN THE LIFE - - - -

6:30 A.M. The sun wakens me, and the rooster crowing. I lie awake in my transparent-roofed shelter for half an hour and listen to the birds, hoping that one of them will condescend to eat the bread crumbs I put on my bird feeder. But they do not care about bread crumbs. In June the world is full of good things to eat. I am woefully ignorant of birdcalls anyway, so I get bored and decide to get up. My clothes are in a dresser next to my luxurious double bed. These two pieces of furniture look odd out here in the middle of a Persimmon grove, with a canopy of polyethylene to protect them (and me) from the rain, rather like a scene from an avant gard film. But I have never been more comfortably housed in my life.

I walk up to the main house for breakfast. Billy is making apple pancakes, but they are not ready yet, so I have time to write a letter. Here's a note from a nurse in New York. She wants to visit and asks if she can bring her dog. I sigh. We already have two dogs, but how can I say no to a woman who writes "Your ad was just what I needed-- please, please write." By the time I have written the letter (Yes, of course bring your dog) and tucked the envelope into the outgoing mail box, the pancakes are ready, and five more people have come in to eat them. Three of these are on the morning bathhouse crew. They are laying block this morning, almost the last course. I can feel the quiet excitement and modest pride the crew takes in the bathhouse. The walls are straight and true, though none of the crew had ever laid blocks before. We were lucky to have a visitor last week who learned to lay block at Twin Oaks and spent five days passing on his skill to us. Now we have another visitor, and this one urges us to use the bathhouse roof as a solar-heating device to help heat the water for our showers. The bathhouse crew is getting interested in the idea, and they are discussing the techniques.

I have finished breakfast, and I walk over to the dome, where I find Arnie hard at work. He is starting to plank the floor. All the materials in the dome are recycled except the plastic, the glue, and the nails and screws. I admire the floor and help him sort boards for a couple of hours. The planks are short lengths we get free from a nearby sawmill. Fitting them together to make a floor is a little bit like doing a jig-saw puzzle. I put on a nailing apron and hammer for a while. I try to take my turn at sawing the boards to the right lengths, but sawing the oak is very hard work, and the sun is making me want to quit by 10 o'clock. I say "Arnie, I have a kitchen shift starting at 11, and I want a little break in between." Arnie wishes me well, and I leave him still sawing and hammering while I head



for the Twin Oaks hammock we have strung between the Ash and the Sycamore in our yard. Billy finds me there and says the ditches are complete at the site of the new residence building, ready for the concrete truck. I go in the house and call the Ready-mix people, who say they can be here today. How much do we need? I think I remember that we need 7 yards. I tell him seven. He says that will take two trucks but he will get it here. Billy consults his schedule and discovers he is supposed to cook this afternoon. He doesn't want to cook when the concrete truck is coming. I say "Don't worry, Billy; a concrete truck always creates its





own work crew; there will be lots of people there to work the concrete." But Billy is not worried about that. He just wants to be part of the crew. Will I take his cooking shift for him? No, I am cooking lunch and don't want to be in the kitchen all day. Billy looks further. Minnette will take the shift, trading for a shift later in the week.

I start thinking about 7 yards of concrete and decide to do the calculations again. The calculations tell me we need only $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Oh dear. I have just wasted \$37 of community money out of carelessness. And what are we going to do with all that concrete? I run around and tell people about my mistake. Deborah says never mind, the community will survive the misspending of \$37. Will says we could use a concrete pad in the shop to make auto repair easier. Minnette says more concrete in the barn would be a help. Some people organize themselves quickly into work teams and make rough forms out of slab wood.

Now it is time to make lunch, and I approach the kitchen with my usual anxiety. What shall I make? I count up people on premises. Fourteen members and 4 visitors here today. Six of them are vegetarians. Maybe I could make a lasagne, and leave the meat out of part of it. But there are no lasagne noodles. How about Chili, and make it half and half. But we had beans just yesterday. I wonder if there are enough eggs for a souffle, and if I really ought to use that much cheese. I wonder if broccoli would be good in a souffle. Broccoli was on sale this week. Dan comes into the kitchen, asks what I am going to make for lunch. I say broccoli souffle. Dan pretends to barf. He says he can't stand broccoli. He just wasn't brought up to eat stuff like that. He says he is going fishing this afternoon with some neighbors and will come back with some catfish. I say that's fine, but right now could he get out of the kitchen so I can think? He goes. I sigh. Well, no matter what I cook, there is bound to be an onion in it. I take out an onion and begin to peel it. This always gets me started. Pretty soon I have decided what to serve, and the shift goes smoothly. Otis is my kitchen helper. He washes the dishes and then goes out and picks lamb's quarters. Tony comes in with some freshly picked blackberries. He wants to make jam out of them, but I plead for a shortcake, and he gives in gracefully. Lunch is beginning to sound better.



Over the kitchen sounds I can hear Deborah explaining the labor credit system to a visitor. "I think I understand it," says the visitor. "I just move these colored pegs around to indicate which jobs I want to do." Deborah watches him express his preferences with the golf tees on the peg-board. Then she gives him advice. "At that rate on kitchen helper, you're going to get about four of them. Do you want that many kitchen shifts? No, the visitor thinks maybe twice a week would be enough. "Then bid higher," advises Deborah. She moves his peg over a notch. The visitor sighs over the complications of the system and wonders blithely if all this organization is really necessary.

I make the shortcake while Otis cuts up vegetables for a salad. It is a pleasant kitchen, easy to work in. Trip and Deborah have put a lot of thought into its arrangement, and their carefulness is paying off. We could serve twice our current number out of this kitchen.

The shortcake is in the oven when I hear the

cement truck coming. Great excitement everywhere. Every hoe, rake, and shovel on the premises is soon in use. The footings do not take long to pour. Sure enough, there is a lot of concrete left over. The concrete slab in the shop takes shape quickly, and there is still some left over for the barn. Everybody gets high off the pouring of the concrete. Billy has gobs of concrete all over him, and Tony is speckled from head to toe. There is a rush for showers before lunch. The improvised shower quickly drains our hot-water heater of its contents and last-comers make do with cold water. We will all be glad when the shower house is finished and our new 52-gallon tank installed in it.

Lunch is a scattered affair, its time being cut into by the cement truck's arrival. I take my plate and glass to the dining tent where it is cool. Connie joins me, and I consciously try not to talk about animals--especially pigs. Connie has looked pretty unhappy since we lost the pigs night before last. Connie and John had brought those two carefully bred piglets all the way from Oklahoma, and one of them had squealed for five solid hours all through the journey. Then, through some accident, the car door had been left open in our parking lot before the pigs could be properly housed, and they had escaped. Where could they have gone? Yesterday we went on a hunt for them, searching the waterways, alerting the neighbors. All the neighbors said the same thing--"Coyotes got 'em by now." Connie has given up hope, but she hasn't recovered from the loss.

After lunch I consult my labor schedule and discover that I am free for the afternoon. How nice! I use the first hour to get caught up on the account books. How lucky we are that Arnie is an accountant and has helped me set up our books properly. How much easier the accounting is now than it was under my haphazard methods. Too bad Arnie doesn't want to join, but we can't win them all.

I am adding up the total amount spent to date on household supplies when I hear shouting out of doors. It sounds like somebody is saying "Pigs! Pigs!" I run out and join six other people who have also heard the cry. Sure enough. The piglets have come home. Whatever their adventures have been, they are tired now. Ten minutes' frantic chase finds them safely enclosed in communitarian arms. Connie holds one of them, and she is alternately laughing and crying as she carries it toward the house. Tonight the piglets will spend on the back porch with the laundry tubs while the pigpen is made ready to receive them.

After the excitement it is definitely time for a swim. Some folks get towels and others don't bother. I bring a bar of soap. The water is beautifully cool and clear. I stand neck deep and just soak up well-being. Some of the group are more adventurous. Dan and Tony swing into the river by the rope. We stay in the water a long time, knowing that it is a hot walk back to the buildings. I get out of the water for a while and sit on a rock slab in the sun. I think "Those months in the city were not too much to pay for this," but I am glad I am here now and that the Boston period is over. That makes me think about money and the fact that we will have to do some city work again this winter to support ourselves. But not as much, and not in transition. This time we will know what it is we are working for. And



there will be a lot of others to help us. We will make it all right.

We trek back to the house, and I go to feed the rabbits. I give them their pellets and water, but I like best giving them different kinds of greens to nibble on. They like the alfalfa best, and after that the ragweed. Robbie comes by to see how they like the rabbit hutch he has spent the whole week building. He says anything that eats ragweed can't be all bad.

I hear saw noises from the shop area and go out to investigate. Trip and Deborah are preparing boards for use in a cabin which will temporarily house two people. We discuss the cost of the cabin. Could it be made winterproof? How much money and labor is temporary housing worth? What will be done with these shelters eventually, when communal housing catches up to our population? Deborah is in favor of having little vacation houses. I predict that they will be needed as shops. But our discussion is short, because I am on my way to the outhouse.

The bulletin board in the outhouse is dull today. Nobody has been inspired to write a poem or even a very good joke. Last week it sparkled with a theoretical argument about behaviorism, but this week our intellectual life needs stimulation.

At supper I talk with visiting Frank Michaels, formerly of North Mountain Community and more recently of The Farm (Gaskin's). We argue about communal philosophy. Is secular community possible? Frank doesn't think so. "Religion is the only long-range reinforcer that works," he tells me. If this is true, I am lost, so I tell Frank that I am delighted that he has found happiness, but there has to be a non-religious route for me and my kind. Frank is not disturbed by this. He thinks I am religious and don't know it.

After supper I go for a walk. I take the berry bucket, for my schedule says I am supposed to pick berries tomorrow morning. I want to work on the dome tomorrow and will get the berries out of the way now. Tony has given me a berry map of the property. We are rich in berries. Also wild grapes, persimmons, hickory and black walnuts.



Before long I feel tired. I hear music from the house and know that Clint and Trip are playing their guitars, probably with a circle of people listening. Louder and closer to me are the whiporwills, whose regular call gives a rhythmic beat to my steps. I return to the house, refrigerate the berries, and brush my teeth. It is only 9:00, and for some communitarians the evening has just begun. But I am tired. I am definitely a morning person, I say to myself as I make my way by moonlight to my double-bed-in-the-woods. Some of the evening people don't get up until nearly noon. I can hear the whine of the power saw in the shop now, where one of them is working on something. Well, in a secular community there isn't any right or wrong about early or late. To each cos own. I check the bird-feeder. No, the birds are definitely not interested in my offerings. Maybe I'll stick to rabbits.

The whiporwills are really going at it. No mosquitos tonight. A nice breeze through my persimmon grove. And this is no summer camp. This is for real. A lovely cool ending to a fine day in a wonderful summer in a happy place. Good night, East Wind. See you in the morning.

2)--MAKE MATRICES, lots of fun for the mathematically inclined/arts and crafts type. A matrix is where you gather the information handed in by individuals back in step #3 (above). On one axis you have the job, on the other the individual. Where they meet, you have the preference....who wants to do this job, how much, is all there for a glance.

3)--JUGGLE. Here is where you take the work wanting to get done, the preferences assigned to the different jobs, the assorted other information (going to the dentist on Thursday), and your quota, and attempt to have it all come out in the wash. I'll give you a few hints.

"Good ideas come from social practice."
Chairman Mao

"Wine is the sign that God loves us and wanst us to be happy."
Benjamin Franklin

Good Luck.

4)--Hand out the labor credit sheets, all processed and laid out for the coming week. Don't panic if things didn't run smoothly, and Janet's supposed to herd the cows with her leg still broken. These are bugs that will be worked out as time goes on. Remember that labor credits are an experimental process, and they will be constantly modified to suit your groups needs at any particular time.

AND NOW: HELPFUL HINTS FROM THE LC RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT DEPT. AT TWIN OAKS- - -

Ok, let's talk about preferences. Preferences can serve several functions. First, they tend to get work assigned to people who like to do it, thereby increasing the probability that the job will get done & also be done well. If you want to have preferences increase the equality of your system, you may want to assign different credit values to different preferences. Low credit (.8 or .9) for people's first preference, and high credit (1.3 or 1.4) for people's last preferences. This means that folks who get work near the end of their preference list do less total hours than people who get all their first preference.

You need to be careful when assigning credit value to preferences. If too many jobs go for 1.3 you will inflate your system. You want your average hour of work to go at 1.0 to keep your system stable. You need to experiment to find this balance for your group. It depends on group size and # of jobs. We have over 100 jobs & 50 people. We don't use preferences anymore, people just put the credit they will do a job for, with the only restriction being that they must be willing to do 40 hours of work at 1.00. But a year or 2 ago, this would not have worked, so don't be too upset if your system has bugs, it will evolve.

Other info you may wish to gather from people is how many hours of a particular job they are willing to do, what hours of the day they like to work, who with, etc. We keep all this permanent info on index cards, which we go thru every week and put on people's sheets, so it doesn't get ignored.

* * *

QUOTA - You don't need to use your l.c. system to assign work equally, in terms of credit. Your idea of equality may be to let everyone do what they feel comfortable doing. If so, you don't need a quota, simply ask people to write on their sheet how much work they want to do, and hope it adds up to what you want to assign.

Figuring out quota isn't always easy. It will get confusing - but just take it slow, it'll work out. Here's the formula we use:

A= number of days people will be available to work.

B= number of hours we need to assign.

C= number of days requisitioned (managers often say, "assign 2 people one day each.)

D= number of hours people will be available for work (some people ask for 30 hours instead of a 5 day quota).

A-C= E (number of days)

B-D= G (number of hours)

H= quota per day

$G \div E = H$

$H \times 7 =$ full quota

* * *



MATRICES - You can do your matrices as described earlier. But, if you have a lot of jobs or a lot of people, this will be unweildy. We have a book. Each page is one job. On 1 axis is the members name and the other is the credit they will do the job for. Our matrix is permanent. People can change their credit rate, but they don't have to and the L.C. people don't have to make a new matrix every week.

JUGGLING - We always start by assigning all day jobs. This avoids having no one who has a day free later. Then we assign jobs that are either skilled (with only a few people who can do them), or unpopolar, or jobs that involve lots of people at the same time.

PRESENTING

TO THE GENERAL
ASSEMBLAGE OF GOOD
TOWNSPEOPLE IN
ATTENDANCE

TODAY ONLY

DUE TO THE TRANSIENT NATURE OF
EXISTENCE WE HAVE ONLY NOW

FOR THE 1ST TIME

NEVER BEFORE SEEN IN THE UNITED
STATES OF AMERICA, ONCE A
CLOSELY HELD SECRET OF THOSE
WHO MUST STILL REMAIN
NAMELESS, NOW REVEALED IN FULL
TO ALL GOOD TOWNSPEOPLE AND

THE BEWILDERED

NEED FEAR NO MORE THE STING OF
THE SERPENT DOLLAR, THE VENOM TRANSMUTED
TO ELIXIR, WORK BECOME PLAY, NO MORE SLAVING
BUT SELF REALIZATION IN THE FORM OF
COTTAGE INDUSTRIES THE UNENDING SEARCH
FOR THE MOST PERFECT
OF RACKETS, THE FIRST COMMUNAL
BRAINSTORM, THE UNEXPURGATED
AND HOLY

"COTTAGE INDUSTRIES"

CONTEST

"So the rent is due, was due, has been due,
is overdue. What else is new?"

For those of us not entirely self-sufficient, a fairly constant theme is where shall we get the money needed to trade for goods.

And this generally leads us to the state of employment.

We can be employed by others, or we can be our own employers; make our own hours, pay for ourselves.

All over the country, we've been figuring out delightful ways for people to give us money. Some produce crafts, others manufacture machine parts, we publish words and pictures, what do you do?

The only rule for this contest is that you have actually carried thru on your cottage industry, that it's not just a head-trip. So long as it's experiential, it makes no difference if you made money with it or not.

***** HOW TO ENTER *****

Describe the industry. Define the market. list hardware necessary (tools, typewriter, organic cashews, whatever). Estimate capital, workspace, and personpower needed. Give an objective history of the racket. Anecdotes and pretty pictures heartily recommended. Send to contest!!! P.O. 426, Louisa, Va. 23093.

All entries will be read, giggled over and loved in general. The ones that feel like they want to be shared with all of us will be published.

"I don't know....you think they'll do it?"





CONSCIOUSNESS RAISING: MONEY AND ITS POWER

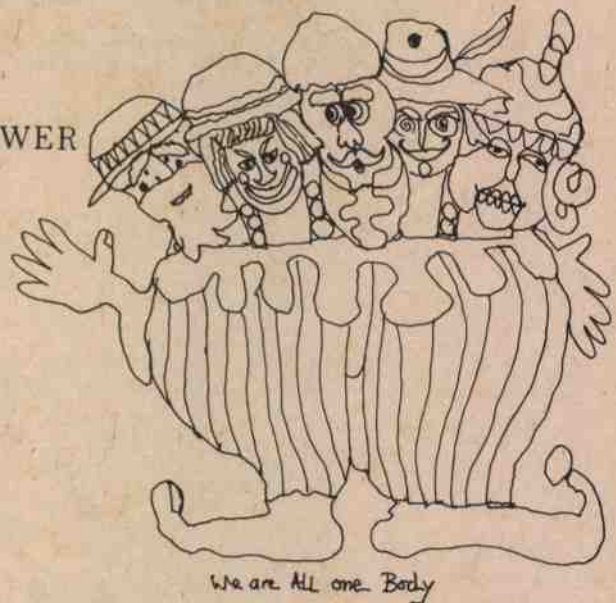
Reprinted from *Country Women* magazine.

When I was raising a family, it seems my responsibility for taking care of our finances (the paying of bills, buying of clothes and food, passing out of allowances and money for social activities) wasn't always there when it came to major decision making. Somehow, I took a secondary role a lot of the time. When it came time to buy a car for instance, that was not up to me. As I view this now and try to change the way I feel about myself and about my true rights when it comes to shared money, I realize that I grew up as most of the women I know did, believing that we were incapable of making major decisions on our own. And major decisions about ones life, clearly include the spending of money.

I envisioned a place where energy would flow in and out from one person to another, from the people to the land and from the land to the people.

Where I could dig in the garden while my friends did what they wanted to, and we would all live happily ever after from that shared energy, so I moved to community of 18 adults and 10 children.

But insidiously, money crept in, and with it, all the values money brings. We have so internalized this system's ideas that money has become a primary motivating force in many people's lives. Because few of us have learned that shared energy, work lovingly done, is as vital and important as a \$10 bill, we force everyone into a position of having to work for their own money.



I have felt myself get annoyed with a friend poorer than myself because I earned the money, and hate myself for feeling that annoyance. Although I don't enjoy being treated that way, and feel that the only way to create an environment where money isn't important is to live it, I still find myself replaying America's free enterprise program in microcosm.

"I earned that, that's mine" says a part of me while my other self screams "I of myself own nothing, we are put here to share love, energy, and possessions, to somehow create an alternative, and the place to start is inside yourself."

Moving to the country usually means giving up the occupation you had in the city. Having no occupation means no predictable income.

We grew up in a culture that equates money with security. Money in the bank-saved for a rainy day-your future income insurance. A society which plots and plans retirement bene-

little and I didn't know how to do that before. I know that I can devise ways to make money - it may be a naive confidence, but it feels good."

I see the search for security as one of the chief barriers to living. Security in a myth: a mark of wisdom is learning that there is no such thing. I am delighted to find that I have not starved in the past and I have a certain sense of faith that that shall continue by one means or another. I know that I probably have enough energy, sophistication, and credentials to be able to make money. This knowledge helps me to feel good in my marital partnership. I feel less fear of spending money, knowing that in the last analysis I am not dependent on my partner to get it, but it is a responsibility and power we share.

I have some money now...I share it with the man I live with, my husband for some years, and I earned it with him working long, hard hours. It makes me feel good, light and free and independent... but as I write those words I wonder. I wonder why spending money is a trauma for me and not him... why having enough to take care of an emergency is so important to me, but not to him... wonder about my feeling of independence.

It seems that men are always sure of their earning power. Women seem to be sure of how difficult if not impossible it will be to replace spent money.

fits, pensions, security for "your old age". We women were to marry the man who made the money which piled up the pensions...Some of us learned skills or professions "to fall back on". Don't you remember the phrase "if you ever have to go to work?"

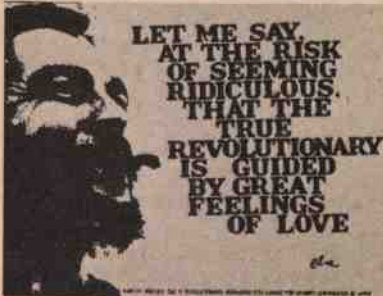
A move to the country is a move into very real economic insecurity. Getting together enough money to live on is a daily struggle. The jobs we can get are scarce and low paying.

The skills we learned are largely irrelevant; the new ones we're learning are far from lucrative. The security of having enough money to meet our needs - however simple or subsistence level those needs might be - barely extends to next month. "Old age" is an irrelevancy, "retirement" a joke.

How we feel about money security begins to change. We learn to hustle for our daily needs - to scrape, to invent, to go without and not miss, to barter and substitute. We learn how to make it on very little and we learn most importantly that we can make it. Hard but freeing. Sometimes it seems too hard. We are taking a risk with our lives: we are not worrying over tomorrow. Some of us have translated money security into land security. We feel secure because we have land. Some of us get our security from living communally with people we love and trust. Some of us get our security from a new self-confidence: "I know how to live on very, very



TIMES CHANGE PROCESS



Su Negrin and i are Times Change Press. We've been producing pamphlets, books and posters for four years now, on what we call personal/political liberation - themes like women's liberation, communal living, anarchism, gay liberation, third world struggles, men's consciousness-raising, and youth liberation. As for the work we do, the two of us search-out and help edit the materials we produce. Then, according to our loose division of labor, Su handles designing and producing the books and posters, while i take care of distribution and general business. The actual printing and binding is done by regular commercial outfits. In more detail, this means Su gets the type set, proof-read and pasted-up; designs and mechanicalizes the book covers, posters, catalogs and miscellaneous advertising pieces; and oversees the commercial printing and binding. Meanwhile, i'm responsible for answering the mail, sending out catalogs, advertising and other outreach, our mailing list, relations with Monthly Review Press (our distributor/sales people/warehouse/shipper/biller) and all the seemingly endless little business stuff like copyrights, Library of Congress, reprints and foreign rights, announcements to trade journals, review copies, etc.

So that's an outline of the work we do here at Times Change Press. As Su once said, "Cripes! we sure do a lot." It was even more so during our first two years, when we were more "business-like", producing 8 to 12 books a year, plus posters, and when I was our only salesperson & shipper & biller. We now produce half as many books a year, and our distributor handles the sales, shipping & billing. So we've been able to slow down.

Before, we worked practically all the time, evenings and week-ends included. We withdrew from people, politics (in the old movement demonstration/organization sense), even our kids, putting practically everything into getting this big TCP blimp off the ground. Many times in the first few years, when we were feeling raw from work, guilt-tripped by the heavy politicos (for dropping out of the movement and becoming capitalists and petty bourgeois anarchists), pressured with deadlines, not being able to pay the printer enough, and arguing with each other, we would seriously consider just facing that it wasn't worth it all, that the blimp

would never get off the ground, that our investment was a failure. We'd wind up saying, "Well, we'll give it six more months and then if it's not together..." We felt we were burning ourselves out and desperately needed a break. Fortunately, things did improve, about a year and a half ago, when finally we got a distributor, our sales picked up enough, and we could space out our work load and slow down.

This slowing-down has been so important for ~~us~~ me. (I, Tommy, am writing this article, not Su or Su & Tommy. So when i talk about "us" i'm really speaking for "me", and Su is not to be held responsible for anything i say.) It's allowed me time for my own growth; something i always just tried to squeeze into our earlier, full-time work load. It made time for intimately sharing with other people, for being alone with ourselves, for journal keeping, dope, donJuan, the I Ching, the woods, travel, yoga, primal therapy, co-counseling - things that invigorate me, give me more understanding and facility with the world, help clear me of outdated psychological patterns, and bring me closer to myself and others. These things feel like the most important things for me now.

And politically, it feels very constructive. Being clearer and more centered leads to more appropriate activity, personally and politically. I see every day how the two are interwoven - as i understand and act on political realizations more, i better understand my own personal situation and work to improve it. And, vice versa, as i'm clearer about where i'm at and want to go, the obvious need for change in the whole social order, and my participation in this change, becomes more clearly evident.

Likewise, our books and posters, which are partly produced as our input into the political arena, are derived from very personal sources - what we are interested in at the moment. And our personal interests are grounded very much in today's political realities; we affect social change thru the changed consciousness and activities of individuals affected by TCP materials. The guide for what we produce is not what is supposedly politically correct, but what we are involved in ourselves, based on our ever-changing reality, which is at once both personal and political.

I can illustrate this by talking about the books we're presently working on (available in the Fall).

We would love to live in a community and on a trip to California last year we visited a five-year-old, 40-person one. I'm considering living there myself. Anyway, we talked with the people there about collecting and distilling their journals, letters, bulletin board pieces, articles, poetry, drawings and photos into an indepth account of their lives, with special focus on their interpersonal relations.

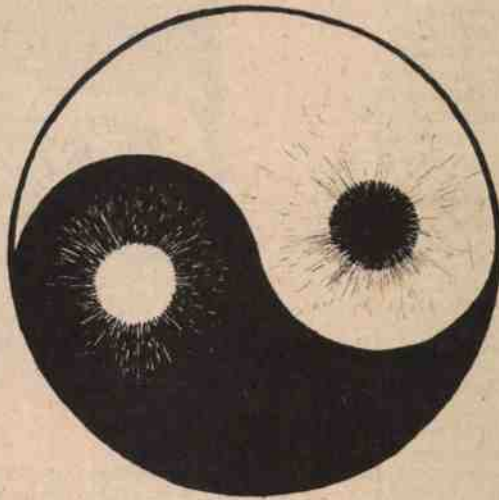
Two of them came to our New Jersey farmhouse/work place with a pile of material collected by the group. They stayed a month while the four of us edited it down into January Thaw: The People at Blue Mt. Ranch Talk about Living Together in the Mountains. I've looked for writings on communes that have depth, especially about how people relate to each other and grow, and have usually been disappointed. I think January Thaw will help fill this void.

The second book is by Alta, whose women's poetry pamphlet, Burn This and Memorize Yourself, we published earlier. This time she writes in prose about her experiences; trying to be a writer while also being a mother to her two young daughters. Alta's directness and honesty speaks very powerfully to us-- we combine children and work at home too-- and we feel it will to many others also.

Another area of our interest and activity is the struggle for loving people of the same sex, as well as the opposite. We've produced a few gay books and posters in the past (including Great Gay in the Morning: One Group's Approach to Communal Living and Sexual Politics), but have felt the lack of information about earlier efforts toward gay liberation. Then we ran across a pamphlet that sketched this history. We contacted the authors, who agreed to fill it in some. They've written our third book, The Homosexual Rights Movement (1864-1935), virtually the only book out on the mass gay rights movements of the past.

As for our fourth and last title this year, we are considering publishing White Bird Flies to Phoenix: Confessions of a Free Clinic Burn-Out. A Stoned, exciting account of Ethan Nebelkopf's personal experiences and social observations over the last half dozen years, based on his participation in a Eugene, Oregon, government-funded/counter-culture/political drug program (replete with bumper squads, bananas therapy & bozo buckstoppers).

All these books, and a Crumb cartoon poster with a Don Juan quote, come organically out of our own interests. To the extent that this happens, i feel work change from labor to living, from alienation to growth. That's the primary thing i want to say about work-- right now i feel best doing what i want to do, what interests and benefits me most, and that i want to eliminate as much as possible work that is removed from directly enriching myself.



This attitude has also freed us from thinking, "we've got to produce the politically correct and best stuff only." That's a heavy responsibility, and it also leads to the self-righteousness which has afflicted much of the movement. Instead, we input what we are interested in most, and therefore do best. We hope other people do the same, in the spirit of "two, three, many small presses." None of us can begin to handle it all, so we need each other to input many different things in many different ways, just as long as they're honest and have heart.

Another theme here at T.C.P. is eclecticism-- we want to combine and integrate into the whole the many many seemingly separate facets of change. It's not a question of what is the right path; political organizing vs. life-styles changes vs. spiritualism vs. whatever. There are many paths, and the more people who know about them, the more we'll all move along. We're all on this trip together, and it'll move along best when each one of us finds the path that feels best at each particular moment.



Our expressed goal at the time was to help expand the radicalization of America by getting non-rhetorical, radical materials beyond the movement and the cities. To do this we would produce quality, attractive stuff. This, though, led to not-cheap prices, which got us a lot of flack from politicians, as did the fact that we were not a collective. Also, instead of focusing so much on Vietnam, prisoners and the proletariat, we felt more people would be turned-on thru materials relating directly to their own, largely young, middle-class lives--hence, our primary focus on sexual politics and alternate culture.

Virtually all of our material comes from non-professional people--not writers, but lovers, like you, who happened to try writing about themselves and their changes, sometimes at our suggestion. Our idea from the beginning was to pay these people and ourselves also. Unfortunately, there never has been enough money to pay either them or us sufficiently, but we are getting closer. Su and I subsisted over the years thru various outside hustles, like freelance book indexing and cover designing, unemployment and food stamps. We look forward to the day when the press will be able to pay both us, and our writers/artists more reasonably.

Su and I have always searched around for our paths and integrated many different elements. To let you know a little about where we come from, Su was born into a Bronx, working-class, Jewish family; liked art early; got married after high school and had two kids; cracked-up; got a divorce; and then, by the late 60's, got into mysticism (especially Meher Baba) and Summerhill child-rearing. I was born into a mid-western, upper-middleclass, WASP family; was inculcated early with Christian goodness and the work ethic; got into sit-ins, anti-war activity and communism in college; then taught at a Summerhill school; and ended up in the late 60's in New York City's heavy political scene. We met thru our mutual interest in freeing kids (and ourselves) Su, not able to find a decent place for her kids, set up a Summerhill school in Manhattan, and then moved it up to the Catskills. I, meanwhile, worked on getting together a free university in N.Y. C., Alternate U., which included courses on everything from political economy to yoga. Su and I began living together at this time, in 1969. At Alternate U. I was particularly influenced by Murray Bookchin's anarchism, Lynn Laredo's drama therapy, and women's liberation. This last particularly caused shake-ups and reversed some very basic roles. It also led to my participation in the writing of one of our books, Unbecoming Men: A Men's Consciousness-Raising Group Writes on Oppression and Themselves.

At this point we felt the need to create a way to make a contribution to social change (and our own growth) and to support ourselves at the same time. Tough task, no? The idea of a little pamphlet and poster publishing company evolved out of this need, Su's graphic skills, and connections at Alternate U. with several potential writers. To get the needed initial capital we were led to old leftists running a large printing company, who agreed to print our first batch of stuff, \$16,000 worth, on credit. Also, I got my dad to loan us \$11,000. There's no doubt that good connections and class helped us in getting this venture off the ground



KIDS LIBERATIONVILLE

After our first year and a half, living and working in Manhattan got to feeling too hectic and unhealthy for us, and we were lucky to find an old farmhouse for rent 1 1/2 hours due West in rural New Jersey. We've been here since and love it. It makes our work a lot more tolerable, being able to break it up easily with short excursions to the river, badminton games, garden work, or just sitting on the back porch talking to our two loose chickens. "Where you laying your eggs these days, Carlaredo? You know you're not suppose to hide them from us." We loosely structure our day like so: up at 6 (Su does her yoga then) and working on T.C.P. stuff till early afternoon. Then we eat and are free for the later afternoon and evening to pursue our own interests. Sure as hell beats a 9-to-5 trip, and I think we get more work done, to boot.

While Su and i have been living together, loving each other, and sharing the responsibilities for the kids and the press, we have also been making very conscious efforts at creating separate spaces for each other--separate bedrooms, separate interests, separate friends and lovers. We started breaking-up our monogomous dependence two years ago, and the process is still evolving today. We both feel very good about our becoming more separate and different from each other, and feel at the same time closer and more loving than ever before.



capitalist economy? Is there already too much stuff on the book market-- are we furthering the already overloaded media din? Are we furthering intellectuals' materialism ("I buy books instead of bullshit."), cultural faddism ("This year gay liberation is out and spiritualism is in."), and the tyranny of outside authority ("Isn't this author so wonderful, and i'm such a nothing.") ??? All serious questions, but for now we feel these negative factors outweighed by the positive contribution T.C.P. materials make in peoples lives.



The main short-coming we feel at this time is the lack of immediate community. We feel pretty much isolated out here in western New Jersey. Our closest friends are in New York City and strung-out across the country. We'd like to live in a community with them, and we've tried getting that together. It hasn't happened yet, although we're still working on it and hopeful. Right now we both feel so expansive and loving and interested in so many things others are doing; living amongst all this in a community would just be so high. And this might also be a way to loosen Su's and my exclusive grip on T.C.P., by incorporating other interested people into the publishing-distributing process, and also adding to the financial base of the community.

Now if there are doubts about the book-market world, the music business scene feels horrendous. Never-the-less, i'm seriously considering setting up a mail-order catalog and distribution structure for the growing number of records and tapes being produced by new, alternate music producing groups. They are non-profit, non-hierarchical, and usually speak directly of efforts at individual &/or social change. It's just another flower in our alternate culture garden, but it's very young and needs watering. I hope a co-operative effort toward improved publicity and distribution of our alternate music will help. You can help by letting me know about alternate sound producing people, and by letting me know what you think of this idea.

Our involvement with the press, even in these more recent, better days isn't always hunky-dory. We're still occasionally very time-pressured, short on money, and faced with hassles from the typesetters, the binders, etc. Also, on another level, we occasionally have some very fundamental doubts about whether what we're doing is really worth it. Does the press's contributions offset its use of paper/forests, many people's labor, and the continued participation in the

And before leaving i'd like to invite feed-back from you about this article &/or T.C.P. in general. We're especially interested in finding out about what's important in your life and what's been useful in making your changes. It seems to me that that's the most rewarding thing about the work Su and i do-- that the T.C.P. books and posters allow us ordinary people to share experiences we feel good about, so we can learn from each other and all grow... separately,,, and together.

SHORT GREEN

A Rap On Communal Finances

If a community has taken the giant step of collectivizing its economic functions, the matter of how to use the community's money is likely to be a primary one. In deciding how to use money resources the community makes a powerful statement about where it is coming from.

Twin Oaks has a collectivized economy. Twin Oaks, more than most communities, is concerned about the values that it practices and fosters. So defining the boundaries for the personal or community use of money resources is important. The use of collective money raises a number of difficult issues: By what standards should the allocation of community money be guided? How should the community's money be doled out to individuals? equally? for need? Are there any limitations on what can be bought? Is the spender responsible to him/herself or the community? How is that responsibility maintained?

There are many ways to handle the money resources of a community. One way, drawing freely from a collective piggy bank usually leads to 1) an empty piggy bank and 2) hassles over the apparent lackadaisical use of the community's meager funds, as described by some folks at Sunrise Hill:

Most money earned by individuals at various jobs outside the community was pooled. Members contributed what they could and drew what they needed... Initially, little effort was made to accurately anticipate expenses and make assurances of sufficient income to meet them. Money was simply spent as needed until it was gone and then everything waited until more was available.

Communities need to watch over the way the group's money is spent to assure that the security and values of the community are not hurt by someone's carelessness or lack of understanding. This ensuing discussion involves the uses of allowance money and travel stipends at Twin Oaks but basically it takes up the issues of why and how are we going to guide the spending of the community's money? Any of the comments which refer to personal expenditures could just as easily refer to community expenditures.

1. Live It--Communalism, Vacations for Social Change, "Sunrise Hill". 1971



Remember that the fundamental issues are more important than the specific situation so you can imagine substituting your own context and situation throughout the discussion. There is no RIGHT answer. The only important thing is what the community can agree upon.

"What i'm feeling is that we are trying to design a new society and I want to control peoples wants. I would like to see us do that. We are wishy-washy as hell. I don't want us to say, 'Spend your money however you like, we're not worried about the kinds of cultural norms you are going to set. Ok, I'm worried.'"

"It seems like what you are saying is that you are afraid that if a \$50 allowance is put into my pocket that I will spend it for some frivolous, wasteful thing. If what you are worried about is your own temptation to do that there are a number of ways to deal with it. If what you are worried about is my temptation, well, I'm not tempted. Not only that but I want to be free to get the things I want and not be bothered about it."

"This is where the sticky part comes because in relation to the spending of money, part of the group wants to be able to say, 'No that's not a need that our culture can support.' And other people are saying, 'If I have a want that somehow doesn't fit neatly into our culture, I still want to have some way that I can take care of myself.'"

"From what I understand, the way it has been for things that the community doesn't provide, is that the individual has been responsible for going out and earning the money that co (he or she) wants. Then, in most cases, it is up to the individual how to spend it.

The second proposal, the proposal to change that, says--OK, let's not have the individual go out and earn co's money, let's have the group earn it. Then give a certain amount to the individual to spend as the individual sees fit.

Now the modification of that is--Let's have the group earn it but then let's not just give a certain amount to the individual to spend. Let's

have the group have some say about how it's going to be allocated, perhaps through putting it on a managerial budget. It's moving that whole area out of the individual sphere both in how it's earned and how it's spent."

"I was looking around wondering where all the behaviorists are. There must be some damn behaviorist techniques to deal with this situation. Maybe we need to set up a mechanism for knowing what each other is doing. One way might be to put up a list that is visible for all, that states when we plan to go on vacation or what we plan to do with our money. Then if I see you going to Yellowstone or buying a mink coat every other week, I'm going to start feeling pretty bad about it. The third or fourth time I'm going to want to talk to you about it."

"Look, if you have done extra work to earn money, when you want to go on vacation, you want to go and be able to spend your money. If someone comes up to you and says, 'You going now? There's this work to do.' You'll probably say, 'Shoo, you don't know how hard I worked for this. It's my money. I have a right to spend it.'"

"That exemplifies the present state of affairs but it would be different if it were the community that was giving the money and you knew it was the community's money and that you were responsible to the community for how you used it. There would be no saying, 'Listen, I earned this, I can go now.' It would be something that we all got for use when our uses did not make it hard on the group."

"Another thing about a monitoring system like the list idea, is that it is going to be a cold day in hell before I am going to go up to somebody and say, 'Don't take your fourth trip to Yellowstone or buy another mink.' I respect a person's decision to do that if they decide that. But if we can design a community where someone won't want to do those things then that's what I want to do."

"Perhaps there are ways we could channel or sublimate such needs into the community. Like if I need a TV and the community as a whole doesn't need a TV, try to change that need into something else instead of just cutting it out. Saying, 'Don't need that' leaves a hole in me."

"I feel like we are getting carried away with the word need. I need ice cream. I need psychological help. I need food. I need jewelry. I wish we would talk about this in terms of satisfying people's want."

"Wants or needs, they are both in the eyes of the beholder."

"That's exactly why I don't want to have to approve or have desires approved. I don't want to have to deal with co's values and mine."

"I'd rather deal behaviorally with your inability to deal with co."

"Well I don't want you to deal behaviorally with me that way."

"Is this discussion really getting us anywhere? Are we getting a lot of enlightenment from this or can we forge on?" (laughter)

"How do you control people's wants? You proposed one way--by giving people feedback, making them feel they really should not do something. But there are 50 people here. I can't possibly give 50 people feedback on these things. The other way would be to say, 'If you want to live at Twin Oaks you are going to have to control your wants because you are not going to fill those wants'. Both ways put pressure on people."

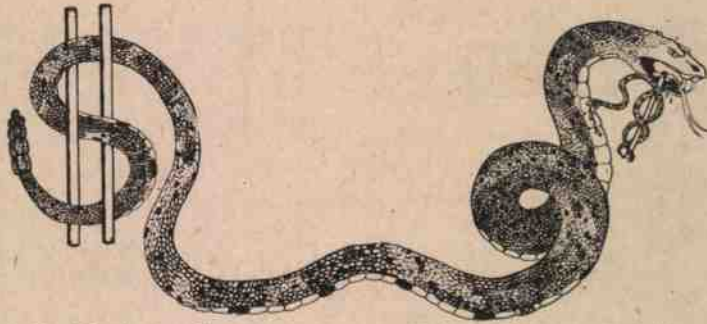
"I would like to see pressure toward more honest interaction, more honest feedback, more consciousness raising rather than pressure towards copping to a system. The community can help by raising consciousness about why we are living this way, by having people who live here with the consciousness that Twin Oaks is something we want to do more than we want ice cream. That way there is no direct pressure on anyone. We have chosen to live here and freely abide by our community's values."

"That's better than devising a system which gives the community some say about how personal money is spent, because that is not only unworkable, it is coercive and restrictive of individuality."

"If you are a member of this community you should follow its norms and regulations, in all things, because there are some things I don't want us to have the option to bring into our society."

"I don't know if I really trust the group enough yet to listen to what I say I want or need. In the past the group has, across the board, made the consideration economically, determined the equality thing economically. Now with this new proposal the group has to listen to me explain my desires or need. I'm not sure I trust the





group will listen to me and decide in my favor whereas now I have more of a choice if the group disagrees with what I want."

"I'm not sure either. I'm envisioning when Eve had her need, she had to go to a group and suffer through a long drawn out debate. That's what I pick up from Carol when she says, 'Can you trust the group?' Or will they put you through this long grueling thing where you have to say, 'But I feel my need is strong.' And everybody says, 'Well I feel this'. You end up with a big debate without providing an alternative. Eve felt it was still important. You know what I mean. So that's where the non-trust comes in."

"The problem with implementing this thing fully is a lack of trust. What we have to develop is a trust that the group will decide according to people's needs. Also a consciousness that people won't fuck up the experiment, that people will really try to use the system: and trust that all of us are sufficiently into this experimental community that we will try to make it work. The success of the proposal depends upon these two aspects of trust at work."

"I'd like to back track a little because I felt that there was a junction we passed that was important. It seems like the whole reason why this meeting and this whole issue have been alive for the past four or five years has been because the group, or some of the group, wants to shift away from me-ism. It sounded like what we had was an experimental proposal that said, 'Ok, this might be a way we can do that', and it was just an approximation. We are not sure and we can't be sure that it'll work."

We're scared of losing the options we presently have to take care of our needs. We don't know if we are going to lose out because of trying this plan. Right there, I think we started fearing a future that may not come about.

Allegedly we are an experimental community but the concept that we are experimenting with our lives isn't copped to...nearly as extensively as I feel comfortable with. It really felt like we had something that could be tried. We did not work out the details yet and we don't know if each individual case will be handled to everyone's satisfaction. But we've developed a lot of communications skills which increases our chances that it will work. It's just an experiment, if everyone remembers--it's just an experiment." (applause)

"...But I mean that was really heavy. I've never thought of it in terms of experimenting with my life...I don't know if I can."

This last statement has less to say about the specific proposals than it does about the value of experimentation. It is a tangent worth a few more words. Experimentation, whatever the issue, is a healthy practice because it is an attempt to keep the community open. It is easy for a community to get a-custom-ed to doing things one way and be reluctant to change those familiar ways, especially if they tend to reproduce the practices and values we grew up with. Community life is an opportunity for the evolution of a new lifestyle but it develops only to the extent that we recognize the errors of old ways of living and experiment with alternative ways. Before a community can experiment with different structures for money management, the basic values which guide the community use of money need to be clearly defined. If a clear sense of the values by which a group lives can be achieved, individuals would have a better basis upon which to make some commitment/investment into a community. When such an understanding exists, people are less likely to cling to their own personal needs to work toward filling/feeling the needs of the community. In turn, the community will be better able to fill the individual's needs.

Finances are a hassle but they are a good indicator of how relations within the community are working. Community cohesiveness cannot be measured in dollars and cents but it can be noticed in the degree of trust, the amount of sharing, and the willingness to be responsible to the community.

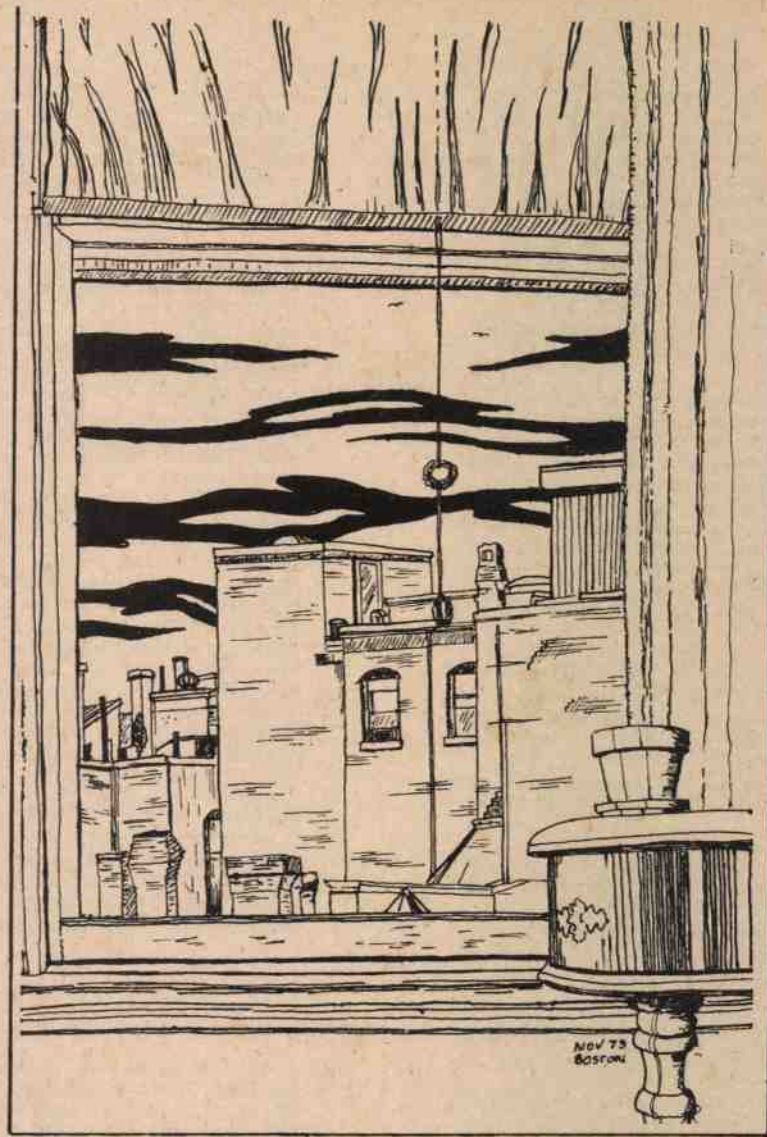
The discussion went on
for a good part of the day
And when at the end
there was nothing to say:

We agreed to live with each other
and within certain ways.
And we recognized that--Life goes on--
without any delays.

Some will help with money
and all with their work:
You don't get something for nothing.
that's one of Nature's quirks.

Our task is to live by this agreement
which suits everyone the best,
Though we know it will never be easy,
by our love we are blessed.





VANCOUVER BLUES

I wake up warm and thoughtful and in the house there is no noise. The atmosphere is grey, quiet, contained and I can sit with thoughts and coffee, and talk about this thing called a job, which it isn't. If I were God, and I were watching the City Social Services develop, I would abort it, and ask everyone to have another go at it.

Here I am enclosed in a formation of bodily molecules that I can't do much about, carrying all that I have ever felt, smelled, seen, touched, tasted, been abrasioned by, slid through, and somehow survived, and I've got thoughts about all that. I have, for instance, gotten through the sensual assault labeled "culture shock" several times. People who travel at all, even 35 miles, know that it happens. Yet I see people now who feel they're cracking up as they run into it, splat!, like an invisible door, and if we could have a little time and privacy together,

I could listen for the interconnections, to find out how they're living the situation, and tell them that I went through it, too, and actually survived it.

This is one of the big things that people on welfare need (shit, that people who are in other than a non-comatose state need): to feel that whatever they're in now, however much it hurts or is uncomfortable, they can get through it. That it is possible to be on the other side of this. I remember the awful era when I felt that I couldn't cope, that I was totally incompetent and incapable of completing the simplest and most familiar task, a stubbed toe was an overwhelming event in the day, and I would despair and cry and now know what was wrong with me; I must have been going crazy. I will never really know why I was that way, but now I strongly suspect that it was an endocrine imbalance. Life was fine, with no hidden disasters, but I felt that all

I could do was pull the covers back over my head and sob. I felt very foolish behaving this way; I felt like telling everyone in explanation, "I'm really not responsible for me being like this. "I wrote to Lois B.-- grasping at straws a thousand miles away: What is *wrthg* with me? She wrote back and told me that she had gone through this a few years ago, and that even though she was in an environment that was wealthy and uncluttered, had three problem-free children and a devoted husband, she very nearly committed suicide.

There are no answers to be given out, like pamphlets on a streetcorner, but I was desperate and I wrote back: How did you live through it? How can I get on the other side? She told me that if what we thought was happening was true, then there was nothing I could do but hang on. The problem was not situational/without, but chemical/within, and I would be at the mercy of it. And almost no doctor would be able to help me, as no one knew anything about it.

Then one day, it was as she said it would be: it was as if I had been passing through an electrical storm staged inside me, and now the sun was shining again. I never thought the day would come; I thought that I'd always be stumbling along, barely holding on, always liable to fall into that bewildering emotional hole.

She knew, she really knew, how hard it was to hold on to sanity, and rather than saying, "Don't come near me. I'm afraid of people who show their inner dragons," she said, "Yeah; it's the shits. Hang on."

I stayed with her a few days when I was in Oakland this last time. Among the many other things we talked about in depth, we talked about this. She said that she was going through it again, since the menopause was now upsetting the balance. The first time, she had gone from doctor to doctor, and they all had said, all but one, "There, there, Mrs. B.-- Let's take a frank look at how you're getting older, and your children are leaving the nest, and you are no longer as attractive to your husband as you once were." She protested that she had no problems with those aspects of her life and they wouldn't believe her. Now that she had the right doctor, and medication as accurate as they could get, the frequent and profound depressions were kept under control. Every once in a while, though, one would slip through, and she would just have to sit down and let it come.

I was at her house the Saturday before Easter. I was coming downstairs for breakfast, and she was coming out of the study, and our eyes met. I looked at her, and I didn't understand, and she burst into tears. "I just can't hold back anymore," she said, "this is one of those times. Everything is lovely, but I'm in one of those periods where I just have to cry." We sat on the stairs together, and talked and laughed and cried, and she said that she knew I would understand and I did. We laughed because we were terrified and helpless: the depression grabs you by the ankle, picks you up and swings you around in circles, and no one knows what's happening but you, and even you don't know. And

we laughed because it was absurd and we knew it, standing there in the house of mirrors, looking at our images, warped and wavy and distorted; we could look insanity right in the eye and accept it in each other.

A girl came into the welfare office last week, and told me that she wanted me to know that this was the last time she would be on welfare, and I should close her case. I met her in the waiting room, introduced myself, and as we were walking down the corridor to my cubicle, I told her that I was beat, and needed a cup of tea. Would she like to go upstairs with me to the coffee room? She would. We went upstairs to the staff coffee room, and I said that I hadn't been told otherwise, but I would bet anything that she wasn't supposed to be in there with me. If anyone came to sit down at our table, I would introduce her as an old friend passing through town, and she should play it cool. Okay. She wanted to know about how to go about getting a pregnancy test; she didn't know if she were pregnant. She had been pregnant before, and this time didn't feel quite right, so I asked her all the questions that came to mind about her periods and contraception, and told her all I knew about what might be going on with her, and gave her instructions about how to get an accurate reading with the pregnancy test. She was still married to someone else, but possibly pregnant by a common law husband, and she wanted to know about getting a divorce. We talked about the possibilities and complications in going through a divorce. She was moving out of the area, and she wanted to know if she could get financial help in moving, and we covered that.

"Well," I said, "we've covered you medically, legally, and economically; how do you feel spiritually?"

The question seemed to surface of its own accord; I don't know what the hell made me ask it, but when I'd said it, I was glad I had. She was tall and thin and dark-haired. Twenty-eight, with a silent surface, straight-aligned, talkative if I let her be, with a little mystery about her and a lot more to tell. You tell me about you, and I'll tell you about me, and we'll both know a fraction more about ourselves.

She smiled and looked down into her tea, and said that she felt fine spiritually. There was a time when she didn't, a long time. She went crazy when she was thirteen, and they put her in Warrendale, but she got well and became a counselor there, and that had helped. But it was years before she could see straight, and now she felt she was out of all that.

"If there were no restrictions and hang-ups, and you could do anything in the world you'd like to do, what would it be?" I asked her.

She thought for a moment, and then said that she might like to go back to college and get her degree, just to say that she'd done it. But she thought that of all the things she'd like to do, she'd like to write.

"What would you write - what would it look like?" I asked her.

Well, she didn't know. Wasn't sure yet, but she thought about it a lot. She liked writing letters, and she was good at it. Then it came to her in the last week or so: why didn't she write a book from her letters? Letters tell

a life story, too. She liked to read other people's letters, she could tell a lot that way that couldn't be seen any other way. She often kept a carbon of the letters she wrote, and now that she thought about it, if she really believed that this was a valid form, then the book was practically written. Did I think it could be done?

I told her that she would need to find one person that she trusted implicitly, someone who she could give the drafts to, who could tell her if what she was writing was on key or not. There would probably be times when she would be too close to it, and would know that something was wrong, and this person could be trusted to tell her to keep going or to stop on any particular track.

I said that I thought that it was presumptuous of me to say it, but it was the best I could do: if she didn't have anyone to do the first-draft readings for her, and she said she hadn't, then I would do it. I knew that we didn't know each other, and I didn't expect her to trust my judgement like that, but she could send them, and if I found that her writing wasn't to my taste, then fine; I'd try to recommend someone else. If it turned out that I felt I could do it, I would be glad to. How did she feel about that?

"Oh," she said.

I wrote down my name and address and gave it to her, and she said she would send me what she could.

When she left, she turned to me and said, "I came here and didn't expect to be treated like this. I really have enjoyed being here with you this afternoon."

In that, I am a social worker, and I am not a social worker. I would rather not have any title pasted on me, but be left free to do it. I think that in that one hour and a half, I earned a week's keep for the city, but well, what the hell, they'll never see it that way.

An hour and a half being me, as best I can be, keeps me away from "work." It's 98% paper, and 2% people, and I hate it, and in that way, I'm not a good social worker. Why anyone who knows I'm heading into a job like this would ask if I'd ever done any casework before, is beyond me. It ain't casework, as I see it. You put the human being, who's down anyway, into the meat grinder at one end, and grind him or her through the gears until they're just about the consistency of cheap hamburger, and then you've got a good "worker-client" relationship.

I say it's spinach (or hamburger), and I say to hell with it. I react to the scene by forgetting my supervisors' names.

I am definitely not cut out for this. At first glance, I look at Dorothy McN., - whom I'm replacing, and I have an immense admiration for her surviving this for a whole year. Then I look again, and I see that she's not what I thought she was: she's a lot harder in spirit than I thought. She is within the system, pleasantly. It could be a lot worse: she could be an unmitigated bitch, hard to work with, sharp with everyone, but instead, she supports the rules she

has to, pleasantly. When do we get a chance to do this, to step back and ask, "Why do we want to have a welfare system, anyway?" Nobody seems to ask this.

I know. I know it. I am naive. But I can not ignore the fact that the job is terribly painful to watch, to be in, and it makes me feel that I'm whoring. Introduce a little humanization into it, I tell myself. But shit, man; there isn't time. If I stop and give a little softness, I get behind in my paperwork. The social workers say they don't go out on housecalls unless they can help it: it creates more paperwork. You go out more than a half-day a week, and you're snowed under.

I came back from coffee the other day, and there was a whole family in my cubicle. (What is this? Not the family; they belong there. It's the hours. One must work precisely between 9 and 12, and from 1 to 5, with two coffee breaks. There are no exceptions. Don't worry too much about it; you're not going to get the job done anyway.)

We talk, and he asks for dental forms for himself and his wife. They had their sweet 9-month-old baby with them, with the lyrical name of Trinity Alexandria. I picked up Trinity and put her on my lap, and said How do, How do and bit her on the stomach, and then I talked with her parents as she banged me on the knee with a spoon. The husband was very defensive, so I let him interview me, let him get into me, so that we'd both feel a little more at ease in this confined space together. He was anxious, and railing against the system, and I said, "Hell, man, don't ask me to defend this nutty system. Let's just go on from where we are now." So he loosened up and talked with me about pot and Berkeley and hepatitis and jail and having weddings and babies.

He says to me, "Another problem we have is that we've run out of bread."

I excuse myself, and ask a neighboring social worker what the policy is for someone who runs out of money mid-month. "Ask him in detail how he spent his money, see if his expenses were justified, and tell him you're sorry, but that we know the amount is inadequate, but that he's going to have to learn to budget on it. Then decide whether he should get a food voucher or not."

I go back, sit down, and ask, "How have you spent your money this month?" Then I am profoundly embarrassed to have asked the question, as I find that I feel it's none of my business.

"The old lady had a birthday this month, so we went out and had a few beers, and I bought her a new dress," he said.

"Great," I say.

"Birthday only comes once a year," he says.

"Right," I say. "Everybody ought to celebrate birthdays."

I write him out a \$15 food voucher, and we're all happy, only I know I will get canned, if I maintain an attitude like this.

We had a staff meeting on Friday. The supervisor feels that it's good to have staff meetings. So there are staff meetings. Nothing is accomplished from these meetings, but somewhere in some social worker's text it must have said that it's good to have them... One of the questions the supervisor threw out was,

"When can we as social workers step in and exercise power over the family we're caseworking?" (Ah, benevolent fascism: there is nothing like it.) Most of the social workers seem to be fairly good heads, but there is one fellow who is an outstanding dink. He said that he had trouble with communal houses. After all, if you don't know the set number of people in the house from month to month, it's hard to fill out the forms properly to pay the right amount of rent. But what really got him was the children in those houses. The people are there; like, there may be one or two girls, and several men, and they're all practicing free love (*Free Love!!*) and there are mattresses all over the floors, and like that, and you've just got to step in and Get the Kids Out of There. Yes, agreed the supervisor, you should call in the Children's Aid Society, in a case like that, and ask them to remove the children. I sat there, apoplectic and wordless, knowing that I was angry, and that when I felt like that, it was best for me to keep my mouth shut. Nobody said anything about whether the kid was being neglected at all, unfed or beaten, or being turned into a psychopathic killer. Just mattresses all over the floor. Evidence enough that the child is being corrupted, and might grow up to be able to turn into a werewolf at midnight, and we'd better get him out of there

Obviously I still get apoplectic about it. I find myself sputtering and choking on my words. I choked quite a bit more when the supervisor said, "I often think, in cases like this, of the great quotation, and I can't remember where it's from; 'To understand is to forgive.'" If she were thirty years younger, she could be a radical student, preparing to become one of the few female members of the clergy in the United Church. "Isn't this a questions of values?" she asked. You bet your sweet nose it is, sister.

Al dropped in on Friday. A post-surgical patient looked better. His eyes were grey and his skin was grey and his head was down. He had a weight on his shoulders that kept him from raising his head easily, and his voice was slight and distant, dragging, and almost defeated. I wanted, with a deep need and compulsion, just to stand there and hold him. I was drawn to do this, felt the necessity to do this, and we just stood there awkwardly in that goddamned, and I do mean that: God damned, cubicle, neither of us knowing what to do. *Knowing* what to do, but not knowing how to carry it off. I know that to be faithful to myself I should go ahead and do

these things that make me feel whole and healthy: rules be damned. And in less than a second, I had a hundred images flashing through my mind: this wasn't the place; this wasn't the place, it wasn't private, and pain and grief are terribly intimate and demand privacy: if I held him would anybody stare at us? why isn't there a door here? where could we go to be alone, and let him cry it out? I know I'd very quietly and firmly say to anyone who wondered what was going on, "Get the fuck out of here." Some of the people around here know him; would they accept this in him? All that in less than a second, and we stood there and looked at each other, and he asked me, in every possible way he could ask me, so that it was written in the air between us: hold me. And to my dying day I will regret that I didn't. I wanted to make it so that there was no doubt about it, he was being received, and there wasn't a thing in the world he could do that would be wrong, and he could let go and collapse and let it out, and I would hold him and hold him again, and I would hold him for three days straight, if that's what he needed. There was nowhere we could go to be alone in that, people were walking by looking in, and I felt dumb and constricted and restricted and inadequate, and I hated the job and me for being in it.

I felt his pain, and my pain and panic, in not being able to do what I wanted to do, and I said quickly, "Sit down." And then we sat there and looked at each other and he said, "It's been a hard week." and in my helplessness I said "Talk to me about it," and let me hold you with my eyes, and he knew that but he said no, it was too long to tell. Too hard to tell like this, and there is no substitute for the real thing. I could see that he didn't know what to do with his hands; he wanted so badly to touch me, to reach out, to hold hands, and I held his hand briefly and we talked off and on, and I was in so much pain I could barely breathe.

I didn't get an awful lot of paperwork done between then and noon. As I was walking out, one of the social workers said to me, "I feel sorry for you, having your caseload so near here; your clients don't let you get anything done, do they?" I was struck dumb several times on Friday, and that was one of them. It was like short-circuiting and being left with a vacuum in my skull, and not being able to make any sense out of anything around me. Assuming that filling out forms was more important than being with Al at a time like that, was truly overwhelming.

We went off by ourselves at noon, and he talked, and began to look a little more alive.



David Fenton/LMS



Odd jobs always come to me, like confirmation of a coupling between a merman and a dry girl on a dehydrated bed and his subsequent death, plus announcement of their slimy but tolerable child, research into the relation of a fly to a wall, the report later labelled Insufficient, or the proportion of gingham to curredged velvet in a small fishing town by the ocean (correlated to the death rate of mermen, stapled carbon copy to our bill). And the morbid goodness of detailed work, the way it manages time, convincing me of the futility of any of the gentler persuasions...

Toward A New Definition Of Work

Reprinted from *Vocations for Social Change* pamphlet series.

The American work experience is, with few exceptions, dull and alienating. "Assembly Line Worker Goes Berserk, Shoots Six," "Young Executive, 32, Dies of Heart Attack:" each day brings us stories or personal experiences reaffirming our perceptions of the nature of work as essentially negative. Even a recent government study, *Work in America*, maintains that a "significant number" of working people in America (that is, all working people, including blue collar, white collar, service workers, executives, etc.), are dissatisfied with their work. Drug abuse, alcoholism, decreasing mental and physical health, increasing divorce rates -- these and others are some of the effects of the American work experience mentioned in this study and elsewhere. What can be done? In this short paper we hope to point the way toward a new definition of work.

Work as a Means: The Old Definition of Work

Corporate capitalism, the American economic system as we now know it, has one all-important, over-riding goal -- profit and the maximization of profit. Everything else -- the workers, natural resources, the people and resources of other countries -- is viewed solely as the means to reaching the goal of "greatest productivity and profit."

The results of this kind of "means" thinking are seen all around us: in pollution, in the draining of non-renewable resources as if they were endless, in the exploitation of the resources and people in developing countries, and most importantly for this paper, in the uncaring attitude toward people and specifically, the working people. The working people are the "necessary evil" business puts up with to make its money, and whenever possible the human factor is eliminated by machines to "increase efficiency and productivity." The result is the dehumanization of the workplace; the condition in which the people work is given concern only insofar as its affect on profits (examples of this uncaring attitude are striking: the health conditions of most miners, factory workers and other industrial workers, the recent emigration of companies to countries where they can pay workers remarkably less wages, layoffs via recorded telephone messages, etc). People, their workplace, and the kind of experience they have in it are seen only in relation to profit. Work has no inherent value.

Work as an End: Toward a New Definition of Work

We cannot continue to live and work in such conditions. The toll it is presently taking on people all over the world, both directly and indirectly, is only growing worse. We need a new definition of work, a whole new way of perceiving work, or in the words of E.F. Schumacher, we need "economics as if people mattered."

What will such a new definition mean? Schumacher, in an article called "Buddhist Economics," explains this clearly:

Now the modern economist has been brought us to consider labor or work as little more than a necessary evil. From the point of view of

the employer, it is in any case simply an item of cost; to be reduced to a minimum if it cannot be eliminated all together, say, by automation. From the point of view of the workman, it is a "disutility"; to work is to make a sacrifice of one's leisure and comfort, and wages are a kind of compensation for the sacrifice. Hence the ideal from the point of view of the employer is to have output without employees, and the ideal from the point of view of the employee is to have income without employment.

The Buddhist point of view takes the function of work to be at least threefold: to give a man (and woman - ed.) a chance to utilize and develop his faculties; to enable him to overcome his ego-centredness by joining with other people in a common task; and to bring forth the goods and services needed for a becoming existence. Again, the consequences that flow from this view are endless. To organize work in such a manner that it becomes meaningless, boring, stultifying, or nerve-racking for the worker would be little short of criminal; it would indicate a greater concern with goods than with people, an evil lack of compassion and a soul-destroying degree of attachment to the most primitive side of this worldly existence. Equally, to strive for leisure as an alternative to work would be considered a complete misunderstanding of one of the basic truths of human existence, namely that work and leisure are complementary parts of the same living process and cannot be separated without destroying the joy of work and the bliss of leisure.

We must begin to see our work as having value and meaning in and of itself, not just in terms of what it will produce or what it will enable us to consume. We need to begin perceiving our work as an end in and of itself, not just a means (be that a means to profit for the companies, or a means to more leisure time, another car or whatever for ourselves). Work can be so much more once we begin demanding and exercising control over it and striving to make it a positive experience in which we labor with others in a cooperative and just community to create the kinds of goods and services which we value. We have a right to decent work and a say over both how we'll work and to what ends we'll work. We have a right to struggle towards changing the nature of work.

Unfortunately, we cannot simply decide that we'll have a new definition of work and immediately thereafter see our workplaces change. Much of our work for the next many years must go into the actual changing of the nature of the workplace where such a new definition of work could be lived out. The way is being shown us by the Shell Oil Company refinery workers who recently struck for and won not higher wages but better working conditions, office workers organizing in many cities around the country around concerns about the nature of their work, scientists organizing to question the nature and outcome of their work, and those struggling to create new workplaces where decisions, responsibilities and ownership will be shared by all the workers.

Simply a new definition of work is of course not going to change the nature of our work experiences. But it is a beginning, and we must work for and demand such a beginning...

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----- THE CENTER OF THE MAGAZINE: DIRECT FEEDBACK -----

hi. time for some participation.

grab this page and gently tear it out of the magazine, along with page 33.

now you're holding the center of the magazine.

page 31 is an explanation of the center.

page 32 has questions for you to answer, so we can make the magazine responsive to all of us. just fill it out, fold on the dotted lines out on the stamp, and we'll read all the responses.

page 33 has camera ready copy; add for Communities. If any of you have access to getting one of these ads printed ANYWHERE, please do so. the magazine needs exposure, because not too many people know it exists.

it's a magazine about cooperative living.

where did you see your first issue of communities?

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would you be interested in distributing the magazine?

how do you perceive the evolution of the magazine? are we getting better? worse?

do you get the mag for the sections (Reach, Grapevine....), or the articles?

do you want more articles relating to life in the city?

are there enough graphics? is the mag pretty?

would you give your mother a copy of communities? why?

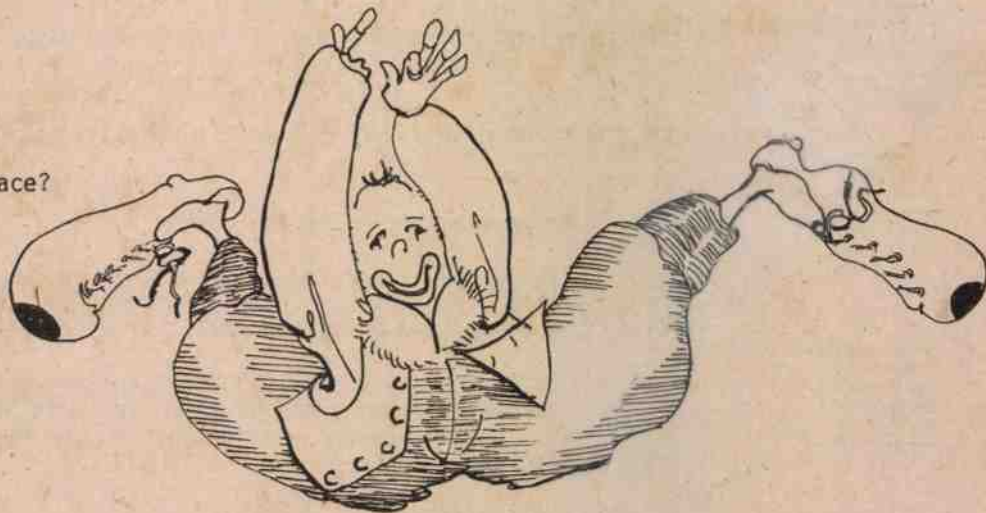
ARE there any major changes you'd like to see in the future (in regards to the mag)

are you 5-10 10-18 18-23 23-30 30-40 40-50 older

rich? how much?

are you happy? at peace?

what's your work?



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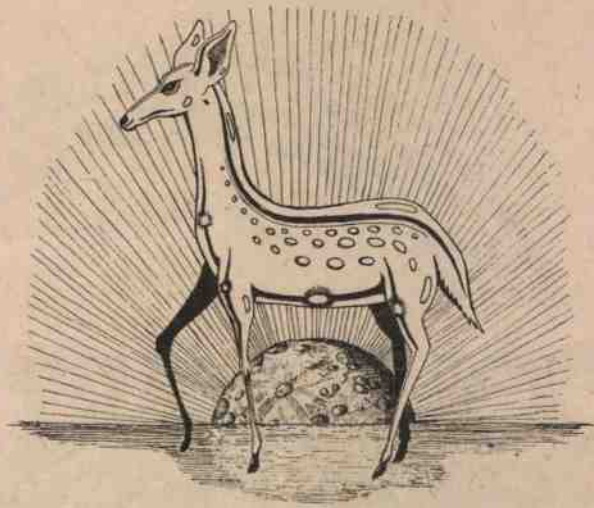
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T.O. CONFERENCE / FAWN'S DAY WATCHING

A day of quiet melancholia, safe and pretty. Early on i realized i wouldn't leave it: i spent too much time with elaborate theories on how i got there.

A strange man i had seen at Juniper, and had seen before, came out of the woods today. i wasn't happy to see him, mistrustful of strangers, why are they here? i was cutting wood when he told me his name was vince. i've known him for years, have read and written warm letters with him. We talked about editing communities #10, then nailed in the floor joists i had just out.

Yesterday there were 17 people around our dinner table. Tonite 3, even i wasn't there. i was eating steak and brownies at cedarwood, feeling withdrawn a bit.

i don't know what happened at home while i was gone, past a far out time at the river. i don't care; i'm sad.

Last night we talked, all of us, about fantasies. i felt at home, strong and loved. Most everyone left today. i feel very tired and foggy.



so later that day I cornered a couple of CPC folks to find out how the two year old publishing conglomerate was holding out.

A lot of soul searching was done at the CPC meetings. Pertinent issues such as "Why isn't the magazine selling any better?" were raised. The shakiness of Community Market Catalog, a publication very dear to CPC, was also discussed. And figures leaked to me from reliable sources prove that the CPC Bookshelf is subsidizing the whole show. But the greatest confusion among CPC'ers was centered around the book publishing end of CPC. The only book that has been actually published by CPC is Celery Wine. Unfortunately no one at the CPC meetings had any figures as to its sales, promotion, or distribution.

The synopsis of the meeting wasn't very cheery and I'm sure somewhere else in this issue someone will explain why Communities might not see it's fourth year of publication. But our objective here is to chronicle the Communities conference.

The first big meeting was an introductory affair to introduce the represented communities to each other. But before the introductions there were interminable remarks and deletions and additions to the following days' program. A few short hours later all the communities were aired. Afterwards, everyone ate lunch under the four huge army surplus tents and waited for the second big meeting.

Some seventy people sat among the chiggers and ticks of the Virginia woodlands in order to hear Vince of Limesaddle (California) dubunk the population explosion and urge redistribution of land and production. The occasion was a panel discussion entitled "Saving the World" but the format broke down quickly as none of those on the panel professed to be experts on saving the world and many in the audience thought maybe they had some good approaches too. At any rate, it seemed to be very serious business for those participating. Vince's opening statement brought on a crazed rush for the soap box as fifteen or twenty voices vied for public air time. The group was full of vocal people. In fact most people at the conference were fairly vocal if not downright obnoxious. This became a problem in many workshops later: as people tried to work out a system for seeing that everyone had a crack at the air time. The only system which appeared to work was the one in which the group went around clockwise offering each person the chance to speak. (The difficulty with this, of course, is that if the group is any larger than ten, the meeting lasts for hours and little dialog is possible.)

The "Saving the World" forum was a real circus of ideas and expressions. Vince cast himself as a political heavy; Ross (Agapay, W.VA.) ran up the banner for detooling technology and managed to throw in a list of some of his favorite books; Kat (East Wind, MO.) suggested a grassroots approach; Mike dragged in R. Buckminster Fuller's tireless pattern integrity and coupled it to a neat rope trick. He also had a smooth and fast tongue and a grasp on world economics which seemed out of place in the group. And Pat fronted the idea of an alternative Chamber of Commerce. Howard tried to redirect the forum with a bit of improvisational theatre which pretty much missed its mark. Shortly afterward the dialog lagged and the group began to break up. Anyway it was nearing four p.m. and folks were getting together for the small workshops.

I settled into the Spirituality in Community

workshop by accident. Ross was going on about Huterites, the Spirit of the Lord, Devine goodness with advice for studying the New Testament while the rains came. The first of four conferences to see rain. I left the Spirituality workshop a little depressed and took a quick survey of other workshops in progress. Walden II/Behaviorism attracted the largest group. A special ad hoc workshop on open and extended marriages was second in the audience attraction rating and seemed to be the most animated. Spirituality for third and Community Economics attracted the fewest listeners.

Then I managed to stumble into the last part of the Alternate Sources of Energy workshop, but things had ground to a complete halt and it seemed to me as if the people in the workshop were still waiting for someone to come in and direct it.

That night conferees seemed to have enough spirit left to do a little pickin' and singin'. One group down at the tents was heavy into some lowdown blues and boogie, and another group hot into some good bluegrass and country.

Saturday morning I managed to sleep through all the 9 a.m. workshops as did a number of conferees. Reports that I got on these workshops indicated that people were finding comfortable formats which facilitated an exchange of ideas. At 11:00 a.m., after a hearty breakfast of half a cantalope with a scoop of chocolate ice cream in the middle, and a Pepsi, I decided to take in the Impromptu Community Theater Techniques workshop hosted by Howard. His experience in improvisational theatre lended itself easily to a number of exercises that the thirty or more people attending the workshop did. Ther games were fun and a lot of laughing was done as self consciousness gave way to approved silliness. It was a relief to see that much energy devoted to the less serious and survival oriented of the workshops.

At four p.m., there was a tough decision to be made. Some choices were: Men in Community; Aging in Community; Women Craft; Women in Community; Urban Communes and two others. I chose the Aging in Community because this is the first time that such a workshop has been offered at a Twin Oaks conference. Also I had tried to get into another Alternative Sources of Energy workshop but it was packed and there wasn't even standing room. Apparently the leader had arrived. So I trekked off across the farm and en route passed a workshop on massage which had attracted a fairly large group all of whom looked as though they had found the right workshop at last.

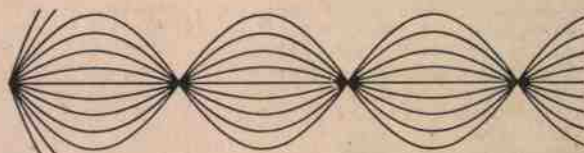


Shift now, two days forward.

Hot here in the office, quiet as folks nap the afternoon heat. Everyone is slow today. Luke still hasn't gone to check his ailing truck. Buffy spent some time putting in the winter squash. i have spent the day undorned, on my back, reading and writing.

Paying homage to my beliefs that one of our media rackets will pay off sometime. If we stay with it. Look at this magazine. It's still being published despite all odds and waves of boredom. It's even getting good. Someday we'll be able to support ourselves doing print toys like these. i hope, i hope.

Keep looking for the perfect racket. It might be necessary to short-change yourself; go settle for some dulling work so you can eat next week. Don't let this become a habit. Don't sink. Wise words for the common boss, ones i forget stolidly going off to paint. But last night i knew i'd be behind a typewriter today, and not on a scaffold. You never really have to do anything you don't want to, particularly if your refrigerator is full.



Argh, exposed as a writer: the bear and i decide to run these blerghs spread thru the issue, i clumsily quote myself with keno, db asks me if i've done my "fawn watching" today. i should write now.

At the first day of the twin oaks conference: the snack stand is open. i find my reporter paranoid about the ramifications. He just wants reassurance, ready to go with it. i last saw him, note pad in hand.

CPC meeting and i was bored but not tense.

What can i say about being there, first day of fourth conference, i don't live here anymore, i was here for all the other ones, but now i'm paying for the food i get from the snack stand. i felt good, but my neck was still tight, and i didn't do any exercises to let go of it.

That's the second time i said but. i don't know. i have a belief i make it hard for myself, that i'm scared to still love juniper*, that that love won't fit in with me living away from T.O.

But i had a lovely time, and i'm going back in the morning, with the rest of the road show.

*juniper: the large branch of twin oaks community.

DATELINE: LOUISA, VA,--- Almost two hundred adults and what seemed like three thousand children plopped their tents and sleeping bags on the Twin Oaks property for the four day annual event of communities looking for people and people looking for communities. It was a buyers market. On the first afternoon, those who weren't still trying to figure out how to put up their tents were swimming in the South Anna river, gorging on icecream, fruit and Pepsi at the snack stand, or trying to hide from the omnipresent Fourth of July sun and it's sidekick; 95% humidity. I figured that many people sitting in on the "Saving the World" discussion were there simply because it was in the shade.

The "Saving the World" discussion was to be the only one of it's kind during the conference. Other discussions were held as a continuing series of workshops on topics which most concern intentional communities today. For instance, titles like:

Alternate Sources of Energy; Walden II Behaviorism; Community Economics; Government; Construction Techniques; Membership Selection and Turnover; Spirituality in Community.....

were listed as happening at 4:00 p.m. Friday. These lists of events, plus descriptions of all participating communities, as well as a detailed map of the T.O. Juniper Branch were included in a slick 14 page conference handbook. Which all points up Twin Oaks' coming of age as conference host. Things were run incredibly smooth.

The problem in covering such an event as this is that one cannot cover all the events which seemed to be happening simultaneously and so I had to rely a good deal on interviews with folks who attended workshops that I couldn't. This became obvious when it was brought to my attention early in the game that the Communities Publications Cooperative, publishers of this magazine, had had a meeting early in the first day. I, of course, was unaware that any of the meetings had started yet,

The workshop on Aging was mellow. Voices were generally low key, but none the less serious. Most of those attending the workshop were over forty and a few well into their fifties. All voiced their discouragement with the alternatives open to them outside of community after retirement, and it's general implications involving the fear of uselessness. It became apparent that olderfolks had problems which youngsters don't, among them:

medical problems, often involving disabilities; the search for social and financial security which many communities can't offer; committment to children, financially and socially, which a community might not support; and, of course, there is always that grab bag: conflict of cultures. Communal Condominiums the answer? No most see them as age ghettos.

The general feeling at the workshop was that the only really sane place for anybody to grow old is in community. The only problem is that it is a long shot for all involved. The individuals may risk all their finances on a community that may fail and the community may risk the unhappiness of the individuals by not being able to fill all their needs. The whole thing is a complex question and we'll be needing to prepare ourselves for the eventuality of our own aging, so we might do well to begin now.

Sunday morning saw the last of the workshops, a lot of packing of tents and camping gear, exchanging of addresses and promises to write and visit as the conferees prepared to leave the conference. Most went away feeling at least a small sense of accomplishment. Some communities found new members or at least a list of people who would visit them in the near future, many ideas on the practicalities of communities were shared, and there was a good deal of talk on how all the participating communities could help each other in one way or the other. Still, I'm certain that a few people went away feeling the way one woman did, coming back to the tents from the river: "Gee, we must have gone to the wrong river, that one was all muddy."



Digging an outhouse hole with maddook and shovel. A meditation.

There's no strain necessary, ever, especially when you're digging a hole in solid clay.

A maddook is to swing with, easy. Gravity does the work. All you have to do is remember to breathe out while your body is expanding, in while contracting. Try to stay centered: don't hit yourself in the leg.

After you've chopped the clay with the maddook, it falls to the bottom of the hole. Scoop it out with the shovel. There's no rush. Breathe.

I remember when the bear and I were salvaging the wood for our cabins; if I ever found myself straining, I knew I wasn't doing the easiest thing, what my body really wanted to be doing.

As your hole gets deeper, keep the walls from sloping in at the bottom. That way you've got room to move, even as the hole gets deeper.

Have others help you. Don't wait for them.

farm

and

garden



"Farm and Garden" is a new section of our magazine which we hope will become a channel of information-sharing among the many communities who are growing their own food. The precise nature of this section will be determined by the material you send us. We welcome descriptions of agricultural activities in different communities, results of experiments you've tried, questions you want answered, or reviews of books which you've found to be helpful. The first installment, below, describes the experiences Twin Oaks has had growing its own food. If you'd like to submit an article, a book recommendation, or questions to be answered, write to Will, Communities Magazine, Rte. 4, Box 17, Louisa, Va. 23093.

For seven years we've slowly been learning to raise our own food. Our agricultural activities pretty well cover the food spectrum: beef and dairy cows, chickens, pigs, goats, fruits, and vegetables; but I've been most involved with vegetables, and that's what I will write about. The two areas I want to cover are soil-building and insects.

SOIL BUILDING

In trying to grow vegetables to feed some 60 people, we plant about two acres of garden each year. At first we used methods typical of neighboring farmers, but four years ago we made a major change and began to garden "organically." Here's a description of what we've done:

Our first year of organic gardening involved a lot of trial-and-error. We had only one experienced gardener, and he was stuck with the task of supervising and teaching a couple dozen eager-but-inept garden enthusiasts, plus a constant stream of summer visitors. We had known enough the preceding fall to select a new garden location where chemicals hadn't been used in recent years, take soil samples and lime the fields accordingly, spread several tons of manure, and then plant a winter green manure crop. We over-extended ourselves that first year, trying to grow enough vegetables for year-round consumption even though neither our skills nor our soil had been adequately built up.

"Over-extended" means that planting fell behind

schedule, weeds got waist-high in many parts of the garden, and we couldn't harvest and eat vegetables fast enough to keep them from rotting in the field. We harvested tomatoes by the wheelbarrow-load each day, sold some to organic restaurants, and still had more than we could can. After a thousand quarts were in jars, it became more fun to throw the tomatoes at each other than to keep on canning!

But we learned one lesson that first year: it is possible to produce bountiful crops without chemicals, if you are willing to invest the necessary labor.

Our major innovation the second year was extensive mulching. We got spoiled hay from farmers, and spread a 6" layer over the entire garden early in the spring. It took one thousand bales of hay to the acre! That happened to be the year of Hurricane Agnes, the wettest summer in memory, and mulch is most beneficial when one wants to conserve scarce moisture. It wasn't, for that reason, the best year to try mulch, yet we found it helpful. The mulch didn't eliminate weeding, as Ruth Stout claims, but it did help control weeds and keep the soil moist. And as the summer heat and rain decomposed the mulch, the soil tilth improved visably.

We've now learned not to apply the mulch too early in the spring. The mulch blankets the soil and keeps it from warming up quickly at winter's end, so we wait till freezing temperatures are gone before beginning to mulch.* We then wait for a rain to moisten the soil, cultivate down all weeds, and lay out our mulch. Occassionally we use well-rotted sawdust instead of hay (especially in between closely-spaced plants), and large sheets of cardboard are often used to cover our widely-spaced melon patch. Sweet potatoes, a tropical plant requiring warm soil and little water, often get no mulch at all.

The main disadvantage remaining with mulch is imported weeds. We have spent countless hours fighting Johnson grass and Bermuda grass in the past two years (both are tenacious weeds which spread rapidly by underground rhizomes), and we suspect they came into our garden with aged hay obtained from local farmers for mulch. Of course,

*We found that unmulched soils in the spring are about 7° warmer than mulched soils in mid-afternoon, but lose heat rapidly and are 5° cooler than mulched soils at night.

manure imports weeds also, and with hay mulch it is at least possible to look through the hay before hauling it to see what kinds of weeds it contains. This is a lesson we learned at a high price!

Compost is another area where we've gone through many changes. Compost piles are a cornerstone of the organic method, and after a couple years of experimenting, we did learn to build good piles. But the labor required was immense: 26 person-hours to turn one of our large piles!

Re-reading Rodale that winter, I noticed a passage I'd previously overlooked. In the midst of eulogies to the compost bin, it was mentioned that this system is not practical for large-scale farming and gardening. Instead, sheet composting (spreading organic materials on the surface of the soil) was recommended. We've now switched to sheet composting as our main method of soil building, and use the more labor-intensive bins only for food scraps the chickens and pigs won't eat.

Our main goal in soil-building is to increase the amount of organic matter (humus) in the soil. Virgin soils have four to six per cent organic matter, but traditional farming methods in our area have reduced the level to 1% or even lower on many farms. We are carrying out an intensive soil-building program until we reach the 4% level, at which point our goal will be maintaining the healthy condition of the soil.

During the soil-building phase, we incorporate organic matter into the soil by growing winter green manure crops (in areas where harvesting is completed by September) or spreading manure at a rate of six to ten tons-per-acre. In the spring, after vegetables have begun to grow and the soil has warmed up, we apply a 6" layer of mulch. This is sufficient to supply the necessary nutrients for the years crops and increase the organic content of the soil.*

Soil tests in 1971 showed the organic content of the soil to vary between 1.7% and 2.0%. Three years later, it has increased to just over 3.0%.** In addition, available minerals in the soil rate "high" to "very high," and the soil tilth and

*The mulch and manure add 15-20 tons of organic matter per acre. Much of this is used up by the growing plants, oxidized by tillage, or leached by rains.

**It takes 15 tons of organic matter per acre to raise the "percentage organic matter" by one percentage point.

earthworm population have improved visably. Within two more years, we should be able to switch from soil-building to soil-maintenance.

INSECTS

Insects are a major problem in our garden, where mild Virginia winters are not harsh enough to kill many of the insects which pass the winter in the soil. Our main problems are with the Mexican bean beetle, squash bug and vine borer, flea beetle, harlequin bug, cucumber beetle, cabbage worm, and Japanese beetle.

According to organic garden experts, insects primarily attack weak plants growing on poor soil. During the initial years when infertile soil is being rebuilt, they urge the use of natural repellants and sprays or companion plantings, rather than the chemical insecticides used by traditional gardeners. We have tried several of the most popular methods of insect control, and found that most of them have not given us successful results. A few examples will illustrate.

Two years ago, we tried to combat the squash bug and squash vine borer by utilizing several of the most frequently suggested repellents (wood ashes, cigarette ashes, tobacco dust, and onion-skins) and companions (nasturtiums and icicle radishes). Every-other-morning we would count the number of squash bugs on each plant, and we tallied any plants killed by vine borers. The hills where various repellents and companions were used fared no better against the insects than control hills where nothing was used! The only correlations we observed were (a) some varieties of squash seem more resistant than others (e.g. Butternut is more resistant than Blue Hubbard), and (b) squash bugs seem most attracted to whichever vines have the most blossoms--regardless of repellants or companion plantings.

Placing boards near the bushes to "trap" the bugs was also of very limited affectiveness.

We also tried interplanting snap beans and potatoes, and found the Mexican bean beetle and Colorado potato beetle attacked these sections as much as the areas which weren't planted with companions.

One year we built boxes with cheesecloth tops to cover young cucumber and squash plants against beetles, but when the boxes were removed as the vines began to run, the beetles moved in, undaunted by the size of the plants.

Cutworm collars we have not tried, simply

because we've had virtually no problem with cutworms.

We tried biological control through the use of praying mantis and ladybugs. During the winter we collected egg cases, and then watched them carefully in the spring as the mantids hatched. We placed hundreds of baby mantids in the garden that year, but never saw more than one or two adults in the garden during the summer. Apparently they found more desirable habitats.

Ladybugs have always been present in our garden, but we decided to buy some that same year to beef up our native population. When we released the purchased insects, many were nearly lifeless and never revived. Others may have remained in the garden, but I now believe the natural process of balancing had already brought the ladybug population to its appropriate level, and our attempts to mess with nature were probably futile.

Our one notable success has been with Japanese beetles. We spread milky spore disease four years ago, but it hasn't noticeably reduced the population. This year we dusted soybeans and grapes with marble dust (the kind used to mark athletic fields), and discovered that the dusted rows had significantly fewer Japanese beetles. Perseverance is necessary, however: one weekend when we were gone, a heavy rain washed off all the dust, and we returned to find our grape leaves reduced to networks of fine lace!

Having had disappointing results with companion plantings and most repellants, we now focus our efforts on trying to find which varieties are resistant for our location, plant extra (figuring insects will take their toll), or just eliminate growing certain vegetables because they aren't well enough adapted to our climate and soil. Perhaps we'll eventually prove the organic claim that insects mainly attack weak plants in played-out soil, but we won't know until our soil has been further built up.

If other folks have had good results with insect control, we're anxious to hear details of what you've done.



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This time and the next, we'll be dealing with the more controversial and existential issues in Health:

beginnings and endings.

Death and Birth

And why not consider death a beginning?

IN PLACE OF A FUNERAL DIRECTOR

On April 10, Barbara of Springtree Community died of cancer. Since the Winter Solstice we had known that she had only two comfortable months in which to live. She did better than that: we celebrated her birthday on April 6.

Barbara decided to die at home; hospitals are unhappy places. We all wanted her to stay at home and we wanted to care for her. She wanted us to be responsible for her body after death. This gave us several months to prepare ourselves.

Barbara involved herself with an attorney through the legal aid society. He explained that in the state of Virginia the body belongs to the next-of-kin, who generally "hire" a funeral director. Since Barbara and the rest of us wanted to bypass this part of the system, and since doing so is not accepted easily by those we needed to deal with, various legal and practical requirements had to be met.

health



In case Barbara died in the hospital, Dave from legal aid consulted with the hospital officials. He felt they were uptight, but would follow the request of next-of-kin.

Barbara's parents had come to Springtree to spend valuable time with Barbara before her death. They approved handling funeral arrangements in the

manner Barbara desired. They willingly signed papers authorizing the hospital to release the body to a member of the Community in case they weren't here to sign such a paper when Barbara died. They also signed an authorization for a member of the Community to act in the place of a funeral director.

Another problem to overcome was the county health department's lack of experience with people like us. We had to tell them that we would be bringing in the certificate of death and that we would be acting in the place of a funeral director. The health official said a death certificate had never been filed like that since she worked in the office, which apparently had been a good number of years. She seemed more interested in harassing than in helping us. Her boss hesitatingly called the office of vital statistics at the state capital and learned that we were legally correct.

I had made the same arrangements with the county health office in the neighboring county where the hospital is located. My experience here, too, had been with a health director who was hesitating and cautious, but treated me with kindness and understanding. After finding the Community was following state laws, he sent me a letter stating that we would have no difficulty in dealing with his office.

At the end of her time, Barbara's death came quickly, with not a great deal of suffering. We were proud of how she lived fully up to the last moment. It was good that Bill was with her then, for he meant so much to her.

We called Brian, a physician living in a neighboring commune, who completed the death certificate. After some difficulty accepting the certificate, the health officials gave us a xeroxed copy for two dollars. We had already built a casket from lumber in the workshop, and the children decorated it with freshly picked wild flowers.

Barbara had decided on cremation although she thought about a simple burial on Springtree property. In Virginia a burial would have presented no problems other than the possibility that the county health officials would ask for assurance that there would be no contamination to drinking water. But Barbara said that if it weren't too much trouble for us, she would rather be cremated.

Cremation requires a release from the medical examiner, or cremation certificate. The county coroner wanted us to bring the body to his office. When we arrived, he came out to the VW bus so he could sign the papers saying he had viewed the body and it could be cremated. He forgot to charge the \$5 fee.

We typed up another paper which Barbara's parents signed giving their permission to cremate the body. But getting a crematorium to work with us was a problem.

Over the past few months Dave had written letters and made phone calls to various crematoriums. Negative response. They said they didn't want to have any problems with funeral directors. So when Barbara died, we were thinking about calling a funeral director who cooperates with the Piedmont Funeral and Memorial Society to ask him to transport the body for cremation. But first I decided on a last try. I called the nearest crematorium, about 100 miles away, and asked about delivery of the body. I gave my name and said I was from the Springtree Memorial Society. (Indeed we were a society and we were memorial, for we were acting together in memory of Barbara, doing what she wanted us to do and accepting her death as a natural part of life.)

"We can be there by 12," I said. "All right. You'll need the cremation certificate and permission from next-of-kin to cremate," was the reply. At 1:15 we arrived. We gave them the cremation certificate and the permission to cremate from next-of-kin. They examined the copy of the death certificate. At 5:30 we left with Barbara's remains.

The next day, Bill and Barbara's mother and father had a private ceremony with the ashes. That afternoon we held a memorial service with relatives, members of the Community, close friends of Barbara's, close neighbors and friends from several other communes.

Assuming that other communities, groups or individuals want to simplify burial of a loved one, I will review some of the information which we gathered from our experience. Some of the information may apply only in the state of Virginia, but might be a guide as to what areas need to be checked out.

First, talk the matter over and decide how the body is to be disposed. It can be cremated, buried or donated to a medical school. The procedure for donation to a medical school is explained in a booklet (A Manual of Death Education and Simple Burial by Ernest Morgan, \$1) which can be obtained from a local funeral and memorial society or from the Continental Association of Funeral and Memorial Societies, 1828 L Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. This booklet also gives other useful information. Cremation may be the preferred method of disposal due to the rising land shortage and reflected cost of land burial.

Another matter to talk over is how much you are going to do yourself. You can "do it big" with much social display and a cooperating funeral

director or you can do it with dignity and an understanding funeral director. Local funeral and memorial societies can recommend a funeral director who cooperates with the society by providing dignity and simplicity. You may wish to join such a society (societies are listed in the above mentioned booklet).

If you decide not to use a funeral director, you should write your "last instructions", designating a burial committee of three persons, any one of which is authorized to act in place of a funeral director. Only one person is needed, but if you name three, vacation or sickness won't cause unnecessary hassles. Also in your last instructions, indicate the manner for disposal of the body and whatever else you want done, such as rituals. These "last instructions" can be part of your will, but if not, make sure you make out a will. Even if you have no money or real property, there may be survivor benefits or something you don't know about.

If you want to avoid hassles with the health department later on, let them know what you're doing. Not having had experience in dealing with death other than through the society's bureaucracy, the health officials are naturally going to be hesitant and cautious, to say the least.

Since the body belongs to the next-of-kin, have them sign authorization for designated persons to act in place of funeral director in the event of death. If they are interested in doing what you want and can be reached reasonably quickly, next-of-kin will sign an authorization when the time arrives. Otherwise, you may want such authorization in advance. As crematoriums require permission from next-of-kin to cremate, you may consider this being signed in advance, also.

In the event of death, have a medical doctor fill out the death certificate. The death certificate has space near the bottom which is for funeral directors. If you're acting in place of a funeral director, fill this part out. Take the certificate to the bureau of vital statistics in the county health department. Buy a copy of it for \$2; you'll need it for various legal matters immediately or later on.

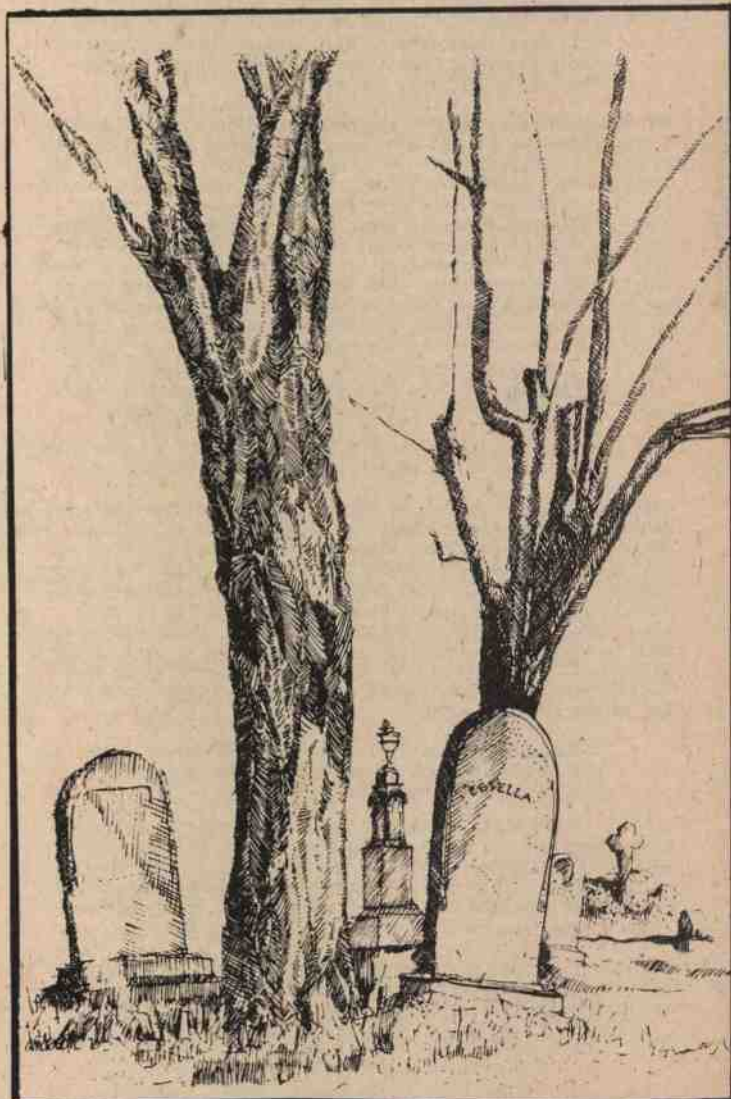
If you haven't done so already, build a casket. This isn't necessary, but it is a nice thing to do and probably will avoid raised eyebrows at the crematorium. Don't feel too rushed, as the body will keep two or three days in cool to room temperature.

If cremation is desired, get a "Release from the County Medical Examiner," or cremation certificate (\$5.). Check with the crematorium about delivery of body. They will require the cremation certificate and permission from next-of-kin and will want to see the copy of the death certificate. The crematorium we used charged \$125. If you cross state lines, you will also need a transportation permit.

In any case, dispose of the remains in accordance with the individual's last instructions.

Social Security makes \$255 available to the spouse of the deceased for burial expense. If no spouse survives, the money can go to an individual who meets these expenses. This benefit does not apply to religious or other groups under obligation to meet these expenses.

At Springtree we feel we benefited from our involvement with the death of one of our members. The adults and children alike found death not to be a mysterious horror, but a normal, inevitable part of life. Talking to Barbara about building a casket, helping the children gather wild flowers to decorate the coffin, holding our own memorial service - these are a few of the fond memories remaining.



legal

SUPREME COURT RULES AGAINST COMMUNES

On April 1st, the U.S. Supreme Court handed down its decision in the Belle Terre case. Unfortunately, they didn't say "April Fools". The court in a 7-2 decision, reversed the 2nd Circuit Court of Appeals and upheld a zoning ordinance restricting residence in the Village to either those related by blood, marriage or adoption, or no more than 2 unrelated persons living and cooking as a single housekeeping unit.

Justice Douglas, letting his cultural values reflect the company he keeps, wrote the majority opinion. He held that the ordinance was a legitimate exercise of the Village's police power:

"A quiet place where lands are wide, people few and motor vehicles restricted are legitimate guidelines in a land use project addressed to family needs. . . The police power is not confined to elimination of filth, stench and unhealthy places. It is an attempt to lay out zones where family values, youth values and the blessings of quiet seclusion and clean air make the area a sanctuary for people."

The power to regulate density, noise, traffic and family and youth values was posited even though there had been no showing by the Village that groups of unrelated people caused more of the problem than did traditional families. Furthermore, while Douglas was ostensibly helping foster these areas of "quiet sanctuary" as an answer to urban problems, the effect of this decision will be greater use of resources by fewer people as well as a farther decrease of available housing, where a severe shortage already exists. This decision reinforces the use of zoning ordinances as a means of social control, restricting unrelated groups to specific geographical areas, just as Third World and working class people have been so limited. In quote-the first zoning case heard by the Supreme Court, (Euclid v. Amber Realty Co., 272 U.S. 365, 1926), Douglas makes a not so subtle reference to his feelings about unrelated groups:

"A nuisance may be merely a right thing in a wrong place--like a pig in the parlor instead of the barnyard."

Douglas, without stating any reasons, found that the ordinance did not deny the groups' right of equal protection, privacy, or travel. Voila! As to the right of association, Douglas says that the ordinance only prevents an unrelated group from living together, allowing families or two persons to "entertain whom-ever they like". If consistency is the hob-goblin of small minds, Douglas' cortex is quite large indeed, because only last term in writing a concurring opinion in Moreno v. Dept. of Agriculture, 413 U.S. 528 (1973), (holding that a denial of food stamps to households of unrelated persons infringed on the freedom to assemble) he wrote:

"Freedom of association encompasses the right to invite a stranger into one's home not only for entertainment, but to join the household as well."

Finally, in response to whether or not the Belle Terre ordinance discriminates against unrelated people, Douglas held that since two unmarried people are permitted to live together no such animosity is shown. No mention was made of whether a narrower rule should be drawn to address such legitimate concerns as density, population control, and land use.

Brennan dissented on procedural grounds. Marshall, in a clear well-reasoned dissent, held that rights of privacy and association should limit zoning laws:

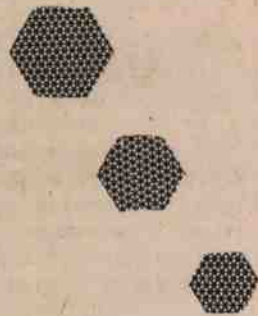
"(The Belle Terre ordinance) permits any number of persons related by blood or marriage, but it limits to two the number of unrelated persons bound by profession, love, friendship, religious or political affiliation or mere economics who can occupy a single home."

There is no telling how the opinion will be used or interpreted. A possible area of legal attack against zoning ordinances is challenging a law which only allows related people to live together. Also, since the final decision in Belle Terre only involved the landlord, the group having moved out during the long

litigation process, an existing group might be in a stronger position to assert rights of association, privacy (especially those coming together for religious or political reasons).

From now on, it seems that courts, especially federal ones, will be an unhelpful forum to protect communes when hassled by zoning laws. This makes action on the local level of utmost importance. Belle Terre does not prohibit state or local legislative bodies from passing favorable legislation, e.g. defining family as a single non-profit housekeeping unit. Furthermore, groups may have legitimate state court arguments that will prove successful (e.g. in Massachusetts, it could be argued that it is beyond the power of the Zoning Enabling Act to regulate as to family.)

Finally, the building of a network for support/self-defense is more important now than ever before.



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bookshelf

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Finding and Buying Your Place in the Country by Les Scher

Les Scher, a practicing attorney and leading consumer advocate, has researched and written an exhaustive guide to buying land. Eighty-five illustrations, ranging from examples of septic tank arrangements to model land contracts to ways of doing percolation tests, complement the information in the text. The chapter titles should give you some feel for the scope of the book:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1) Looking for land | 5) Financing |
| 2) Checking out the land | 6) The contract of sale |
| 3) The land and the law | 7) Going through escrow |
| 4) Deciding on a fair price | 8) Using a lawyer |

The price of this 8 1/2" x 11", 393 page book is steep at \$6.95, but it seems really worth it if you're thinking about moving to the land.

New Spiritual Community Guide 1975-76 with introduction by Ram Dass

The first third of the book consists of short passages from the writings of Satchidananda, Subramuniya, Tim Leary, Albert Einstein & others. Following that is an annotated listing of some 100 spiritual centers offering everything from macrobiotics to soul travel. The third section is a state-by-state listing of spiritual communities, bookstores, foodstores, restaurants and resources of interest to those traveling the spiritual path. The updating of the previous directory was published in July, 1974. 192 pages, \$3.50.

Communes, Law and Common Sense by Lee Goldstein

Lee is a member of the National Lawyers Guild and a part of the New Communities Project (NCP) collective in Boston. This book begins in 1970 when Lee was part of the Counterculture Law Project in Chicago and was sparked by the preliminary study done by Bob Cannon of the Intentional Communities Project in Milwaukee. He came to NCP, a communal service group, to finish the task and produce this book. It deals with morality laws, privacy and forms of organization. We've needed a book like this for a long time now. 124 pages, \$2.95

Hey Beatnik: This is the Farm Book by Stephen and crew chiefs

Stephen says: "If you really want to be spiritual, you don't want to have to sell your soul for eight hours a day in order to have 16 hours in which to eat and sleep and get it back together again. You'd like it that your work should be seamless with your life and that what you do for a living doesn't drag everything else you believe in." So Stephen and various Farm crew chiefs tell us how some 700 people are doing just that on 1,700 acres in Tennessee. There's really good information on how they deal with the land, with each other, with neighbors, with babies & with God. \$1.95

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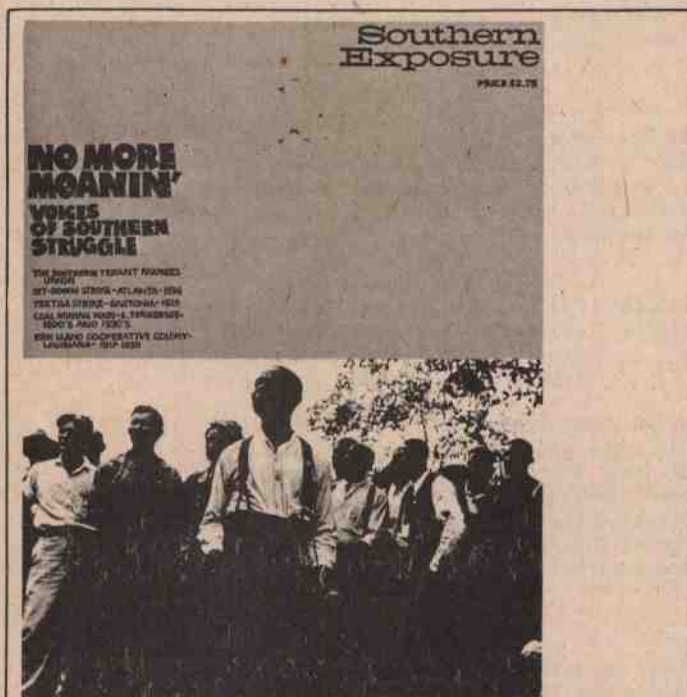
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Write: Science for the People, 9 Walden St., Jamaica Plain, Mass., 02130. Subscriptions are \$12 per year or whatever you can afford.

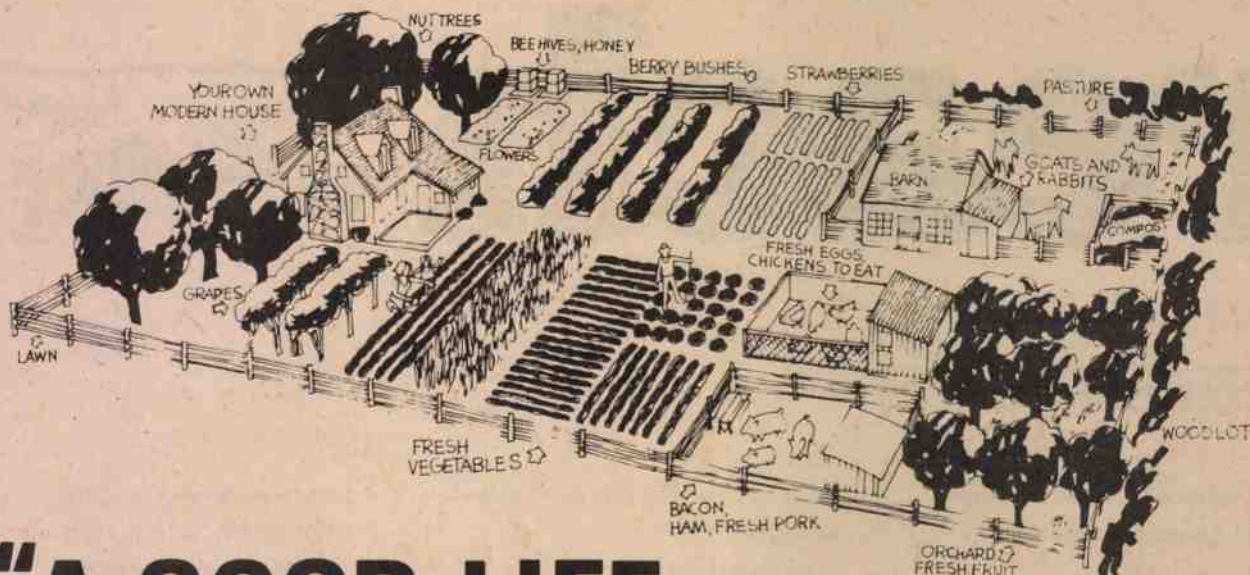
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in building our lives

I don't know what it is that
differentiates us from each other
and yet leaves us the same

I don't know
but
it seems like I'm always wondering
and I wonder if I'll ever stop

Sumati



A YEAR AND A HALF AGO, MY WIFE, LOUISE, MY YEAR-OLD SON, AVRAM, AND I returned from an Israeli Kibbutz where we had expected to find a community we wanted to live in. We left the kibbutz because we realized that it wasn't the kind of community we wanted to live in--while there were a lot of things we liked about it, there were also a few we didn't, and we felt that here in the States we would find a group more to our liking. Somewhat naively, we expected to find such a group within a few months, certainly before the summer, when our second child, Milo, was expected.

Today, Louise, Avram, Milo, and I are living alone in a middle-class garden apartment in Newburgh, New York. I have a very straight job working for Social Security. Until the local day care center closed, Louise worked as cook and dietitian—now she's a housewife, home with two children.

In our lives here, we're making some advances. We're trying to eat more natural foods. We're trying to get away from our learned sex roles. We're trying to open up our marriage. Yet, for every advance, there's a more frightening retreat, most importantly in the societal values our older boy is beginning to learn. We have some friends here—but that's all they are. They're not family. They're not people we can live with.

We're still looking for a group. We've been looking, on and off, for a year and a half. I'm not sure why we haven't found one yet. However, attending the recent Merion and Juniper conferences at Twin Oaks helped put some of the reasons into perspective.

One of the more obvious reasons we've had trouble finding a group of people to live with is that we have two children. It became apparent more than a year ago, looking around the Boston area, that most groups had all the children they wanted. This was even more apparent at the Juniper conference—Twin Oaks won't take children; neither will East Wind, or North Mountain, or Cedarwood. Springtree will take more children, but right



now they really don't have room. Downhill Farm is actually looking for two adults with children—but the only other child there is seven years old, with no other young children in the area, a situation we don't think is good for Avram, who needs children his own age, or for Milo, who soon will.

Children, of course, add to the problem of physically looking for community. Traveling with a ten-month old baby is next to impossible (at least we find that to be true for us), and there's a limit to how often other people can be asked to babysit for long periods of time. So when we do something like advertise in *Communities*, more often than not we can't travel to meet the people who respond—it seems they're always in Ohio, or Toronto, or California. (Also adding to the inability to travel is the problem of getting time off from a straight job with limited "annual leave" available.)

Another major problem in trying to find people to live with has to do with our personalities. Louise and I both tend to be extremely introverted. Putting an ad in *Communities*, and then actually going to visit complete strangers, is just not the way we want to do things. When I put myself in that position, I feel as if I'm on exhibit, and basic insecurities seem to interfere with actually getting to know other people. It takes me a long time to feel enough at ease to be able to talk honestly, to be able to reveal something of what's inside me, to be able to hug someone. On a weekend visit, or even at a week-long conference, I rarely open up enough to become completely comfortable, something I desperately want to find in community.

Related to the problem of getting to know other people as individuals is the fact that Louise and I form a recognizable couple. While we know that we don't want to continue indefinitely to live as an isolated nuclear family, we're not completely sure how we can relate as a couple within a larger family. We both know the odds of remaining together as a couple decrease upon entering community, and we're a little afraid. I tend to think that the advantages of community are worth the risk, though a natural reluctance to place ourselves in a situation that might end our life together does exist. We know that being a couple prevents us from coming to know others as individuals. We *don't* want people to always consider us as a unit. We *want* to open up our marriage. We also know there's bound to be pain and jealousy.

I suppose the final major obstacle to our search for community has to do with an inability to accept anything less than near-perfection. We left a kibbutz because we wanted something closer to our ideal view of community, not because we were radically opposed to the way of life we would have led there. For the same reason, we're trying to find a group that's not centered primarily around religion, or drugs, or politics, or homesteading. We want a group small enough to be able to relate intimately with one another. We want children to be the responsibility of all, and to be loved by all. We want a group in which the members are not constantly dropping out. We want a group in which structure, and technology, and pragmatism are balanced by a concern for people, and nature, and ideals. We want to live honestly, openly, and to be in touch with the environment, with other people, and with ourselves. . . . All these things we want, and we're very reluctantly coming to the conclusion that we can't have it all. The "ideal" group doesn't exist—but we still don't want to just "settle" for the first group that has room.

I guess there's no "conclusion" to this. There are still problems in trying to find the people we know *must* be out there, somewhere. We still want to find a community, a family. And we're still looking. In fact, if you can relate to the things I've been talking about, and if you're close enough to visit us or for us to visit you, and if you like children, and if you're in the mood to talk. . . well, consider this one more ad. THE FOXES, Roman Gardens 43B, Newburgh, N.Y. 12550. (914) 561-5042. We're waiting.



WE'RE SEEKING PEOPLE FOR an intentional family (perhaps the nucleus for a later, larger community of such families). Our family will: be farm-based—and self-sufficient in food, energy, and for emergency survival, be self-supporting, aim at producing a surplus (not at subsistence) in goods and cash income—the latter to be used, for instance, to buy and preserve wilderness and agricultural land; be economically communal and egalitarian, and; remain actively involved with the “outside” world, including (in response to financial need and individual preference) some employment. We will also be: “service”-oriented, multi-faceted, ethical &/or “religious” in approach to living, non-pacifist, revering of “Nature”, Z.P.G. and adoption-oriented, (emphatically) non-sexist, and respecting and supportive individuality.

We're now on a rural plot with small farmhouse and are beginning to farm organically on a tiny scale. We're starting the search for larger acreage, looking into several areas of the U.S. and Canada—land prices and the growing population crunch have just about eliminated Florida from long-range desirability. We (two) were “raised on country sunshine” and have some idea of what we're getting into in the way of farm life. We need people who are *honest, mature, non-sexist, seeking permanence—who have lived enough to know what they want to do and be, and who are prepared for enduring commitments—, and drug-free (including alcohol and tobacco) &/or genuinely committed to and actually capable of sustaining a non-drug-dependent life—excluding dependence upon life-saving and curative medicines.* We welcome all ages, physical capabilities, and “backgrounds.” Write: Rt e. 1, Box 245-L, Floral City, Fla. 32636. (Ph.(904)726-4378)



WE'RE AN INTENTIONAL COMMUNITY of two seeking others with whom to share our adventure. We are looking for individuals or an existing community who, out of their own passionate desire, are living so that the following premises are *sine qua non*: 1) No “private” business—There is nothing I want to keep from you, be it feelings (positive or negative), information, history, or intentions. And I want to know you just as intimately. If I have secrets from you, *you* cannot be known. So—no lies (no matter how they might soften the blow), no strategic changing the subject, no stating, “That’s none of your business.” “No private business” does not mean “no solitude.” alone time and space are important. 2) Open sexuality—We are passionately and intimately concerned with each other, and our sexuality-sensuality is an integral part of this involvement. We want a community in which all members are erotically excited by and with each other. . .and themselves. 3) No compromises—If you and I disagree, we cannot but fight it out until something comes up. Even in the short run there are no compromises. If I compromise in your favor, I will begin to resent you and start playing underdog power games, and vice versa. All community decisions are made by consensus or they aren’t made. If we decide any other way, I falsify myself and you and us. If you feel no vote no. No one can abstain. If you compromise, I don’t know all of you, and I want it ALL! 4) Transpersonal exploration—The spiritual and the material are distinct *and* they are One. Concrete and abstract are separate *and* a Unity.. Meaning and non-meaning (nonsense) are the same *and* not-the-same. Doing is *and* isn’t non-doing. Reverence and lust are distinct *and* they are One. I am me and you are you and we are each other and we are One. Please write us about yourselves. We will answer all letters. DAVID PURS—GLOVE/JUDY KAMERMAN, 1394 McAllister St., San Francisco, CA 94115

I AM 27 YEARS OLD—HAVE A BS degree in physical education—have worked both professional and unskilled labor jobs and I am interested in living and working in an all women’s farm commune. I would like to learn to grow things and a little about carpentry. I would not be ready to move until May or June of 1975 since I am taking an auto mechanics course which will not finish until then. LOUISE ARBOUR, 44 Camp Street, New Britain, Conn. 06051



CATHERINE, 26, AND BABY looking for a group to live and work with in the country. Please write. CATHERINE DE VERTEUIL, 850 Broderick, S.F., CA 94115.



I WOULD LIKE TO FIND A RURAL commune or living group which is based on the principles of recycling, organic farming, and the like. I have lived in city communes and for a brief while as part of a rural group which at the time was unable to cultivate in sufficient quantity to sustain itself because of soil and climate conditions, and other factors; I would especially like to join a group which does its own growing and depends as little as possible on the outside economy for support, or, I would be willing to join and work with any group, new or established, which has this as it’s objective.

At the moment, I don’t have a thousand dollars, or even a hundred, to contribute, and suspect that I shall never have, or want to; but I do have a strong body and tireless feet, and a will to contribute my labor and what basic skills I have, or may learn, to such a group. I can drive a truck on a rutted mountain road, and I can also cook; I can design structures to be built, on simple lines, and know the basics of carpentry, cement construction, and the like; I can play the flute, both wooden and metal, and the piano, if there is one where

hard, and don't mind doing it, in the right circumstances and for the right people, that is, people who conceive of themselves as part of an ongoing unit, an integral whole, seeking the balances necessary for group survival as well as individual stability within the group; I believe in change as part of a group process, as well as an individual stability within the group; I believe in change as part of a group process, as well as an individual process within that group.

Such lofty statements don't say very much; what I would really like to do is to get together with any group who has room for one more, and make things work, in the context of everything I've said. All invitations are welcome, no matter what the size, form, or place of their origins and/or originators, and will be answered, the gods and the postoffice willing. SAM SLATKIN, c/o Rubenstein 59 W. 71st Street, New York, NY 10023.



THERE IS A CORE GROUP OF ABOUT 9 people from Free State of the Ark, who want to remain together. We represent a wide cross-section of skills that could be very useful either in forming a new community or added to an existing community. Our goals are centered on "working the land" and becoming increasingly self-sufficient. We would like to hear from individuals who might wish to pool their resources with ours in developing a new community. Or we would like to explore the possibility of merging with an existing commune. Our primary concern is the availability of land on which to raise food. We would really appreciate hearing from anyone who would be interested in us. We'd be glad to furnish you with a detailed summary of our backgrounds. KRISTON, LISHAN, EDDIE SHAPIRO, KEN & SANDY, HAROLD APPLETON, THE MOORE FAMILY, ROBIN, Box 1190 Stowe, VT. 05672.



I WISH TO DISCUSS A SITUATION with you that I feel you may never have thought of. A situation that has been a problem for many people and yet no simple solutions have been found.

Consider: an individual has a physical handicap, that person also is not able to live a completely independent life because of the disability; he (or she) either must live with parents or relatives (which tends to inhibit real independence), or be put in an institution (which saps a person's individuality and allows the mind to slowly vegetate), or hire a companion to share an apartment and live independently (which is terribly expensive if you're not rich).

A solution: handicapped people who could make a productive contribution would be a fine addition to a communal family. A truly democratic, non-relative "family" of people would allow the handicapped individual to become a productive, independent person, able to develop and grow to the fullness of a normal personality. Yet, the "family" is there to give the physical assistance that would be needed occasionally.

I am such a person. All of the problems previously mentioned are within my personal experience.

I believe I have qualifications that will allow me to make a worthwhile contribution to a small communal group (at least 10 members). I've had experience in the field of crafts. I would especially like to get into the natural crafts.

I also love children and would really enjoy assisting in taking care of children of early school age. Children at that age are most receptive of the joys of life and it's a pleasure to help them in their development.

A definite possibility for me would be the alternative lifestyle that I've described. If any of you might care to consider me as a possible future member of your group, please feel free to

write and we can further discuss the situation.

If anyone has any comments, suggestions, opinions, ideas, write. We'll talk about it. KEITH DRAHEIM, Box 73, R.4, Marshfield, WI. 54449.



WE ARE TWO PEOPLE WHO ARE searching for others to build a commune (or we'd like to join a group with ideas similar to ours). We would want the commune to be a FAMILY-type unit, typified by the following:

1. Cooperative care of all children and animals. People who refuse to allow others to help socialize their children and animals are, in essence, opposing one of the basic stabilizers of communal living.
2. Made up of a mixed age group, including very old and very young and all in between (we are in our mid 20's). Also, a multi-racial group would be good, to help give us all a close tie to the struggles and joys faced by all people.
3. Respect for the sexual preferences of all members.
4. Open-minded people who will try to live with, and work out, varying opinions and personalities inside the group, and affirm and uphold all people outside the group (but not necessarily their ideas).
5. A sense of permanent community. This does not rule out temporary members, yet a commune's members must largely be committed to sustaining the group.
6. A spirit of egalitarianism should rule the family. Meetings should be democratic, short, and to the point. Efforts should be made to facilitate the fullest participation by every member. Any division of labor should be formed on the same basis. Any sex-role division in labor should be phased out as quickly as possible. No one should be treated as possessions, objects, too little or too big, or the wrong sex to understand, consult, work or play.
7. One group with two geographical locations—in a large or fairly large city, and rurally.
8. Roots in the outside community should be established

to avoid sectarianism and isolationism. On the other hand, the family should be capable of self-sufficiency in case of economic crises, local, regional, national, international. 9. Live in harmony with our natural and human environment..

We have had communal experience in Minneapolis and hope to find others with a communal background—although newcomers to this lifestyle are also welcome. SCOTT MAXWELL and BETTY KNAPPER, Star Rte. 1 Box 4283 Ely, MN 55731.



I AM STARTING A BICYCLE commune to rebuild bikes, etc., as a starting business and ease into the production of joints for folding bikes. Many letters to the editors in *Bicycle Journal-Biker/Hiker-Bicycling*—and scattered single letters in even the *Christian Science Monitor-Eagle*—etc., have given me wonderful publicity.

My philosophy—religion is based on the works of Thomas Paine.

Motto—*We are all members of this great consortium—the mystified minions of fate and of the last, best, hope of Earth—the U.S.A.*

Located in a pleasant grove beside a little creek four miles south of Ava on the main highway.

Come see and we may harmonize in most or even—in all ways.

Bikes are wonderful but there is no bike like a folding bike. JOHN L COFFIN, Star Rte, Ava, MO 65608.

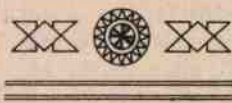


I'M A FREE SPIRITED FEMALE, 26 years old with a desire to be around kids (I've taught in the past—though I'm not licensed or any thing) no matter what their age. I have a lot of energy to channel n' a strong desire to be useful.

I want to leave the city area n' get closer to the land. GAIL SREBNIK 2766 University Ave. Bronx, NY 10468.



I AM LOOKING FOR A COMMUNE to live at. I will help out all that I can and use 100% of my energies. I don't have any money. I am 16 years old. If I went to a commune it would be with my parents permission. I am interested in yoga, meditation, and growing vegetables. I'm really into Stephen Gaskin's teachings, and I want to become a vegetarian. I live in San Francisco and just can't get it together here. If you can help out, please write to me. LORI GREEN, 236 Rhine St., San Francisco, CA 94112.



WE ARE LOOKING FOR OTHER families and individuals to form a rural commune or co-op south of Pittsburgh, PA. "We" is a nuclear family of three with a fourth on the way. We enjoy organic foods, are monogamy oriented, feel a rural setting would fit us better than our present suburban one, and prefer tobacco and drug-free people.

If this description of ourselves seems compatible with your ideas, please call or send us a description of yourselves. PETER and RACHEL KOHNKE 401 Faith Drive Pitts. PA 15236, (412)653-0358.

COMMUNES LOOKING FOR PEOPLE

SHANNON FARM IS PEOPLE, land, and ways of getting the two together. At present, we number about 50 adults and children, 25 or whom live within an hour's drive of the land. The 490 acre farm is a half hour from Charlottesville toward the Blue Ridge mountains.

There are three distinct groups involved with the community with more forming. These groups are: Maccabee Farm, the High Rock collective and a group living near the land. There are also singles, couples and families from Florida, California, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire. Skills and interests of members include: editing of both *Communities* and *Alternative Sources of Energy* magazines, feminist work, teaching education and daycare, designing and building ASE devices, forestry and organic farming and husbandry, working with the mentally ill and retarded from the psychiatrist level to counselor roles, computer programming, blacksmithing, quilting, meditation, orchards and vineyards, ecological living, rural self-sufficiency, political efforts locally, and a belief in the ultimate value of community living. We envision a larger, diverse community/village with more than 50 people, but probably less than 500 people, the latter being possible if we acquire more land later.

We try to make decisions by consensus, but a question can be called and decided by a 3/5 majority of the community. Interested people become members at present by agreeing to donate one, two or three working day's wages to the Association. Eight hours of such wages, regardless of the amount made per hour, earns you one vote per month, 3 votes a month being the maximum.

The land is vast and beautiful. Groups of people are presently renting or buying houses near the land and plan to build their own structures on the property; the settlement strategy is not yet determined by the community, but a certain amount of "clustering" is likely.

Visiting Shannon Farm is encouraged, but visitors must write to us first. SHANNON FARM, P.O. Box 1345, Charlottesville, Virginia 22906.



THE FAYERWEATHER COMMUNITY, formerly the New Town Project, has spent many months developing the concepts necessary for the creation of this community. Our vision is for a community where all the members have a real voice in decision making and share ownership of the land, housing, transportation vehicles, and the industries which will support us. We expect our industrial base to provide products and services that meet genuine needs at a reasonable price, to support the mental and physical health of the workers, and to have a low impact on the environment. A major focus of our political activity will be the liberation of women and men. Our goal is to be a model for a non-sexist society. We don't think of Fayerweather as "the Utopian community" We want to serve the interests of real people and we recognize that human needs are as much a product of past experience as visions for the future.

We are at the stage in our development as a community where we feel a need for new energy from new members. We seek people who understand that all communities are not the same and can affirm and commit themselves to the goals we have developed. We would like to find people who can relate in a close personal way and who feel they can take initiative and responsibility in helping the community grow by starting businesses, recruiting people, and pulling together resources. Building confidence and skills in the group to do these things will be a major task of the first years. FAYERWEATHER, 39 Main St., Freeport, ME 04032.



WE'RE INTERESTED IN CORRESPONDING with people who may like to join our small community. Our main interest is in working with and supporting each other as we search for spiritual growth and expanded consciousness. Each of us searches in 'co' own particular mode (astrology, meditation, etc.) and shares 'co' growth through day-to-day encounters. We

have 80 acres, garden, chickens, a cow community house, private sleeping units, no electricity, wood heat. We school "problem" kids and work outside occasionally. NAMASTE, Box 44, Careywood, Idaho 83809.

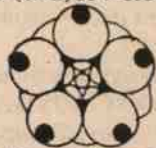


WE ARE A SMALL CHRISTIAN community located in an inner-city area of Louisville looking for people who would like to share life with us. We are about two years old and now have about ten members.

Our people work at outside jobs and bring in money to support the community we have people working in education, social work, and several seminarians; plus people doing manual labor such as painting and maintenance.

Our goals are to develop a community of believers to minister to the people living around us and to aid each other by mutual accountability, affirmation, confession, and confrontation. Together we seek to be a sign of the new order of the spirit of God. In our own lives, our relations with others and our relation with God.

Call or write if you're interested in visiting with us. Contact FRANK E. THOMSON III/FIRST STREET FELLOWSHIP, 1414 So. 1st, Louisville, KY 40208 (502)637-6163.

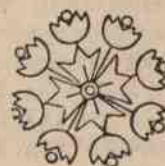


WE LIVE TOGETHER CURRENTLY in "communes", primarily in the Bay area while also in Los Angeles and San Diego.

Our approach is not to design a perfect external system, but to release the beauty of Love and Truth which is inside of us, which thence will manifest a beautiful external environment and society for us. Our four commitments are to strive consistently for 1)openness and honesty in thought and feeling; 2)dwelling always in the positive, or good and

loving feelings; 3)one with the now moment; 4)recognition that we cause our own experience & joys or suffering. This is our "Path to Oneness" and how we make it work is what we'd like to share with you if you inquire with us.

No requirements as to age, skills, money you must have, but only harmony of aspiration and personality with us. Not any special religious trip, tho prefer seekers of spiritual self-realization & unfoldment. JIUN, THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE PATH TO ONENESS, 3817 Clarke St., No. Oakland, CA 94609.



WE ARE SEEKING FOLKS TO work with us in establishing a *Walden II* oriented community. Emphasis will be on individual freedom and diversity within a cooperative context.

We have 148 acres of woodland in central Pennsylvania and hope to be living on it by September.

We would like to find people of a variety of ages, cultural backgrounds and skills to help community grow. People with house construction skills are especially needed at this time.

The following is a description of the main goals of our community as conceived by the present members.

- *Continual experimentation and evaluation of group and personal life styles that encourage diversity and cooperative but individual development.
- *Use of behavior principles to design and alter our environment in order to enhance our quality of life.
- *Group assumed responsibility for child rearing, with child care workers selected on the basis of interest and competence.
- *Collective economy and ownership of socially used facilities.
- *Insured privacy with personal space.
- *Use of natural and organic foods (not necessarily vegetarian).
- *Maintenance of the ecology, with

effective use of resources.

*Minimal consumerism.

*Progressive self-sufficiency, with increasing employment options within the community.

*Progressive minimization of labor time; our goal to be an average of 4 hours/day/person bread labor.

*Egalitarian society.

*No illegal drugs.

Currently we are heavily involved in earning income and developing our land for use- work on a road, sewage and water systems, and design of buildings.

This is a pioneering effort. We need people who are willing to work long hours for delayed gratifications. But we'll all share in the results. Please contact us. Write: JULIAN WOODS/ LEMONT COOPERATIVE, Box 92 Lemont, PA 16851



ROANDOAK OF GOD IS A COMMUNE made up of a group of people who believe in Jesus Christ as the Son of God and who are endeavouring to serve Him by living the gospel in a communal situation.

Roandoak is located in a rural setting on three acres of land outside of Morro Bay, CA, off H'wy 1. The body of members is made up primarily of people who were hitchhiking along the highway, spent the night, then decided to stay. The majority of people are in the 20-25 year old age bracket, with a few minors and a few middle-aged folks.

The commune has been in operation for about three years. It was first established by Delmar Ashurst and his wife when they built a home on their land, then build extra living accommodations and opened their doors to whomever would come.

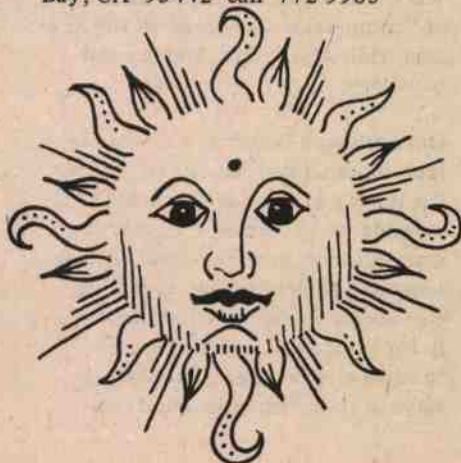
The common goal of the members is to preach the gospel of good news to newcomers while learning to be ministers of God themselves. Also the

members learn how to work and develop skills in many areas; gardening, canning, animal raising, carpentry, mechanics, cooking, cleaning, etc.. One of the principle emphases is on learning to work. Roandoak is described by its members as a 'work commune'. Many of the people who come to Roandoak not only learn to work but also obtain deliverance from alcohol and/or drugs. Many were formerly in mental institutions and recover their ability to function as normal useful individuals.

There also exists the immediate goal of increasing and improving the living accommodations. This is where the greatest amount of time, money and energy is currently being directed. Eventually, Roandoak will be self-sufficient with a world-wide network of farms, dairies, ranches, factories. Its missionary outreach will include convalescent homes, orphanages, and re-habilitation centers.

The commune now owns two pieces of land, 3 acres in Morro Bay and 33 acres in Paso Robles. At the Morro Bay site, construction of a steel barn and a seven bedroom house is underway. At the Paso Robles land the plan is to raise food with which to feed the commune. Finances for operating the commune and for the expansion program come from commune members working on outside jobs, usually construction work or farm labor type work. Some money comes from donations from outside sources.

Visitors are always welcome.. ROANDOAK OF GOD CHRISTIAN COMMUNE 455A Chorro Creek Rd., Morro Bay, CA 93442 call 772-9985



WE INVITE YOU TO JOIN IN TWIN Oaks's proposed expansion. The plan is to start a new branch, ACORN II, by the end of this year. We're inviting you to come and meet the other people who want to make this happen.

Some of the considerations that have resulted from current brainstorming & many discussions are:

*Twin Oaks has two farms—the original 123 acres where Juniper Branch is located, and another 87 acres 3 miles away where Merion Branch is located. Only a small section of the smaller farm is being used by the Merion group, so there is room for a new branch.

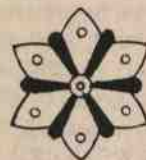
*The ACORN II plan is based on starting with up to 20 members. The minimum is 12 members—5 current members of Juniper Branch, plus at least 7 new people.

*There is no specific requirement to donate money for establishing ACORN II, but there is in the proposal a threshold (minimum) of \$14,500 below which the plan does not seem economically feasible.

*The main building at ACORN II will be designated the Unitarian Universalist Fellowship Building, making all donations tax deductible.

*It will not be possible to accept members with children for the time being.

Contact: PIPER/TWIN OAKS, Louisa, VA 23093.



CEDARWOOD IS AN INTENTIONAL community established in central Virginia. This is not meant to be a short term experiment or a temporary escape from society, but rather a stable, rational community interacting freely with the larger society.

Our primary goals are:

*develop a community of 200-500 with all ages in rural Virginia.

*establish a political structure providing optimum freedom and self-

determination for both the individual and the community.

- *develop a strong economic base with rewarding work and maximum use of technology within an ecological framework.
- *establish a social organization which provides equal opportunity for all members and integrates our work, life and leisure within a homogenous population.
- *eliminate the isolated nuclear family in favor of collective child rearing.
- *combine the academic and vocational aspects of education and improve its quality.

Our economy is collective. Minor properties remain private, major properties such as housing, vehicles and land are communal. We expect to enjoy a relatively high standard of living by developing labor-intensive industries geared to the needs of the area. We presently operate a general contracting company doing residential construction and remodeling. Agriculture is not a commercially feasible operation without large capital investment. However we do garden in a limited way for our own pleasure.

Since work is a large part of our lives and the best efforts of every member necessary for the success of the community, we will strive to make our work rewarding and productive. By providing the opportunity for each member to learn all available skills we hope to eliminate many inequalities found in society today. In this way we hope to achieve a pleasant and more rational lifestyle.

If interested arrange visit well in advance by letter or phone. CEDAR-WOOD P.O. Box 545 Louisa, VA. 23093. (703)967-0053.



WE'RE A SMALL GROUP LEARNING to live as a family, to support each other and to grow personally and spiritually. We want people who are interested in working toward close and open relationships with both adults and children.

Our main community industry is producing the Community Market Cooperative Catalogue. This is a catalogue of products and services available from cooperatives, communes and intentional communities across the country and is important to us as one of our main contributions to the alternative movement. We have raised sheep and made hammocks as other sources of income but some outside work is still a necessity—mainly short term jobs. We are looking for more light industries and are investigating different uses for our 117 acre farm.

We're also considering the possibility of another small group sharing the land with us. The group would have their own household in a separate building but we could work the farm together and cooperate on as many things as we want.

It feels really good being here in Virginia. The land is beautiful and the many other communities nearby offer tremendous help and moral support. There is an inter-community labor exchange system; we have a bus together; we barter food; and we meet once a month to talk about more ways the group can interact. GREY GABLES, Rt. 5 Box 202 Louisa, VA. 23093 (703)967-1142.



WE ARE SEVEN LIFETIME COVENANT members, seven children, and a dozen or more friends, inquiring members, and project associates. We live in Greensboro, N.C., are currently entirely urban and expect to have a rural center in about a year. We are an intentional Christian service community, not a commune. We are gathered first of all to love each other, to grow individually and as a community, and to serve others. Our first service focus is the development and provision of Retreats. We are also thinking of Free School, therapeutic community, and other growth and development kind of things. We are always happy to find project asso-

ciates to help us but we are also hopeful of finding others who would like to work out a lifetime relationship to us.

We are into an existential and contemporary kind of Christianity, a loving and responsible way of life. We are not very interested in organized Christendom. Don't confuse us with the Jesus movement.

We are pretty well educated, successful, and responsible adults. We have been in the early stages of community planning and building for years. Our covenant is unusually strong and deep. For this reason people simply can't join us quickly. We would expect to try out relations for a year or so before permanent commitments are made with new people. On the other hand, we are explicitly heterogeneous. Lifetime relations and commitments seem very freeing for us but we recognize that many other shapes of relationships are valuable and explicitly seek them.

We are currently focused in two households with some members spread as far away as England and Zaire for temporary periods. We share economically. We have two monogamous marriages and three single members. We contain a broad variety of academic and practical skills, use a broad variety of growth techniques. We like to talk a lot and are hard to rush. Since we have lifetime commitments and are not in a hurry we are easy to talk to and glad to help people find the proper path for themselves whether it includes us or not.

If you are into deep human sharing and responsible caring please check us out.

Please check ahead before coming to visit. SHALOM COMMUNITY, 123 McIver St., Greensboro, N.C. 27403.



THE BEE FARM IS A GROUP OF six: Ron 30, Sue 27, Jack 24, Chris 24, Kate 22, and Sarah 5. We are looking for people to grow with. Our interests include self-sufficiency, self-employment, country living, organic gardening, vegetarianism, playing music, alternative education, and raising our consciousness.

We have 600 hives of bees which serve as our cash crop. Presently, we are living on a beautiful 590 acre parcel of land and hope to purchase our own land in the southern Oregon area as soon as the resources come together. We do not envision investing in a lot of acreage. A homestead of about 5-10 acres seems about. Our bees could easily make the payments on such a place, or even one quite a bit larger.

We would especially like to hear from couples with children, or perhaps someone with resources for a down payment on land. We are serious in our endeavor and wish folks to visit that are in like mind. Please write or call before visiting. THE BEE FARM, 2255 Ashland Mine Rd. Ashland, OR. 97520 (503)482-4231.



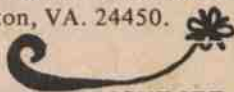
NORTH MOUNTAIN COMMUNITY was established on October of 1972 by a group of nine people. Through a series of three meetings, the first of which occurred at the Twin Oaks conference in July of '72, the group organized and developed plans for a Walden II community similar to Twin Oaks. The community is incorporated as a non-profit, non-stock corporation. Property is held by the corporation in a land trust.

The novel *Walden II* by B. F. Skinner serves as an ideological framework. We strive to be an experimental culture using behavioral science to maximize the potential of our members and to realize a culture free of aversive control. Cooperation in all aspects of

our lives is a norm. As a community we work towards being as self-sufficient as possible—ecologically, socially and economically. As a part of a larger society we are open to the exchange of information and serve as a model of an alternative way of life.

In synthesizing our common goals and our means of achieving them we have composed the following statements of agreement: We believe that we are all part of a universe composed of cause and effect relationships. Every casual relationship affects all else, in that as we hurt anything, we hurt ourselves; as we give anything, we enrich ourselves. In this sense all things have value. To us, cooperation and harmony are ideals. This is our reality. And in striving to realize this oneness, we made the following agreements: To strive to be positive; to use systematic positive reinforcement and to refrain from using punishment and negative reinforcement. . . . To strive to tell the truth as we perceive it. To strive to recognize and support the uniqueness of each of us; to act in accordance with each of our functions in its particular time and space. . . . To strive to trust; to assume that others have our own interests in consideration and to accept the vulnerability that this implies. . . . To strive to align our own immediate personal desires with the long range needs and goals of the community.

We are seeking new members. Write: NORTH MOUNTAIN COMMUNITY Lexington, VA. 24450.



A CENTER OF LIGHT SET AMIDST mountains and forest on 83 acres beside Kootenay Lake in Eastern British Columbia. We have a farm, print shop, recording studio and bookstore; we offer workshops in Yoga and Contemporary growth techniques, including a three month intensive Yoga Teachers Course. There is a work and study program for new residents. Swami Radha, the spiritual leader of the Ashram, is a direct disciple of Swami Sivananda of Rishikesh, India. Write: YASODHARA ASHRAM, Kootenay Bay, B.C., Canada

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COMMUNES BEING FORMED

WE ARE LOOKING FOR THE other members of the Human Dance Company—Are you one? We are looking for: individuals with an adventurous consciousness and heart; especially those with a strong and supple body, whoever has resources and skills, or abilities and talents—latent or awakened—and is willing to put them at the service of humanness, and more precisely, of the Human Dancing Company.

You might be an athlete interested in developing your sensitivity, which is limited by the dehumanizing aspects of "jock culture". You might be an actor who needs to talk less and feel and move more. You might be a dancer who is tired of moving as a puppet and needs more spontaneous expression than is usually offered. Or, you might be someone without background in any of these areas, but who has been a lumberjack, construction worker, or done some sort of activity which has kept your body healthy, and who is secretly attracted to the stage because you are deeply interested in human communication. Or you might be an individual with interest and talent in stage technique (lighting, sound, etc.) or in costume-props-and mask-making. Or in administrative or public relations work (publicity, tour organizing, theater arrangements, etc.) Or in giving massage. Or you might be a musician or a singer. Or you might be an individual with experience in group therapy, or sensi-

tivity training, and who would be interested in functioning as facilitator in public workshops.

Our current plans are to first recruit a bunch of healthy, dynamic, enthusiastic human individuals with strong and supple bodies and compassion and open-mindedness, then to spend the time creating a repertoire to meet the variety of places where we'll tour, like—colleges, theaters, parks, prisons, asylums, etc.

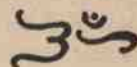
If you would like a copy of our newsletter "For Humans Only", send us 30 cents to cover printing and mailing costs. **THE HUMAN DANCE COMPANY**, 31 So. Second St., Ashland, OR 97520



WE ARE LOOKING FOR PEOPLE to join us this fall and winter at our leased 40A farm north of Garberville. We intend to create a communal family of modest size and to work on community school, rug making and arts, printing (composing) and whatever else we have the energy and inclination to do. Now we are Wendy, Steve & Hal (28-30) and Brendan 3 and Uvea 5½. We are affiliated with Communitarian Village in our continuing search for cooperative alternatives. By spring we hope to purchase a choice bit of acreage to grow our companion family on.

All inquiries are encouraged, welcomed and will be answered (send a stamp). **COMPANION FAMILY**, P.O. Box 406 Garberville, CA 95440.

ANYBODY INTERESTED IN STARTING an intentional community similar to that of Twin Oak's, please get in touch with me. I'm located in Southern Calif. 45 miles north of L.A. and the same distance from Santa Barbara. What I'm interested in is bringing together the philosophy of Twin Oaks and Walden Two with some of the concepts of Libre, Llama, and other specialized communes. Together with about nine other people I think another successful commune could be started that would eventually reach about 100 people in all. **DAVID ACKERMAN**, 65 Esteban Dr., Camarillo, CA. 93010. (805)482-5344.



COUPLE IN MID-TWENTIES looking for families to settle 360 acre tract of land in northwest Arkansas Ozarks. Land has good mixture of wooded hills and cleared bottom. Our goal is a self-sufficient, ecologically sound community. We have no specific religion but are working to better ourselves spiritually. We are vegetarian and 100% organic. Requirements are intelligence and common desires. Land may be purchased at \$250 per acre or leased. Minimum 40 acres. If you can contribute to these goals, write us. **FRED & ROBIN KOCK**, Rte 1, Box 85-A, Eureka Springs, AR 72632.

OPENINGS

Are you ready to join a community? Lots of people who are seriously considering communal living get hung up because they don't know how to get in touch with communities which are seeking new members.

"Openings" is a pamphlet describing about 33 groups which have room for more people. Reading these descriptions may help you to find a group suited to your interests.

A donation of 50¢ is being asked by the folks who did the printing, but they'll send a copy free if you don't have the money to spare. Write: **OPENINGS** Rt 4 Bx 17 Louisa, VA 23093.

The Ithaca Area Peoples Yellow Pages is now available. 56 pp. 65¢ (includes postage). Send to Box 385, Ithaca, NY 14850

THE LAST FEW YEARS THERE has been a growing tendency for people to drift back and forth between city and country. In the city, a lot of energy is wasted in coping with, reacting to, and fighting against the alienating social and economic systems; and in the country it's easy to feel isolated, bored, frustrated, or lonely. A number of us who have been feeling these frustrations got together and decided that there can be a better alternative - a more integrated and positive approach that combines the good qualities of city and country life, without the energy-draining hassles of either.

Our basic idea is to buy or lease land collectively and to work together from this base to build a diverse, productive village-sized community. We are thinking in terms of a maximum density of one person per acre. This means that most of the housing will be clustered, although not all in one cluster. Certain areas will be set aside for --workshops, agriculture, communal gatherings, etc., with large areas left wild.

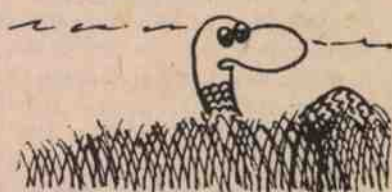
We want to live in harmony with the land. We want to create a place where children are respected and can interact as part of the community, where women and men can interact honestly rather than being trapped by traditional sexual and work roles, where old people are included rather than excluded.

We want to build a community of a size and consciousness which can provide a rich and full atmosphere and

maintain a structure based as much on relationships as on organization.

There are about thirty people with a wide range of interests actively involved in the community group in Vancouver and Victoria. About two or three times this number are seriously interested. We have bi-monthly meetings at our office space to discuss the ongoing happenings and business of the group. There are several smaller, self-formed groups meeting, usually weekly, to discuss the processes and practicalities of specific aspects of building and maintaining the community.

We need more people to become involved. If you're interested, or would like to find out more about it, phone us or drop in at our office/meeting space. ALTERNATE COMMUNITY 1520 W. 6th Ave. Vancouver, B.C. 732-7821.



WE HAVE OVER 1000 ACRES OF beautiful land on which we have a large variety of farm animals and a large organic garden. We rent one acre camp sites during the summer for cash income and we have several small industries that are in the development stage.

We use a work credit system, make decisions by consensus except for specific day to day operational decisions which are delegated or made by a majority vote. Our Land is being held in a Land Trust and there is plenty of room for Homesteaders that want to either do their own thing or work cooperatively with others.

We want to live as self sufficiently as is possible. We want to preserve, and improve the land. We want to work with other earth people and to develop a close relationship with others but we recognize that this is not for everyone. We are not into drugs, meditation, mystics or any other heavy trips but we respect the rights of those that are. We are trying to eat only natural healthful foods but are not vegetarians although we think that too much meat is not good for us. We see a lot that is wrong with the world around us but we recognize that we must live in that world and sometimes compromise is an economic and social necessity.

Self sufficiency will be very difficult in the beginning and for this reason we have provided for employment outside of U and I but hopefully without working for someone else, through Can Co People.

The best way to really get the feel for the land and for Cooperative Homesteading is to pay us a visit. You may come either with the idea of staying or just as visiting. Public Camping rates will apply but if you decide to

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stay can be credited towards the land lease. We are sorry that we have to charge but while we are non-profit we are not a charity and every person must pay their own way. U & I RANCH, Rte. 1, Eldridge, MO.65463 (417)286-3735.



WE ARE A COMMUNITY FORM-ing to do New Age Work. We tread the path of service to humanity & the higher order humanity serves. We seek mentally focussed aspirants and disciples of Aquarian outlook.

Our main work will be with energies increasingly being made available to our planet. Acting as receiver/transmitters we will receive these energies adjust them to a degree humanity can assimilate, and then transmit them into the minds and hearts of men and women.

Contributory to this purpose disciplines such as esoteric astrology or esoteric healing may be practiced as wished for or needed.

We are non-devotional in nature and seek to venerate no religion or Master seeing all masters as interwoven strands of the same Divine thread. However owing to the esoteric and occult nature of our work we have found the writings of the Tibetan Master Djaw Khul to be of tremendous service in gaining a needed spiritual perspective. The teachings as given thru Arcane School also reflect our attitudes toward service. This is not an escapist or sexist community in any sense. We will constantly be focusing our attention on a useful way upon world problems and needs, thus facilitating the emergence of the New Way. There will be an emphasis upon group progress.

Tho we will retain our individual and family identities they will be of secondary importance to the group purpose. Meditation, group mantram & service will not be mandatory but since these constitute the most useful tools of

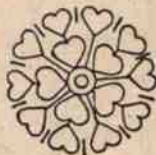
service they will be of great importance. A library and spiritual retreat are good possibilities. On other levels, a community children's school and nursery will allow a high degree of quality and wholesome education.

The Aquarian aspect would be of primary importance in the esoteric sense. Crafts and other creative abilities will be encouraged in a co-operative way. The land, soon to be purchased will be a bit north of San Francisco, CA. Initially, owing to the disproportionate contribution among members towards land purchase, the land cannot be owned completely communally. Eventually as the balance is righted it will be held in common.

Only those who have thoroughly considered their commitment to such a community as this will be considered for membership—the subtle & rare quality of our work demands this commitment.

If you believe you might work well along these lines please ask for more information.

For More info, write: JOSEPH & LAURA RUGGIERI, 24 Emery Ave. Albany, N.Y. 12205

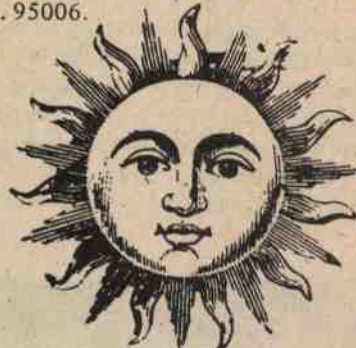


THIS IS A PROPOSAL TO BUILD a medium size community village of 150-1500 inhabitants, modeled in some ways after the Israeli kibbutz. One of its main purposes is to provide a small-scale socialist alternative that feels good to live and work in, and that exemplifies an integrated, organic life-system. Another important goal is development of inexpensive community designs that can be implemented by low and middle income groups through co-operative effort.

A further goal is experimentation with social forms: Is it possible to build an entire community based upon non-bureaucratic organization? Under

what conditions is participation in community decision-making maximized? Are there optimum sizes of units for democratic control? What are the best forms of participatory socialism? How can we reconcile the interests of the entire community with those of the workers in a particular industry? A long range political goal would be to form a gradually spreading network of such communities, trading and co-operating with each other, that would enable more and more persons to drop out of the ratrace of the capitalist economy.

(This is an introduction to an 8 page proposal) For a copy of the proposal or if interested write: FRANK LINDENFIELD, Box 967, Boulder Creek, CA. 95006.



AS MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNITY Association, we seek more meaningful and fulfilling ways of living. We desire to achieve a mode of life which promotes a deeper appreciation of people and recognizes our mutual interdependence. Our ethic is one of self-determination, freedom, cooperation, and personal growth.

The design of our community is projected to be an integration of village and natural environments. We seek both the solitude of the forest and the warm life sense of the village. Population and construction will be limited organically by the physical characteristics of the site. Hundreds of acres will be preserved for common use, mostly as open space. We recognize our ultimate dependency on the natural cycles of energy and physical resources, and we will build our homes and utility systems to reflect that knowledge. Alternative transportation will replace the automobile within the townsite.

We want to confront social issues in a direct and personal manner. We wish to accept change and evolution in our outlook, and to resist rigidity in our social systems. We desire a community decision making process that encourages expression of individual values and reflects diverse points of view. Implicit in everything we do is that we desire to relate to the rest of the world.

We envision the entire town as a learning teaching community. Educational opportunities will be learner-centered and open to all. Our homes, businesses surrounding forests and total environment will be extensions of our classrooms.

We seek to organize ourselves in such a way that through our choice of town site, our integrated economy and mutual interdependence, we will have a maximum potential for economic self-sufficiency. We will also seek to design an economic system which

assures mutual interaction for the life maintenance needs of any resident. Consistent with this is the common ownership of all land.

(Formerly Pahana Town, building cooperative town on 1200 acres near Eugene Oregon.) Write for 48 page monthly newsletter. G.A.N. 704 Whitecaker St., Cottage Grove, OR 97424. (503)942-7235.



WE ARE TAKING OVER A PIECE OF Denver and making a Community; a community to eventually comprise several thousand people. So, here at the beginning, a core group of about 50 people are initiating the processes and systems necessary to sustain a community. Obviously, the 1st and

most difficult task is to relearn what "living" means. That is, to somehow sift through the clap trap of Urban America, taking what can be used and what cannot be ignored, adding many new and old ideas and a lot of sensitivity and new consciousness, and finally synthesizing a whole new fabric of life in Denver. Thus, some of our immediate projects which we are doing

- *Starting a Life School for our children. Also a day & night baby co-op.
- *Reorganizing a food production & distribution system. That is, cultivating about 15 gardens inside Denver, building greenhouses, carrying on "trade" with rural communities, distributing & working collectively.
- *Offering a community architectural service for families, house collectives, and small businesses, etc.
- *Organizing a awareness groups & training group facilitators.
- *Devising a resource acquisition system for the community.
- *Designing solar energy & methane gas

"There is in the living being a thirst for limitlessness"

Sadvipra is a monthly newspaper dedicated to the social and spiritual upliftment of our human society. Published by Ananda Marga, Sadvipra contains articles on world events and conditions, social work around the world, spiritual philosophy and related subjects, food, economics, science, education, the arts, gardening, film, book, and record reviews, and poetry

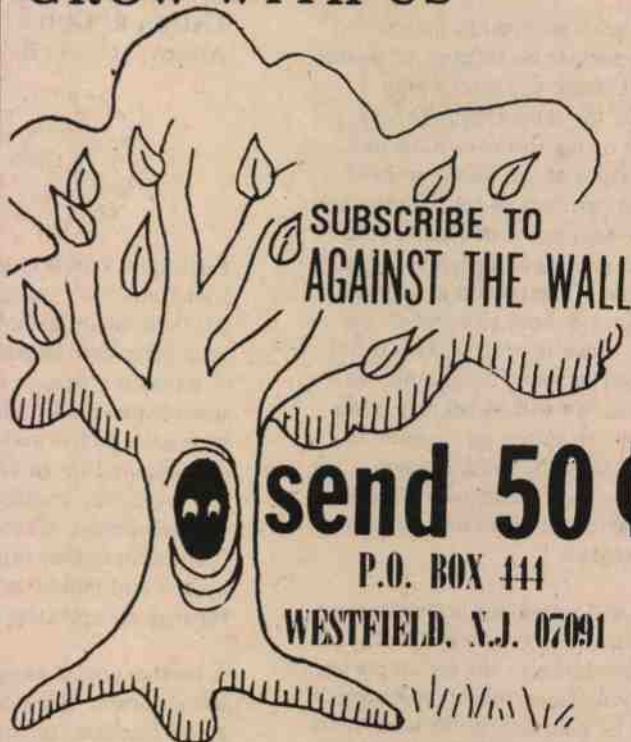
"SADVIPRA searches for a practical and progressive way to bring spiritual values into our day-to-day lives." -*The Mother Earth News*.

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SADVIPRA

1644 Park Rd. N.W. Washington, D.C. 20010

GROW WITH US



gas production systems for alternative energy needs.

*Designing an internal economic system for the community.

*Planning a health care facility & restaurant.

*Supporting an artisans collective and providing places to show and sell at various street & park festivals during the warm months. Hopefully, we will soon open a "store" for this purpose.

*Coordinating the search & implementation of collective houses.

Here, it is easy to see our 1st priority. To establish, now, many of the processes & systems needed to get by day to day. In a sense, New Denver exists now, although in an amorphous form involving many divergent activities and energies. And yet it is the community idea that holds us together; indeed, what brought us together & inspires us.

We are just beginning. Working thru the Denver Free University, we are offering 15 classes on different aspects of building this community. We are conducting seminars on everything from encounter-micro-lans & urban simulation games to how to eat properly & how to take care of your mind and body. We are an amorphous body solely dependent upon the individual and group efforts of many, many people. A lot of energy is now and will be expended here. And we are nervous, excited, confident & hesitant about what we are doing. But we see no limit to what we can do. Contact us at: **NEW DENVER** c/o Denver Free University Box 18455 1122 E. 17th Ave. Denver, CO 80218.



SPIRITUAL 'RETREAT FOR LIFE'
Arts*Crafts*Healing*Meditation*Yoga
Living in Love, Harmony and Beauty with Nature. Creative expression music, dance work, organic gardening, ritual, sacred music and dance.

Environment: 40 beautiful acres in coastal range mountains of northern California...serenity...living organically without electricity, machines, synthetics.

Goals: To become a self-sufficient, loving community, working and celebrating in harmony with one another and environment.

Plans: To build an adobe craft-shop-community center as well as meditation room, sweat lodge, compost privy and other structures which suit needs.

Energy: Members and visitors are asked to share in Karma Yoga as well as financially. . .now requesting minimum of \$44 per month per member, \$11 per week or \$2 per night for visitors (not including food), **TARA**, P.O. Box 604 Ukiah, CA 95482.



COMMUNE TO COMMUNE

THE EMERALD CITY IS A GAY men's urban community who are trying to find better ways of relating to each other and others in the city. We have encounter groups as well as individual and group therapy for the gay community in Chicago. We also do street theater and speaking gigs for schools, professionals and anyone else that wants to listen. We consider ourselves to be a middle class type community and find rules (like **NO DRUGS**) very helpful in keeping us together. We would like to hear from other such communities. Contact: **EMERALD CITY**, 6117 North Winthrop Chicago, ILL 60660.

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TODAY?**



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29 Farnsworth Street
Boston, Mass. 02210

YES! THERE WILL BE A NEXT CM catalogue! What is needed now is to contact new groups to bring in to our network. If you know of possibilities, let us know about them, or tell them that communication is the prerequisite of cooperation! We need groups to list their community products. Contact: COMMUNITY MARKET, Rt. 5 Box 202 Louisa, VA 23093. (703)967-1142.



THE PEOPLE DOING *LIVING IN The Ozarks* newsletter are looking for someone(s) to replace them. Write Sherri for info c/o THE L.I.O. N., Pettigrew, AR 72752.

SITUATIONS

"KOINONIA IS A CENTER FOR people who are seeking to grow in spiritual awareness and educational discovery. We believe that the processes of spiritual and educational growth are the same. We believe that this process is enabled in community. We believe community to be grounded in a commitment to that spiritual reality which is beyond the individual and the collected individuals."

Grounded in a conscious attempt to realize the wholistic integration in life, the Koinonia learning process emphasizes the interrelatedness of spiritual disciplines, academic endeavor artistic expression, service to others, and practical aspects of community living. Koinonia is located on 45 acres in the Greenspring Valley north of Baltimore City.

Individuals and families enter into the living and learning experience of Koinonia as participants in the resident program. There are about thirty permanent members of the community; there are facilities for about forty participants per term. For info contact: KOINONIA Box 5744 Baltimore MD 21208.

SPRINGTREE IS AN INTENTION—al community of 11 adults and 7 children living on a 100 acre farm near Charlottesville, Virginia.

Springtree Community College is an experience in communal living with opportunities for both academic and practical learning. We began in September 1973 with five students. We are interested in students who want to plan their own education, who are interested in living in community and who want to combine outdoor-physical work with their bookish learning.

The cost for tuition, room and board for a semester is \$600 plus one day of work in the kitchen each week. Fall semester will run from September 2 thru December 13. Springtree is affiliated with Campus-Free College, a nation-wide organization which brings students and teachers together in free learning situations. CFC is accredited to grant degrees by the District of Columbia—for further information write to them at 466 Commonwealth Ave. Boston, MA 02215. It may also be possible to arrange credit through the college you now attend.

If you think you might be interested in Springtree write to us telling us what sorts of things you would like to study and when you could come for a visit. Write to Evelyn, SPRINGTREE COMMUNITY COLLEGE, Rt. 2 Box 50-A-1, Scottsville, VA. 24590. (804)286-3466.



WE HAVE AVAILABLE A LIMITED fund that we wish to direct to "Improving the Quality of Life" in Communities dedicated to a Christian way of life.

This gift would be a piano for the Community, or for the Children's playground and equipment. For info write c/o Communities, (Gift offer) Rt. 1 Box 191 Oroville CA 95965.

I WILL SUPPLY COMFORTABLE room and board (plus money for minor expenses) starting this fall for one year to someone who can give me their full time help in the construction of a large house on rural property near Pullman, Washington. Following completion of the house, hopefully in the fall, 1975, this person will be invited to become involved in the small (eight to ten people) in-residence center for communicative studies to be housed herein, with room, tuition, and board included for two years. This person must be physically strong and somewhat skilled, though not necessarily highly skilled, in wood frame construction. If you identify with basic perspectives expressed by people including Ivan Illich, Wilhelm Reich, Fritz Perls, and Alan Watts, you will likely be interested in the center. For more information write: MARTIN TREON, 545 N.E. Kamiaken St. no.12, Pullman, WA 99163.

WE NEED COMMUNITY EXPERIENCE and maturity to establish a child care center for international children. It will involve several aspects.

Community: love, sharing, interpersonal growth, continued education, free schooling research, political-economic-social change farming, nutrition, expansion, open endedness, home industry, vocational rehabilitation.

Therapy: care for handicapped beginning with children, re-education and long term home care—eventually adoption facilities.

Expansion: divide & multiply, toward a network of creative life centers and alternate cultural advance. Personal freedom to pursue one's preferences and group interaction with other forms of American or International change.

We need mature adults, offering some expertise for the above with means to provide a home or trailer and willing to work hard as part of the core. Please contact DIAKONIA FARM Peacham Rd. Barnstead N.H. 03255

WANTED: HELP ON HOMESTEAD
temporary or permanent. Prefer woman with small child. Knowledge of spinning and weaving or desire to learn. Homesteading experience desired but only a will is needed. I offer room or rooms, food, etc., in exchange for help with work. **MILLARD MATHEWS, Rt. 1 Box 261-A, Raphine, VA 24472 (703)348-5206**



WE HAVE ROOM FOR ONE OR TWO couples to homestead on our land IF they are willing to pioneer it. Our proposition would be something like this: Rent one acre from us to set up cabin, tepee or trailer for living; plus use of as many additional acres as needed for pasture, gardens, etc., etc. Payment of \$300 down (of which \$100 is a security deposit to be returned at end of year if property clean and undamaged). At end of year, IF mutual agreeable would extend lease OR sell the original acre at a nominal price plus a nominal fee for rental of as much more woods or land as desired. Two couples would cut this \$\$ and cents figure in half.

We think our place is ideal with plenty of water, brooklet, pond, etc., good soil, lots of privacy, yet only 8 miles from supermarkets and 45 from Rochester. We don't want to make money on the deal, just add congenial neighbors. A lot would depend on people involved. Contact: **LYMAN F. Barry 9297 Townline Rd. Nunda, NY 14517 (716)468-2318.**



RFD WILL PROVIDE A MEANS of sharing with your country brothers your thoughts, feelings, hopes, fears, joys, drawings, poems, advice on being gay in rural America. RFD is a reader participatory publication. You write, sing, dance and are RFD. We in Iowa only put it together and mail it to you.

Tonight, after the sun has set and the supper dishes are washed, why not write us about yourself, the land you live with and/or whatever you would like to share. **R.F.D. P.O. Box 161 Grinnell, Iowa 50112.**

WANTED: FARM MANAGER TO run large commercial organic truck garden on 100 acre farm near Berkeley Springs, W.VA., Washington, D.C. market. Needed: farm experience; leadership, ability to plan work and inspire co-workers; devotion and prayerful faith in the cause of healthful and self-sufficient living; inventive mechanical ability; business and marketing skills. One year trial with guaranteed salary offered; with opportunity for lifetime, inheritable lease from land trust ensuring agricultural perpetuity. Write before Dec. 1 1974 to: **IRIS MOUNTAIN ASSOCIATES Dept. G.H. Box 16 Unger, WVA 25447**



SERVICES OFFERED

THE COMMUNAL LIVING CLEAR-ing Center began operations. This service of Family Synergy is specifically for those who want to live communally. . . small groups or large, with kids or without, urban or rural, whatever.

We're not just providing a place for people of like mind to meet. We're also trying to solicit places for people to join existing groups, and places for groups to locate. And, we've designed a questionnaire which serves two objectives: to cause those who complete it to think about important aspects of communal living which they might otherwise overlook; and to allow "screening" of incompatible people on some of those points (or, matching where they indicate compatibility).

If you're interested, write to **PO Box 798, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266**, for a copy of the Questionnaire. The Questionnaire costs \$2 to process, when filled out. You CAN receive it free, but we do ask that if you send for a copy you enclose something to pay for the cost of getting it to you. **CLCC P.O. Box 798, Manhattan Bch. CA 90266. OR FAMILY SYNERGY PO Box 30103 Terminal Annex, L.A. Calif. 90030.**

WELL HERE WE ARE, WE FIN-ally have it. A dream come true for many of us. Remember the times working for months, never to feel anything for the job or your fellow workers, at a state job, for the phone company, etc.. Remember that feeling of alienation, loneliness...there was the dream of going to work and not watching the clock until 5 o'clock, of not living such a schizoid existence — home and work, two different peoples. The dream of not being channelled, directed, neglected, selected, expected, connected

Now we have it. Our work, our co-op is a lifestyle chosen by all of us. You are as involved as you wish to be. There is no feeling of hopelessness and loneliness at work; oh no, there is an overwhelming feeling of love and hope in the Hoedads. The glowing eyes and gleaming smiles of people who KNOW that they are doing something new and Right. Got our shit together.

We are now a group of 150 or so people plus many more potentially involved observers, leaning on each other, helping each other to live out our fantasies about day to day living. With so much energy and no restraints other than common sense, our fantasies CAN become realities. That's what we are all about.

Now, tree planting can be just the heart beat of us. When the work inventory is completed, we should find other skills and capabilities to move in other directions (diversify, diversify). Why not become a non-profit construction co-op, designing and building the primo homes in the northwest. Or an ecology task force with the capability of proposing and implementing programs of environmental clean-up? And tree planting in China. Sound crazy and distant, but so did the idea of a work co-op a few years ago.

(From newsletter by a cooperative tree-planting group) **HOEDADS, P.O. Box 10091 Eugene, OR 97401.**

KRIPALU ASHRAM IS NAMED After our beloved Paramgurudev, Swami Shri Kripalvanadji. It provides a residence and place of seclusion for our Guru, Yogi Amrit Desai, and his family.

The ashram is housed on fifty acres in the lovely Perkiomen Valley, abounding with fields, woods, lakes and streams that create a secluded and serene country setting.

A vegetable garden and artesian well supply us with fresh natural nourishment. Our home provides an appropriate atmosphere for those who seek to experience and practice the true yogic way of living. Here you can visit or join with our permanent residents in a group that is growing spiritually.

We are a growing community of men and women and families with children dedicated to making the philosophy of yoga and self-realization a way of life. Because of the unique love on which the ashram is founded we have many visitors and a long list of people who wish to live here.

Our purpose is to practice and make available to others the spiritual teachings of Yogi Desai. Many of the residents are yoga teachers trained under his expert guidance with the discipline and depth of the old yogic tradition. An ongoing training program is a part of ashram life which prepares all residents to teach yoga.

Our approach to the practice and teaching of yoga honors the truth which comes through all religions and all masters, and we invite all to share with us regardless of nationality, race or religion.

All are welcome to visit and take part in our schedule at any time during the year. If you come, we suggest that you stay for at least three days because it usually takes that much time to adjust to the ashram schedule and discipline. **KRIPALU YOGA ASHRAM** 7 Walters Rd. Sunnyside PA 18084 (215)234-4877.

TEN MONTHS AGO, A SMALL group of us began a concentrated effort to work on ourselves, suspicious that there were states of consciousness which were more natural (i.e. joyous, exciting, self-renewing, blissful) than the alternatives offered to us in our experience and training.

At an unknown time, a commitment was made by four of us to begin the journey, and at the time of this writing, we are two plus months into a daily discipline of work, study, meditation and use of Ken Keyes' system of consciousness "growth" based on the teachings of Buddha, Baba Ram Das, Christ, Chogyam Trungpa, Vilayat Kahn, Patanjali, and Humanistic Psychology.

There are no longer any doubts. More natural states of consciousness exist and are available to us all; in fact, we believe that they are our natural birthright. Now, there is only work (service), discipline (to help us remember) and struggle with the rational mind and ego left for us. Our "energy, love, perceptiveness and inner peace" grow as we relax into a more expansive, accepting awareness or mode of experiencing. Some of our energy is going into the forming of a non-profit corporation called Invitation Center. It will be the sharing arm of our consciousness growth.

We believe our main reason for being is to work on ourselves. Invitation Center will be one of the many activities which will offer us (and hopefully you) chances to grow into more natural states of consciousness.

For information on daily activities contact: **INVITATION CENTER**, P.O. Box 1195 Anna Maria, Fla. 33501 2p.m.-5:30p.m. only, daily except Tuesdays.

PEOPLE WHO NEED HELP

I AM WRITING ON BEHALF OF A friend, Mr. Peter Stephensen, a teacher at the Royal Academy School of Architecture, Copenhagen, Denmark. Presently at the Academy, there is much interest in economically self-sufficient, cooperative communities. Mr. Stephensen was hoping to organize a trip to America for students in order to visit American communes; I am trying to find some addresses and other information for him.

Most communes I realize are soured on the idea of receiving people but the Danish students are quite serious and resourceful, would not be a drain on any group they visited, I'm sure, and would be interesting guests. As I say, they are especially interested in communes with an economic base—agriculture or some sort of manufacturing—those with a religious orientation as well. **SARA WERMIEL**, 2 Ware St. no.211, Cambridge, MA 02138.



I AM STARTING A CHAIN OF United Peoples Coops from defunct super markets in L.A. and hope to spread all over the U.S. I think and feel the people are ready for a do-it-yourself revolution from soup to nuts. Instead of bullets and guns.

Know of anyone interested in joining me locally or otherwise? Let them know about me.

I am 55, in good health, a successful businessman for 25 years and sick and tired of watching our country go down the drain by all the Capitalist Ripoffs. **MATT GORIN**, L.A. Pet Supply Co. 1551 E. 25th St. L.A. CA 90011.



about this magazine

Our vision of the job of editing this magazine is to function as a clearinghouse: to collect material, select what's most relevant for the folks who read Communities, and take charge of the production and distribution tasks.

This means we don't want to be writing all the articles, taking all the photos, and preparing all the graphics for each issue. We hope this material will come from the people who see this publication as a tool or resource which is available to them, especially to those living cooperatively. Send us whatever you are doing or thinking: cartoons, articles, a letter you wrote to friends, black and white photographs, news for Reach and Grapevine. The magazine will continue only as long as this kind of material flows in from all of you to those of us who put Communities together.

Issue #11, now in preparation, will have a focus on land--reform, usage, management. Beginning with issue #12 we may become a quarterly. The issue would be available in February and will have a new edition of the community directory plus feature the political and social directions for new communities in North America. This issue will be handled by the West office as #11. Deadline for material would be the first of the year. That issue will be typeset with our own equipment and should look sprucey.

Issue #13 will feature spirituality and community. Hopefully, Twin Oaks will be editing the copy for it. If we are a quarterly then, the deadline will be April Fools day. Do you have any ideas about ritual in community; leaders and leadership in community as an outgrowth of spiritual life?

COMMUNITIES a journal of cooperative living

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—//—
alright, plug me in. please send:

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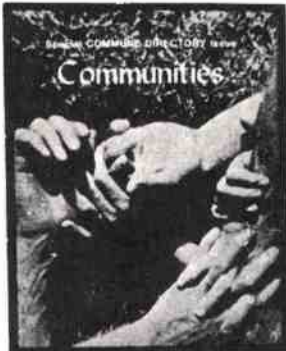
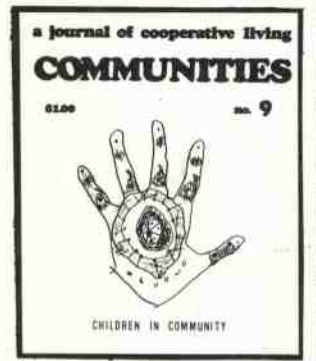
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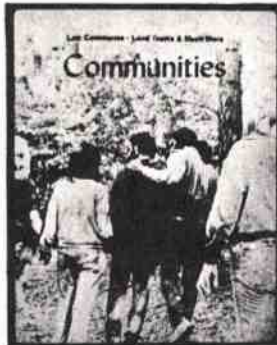


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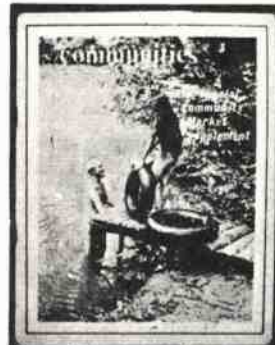
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#1 Selecting Members



#2 Law Communes Land Trust



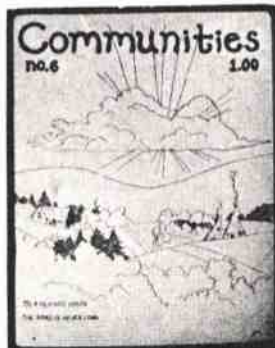
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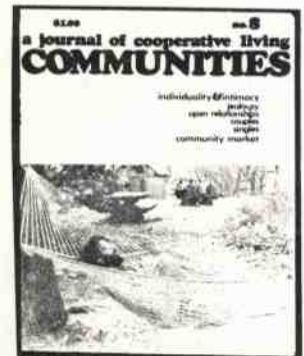
#5 Personal Growth



#6 Social Change



#7 Commune Directory



#8 Individuality & Intimacy

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