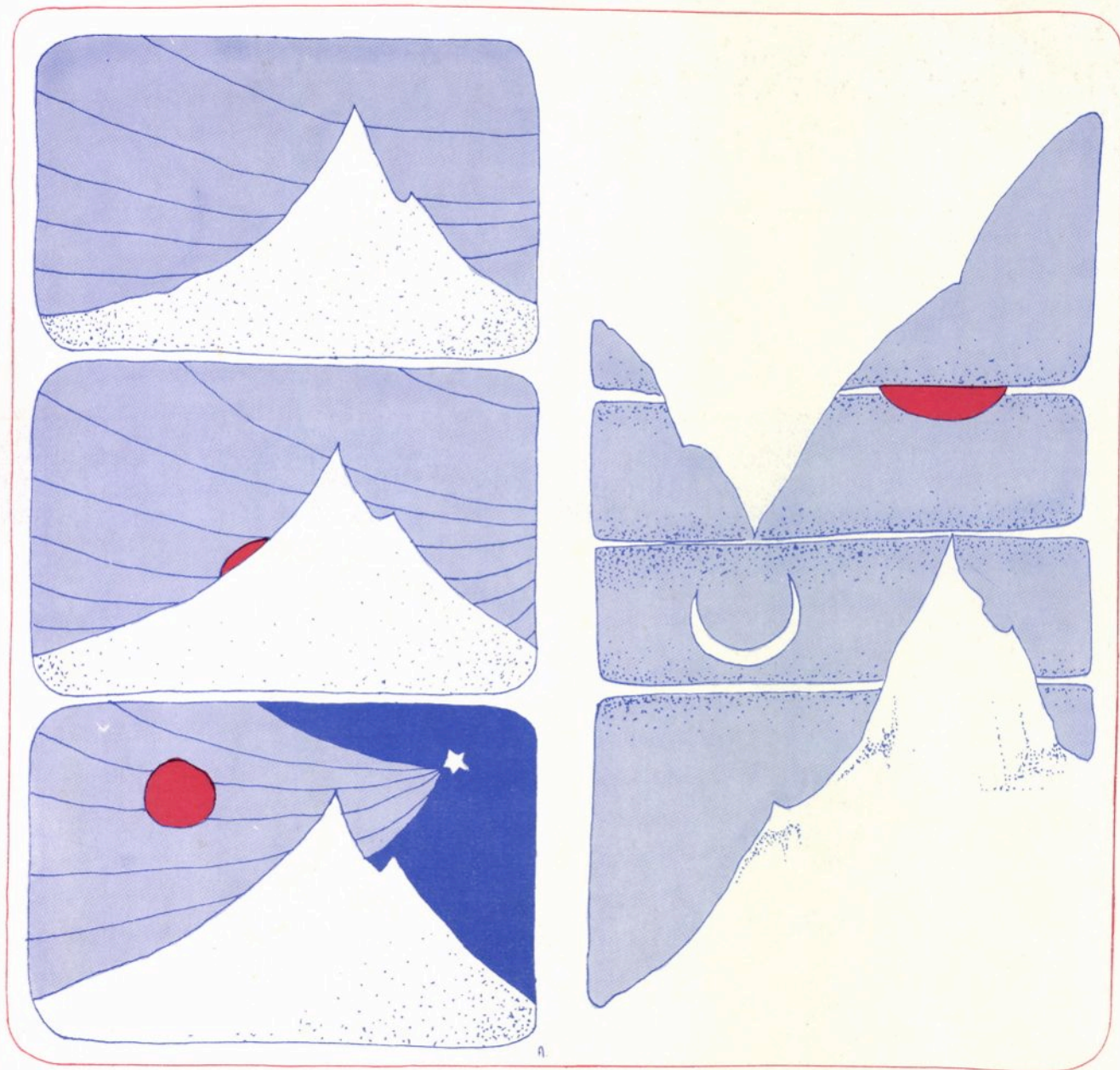


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February/March
1981

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Introducing this issue...

The drawings for our cover arrived unsolicited a year and a half ago, along with this letter:

Dear People,

I came across *Communities* about 2 years ago. It has grown in importance till now to become what I read these days more often than not. I've been slowly going backwards through the issues, learning things which deepen my understanding of what being collective is about. I have found the communication very valuable to me.

I work in Chicago for a non-profit corporation called the Bread Shop. It is a natural foods bakery, grocery and restaurant. There are about 16 of us. We are just entering the stage of solidifying an identity after being in operation for seven years. The organization has achieved stability, is making money, and is examining itself before going in new directions. I am a cook here.

I also design notecards, distributed mostly in Chicago. Some are printed, some are hand painted. A lot of them are based on metaphoric maps of non-existent places. Places I've been to, places I want to go.

What I'm sending you here is my thanks. I want to give you these drawings to use as you like for the magazine.

Again, thank you.

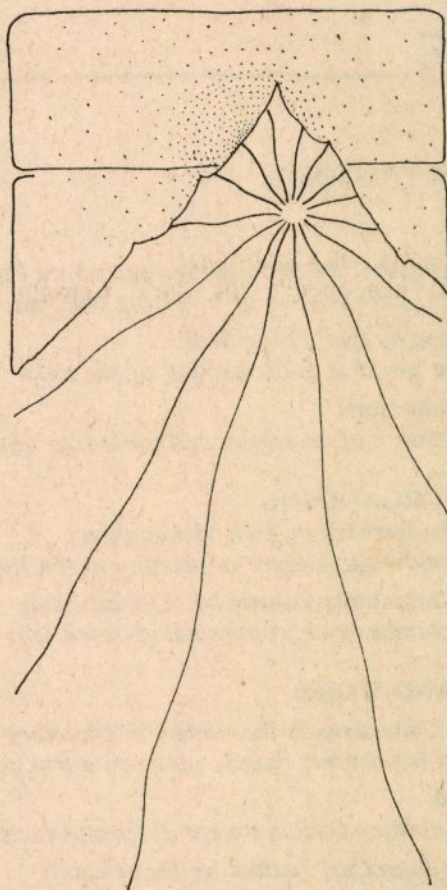
humming,
Andrew Lehman

One and a half years later, Thank you, Andrew.

STORIES

So let us return again to yesteryear. The thundering hooves... Most of this issue is a trip to early communal days at Twin Oaks. Many of the problems Lee and her friends confront are still relevant — for communal groups, anyway. Twin Oaks itself is a good deal more sophisticated. Save that for a next installment — when Gerri gets around to writing some more.

Two other stories, more or less fantasies: One by Sara Pirtle, formerly of the Big Mama poetry collective, to lead off the issue, is part narrative — part how she involves children in a process of storytelling. My story,



Notes In Passing, is sort of an ecological parable.

Bill Shields, author of *Workers Cultural Conference Gets Down* is part of a theater group in San Francisco. I ran into him at a street fair in the Mission, and he told me about this conference. "Gee, Bill," I said, "would you like to write about it for *Communities*?" Then he said...

Harvey Grossman has this wonderful road show which he wants to share with communities, and *Players Theatre* is basically an announcement to those who might be interested.

The section on *Bay Area Collectives* has two elements. Last fall, Michael Kepp showed me his manuscript on Berkeley collectives. I thought it was useful, though I missed the *inside* quality we cherish in *Communities*. Then to my delight, along comes an excellent *Bay Area Directory of Collectives*, chock full of first-hand essays. Hopefully the two perspectives are useful juxtaposition, and not merely confusing. Beyond the writing, thanks to the folks at

Communal Grapevine for the high quality of their networking and commitment.

Washington Community Futures is a thoughtful and somewhat critical look at another network and organizing process at the other end of the country.

Finally, in a remote *holler* in Kentucky is Barwick Community Garden Coop. Last summer I visited with Jack McLanahan, long-time coop developer, at Mountain Management. His story, *I Have Been To Barwick* inspired a visit, which my car barely survived (110° and lots of dust).

NEXT ISSUE, THE WORLD

Yes, I really did go to China. Two articles are in already and more coming for the April issue. (Did I really say I'd have it ready for this issue? Amazing.)

What we saw (*we* being primarily from Farralones Institute on the West Coast and New Alchemy on the East) was very different than the China portrayed in the press. Most of the articles will deal with appropriate technology and social patterns, with some speculation about the development process and its implications for decentralization and simple living in America.

Also Katrina Clark of Fair Haven Clinic went to Cuba in January to survey health care, and we should have something on Israel from a just-returned Joe Blasi (or one of the visiting scholars at the Kibbutz Institute he directs at Harvard) and possible articles on development in Tanzania and India.

THE COOP MOVEMENT

In June there will be twenty pages or so about this year's annual Consumer Coop Alliance Institute on the theme of *Survival Through Cooperative Self-Reliance*. Or is it *Self-Reliance Through Cooperative Survival*?

One of these issues there'll also be a promised section on *Political Paradigms for the 80's*. Other paradigms than the new administration's, "*Let us return again to yesteryear. The thundering hooves, a hearty HeighHo Silver...*"

PASSAGES

M'lissa and Larry at Twin Oaks are developing an issue on **Birth and Death** as they outline in this note:

Late December, 1980 at Twin Oaks Community we experienced our first death. A few days later there was a birth. Births and deaths are not easy, but both are in their own way celebrations.

*They are the ultimate transitions of life. When going through these transitions, having community support systems makes it more possible to reclaim our power and control over our lives. Our recent experiences with birth and death is the impetus for a special issue of **Communities**.*

Many periodicals have dealt with home/natural birth and conscious dying. We don't want to duplicate these efforts. Our attempt is to focus on birth and death within the context of our communities, collectives and neighborhoods.

*What we want from you are people to contact for articles, resources, graphics and photographs. We hope to do a birth/death photo-essay throughout the issue. If you have an article you wish to write, please call us to explore this further. The deadline for articles and graphics is early June. Contact: M'lissa or Larry, 203-894-5126 or write to us at **Communities**, box 426, Louisa, VA 23093.*

TWO RECOMMENDATIONS

One of these days, *Return of the Secaucus Seven* is going to get the release it deserves. It's a very funny, very accurate movie about the reunion of some sixties folks. They've been going about the business of their lives for the last decade, and continue throughout the weekend. It's been winning festival prizes, and did good business in Cambridge.

Then there's the *Judy Chicago Exhibition*. There are moments when I am awed by what we can create. Watch for it at your neighborhood museum.

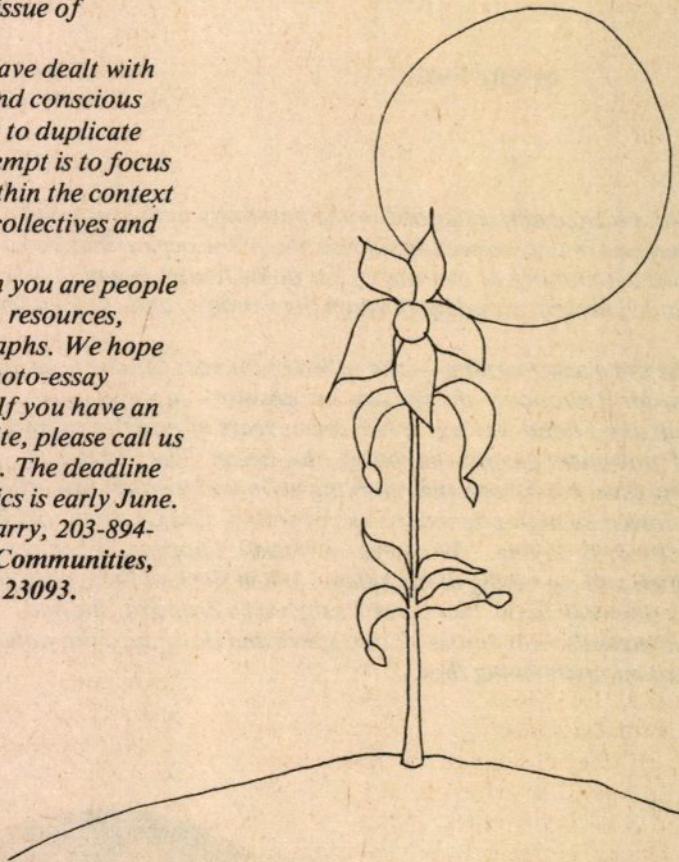
HELLO

In case any of you ever wonder how this magazine works: M'Lissa and Chip are at Twin Oaks, and Chris and I are in New Haven (the classic urban/rural partnership). M'lissa and I mostly share the editing, and Chip joins us on questions of policy. Chris is the consistent production person, and shares decision making on production and work process. Occasionally people around the country edit sections of the magazine, usually with one of us assisting. For example, Dave Gutnecht of *Moving Foods* will be co-editing the CCA material for June.

Sales of *A Guide to Cooperative Alternatives* and (we hope) the new, *1981 Directory* allow a close to break-even level of self-sufficiency. Twin Oaks supported the magazine for many years, and continues to provide time, effort and space for our business office. *Communities* is a division of the Unschool Educational Services Corp., which takes care of our non-profit, tax-exempt status making us eligible for grants and gifts. I'm on the board of UESC.

*We like the craft of doing the magazine. We believe in the politics. We care for each other. **Communities** is for us a vehicle to serve a movement of which we are part — and which, on occasion, seems based "on metaphorical maps of non-existent places."*

*Cartographically yours,
PAUL*



STAFF

Editor: Paul Freundlich

Production Coordinator: Chris Collins

Resources: Gareth Branwyn

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CONTINUITY

Community Publications Cooperative: M'lissa Wenig and Chip Coffman at Twin Oaks; Paul Freundlich in New Haven.

CREDITS

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Photos: John Curl, 24-25; Paul Freundlich, 18 (right), 27-28, 30



stories

ONCE UPON A FUTURE... the name gathering

by Sara Pirtle

A girl, thirteen years old, reached above her bed to the hatchway in the roof and pushed the window open just in time to see the sunrise above the ocean. Her bed, which was suspended like a hammock at the roof of her dome house, began to sway as she kneeled. She steadied herself, stood up through the window, and climbed on the roof.

Then she did what she did every morning — she called out across the ocean to her Sea Friend: Whaooooo-uh Whaooooo-uh. She saw her answer — a spout of air, and then flukes rising up like a hand waving. It had taken years of practice to find that dark blue speck of movement against the rolling blue ocean. The flukes had signaled a deep sounding dive. Now came the rumbling hello underwater: low echoes like distant thunder followed by high-pitched streaks of sound. Old One had told her that this was the whale's way of saying, "Whenever you need, I appear. Whenever I need, you answer," which was a greeting in the village. When she had first called to her Sea Friend and heard her call back, that is, when she was a little girl, she had thought the whale could actually hear across all that space and down into the water. She hadn't known about mindstretching then .



The story begins. Fourth, fifth, and sixth graders are being transported a century into the future and becoming members of an island community with seaweed farms, solar houses, village meetings called River Listenings, and name quests. The quests, or name gatherings, are the means by which the youth come of age; these draw upon elements of rites of passage in some native American cultures. In the story, the custom is said to be that children are given a combination of their mother's and father's names at birth with the understanding that this is not "the name that waits in their heart." Then when they reach puberty, and when they feel ready to undertake it, they go off on a solo adventure. This is a time of identifying and testing their strengths, and encapsulating their discovery into a new name that is truly their own. Aloe, for instance, is said to have named himself for a healing plant in order to represent his abilities in healing. Starthrower's name, on the other hand, reflects her skill in facilitating the village meetings where she throws out new ideas, bright as stars. The central character of this story is Aloe Starthrower, their daughter. She is the thirteen-year-old seen at the beginning of the tale.

Until the events of the story, her village has had no link to other human societies. However, when she travels on her name quest, she rides on the back of her Sea Friend farther out into the ocean than any of her people have ever been. She encounters a city with a highly developed technology that revolves around a central computer, and meets her counterpart, a young girl who is being trained to operate this computer and thereby succeed the king.

In telling the story I switch from one character to another, using different voices and gestures. Mime and sometimes music are employed to convey the action and movement is used throughout the tale. During this first section the children are primarily listeners, but a few participate by acting out the part of the computer.

The climax of this section comes as the two girls unexpectedly mindstretch to each other when Aloe Starthrower is in danger. This awakens a need for close human contact that the girl of the kingdom — QL — didn't know she had. As a result of this and other incidents, QL wants to go to the island herself and explore all the possibilities that Aloe Starthrower represents: mindstretching, name-gathering, friendships. QL, using her power as next in line to the throne, gains permission to go, and the girls return together to the village on the back of the whale, Aloe Starthrower's Sea Friend. She presents the request and then waits outside the circle; until her name gathering is over she is not a member. Later she will present her name to the group. Now the business is whether QL, the new one, will be admitted as a visitor for one year. The decision must be consensually determined by all the villagers according to their tradition. Now the story is turned over to the listeners. Will they, as the villagers, admit the foreigner, New One, and if so, with what stipulations?

The challenge of change is what they must weigh. Dennis Livingston, who participated in delineating this plot, described one discussion of villagers which he watched at the Cambridge Friends School: "The arguments the children gave on all sides of this issue indicated they had

been attentive and that they understood, in their terms, the dilemma involved in cultural/technological change; that is, the benefits of staying as you are versus the benefits of exposure to other ways of life." The discussions at all the schools explored these risks. New One is depicted as quite unusual by our standards — she is bald and has robotized speech and movements as dictated by her culture — and there is some reason to fear her — the city she represents is shown to use hierarchical, arbitrary, and sometimes violent means. There are many aspects of this challenge. For instance, the matter of admitting a foreigner, one who is different, is raised. For a fourth grader at Gill School in Western Massachusetts, New One's position struck a personal note. She said, "I bet she feels like I felt when I was new at school." Thus, the discussion brings up many important issues: the feeling of being a newcomer, the fears we all have of the unknown, and the fact that most of us need support in making changes.

The method of discussion the children use is the process of consensus and it is called River Listening. The group works to find the place of agreement, the one river, by including and regarding the opinions of every individual, the different currents of the river. Each person speaks only when she or he is holding the "listening rock" and the facilitator Auros (named for her skill as a listening ear) summarizes the discussion. As Auros holds the rock to her ear and reports what "it" has collected, she gives feedback to the group on how close they are to consensus and what the major issues are. The group questions each other, negotiates, and makes agreements until there is a single position that includes all their consideration. This is called finding the place where the river has one voice.

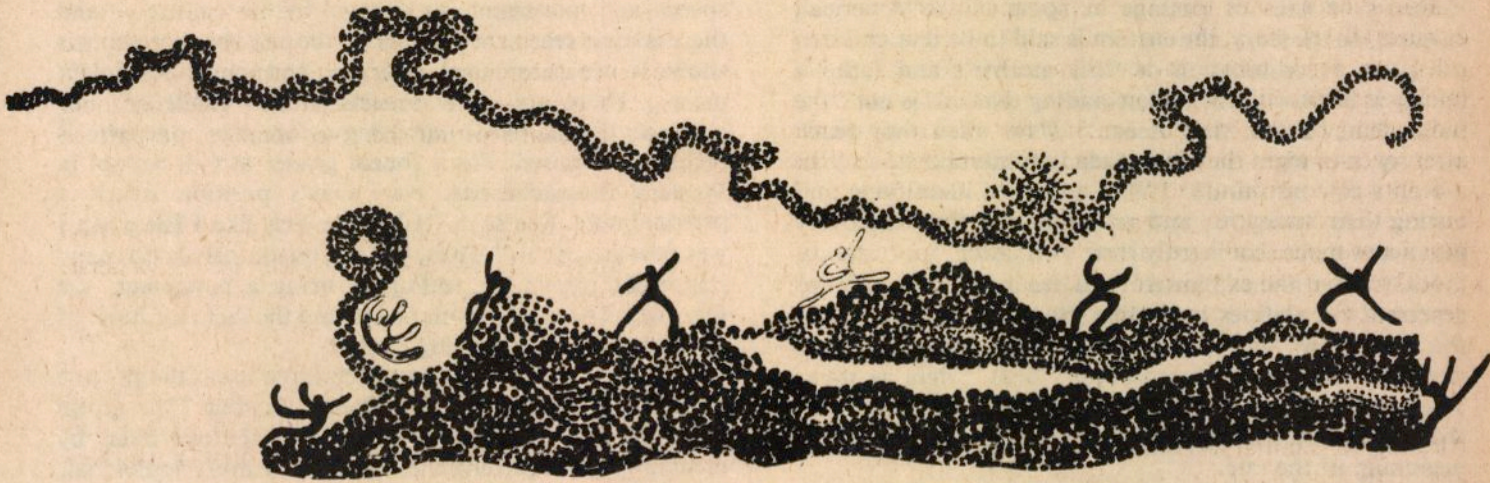
This River Listening is in many ways the heart of the work. As Auros I teach them about consensus yet let the outcome totally rest in their hands. It is a delicate process that demands trust in the method and in the individuals. As there is no right answer (only an answer that is right for the group) and because it demands such honesty, the experience is quite powerful.

In the River Listening at Leyden School in Western Massachusetts, a fifth and sixth grade group came to an impasse. All but one were in favor of admitting New One. The group worked to help the boy isolate what he disliked and feared about her in case there would be rules they could establish which would provide security or in some other way meet his objections. Sometimes the lone "no" of an individual represents important questions that the rest of the group has not thought of asking. Sometimes it blocks the individual and the group from moving — like an invisible rock in the river. After fifteen minutes of probing, the latter was felt to be the case. As Auros, the facilitator, I both affirmed his courage to be different, and gave him feedback about the effect that his "no" had on the group. We were all trying to listen deeper to learn where his chief concern lay. Finally he said that he was afraid that New One would try to kill him. Someone suggested that in the village he could call a meeting any time that he felt endangered by her, but this did not adequately answer his fears.

I decided to give him the opportunity to meet directly with New One, and I switched out of the role of Auros into

the role of New One. We spoke together for a few minutes, and then, in what became a turning point, we simulated mindstretching to each other. We did this by alternating moments of sitting quietly with verbalizing what would be said psychically:

will change our life here. I have brought some one from the darkness, and we will mindstretch with her. And so this is who I am — I am change bringer.” She raised her eyes and looked around the circle. All hands had gone up in the sign of assent. Change Bringer had found her name.



Tim sat with the newcomer in mindstretch. New One spoke slowly in her robot-like voice:

“You are brave to speak differently from the others. I don’t want to be your enemy.” The two sat longer in silence. “I do not intend to murder anyone. If I had this in my heart I would have stayed to learn from the king. I wish you well,” she continued. It was very quiet in the circle around them.

Finally New One turned to Tim and said, “I would like to learn from you. From all of you. Will you be my teacher?” Tim looked at her and nodded his head. A ripple passed through the group. Others reached for the listening rock, also wanting to offer to teach New One. “I will teach you horseback riding,” said one girl. “I will teach you how to tell jokes,” said a boy. New One let her laughter come ringing, and then looked about fearfully. This was Voice Slip and back at the palace she would have been reprimanded for it; but no one moved to punish her.

“Here I can let my voice move up and down like a bird flying. Isn’t that true?” Nods and giggles came from the group. “I am glad to be here. Here I am not QL. Here I will find my name.”

As clapping began, one girl asked, “What about Aloe Starthrower? What name did she find?”

Old One came forward in the circle. “Yes, it is time to bring her back. The River Listening has one more thing to do. We must listen to Aloe Starthrower’s name and see if it is the one that has been waiting like a seed inside her heart. If it doesn’t feel true to us, she must go back again on her name gathering and listen even deeper. Come out, No Name. What name have you?”

The girl walked into the circle and looked around. “I had to listen many times,” she began. “I thought my name was Farthest Swimmer because I went farther than anyone had gone. But there is more that I can do than swimming. And then I thought my name was Brave One when I stood up to the King. But I was afraid when my Sea Friend was in danger. I have brought someone to you. Some one who

Each River Listening is unique and each ending has been different. Sometimes the group wants to simulate their own name gathering. Each session has emphasized (a) that a group needs the strengths and opinions of each member within it; (b) that many of us need help and encouragement to listen to our own voices; (c) that when our inner voice dissents from the majority opinion we are still valuable to the group — to the fullness of the river; and (d) that sometimes we block the group when we object without helping the group to find conditions by which our objections can be met. These are the themes within this story.

What is futurist storytelling? As in one definition of a futurist, it makes a possible future more real for others for it places the listener inside a new reality, an alternative mindset as coherent as the one temporarily set aside. It re-works the traditional format of storytelling so that both the content and the process are aligned and the interaction between the storyteller and the participants, and each other, is empowering. This particular method combined the magic of storytelling, the affirmation of group storybuilding, and the task orientation of simulation games. It is a method which has been arrived at independently by many teachers and theater workers under different names and for different purposes. The goal of this form of participatory storytelling is to describe a future, but, most important of all, to give children the experience of living and making decisions in that future.

The future I wanted to make more real is one where cooperation and the nourishment of individual potential are primary values. In their book, **The Friendly Classroom for a Small Planet**, the Children’s Creative Response to Conflict Program (CCRCP) writes that children learn values by becoming part of a community that holds these values.

We do not teach children that violence is wrong or evil by telling them this. We try to build a positive classroom

environment in which violence seems totally out of place and in which our actions become examples of constructive approaches. (2)

This is what the village format offers.

Jean Piaget writes that the morality of cooperation is evinced by [1] the ability to reach consensus; [2] making rules that serve group rather than individual goals; [3] taking into account a person's motives; and [4] making judgements on the basis of equality for all. He says that after seven or eight the child is ready to move beyond "the morality of constraint" to "the morality of cooperation" but that this transition depends upon the opportunity to **practice** cooperation and actively construct patterns of thought about the experience. (3) The River Listening was designed with these ideas in mind.

Although this initial work was developed for fourth, fifth, and sixth graders, it can be adapted for any age group. Probably each of us had a vision of a positive future we would like to see, and this can provide the basis for a futurist storytelling session. Here are characteristics of this model that might be considered in formulating such an experience.

1. The story-maker identifies one or two central issues to explore in consonance with the central values of her/his vision and builds the problem to be solved around these.
2. Sufficient time is allotted for setting the scene to fully engage the listeners. A coherent description of the future is presented which allows a picture to develop in the imagination; clear references to time, environment, and the history that led up to this time are included.
3. In scheduling presentation time, an open-ended amount of time is reserved for resolving the conflict so that the ending comes organically and not arbitrarily; breaks for related activities, snack, or exercise are built in.
4. The story is plausible given the chosen context, and not fantastical so that the emphasis is on rewarding human choices.
5. New vocabulary, new concepts, and/or new cultural and technological visions are represented.
6. The storyteller elucidates and facilitates the development of the story without owning it; the listeners are placed inside the story and as story characters are given significant decisions to make.
7. The storymaker structures the method of group input to promote the central values.
8. The storymaker designs the process of resolving the central conflict to be in keeping with the value system presented: e.g., the win/win process of consensus.

In using futurist participatory storytelling with children to promote cooperation, I felt the difference between controlling or owning the group, and leading or facilitating it. It became for the children an experience of power that is different from power over another. Here power was inside each person and could be shared. Finding your own power — which in the "Name Gathering" was synonymous with finding one's essential name — allowed each to complement rather than compete with others. And taking a journey as a group — the journey of creating a new reality in story — meant trusting the river that we are part of together. □

Footnotes

1. Jock McClellan, "What is a Futurist?" **The Best From Futures Information Interchange** (Amherst, Massachusetts, UMass School of Education, 1978) p. 1.
2. Children's Creative Response to Conflict Program, **The Friendly Classroom for a Small Planet** (Wayne, N.J. Avery Publishing Group, 1978). They have worked in the area of cooperation and children for nine years. They may also be reached at 15 Rutherford Place, New York, New York 10003.
3. Loren D. Weybright, *op. cit.*, p. 78.



Sarah Pirtle is an eco-feminist working with "Women for Survival" and "Women and Life on Earth." She is a songwriter, folksinger, actress, and graduate student in Future Studies at UMass. She recently directed an integrated arts project on whales for Massachusetts schools.

Notes In Passing

by Paul Freundlich

A dark night, driving down a road with mother, father, grandmother. Lights up ahead and men in uniforms motioning to slow down and pull over. Other cars have been stopped. One by one, people are being taken aside and questioned. Tim waits his turn. Besides the tension, a curious sense of expectation.

He gives his name. Eyes looking into his intently. "Please justify your existence."

Tim fumbles. He is sixteen years old. What do they mean? Looking around, seeing others evading, faltering. "I don't know. I haven't really done anything yet."

Coming out of sleep, like an arrow out of the night, tautly awake. The dream is vivid, compelling. Over breakfast, others are also withdrawn, but he is focused on the extreme personal valuation of self to be aware.

Waiting for the school bus at the corner. On the bus, swinging into the seat next to Carol. They touch hands. "I feel strange. There was this dream last night..." They have had the same dream.

Tim and Carol at the homeroom door, holding hands. The bell rings. People scatter for their seats. They are still at the door. "Please come to your seat, Carol," the teacher says. They hesitate. Tim is reluctant to return to his homeroom. "We had this dream last night," they say to the teacher. "We feel strange about it."

The teacher stares at them. The room quiets. They have all had the same dream.

At the Pentagon, a high ranking officer and a civilian arrive at their office. They greet normally, exchange pleasantries. Then, one, passing his hand over his eyes, says something very odd happened to him last night. It was a dream actually...

"What was it about?"

"There were these people. I had to explain why...why I am..." lamely.

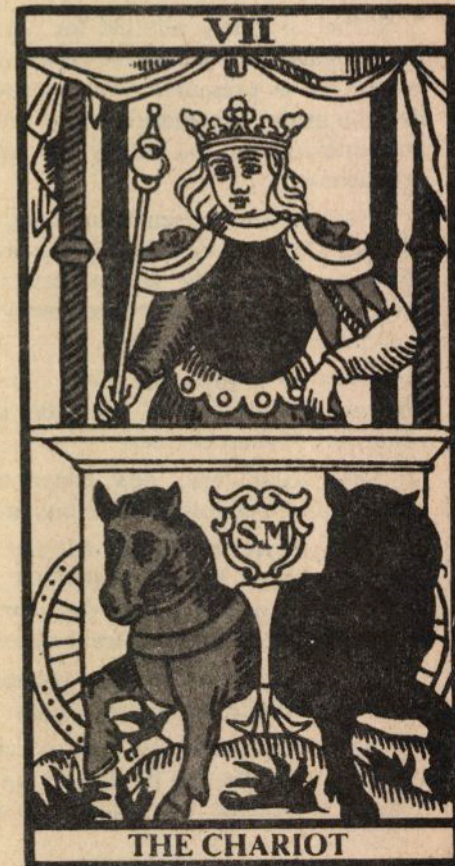
"Why I am."

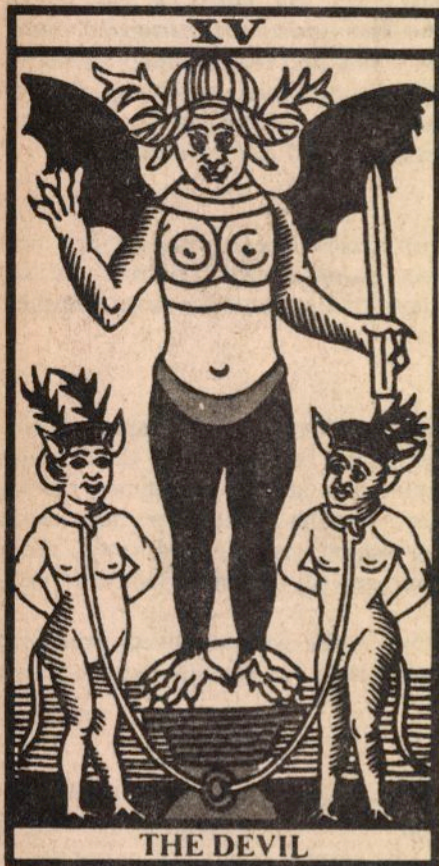
The other looks at him speculatively, then walks to the phone and dials.

"General, something very strange is happening."

In the courtyard of St. Peter's, two cardinals are in excited conversation. "My whole life, my works, my beliefs...as in confession or an affirmation. All of it. I felt summoned."

On the television screen, scenes from around the world and the commentator's narration: "It seems clear that the entire world shared a dream last night. As the sun came over the horizon, the people of each land woke to a realization that they had been called to an individual accounting. Each of us stepped forward and said our piece. And as the realization spread that this was cumulatively more than an individual experience, the entire mechanisms of society and civilization slowed. We don't know why. We don't know how. This one, single experience is exhilarating and frightening. If it stands by itself, it will provide a generation with the material for endless speculation. But we don't know that there won't be more. We can only wait."





In Carol's house, the TV is switched off. Tim and Carol sit on the couch. Her parents sit nervously. The mother goes off to bed. The father says it is time for Tim to go home.

But they don't want to be separated. The father insists. He is an angry man, used to getting his way. In this case, his anger, his force is confused. Tim and Carol are not arguing, but they remain composed and together. The father finally retreats, threatening that he'll check them out during the night. If there's any screwing around, he'll...what?

The father sees himself threatening the children. Taking advantage of a competitor. Undercutting an associate. Crushing his wife. Betraying, jealous, cruel, hurting...

The scream and the shot wake up Tim and Carol. Curled on the couch in their clothes, they stumble to their feet. In the immediate silence they face their own dreams, then in accord of acceptance, run to the bedroom. Her mother is sobbing on the floor. Tim looks into the library, retches and comes back. Carol comforts her mother.

"Leave me alone. It's awful — I'm hateful."

"I went through it, too. All the spiteful things I've done. That's not all there is."

"You, what do you know? You...you **child**. Get out...get away from me. If that bastard had been any good, he would have done the job for me, too. Now get out...save yourself...oh, God."

Pushed away, they stumble out of the bedroom.

"Tim, can we go to your house?"

"Sure...I mean I think so." He goes to the phone, and on the third try gets through. People are shaken, but surviving. "Of course bring Carol." They quickly collect a few things. Carol looks in once more on her mother who again waves her away.

"Shouldn't we do something? Call the police?"

Sirens are beginning to rip the pre-dawn stillness.

"I bet they've got their hands full."

At the police station, the switchboard is lit. One cop is slumped over the desk, mumbling to himself, trying to stay awake, left over from the nightshift. Another is answering the phone.

"I'm sorry. Everybody is busy...who's left." He looks to the captain's office. Inside it the police captain is sprawled in his chair, dead by his own hand. "We're busy with abandoned babies and invalids. I'll write down your call, and...look, it's not my place, but get out of your house. Go find some other people who've survived. A church, neighbors...I don't know." He hangs up and the phone immediately begins ringing again. Ignoring it, he turns to the other cop.

"Come on, Frank. Either take some calls or get some sleep."

"Sleep? Are you crazy? I see what's happening. You know what I got to deal with? How many bribes? How much pushing around? I'm a dead man."

"Frank, this switchboard is going crazy. I'm not so clean myself, but right now we're needed. There are people dying out there, and the rest watching them die. Forget about yourself. Come on, Frank..."

But Frank is asleep.

In the television studio, the screen shows funeral pyres in India. "The best estimate is that a third of the world's population has committed suicide in the course of the past twenty-four hours. The enormity of what we had to face in ourselves was simply too much." The commentator turns to the camera. "For





myself and many others, what pulled us through was a sense of responsibility to something. For me, I guess, to all of you out there. For me it was a close thing. There's so much I'd denied...glossed over." He shakes his head out of his own personal vision. "For some who had denied less, struggled more, perhaps it was easier. Then there were the young and the genuinely innocent. For all of us, we find ourselves humbled, strengthened, surviving. But for what? If there was any question last night of an isolated event, it's clearly contradicted. I think we all know there is more, and can only wait..."

In the night, shapes drift in and out of consciousness. They solidify and walk down darkened streets. Graves open, caves empty. The dress of the beings is often bizarre, sketchy, non-existent. Their manner is unsure, but their presence is awesome.

In a mist-filled half-light, the night merges with day. The shapes remain, mingling with the more ordinary shapes of people coming out of their houses and huts. In small groups and chance gatherings around the planet, halting conversations begin. Christ is in Jerusalem, Buddha at the river, Socrates in Athens, Sojourner Truth in the fields. A million shamans and saints; those with courage who acted, and those who courageously accepted, join with those who have survived the present.

Through conversation of hands and tongues, the cycle is relived, processed and let go. What remains is what is and what is to be. Throughout the planet the understanding emerges.

To each there is a time...an essence to be expressed. The only purpose in the universe is the playing out of the themes implicit in our generation. Nothing is abandoned or lost. What is forgotten in one place is completed in another.

The time has come for a change — vast for the human race, small for the cosmos. There are other themes to be played out, old ones to be restated. On this small planet, there must be an interruption, a seeming contradiction, this hurried closing.

We are the one and the many. We are at rest, yet moving swiftly. We are here, yet we are everywhere. The condition of being mortal and immortal, finite and infinite has been our tragedy and our joy. Dream of our connectedness and take peace...

The planet Earth is strangely empty. Earth has been its name, arising out of a particular conception, complementary to a particular form of life. For now, it has no name: perhaps in time it will have another.

The sea and the air are teeming with life. Dolphins and whales move strongly, feeding and replenishing, once again unimpeded in their cycles. On the land, there are also animals. Some of them are still human, the loose ends of lives, left to be...

On a hillside, by an old farmhouse, settling slowly in the seasons, the animals who had been Tim and Carol lie receiving the sun. One walks off and relieves herself, and on returning they softly have sex.

"I always wondered what I would be, and now I am."

There was a weight on them to take responsibility. For it was their time. They experienced guilt when they failed and joy when their practice reached the edge of their awareness. And that was proper. For it was their time. □



It is perhaps coincidence that Gerri was supporting herself as a waitress and studying in Washington, DC, before she came to Twin Oaks — just as her protagonist in this novel. It is possibly coincidence that “Lee” and “Gerri” share similar histories. It can, however, be said with assurance that Gerri, as a long-time member of Twin Oaks, planner, mother and occasional author, knows whereof she speaks. Return with us then to yesteryear...



WALDEN WHO?

Exerpts from a novel of

Twin Oaks

by Gerri

In her junior year of college, in 1969, Lee reads B.F. Skinner's Walden II. Coincidentally, she comes across a magazine which lists communes. Lee discovers that Twin Oaks Community, with 20 members, in its 6th year, is attempting to realize some of Skinner's ideals of positive reinforcement, cooperation, non-violence, equality and self-sufficiency. With Twin Oaks located in nearby Virginia, she arranges a visit.

chapter 2

Lee looked across a large untidy field of tall grass towards the complex of buildings. They looked like tiny barns in the distance, and she wondered if she'd be spending the night between bales of hay. They turned onto the rutted driveway, leaving a great cloud of dust behind them, and pulled off the driveway to park. After she climbed out of the truck, she took in her first view of the community. The air was bright and dusty, like an overexposed, unfocused photograph, and through it she could see three buildings that formed a half-circle. One was a barn like two story building, another a large, low square building with an enormous roof and unpainted boards for siding, and the last was a white wooden farmhouse with an old-fashioned front porch. A somewhat unkempt lawn separated the buildings. Two large dogs were chasing each other while a smaller one leaped about yapping. There were people strolling and lounging, but they dressed more like the students she knew in Washington than like magazine people. They wore cut-off jeans and Indian print skirts, chambray workshirts or tattered sweatshirts and long hair, some with headbands.

Hank had moved beside her and touched her arm, startling her. He had her suitcase and sleeping bag under one arm; his smile was replaced by a quick look of concern. "Hey, sorry I scared you. You want to go see where you're staying? I'll show you around after we put your stuff away."

She smiled to hide her dismay at finding that Twin Oaks did not in the least resemble her conception of Walden Two. "Well," she thought, "nice place to visit, I guess," and followed Hank toward the two-story barn.

The barn turned out to be a newly constructed dormitory with small bedrooms off a hallway and a large empty room with long windows that let in the afternoon sunlight.

"This room is going to be the community living room," Hank explained, "but until we finish construction, we're letting visitors stay here." He pointed to an empty area of wooden floor space surrounded by crumpled sleeping bags and knapsacks, and explained apologetically, "We have a lot of visitors right now. Someday, we plan to have nicer space for visitors; we just have too many other things to get done first."

Lee picked up her suitcase and sleeping bag and covered an empty portion of floorspace with them. She carefully stepped over the piles on the floor and rejoined Hank at the door.

As they stepped back out into the bright dusty afternoon, a tall woman with long thin light brown hair and a narrow face bounded up to them. "Hank," she said breathlessly and urgently, "the pigs are out again."

"Oh, shit!" Hank turned toward Lee. "Listen, I can't show you around. You can walk around on you own if you want." He seemed anxious to run off.

"Uh, well, could I help?" Lee asked.

Hank looked a little surprised, but said, "Sure, come on," as he took off running after the long-legged woman. She already had a considerable lead that was increasing.

Lee looked down at her loafers for a second, trying to decide if she should take the time to change them, then muttered, "What the hell," and sprinted after them.

She ran over uneven, weedy ground and around a large old barn. Behind the barn, she could see Hank and the woman charging down a slope toward some bushes. They suddenly stopped at the botton, the woman pointed, and Hank turned, trotting away from her. Lee reached the bottom of the hill and ran toward the woman.

"What are we doing?" she asked breathlessly when she pulled up beside her.

"See this trench? They've managed to get into it down at



the other end," she waved toward Hank, "and we're going to surround them and close in on them . . . They're only babies," she added, when she saw Lee's doubtful look. "You can come back this way with me and stay on the low side to keep them from jumping out of the trench. Oh, who are you?"

"I'm Lee. I just got here."

The woman nodded and said, "I'm Barbara," then looked back toward Hank. As they approached the two squealing piglets, Barbara stopped, her body tensing slightly, and she crouched forward with her arms out. Hank also had crouched and was slowly stepping forward, driving the piglets closer. Lee squatted, staring hard at the frightened piglets to ready herself for any false moves.

When Hank and the piglets were about five feet from Barbara, she lunged, grabbing the pink piglet, who screamed and thrashed. The black and white piglet squealed and leaped straight towards Lee. She threw herself forward, grabbed the pig, and rolled onto her side, laughing. She hung on, unable to get up again as the pig squealed and wriggled and kicked in her arms.

Hank jumped out of the trench, took the piglet from her and cradled it like a baby, as Barbara had already done. They rubbed the piglets' stomachs, and the kicking and squealing stopped. Lee sat up, laughing. "That was more fun than I expected," she said as she caught her breath.

"You were a great help," Barbara said with friendliness, as Lee stood up and brushed off her dress. "Come on," she turned toward Hank, "let's get these pigs back in the pen. I already fixed the fence where they got out." She strode off, back toward the barn.

As Lee and Hank walked up the hill behind her, an airedale, a collie and a little black, hairy dog trotted up to them. Hank introduced them. "The collie is Yetti; the airedale is Gandalf, and the little black one is Stokely. He has a brother here named Huey," Hank looked around the pasture, "but it seems like Huey is off adventuring again."

"How do they come here?"

"Given to the community or as pets. The pet manager has to okay the additions to our managerie. We have seven dogs and six cats. It's funny, we've created a phrase here,

'Dog Issues.' That is, an issue that's not really of monumental importance, but manages to get everyone arguing and taking sides. It's named 'Dog Issues' because it seems to come up so often around the question of, 'Should we accept a new member's beloved pet?' and 'How many pets should we support here anyway?' And, boy, does the fur fly when that one comes up each time." Hank chuckled.

As they walked on, Hank pointed out the milking barn and pigpen, and the hayfields and pastures. After he deposited his charge into the pen, Hank told her the names and functions of the buildings she had seen. He explained that Twin Oaks named its buildings after other intentional communities. The two story dormitory was called Oneida. The rooms downstairs were already occupied by members, one or two to a room, and the big space was soon to be the community's living room. The second floor was still under construction, although the building had stopped over the winter when the community had run out of money to buy materials. The low building with the big roof was called Harmony and also had bedrooms in addition to the hammock shop which doubled as a living room, and storage for community tools. The farmhouse, Llano, was the center of the community, where they cooked, ate meals together and socialized in the evenings after work. It was the location of the one indoor bathroom, with tub and shower, the washing machine, and the typewriter and telephone.

At that point in Hank's explanation, Lee interrupted with, "One bathroom for twenty-five people?"

"Well, yeah," he said. "We're gonna build another one this fall; we just haven't had the money before now. There are two outhouses, and if you want to use the bathroom, take a shower or something, then you just have to expect to share it." He shrugged, then added, "Y'know, we've been brought up with crummy attitudes about our bodies and their natural functions — that we should be ashamed of them or embarrassed, or that we need to hide them to be sexy and provocative." At this, he mimed a provocatively wiggling walk. "And that's just a pile of shit, in my opinion. Yourbody is your body, and that's reason enough for you to appreciate it and consider it beautiful. After all, without it, you wouldn't look like much, would you?"

"Isn't it kind of hard to change, to get used to that? I think it'll be hard for me," Lee said, a little embarrassed.

"Well, I guess it is hard for some people, but that's okay. There's privacy in the outhouses. Don't worry about it."

They stopped talking for the rest of the walk to the courtyard. Hank whistled and absently played with a piece of hay. Lee concentrated on her internal dialogue, not really watching what she walked past. "This place is definitely not what I expected, and I'm feeling uncomfortable and anxious and out-of-place. I just don't know if I can stay here." She meditated on that thought for a while. "It would be embarrassing to just pick up and leave tonight . . . I wonder if there's a bus out?" Another inner voice challenged, "Come on, just what's bothering you so much you can't stand it, anyway?" "It's not clean or organized here. It's not Walden Two. I won't have any privacy and I'm a private person. And there's just one

bathroom." "Aha," her second voice crowed. "That's it — it's the bathroom!" "No, it's not just that. I feel out of place," she protested to herself. "This is their home. I don't feel like I can be a tourist, but I don't belong here . . . But Hank has been nice enough. I can't really tell how Barbara feels about me . . . They do seem to like it here." She chewed her lip as she examined her last thought. "I guess I can stick around for a few more days to see what Twin Oaks is like; it can't hurt. At worst, it'll be an interesting experience." She sighed and looked up.

They were approaching the back of the little freshly-painted clapboard farmhouse. Hank paused by the steps to say, "You probably didn't hear it, but the dinner bell went off while we were walking over. You want to eat? I can show you what you need to know in Llano, and then we can get dinner. Okay?"

Lee realized she was in fact quite hungry. "Oh, that's fine. I really appreciate how nice you've been," she added, "picking me up and taking care of me and all."

He shrugged. "It's part of living here. C'mon."

Her first impression of the inside of Llano was heat, the smell of food, and a lot of people. They had walked into the kitchen where about twenty people, plates in hands, were standing around a long counter helping themselves to food from pots and pans and to milk from glass jugs. She caught snatches of conversation. "What is it?" "Looks like the eggs committed a sloppy suicide." "Did Kenny burn the pudding again?" "Hey, no gossip. Is Leon home yet?" "Nope. Where are all the visitors?" "Well, one guy said he wanted real food, so they all loaded up into his van and went to town for pizza." A giggle. "Neat," said a woman sarcastically.

Lee turned to Hank, who handed her a plate from the stack next to him. "Am I the only visitor here for supper?"

"Looks that way," he replied. "In a way, that's nicer; it won't be as crowded in the dining room."

They drew up to the counter and looked into the various pots. Hank explained, "Our norm is 'when there's something that's good and there's not much of it, take a little at first, and come back for more after everyone's gotten firsts.'" He helped himself to a lot of macaroni, a little of the poached eggs floating in meaty tomato sauce, a boiled beet, and a spoonful of burnt pudding. Trying to take conservative portions, Lee served herself the same meal minus the pudding, and they carried their plates into the dining room, a room dominated by a long homemade wooden table, flanked by plain backless benches. In the corner, there were two file cabinets and a table with a telephone and typewriter. There were tall shelves of record albums against the walls — it seemed like hundreds of albums — and the smudged walls between the shelves and the windows were yellow. Brightly colored patchwork curtains were closed over the windows, cutting back on the late afternoon sunlight.

The table was already close to full when Hank and Lee slipped into their seats. Hank began an animated recounting of the catching of the pigs, exaggerating and embroidering until Lee hardly recognized the story, but he had most everyone giggling or laughing. Lee looked around the table at the faces as she ate her dinner. She

caught Barbara's eye and got a small smile of recognition. Next to Barbara was a stern-faced man with a neatly trimmed beard. He leaned towards Barbara frequently to share observations. Barbara seemed mostly unresponsive. Next to him was a cheerful woman who seemed younger than Lee; she had curly black hair, freckles and blue eyes ringed with dark lashes. She laughed easily, joking with anyone she turned her attention toward. "I like her," Lee thought. Lee looked to her left at two older women at the end of the table. One was full-faced and freckled and had bobbed, greying hair and an easy smile. The woman next to her had soft features except for her eyes. Her eyes were dark and restless. She seemed to be listening to several conversations, occasionally interjecting an opinion, occasionally laughing at someone else's wit. Lee wondered who she was. Lee turned to her right and found that she was being watched by a tall thin man with deep-set eyes and a droopy moustache and long, thin hair.

"I'm Taj. Who're you?" he drawled softly.

Embarrassed at being caught staring, Lee stumbled over, "Um, I'm, ah Lee; I just got here today."

"I thought so. Don't remember seeing you. Are you gonna join?"

"Do what?" she asked with surprise.

"Join. Live here. Become a member."

"I don't think so. It really hadn't occurred to me." She felt confused and dismayed.

"Hey, man, it's all right. Don't take it so seriously. So, what do you do, then?"

"Well, I live in D.C. I'm in school, and I just quit my job." She paused, "I'm pretty sick of it all."

"Yeah. I know what ya' mean. I really hated all that shit, too."

"What to you do here?" she asked, steering away from the feelings that thoughts of her life in Washington brought up in her.

"Oh, this and that. I just got off serious work. I worked in one of the flooring factories in Springfield." He shook his head, grinning. "It sucked. Fuckin' noisy, dirty rotten work. But I kissed ass and did manage to make a connection for the hammock business. Ya' see, this production manager turned me on to these wood scraps, and I talked him into given 'em away. It was a stoned groove," he said with satisfaction. "Now, I'm tryin' to get the hammock business really goin'. I'm callin' up stores and settin' up files and shit."

"Oh, that's great," she said reservedly.

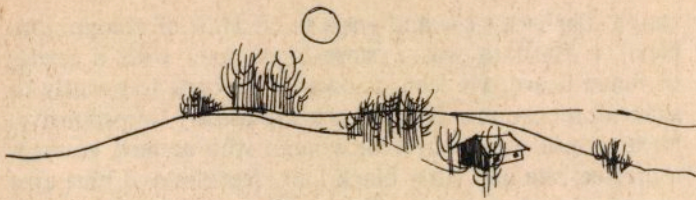
"Yeah, it really is," he smiled. He turned away from her. "Hey, man, pass the fuckin' salt this way."

Hank came up behind Lee, tapping her on the shoulder. "You finished eating? I'll show you where to put your dirty dishes."

"Oh. Yeah, thanks," she said, relieved to escape Taj. She stood up and stepped over the bench just as Taj turned toward her to continue their conversation.

"Hey, you goin' now? Well, see ya' later." His eyes traveled from her neck to her knees and back once, then he turned to his dinner.

Lee felt disturbed at the encounter, attracted and repelled, glad for the attention and resentful that Taj talked to her and looked at her with so much sexual



insinuation.

Scowling, she followed Hank back to the kitchen. He turned to her, smiling again, somewhat sympathetically. "Everything okay?" he inquired. When she smiled back and nodded, he said, "Okay. These cans are for our various types of refuse. Food scraps to pigs," he pointed to a can labelled, "SWINE — no coffee grounds, onion skins, or pearls." He continued, "Non-edible organic matter goes in the compost can, burnables in this can, and other trash in this can. We're getting interested in doing more recycling, but so far we haven't been able to find anyplace that'll take our glass and metal and paper. So for now, what we can't burn goes to the dump."

"Golly," said Lee. "I'm impressed. I've started getting into the ecology movement. The waste and consumerism in this country disgusts me. It's been real depressing; I haven't been able to see how I could live my life and get around that, without just taking off and being a hermit in the woods somewhere. Somehow, that doesn't appeal — it's just not my style, and I'd be lonely."

"Yeah," he agreed, "I tried that for a few months, sort of, before I came here. That's one thing I really appreciate about this place. We're trying to do it better. Sometimes it's hard to see past what we're doing right now, but it's all here, at least potentially. And there are a lot of people working together, cooperating, building a new society."

"You really like it here, Hank, don't you?"

He maintained his Hank-smile around a soft, thoughtful expression. "I love it here, Lee. This is the best way to live that I know of."

"Would you ever leave?"

"I don't think so. Maybe if Twin Oaks changed radically or something so much better came along, but I can't imagine anything better. Listen, let's go out on the porch where it's cooler." He guided her out of the kitchen, through the dining room, and out the front door of the farmhouse. They sat on the edge of the porch, legs dangling, and looked at the western sky, at the grey cumulus clouds rimmed with pink and gold.

Lee felt shy; she was not sure quite how to break the silence around them. Finally, Hank said, "Well, do you think you want to live here?"

Lee smiled. "That's the second time I've been asked that in the last half hour. Boy, the first time, it sure caught me off guard. Do you interrogate everyone about their intentions so quickly?"

"Was it Taj?" Hank inquired. Lee grinned and nodded.

Hank sighed and said wryly, "I don't think he asks everyone. Just a 'select' few — all women he's attracted to. I'm asking you, though, because I think you'd like it here."

"I don't know, Hank. It's a little too much to think about right now." She looked out over the darkening field. "It sure is quiet here."

"Yup."

The door opened behind them and Lee turned around. Barbara came out first, followed by the older woman that Lee had wondered about earlier. She was introduced as Ann, one of the 'founders' of Twin Oaks. Barbara looked at Hank. "Want to go for a walk?" Her voice sounded strained.

"Sure . . . Oh, Ann, this is Lee. I'm trying to talk her into joining," said Hank, leaping to his feet.

"Hello, Lee. It's nice to meet you." Ann looked down curiously at Lee, who was still sitting at the edge of the porch, and then at the retreating backs of Hank and Barbara. "Has Hank convinced you to live here?"

Lee stood up, giving her full attention. At hearing the question for a third time, she shook her head and smiled. Ann looked at her quizzically.

"I'm sorry. It's just that I've been asked that question so many times tonight, and . . . and, it never occurred to me, I mean, I guess I never expected . . ." She paused, discomfited.

Ann seemed slightly vexed. "Don't concern yourself about it."

"Evening, Ladies," interrupted Taj, joining them on the porch. "Nice evening, ain't it? Not interrupting anything, am I?"

"No, no, Taj. We were just getting acquainted, but I really must get some work done before I go to bed. Good night." Ann smiled impersonally at Lee and a little more warmly at Taj and walked off toward Harmony.

Lee felt Taj closing in on her, so she smiled brightly and quickly said "Goodnight, Taj; I really must get some sleep." She leaped off the porch, hearing his nettled, "At 8:30?" "I need to write in my journal," she called over her shoulder as she loped over the lawn to Oneida.

She had settled herself in her sleeping bag, examined the days' events and fallen asleep before the rest of the visitors returned from their culinary foray.

She awoke early the next morning, as sunlight streamed in the long, plastic covered windows. Sleepily raising herself up on her elbows, she looked around and saw bodies in sleeping bags like enormous cocoons littering the floor, and clothes scattered here and there. She slipped out of her sleeping bag as quietly as she could, and still wearing the long T shirt she used as a nightgown, she ran to the outhouse, clutching a pair of jeans and a cotton shirt. Dressed, she went to the bathroom to wash up, grateful that it was unoccupied, and then went into the kitchen. Barbara was standing at the stove, cooking a large frying pan of scrambled eggs.

"Hi, Barbara," said Lee tentatively.

Barbara turned and smiled warmly at her. "Hi, want some breakfast? I'm almost done cooking; we can eat together. You're up early."

"It's become a habit because of school," explained Lee. "Where is everyone else?"

Barbara served them both some eggs, put the rest in a bowl and ushered Lee into the dining room, explaining, "I'm cooking Second Breakfast. A whole bunch of people left an hour and a half ago for Outside Work. I made breakfast for them too, and then herded cows."

"Whew, that's a lot to do before eight o'clock."

"That's the way I like my schedule — lots of morning work and free afternoons. It's easy credits."

"Easy credits?" Lee asked, aware that people were drifting into the dining room with breakfast.

"Don't you know about the labor credit system?" Barbara asked, surprised. It's sort of like in *Walden Two*. All the hours of work needed to be done are divided up so each member is responsible for an approximately equal share. We try to make it so people can do work they want to do and get pleasure from doing. One nice thing is that we don't pretend that housecleaning and cooking aren't work. It's as much work as making money, building buildings, or milking cows. And at Twin Oaks, men aren't ashamed of doing traditionally women's work, and women are free to sign up for whatever work they're most interested in. I do a lot of work with the animals and farming." She sounded proud, and Lee thought she sounded a little like a Chamber of Commerce film.

"Speaking of that," Barbara continued, "Would you like to help me take the beef cows to a different pasture? It'll take about half an hour."

"Sure," said Lee, "I'd be glad to. I think I'll feel more comfortable helping with some of the work."

"Why're you here?" Lee asked as they trudged across a large meadow of tall grass and yellow flowers.

"I guess because at Twin Oaks, I can come closer to living by my values, what I believe in, than I could anywhere else. I've always been freaked out by violence, and here it just doesn't exist. It's against our rules. I'm shy and pretty much of a loner; I don't like to compete. I want to be competent and get skills that women can't get on the Outside. Here I can, and not be hassled by chauvinist pigs." She looked at Lee. "There's a lot here for me."

"Do you think you'd ever leave?"

"I don't know. Maybe someday. Also, I'm pretty close with Hank. I mean, we're not monogamous or anything, but he's real important to me." Her voice trailed off and Lee refrained from asking any more personal questions, afraid of offending or embarrassing Barbara.

After they moved the cows, Lee walked off by herself, up a wooded hill to another pasture scattered with large, sharply faceted white rocks. Sitting by one, she looked down the hill and ran back through her mind the conversations she had had with people about living at Twin Oaks. She gazed at a rock, trancelike, listening for any inner voices that might have wisdom to offer her. Nothing. Finally, she shrugged, got up, and went back to the courtyard.

As she came around the side of Llano, she heard music from the Band's "Big Pink" album. Their music felt right for being on a country commune. She walked around the front of Llano, smiling and humming. A vanload of people was roaring off down the driveway, raising dust and scattering stones. The younger woman that Lee had noticed the previous evening was watching the van drive off. She was running her fingers through her black curls; her impish face was set with a look of annoyance.

"Folks going to town?" Lee asked.

"No. It's a group of asshole visitors who 'aren't terribly impressed,'" she mimicked a cultured accent, "so they're

going back to New Yawk City for some culchuh." Her eyes flashed anger. Lee tried not to laugh at the younger woman's ire, and she said, "They couldn't appreciate all that Twin Oaks had accomplished? It's not good enough for them?"

The fire died down and the young woman looked rueful. "I guess it hurts my feelings when people aren't impressed by us. It's silly. I'm Bren. You just got here, didn't you?"

"Yeah. I'm Lee."

"Well, come on, Lee. Let's get lunch and sit under an apple tree and talk. I'm starved!" Bren whirled around and raced into the farmhouse.

"So, you're from D.C. and confused and idealistic," Bren said around mouthfuls of food.

Surprised, Lee asked, "How did you know?"

"I heard Hank telling Ann. Maybe I shouldn't repeat it, but it's not gossip. He thinks you'd be a good member. Barb likes you too, now that she knows you're not after Hank."

"That's not gossip?" Lee inquired drily.

Bren grinned. "Well, maybe a little it is. We try not to gossip or bitch. We think that doing those things hurts morale and keeps us from feeling like a community. How old are you?"

"Nineteen. Almost twenty."

"I'm fifteen. Almost sixteen."

Lee raised her eyebrows in surprise.

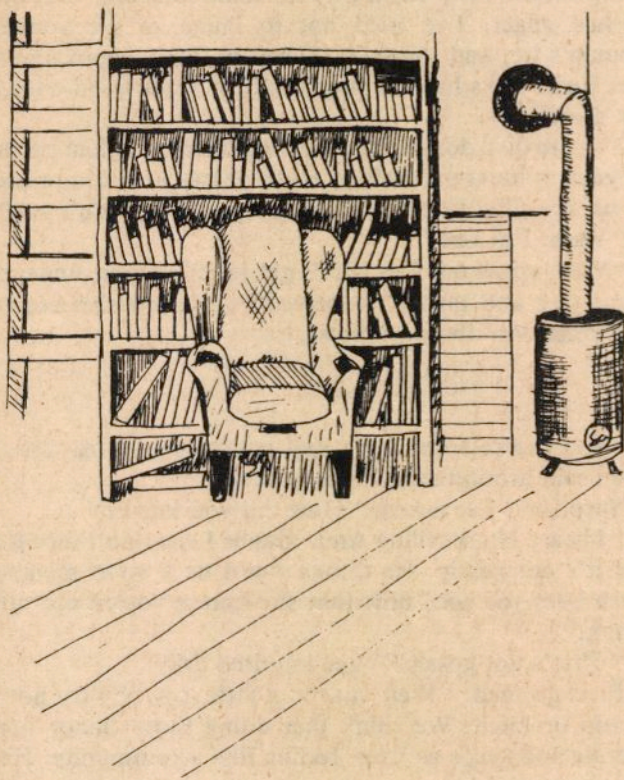
"Well, I came here with my mom, Edith. We've been here since the beginning. I guess we're pretty good friends. She doesn't hassle me much. A lot of other people get on my case a whole lot about my temper and shit like that, oh, I mean stuff like that. I'm on a behavior mod program to stop swearing. It was my idea. Don't you think we ought to express ourselves properly instead of in slang?" She looked questioningly at Lee.

"I suppose," Lee agreed with confusion. "What about school?"

"Oh, I have classes here. It's great that way. Y'know, I'd never make it in the local schools. Oh, not cause of grades; I've always gotten good grades, but y'know a 'hippie from the commune.' It'd be like I carried the plague or something. So I take French lessons and English lit from Ann; Scott's tutoring me in math — he was going to be a chemist or an accountant or something before he started realizing how much bullshit it all was. It's been neat; whenever I've been interested in a subject, there's been someone around who'd help me. And everyone brings all their old college textbooks and puts them in the library."

Bren chattered on, occasionally interrupting the flow to ask Lee a rhetorical question. Lee learned that Bren had a crush on Kenny, who was only two years older than she, and that Taj was indeed a Lothario. "Wait 'til Taj pulls out his guitar to impress you," giggled Bren.

Suddenly, Bren jumped up and exclaimed, "Oh, my God! I'm late for a kitchen shift! See ya'," and she ran back into Llano carrying their plates. Lee smiled after her, chuckling a little.



Five days passed quickly for Lee. She worked once more with Barbara, who was quiet and inwardly focused, except when they discussed the work they were doing. Lee wondered if Barbara was angry with her, but couldn't think of any reason why she should be. Through work, she met Chuck, Klein and Dana.

Lee spent her free time walking, writing, being with Bren who was yearning after Kenny and chatting with Hank and Edith, Bren's mother. She was stimulated by her talks with Edith, who seemed to have a large reserve of wit, warmth and commitment to her ideals.

Lee shyly approached Edith one afternoon. "I'm making some tea. Would you like some?"

"I'd love some, Lee. Shall we have it on the front porch? It's such a lovely afternoon."

"Sure."

Swinging her legs over the side of the porch, Edith said, "Well, Lee, you've been here for several days. Have you given any thought to joining?"

Lee smiled over her cup. "I was surprised the first three times I was asked that question, because it seemed like such an unlikely idea to me. Now I'm surprised that I keep asking myself the question, as if maybe I thought I'd answer 'yes.' The only problem . . ." She frowned.

"What, dear?"

"My parents."

"They'd be unhappy with your decision," Edith said sympathetically.

"Yeah. They're great. They've never been punishing or restrictive parents. Always encouraged me to make my own decisions. And I know they've worried about how unhappy I've been the last couple of years and they want things to work out better for me. I just think they'd have trouble understanding this."

Edith shook her head. "I know. My mother still writes me letters saying, 'Why don't you stop this craziness and raise that lovely daughter of yours like normal mothers do?'"

Surprised, Lee asked, "Your mother does that?"

Edith smiled. "We're still our parents' children, Lee. It doesn't matter to them how old we get. I suppose what's been important to me is that I came to terms with my life — my choices and actions — being mine, coming from what I believe in rather than from what the society says I 'ought' to do or from rebellion against my parents."

"What's it like being a mother here?"

"Interesting, to say the least. Bren has always been energetic, intelligent and independent, and I've tried never to put up barriers to the development of any of those qualities. When we first joined the group, she was still a child. I'd been divorced for three years, and her father had very little to do with us except for having her visit for a week during the summer and at Christmas." Edith gazed across the field, focusing on the distant woods. "It was a struggle during those years, raising a daughter — we didn't get any child support from him — being a computer programmer, and keeping the household together. I didn't regret for a minute leaving him, but I certainly found the alternative of being a working mother lacking in fulfillment. There were no like-minded people for me where I worked or where I lived, and I was concerned about the effect of the society's values on my impressionable young daughter. I didn't want her to lose her independence of thought so she could be a cheerleader. To tell the truth, Lee, it was lonely, not having a sense of group, a feeling of belonging. I saw Ann's ad in the paper, and I decided to give it a try. And the group I met impressed me so. They accepted me and Bren and didn't judge me on the basis of my marital status or my age. They had ideals they wanted to live by, but they weren't extremists. And they had warmth and were going to build a family with it." Edith looked back at Lee with a glowing contentment. "I had to be part of it and see my daughter through her stormy adolescence with the support of those people."

"Has it been a stormy adolescence?"

"No, not really. It's true that she has started exploring her sexuality younger than I would have hoped, but he's a nice enough young man. It certainly helps to be able to keep a close eye on what's going on with her, since her whole life is centered here right now. She's struggling with who she is and what she wants in her life, but the people we're living with don't make it harder than it already is. She knows she's loved and accepted by adults, and that she can explore ideas without being punished. I think she'll turn out just fine."

Lee traced a pattern on the dusty porch floor, and said reflectively, "I've never been in a situation where I could think about raising children and growing old someplace."

At least once a day, Lee took a solitary walk. On her walks, she began to pay more attention to the details of the countryside. In the woods near the river, she bent to examine large curling ferns and rotting tree stumps that

chapter 4

looked like miniature fantasy cities with towers and caverns and great walls draped with spider web banners. When she climbed the hill behind the courtyard, she found gay white daisies and golden-orange Black-eyed Susans, sprinkled in clumps across the pastures. Her favorite walks were through the forest on the ridge early in the morning or as the sun was setting. The oak and poplar trees were well spaced, and there was little undergrowth on the forest floor. Broad golden shafts of sunlight shone through the young, bright green leaves, and she felt like she had entered a very special room, perhaps a Great Hall with tapestried walls, where knights and ladies would soon gather in the spring silence.

Lee discovered that the buildings were not as dirty as she had first perceived them to be, at least cleaning was assigned and done to some degree three times a week. She still shied away from sharing occupied bathrooms, but she found that she could manage to find privacy with a little effort. She wished she could move into a room instead of sharing the future living room floor with the ever-changing group of visitors, but she accepted that, as a visitor, she really could not expect much better than what she had. More of the members seemed to recognize her and to extend little signs of friendship, and she found that she did not need to avoid Taj, because as she and Bren had observed, he had discovered a new visitor, a blond tanned California-type woman, "Beautiful in that modern traditional kind of way," as Bren put it, named Jonquil. In spite of herself, Lee felt pique at the loss of Taj's attention, but she easily shook the feeling when Bren sidled around her, mimeing him.

Her last day came upon her more quickly than she expected.

"Hi, Lee. How're you doin'?" Hank smiled at her.

"Okay. You know, I'm leaving tomorrow."

"Oh, yeah? Well, I'm glad you came here for a visit. Hope you come back again sometime. Someone driving you to the bus?"

"Yeah. Bren and her mom, I mean Edith, are taking me. Thanks again for everything."

"Yeah, sure." He ducked his head, then turned and walked out of the room.

She went outside and started walking, soon finding herself heading toward the forest. Reaching it, she sank down and stared, her mind open. She began to recognize through the mists the decision, granite-hard, in her head. "Looks like I'm gonna come live here," she said quietly to herself with wonder. She shook her head, said it again and sighed. A burden lifted and she felt happy and excited. She looked around at the hilly pasture, the woods and the sky. "This is going to be my home."

After a few months of working it out with her parents, and closing out her life in Washington, Lee returns to Twin Oaks to live — via a ride with Jerry, a graduate student considering a move.

The reception is warm. Jerry had corresponded with Ann on theoretical questions and they go off to get him settled in the visitor space, trailed by Bren, who is obviously attracted to him. Lee remains standing with Hank.

"So much for her relationship with Kenny," remarked Hank, and then was silent.

"What's been going on? Lee asked, her mind wandering from the scene she'd watched to the squeaking swing, the chirruping tree frogs and flashing fireflies in the summer twilight before Hank began speaking.

"Ann's real worried about membership these days. We've been losing a lot of people because of Outside Work. Doing it is such a drag for most people, they just burn out and leave. And so many of the people who come through interested in joining are . . . well, they're not the most desirable possibilities."

"How so?"

"Lots of drifters, dopers, and commune-hoppers, not really ready to make a commitment or accept responsibility. Basically, people who are more of a drain than anything. You just missed three of them — two thoroughly wasted hippies and a sorcerer. They were here as members for three weeks. Vishnu and Rada at least took care of their own food — they only ate wheat sprouts — even if they never did get around to working. But Myrrdin, now there was a tripped-out dude. He worked, all right, but he created his own jobs, according to an 'inner voice' as he said. For one week, he carried rocks from the pasture and piled them around trees. That seemed odd, but not awful.

Then, he decided that the corn crib was haunted or something, and he was making plans to cleanse it of the evil spirits, and rumor had it that fire might be part of the process. The whole damn courtyard could've gone up if he'd messed around with fire in that dried out old shed. So, the planners got together and Ann said she'd take care of it. She told him he absolutely couldn't do any damage to the shed, and he got furious, cast a spell on Ann and on Twin Oaks and left that afternoon with Vishnu and Rada trailing after."

"A spell?"

Hank shrugged. "We'll see. If the frog and locust populations increase . . ."

She giggled.

"What've you got here that needs to go to your room?" he asked, peering into the car.

"Just this bag. I sent two boxes in the mail. I travel light. Actually, I don't own very much."

"Yeah. Most people who join don't. Although, Jerry looks like he might be an exception. Is he really interested in living here?"

Lee shrugged.

"Well," said Hank, "Come on. Let's get you settled in. You're going to be Jonquil's roommate in downstairs Oneida for now.

"Jonquil? You mean long blond hair, California-tan Jonquil?" He nodded. "Oh," she pursed her lips, "Uh, are she and Taj, well, are they, uh, being together?"

Hank grinned at her. "They're lovers, yeah. Is that a problem?"

"Oh, no. Just curious. Well, what's new around here, anyway?"

Hank's face lit up. "We had a new calf. Barb and I were up all night just in case there were problems, but it went

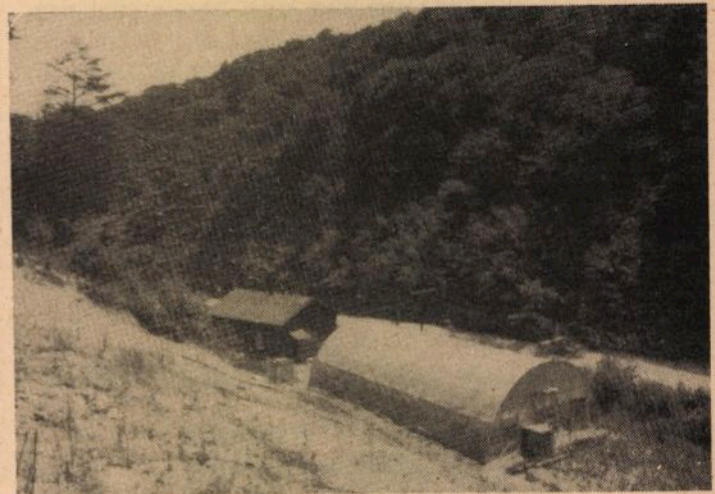
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Organizing

I HAVE BEEN TO BARWICK

by Jack McLanahan



As I turned off hardtop 28 to go down a steep dirt muddied road toward Barwick, I could not help saying, "Jeez-us Christ! Can any place be like this?" Down, down the colors of paint. Past a concrete block building that must be the community center of which I had heard. Then to my left the greenhouse which assured me that I was on the road to Barwick, for this greenhouse is the latest and centerpiece of the Barwick Community Garden Co-op — 4 years of progress. Further along, a building whose windows were out, with an irregular "hemline" along its foundations. A mobile home, and then a house where Tim told me that Nancy Cole lives. I could not drive in thru the mud but waded a few steps, keeping safely away from several dogs chained in the yard. Alerted by the dogs, a person came onto the porch and, as she recognized me, gave that big friendly smile that is a hallmark of Nancy Cole. There was a warm hug of recognition. I had long talked about coming to Barwick to visit — and here I was!

Nancy was eager to show me the "Barwick Community." As we drove down the rutted muddy road,

slithering along the narrow roadbed, I again kept saying to myself, "Jeez-us Christ! I can't believe it! "Yes, over here is one of the kinds of cabins that people lived in until we helped them get started building better homes." These better homes are, indeed, modest, but so many steps ahead of what they had been originally. This is no top-down, outside-financed, pre-planned community. The people have done it the hard way, done it themselves. No government help. No Farm Home Administration assistance. The family would borrow a small amount from the bank, purchase materials and begin. Little by little, paying off the loan and purchasing as they could to finish the house. As we drove along, Nancy would point to the houses: "This is the first. This one is just now being built. That one will be finished in a few months. Be careful now, we won't be able to go any further. Once, long ago, the road continued and one could ford a stream and get to another road and down into a 'holler' with perhaps a dozen more houses before we ran into a dead end." Again, new houses, or houses in various stages of construction, along with some of the original cabins. Altogether, Nancy says, about 114 families. All living on welfare, social security and food stamps. Aged, handicapped, or for one reason or another unable to work in any full-time capa-

Jack McLanahan is a coop leader, organizer and educator, and staff at Mountain Management Institute in Kentucky.

city. "Yes, one person here does work in a garage, but that is unusual."

At times I thought I'd come over the mountains and dropped into Shangri-La, not in the sense of a beautiful lost colony, but in the sense of a world that hardly seems as if it "belongs" to the rest of it.

"Yes, the streams flood quite regularly. Oh yes, just recently, this year, the water was over the road we're traveling on." Mud, Mud! And, of course, at this time of year, no foliage to brighten the landscape. Dreary, dismal — except for the brightness of Nancy's comments on what had been done and her hopes for the future. A real sense of community is the sun that lights up this part of the mountains. We stopped in at the community center. Half a dozen people had gathered for a Bible Study evening. The center was much more inviting from the inside. Pews for church affairs. Tables for community suppers. About once a month people get together when the roads are open — some 150, maybe, will join in a potluck supper and evening together.

Barwick Community Garden Co-op is incorporated with officers and owns the community center, the greenhouse, the old building that I referred to earlier on which they have taken a lease. It will be turned into offices and a library. Books are already stacked in boxes and boxes at the present community center, waiting for the library to be finished. It has no windows right now. Also needs to be wired and renovated. What hopes amid the surrounding gloom! What bright and joyful persons for the Bible class, greeting me warmly, in good spirits. One with a guitar ready to lead in music. Mr. Weaver, leader for the Bible Study, is a Mennonite minister who lives up near the blacktop.

"No, these roads aren't plowed out in the winter. We just have to wait until the snow melts away — and hope it does before we starve. Some of the people have cars — but not the older folks. They have to depend on neighbors for transportation. We go into Hazard most frequently to shop — about a 30-mile round trip. Or Jackson, which is perhaps 80 miles round trip. Hazard and Jackson are the nearest hospital towns. Not much of any medical service anywhere else. "A primary bus begins rounding up kids at 5:30 AM and takes them to a secondary bus that can't come down here. They go 40 miles to Jackson to school and don't get back until after 5 in the evening."

"People really help each other around here. When my son was killed recently, I was worried about having enough food without traveling out. But people kept bringing food and bringing it — the house was just never empty. They couldn't do enough to show their feelings about what had happened in our family."

As we drove up toward Nancy's house, it seemed quite a bit higher than some others I'd seen and I said, "Did the water this year get up here to your house?" "Yes. Already this year once it's been up to the door. One time it was over the doors. And two years ago! — see that small window at the top of the house, over the porch? — I crawled out of there to get into a boat, the water was so high!"

As I drove back up out of this series of hollows on another mud road to reach 28, I kept saying again, "Jeez-us Christ!" — in the best sense of the word — I couldn't believe what I had seen. □

Barwick Community Garden Cooperative Inc.



Our Own STORY

Barwick is a former coal camp, abandoned by the mining company in the early 1940's. As in much of Appalachia, some folks were forced to leave the community to find jobs in large cities, some remained to do what they could at home. However, in 1970, Barwick began growing as people returned from the cities and settled down on small pieces of land they had always loved and had bought. In short, we are a community of 590 people (123 families) who are living where we feel at home and want to remain.

BARWICK COOPERATIVE FORMED

We began to feel that serving others should be our aim. We are not just out for ourselves; we are for working together for the betterment of all people. We learned about cooperatives and how they have been an important organized force in helping people to help themselves. So, to insure that we help as many people as possible while running a fair and efficient business, we decided to organize a co-op.

In 1976, boundaries were set to designate the areas allowed in the co-op, to prevent the group from spreading itself too thin. A \$2.00 membership fee was charged to pay some of the expenses. We elected a board of directors which

meets every month to decide our goals and policies.

The entire community meets quarterly to discuss issues which require everyone's involvement. We also get together for work to do the big chores cooperatively. One person from each family is expected to attend. With many of the activities, we have pot-luck suppers.

WHERE WE ARE TODAY

In 1979, we received a grant from the Methodist Church to build a greenhouse. Since its completion, we have not only supplied all of the co-op members with requested plants, but have sold garden and ornamental plants to the surrounding area for added income.

We have also branched out to meet other needs in Barwick, among those in housing. Through a cooperative effort, a trusting banker and a building supply dealer, we were able to work on the second most pressing need in the community — shelter.

We have helped one another pull together enough resources to build over 30 new homes. We received loans from the local bank, so we're doing this without any government assistance. The labor was all done by the people of Barwick.

Through all this, we've received decent, livable homes that we can take pride in. Also, many have gained skills in building.

THE FUTURE

We have many dreams that we are striving to make real. Now there is hope in Barwick where there once was desperation. We have struggled and overcome many of our problems. We are eager to go further:

- buy a local farm to raise more crops, to feed ourselves and to sell. On the land that is too steep to farm, we will build houses.

- be more involved in the marketing of our produce and plants

- buy a van to transport our goods to market, and for transportation for those without vehicles

- establish a library in the old one-room schoolhouse

Nancy Cole says, "I never gave up," and that's the way we all feel.

We can do for ourselves, and as we reach our present goals, we hope to go beyond to meet other needs.





WASHINGTON Community Futures

by Norman Davis

The original idea of Washington Community Futures was not the promotion of any one particular consumer "service" such as housing, food, etc., but rather a vague sense of "community." There were hundreds of households and organizations doing similar modes of social action in the community, from living communally to working and/or buying in coops, and other activity to promote local community self determination, all of us with similar lifestyles outside the conventional stream of American life (even if we were working at more conventional jobs); and we shared similar principles, many of us coming from the period of social activism in the late '60's.

The original interest was to build some better support system or network among one another. I emphasize how much of a gut feeling this was: I wanted personal support from a community of shared values. It was a personal feeling that prompted the start of the network — a feeling of alienation and a sense of a need for community — not a political principle or any cerebral ideal.

The two years of activity of WCF represent a lot of energy on the parts of many people: Six months preparation and negotiation on the fuel coop; one year of preparation on the food buying system including two weeks with the Broadway Local Food Coop in New York City; more than one year of work on the non-equity coop housing project; continuous work on the year and a half of bi-monthly newsletters, and on the housing hotline.

Each project seems to follow a similar pattern of community involvement. We would start with one group of interested people and begin to develop ideas. Over time, even as the project developed, the people in the group would change. New people would add new ideas, and the project (all projects) would continue to "evolve." As the people changed and new people and ideas came into the project, we would continue to build on the preceding ideas and add new ideas. It was an interesting process to watch; the project developing beyond any one person or set of people, outlasting the originators. This happened to varying degrees in every project.

Also, in each project I must emphasize how important was the contact with other people in other places doing similar projects, through the networks of the Consumer Cooperative Alliance (CCA) and NASCO. Each network offered different support: NASCO provided excellent technical assistance in the formation of the housing project, and an article in COOP magazine helped us to develop the fuel coop step by step. CCA provided access to other cooperators throughout the country, direct access through the annual Institutes, and on an on-going basis as we passed through one another's communities. I learned a lot



about the food buying systems in a two week visit to the Broadway Local Food Coop in New York City, and in talking to friends in Austin about their food buying system.

At the same time, for all of the changing people, it was always a handful of people who put in the administrative work to carry through on the ideas. About five folks in the "gestation" period of the fuel coop (and class- and race-wise, the most diverse group of any of the coop projects that I worked on); the same number for the housing proposal; and, as a matter of fact, the same for the food buying system and even the original Wholesome Households Group Living Network which preceded WCF.

However, in spite of all of the work, today WCF as a multi-project community network only exists in form of the attached written materials and legal documents. Why? What happened?

- a. WCF was just at the two-year watermark of full-fledged activity. The activities were becoming full-fledged and it was obviously the time to address some longer-term questions about organization and staffing, finances, role in the community, outreach.
- b. Most people with coop experience talk about two to five years' time to establish a coop. I think this initial period must include the consistent work of a person or a few people who put their lives into the project — idealism, technical skills, enormous amounts of personal time, personal risk, and even some money in addition to what the community funds for the project. I suspect that this early

period in the life of most coops is in fact characterized by the full energies of one or several people who provide the leadership in the hard times of founding the coop.

In the case of WCF, I was the primary motivating force in the multi-project coop. However, I became involved in other coop activities (the CCA Institute '80 at Howard U.). Equally important were my plans to move from Washington later in the year. So, I was not going to be around for the long haul of the next several years to continue to develop WCF. Although numerous individuals had interest in the specific projects no one had a grasp of the multi project concept that WCF had become.

c. Even I had little grasp of what I was searching for in "coops as community." That is because as yet "coops as community" do not exist in this country.

But I knew that I was looking to build something more than a network of coop consumer and producer goods and services. As much as I was unable to express this idealism, I still managed to shape WCF into my own image. This is a bit of self criticism, but I do not say that the result was particularly good or bad. It was just the fact of the matter and I think a natural trend (to varying degrees) in the development of any new organization or institution. What I do criticize myself for is that if I was going to stick to my broad vision of community I should have at least been more conscious to insure that there was diverse participation and strong and stable leadership within each coop project. I did not share enough information and I assumed too much administrative responsibility because no one else seemed to want to do it. I did the work that perhaps other people felt unsure about, and thus I short circuited more participation in the project.

d. Washington, D.C. is a hard city to organize in. In spite of a large network of activists there are drawbacks: the transience of many Washingtonians, the pace of the work in Washington, both uniquely affected by the presence of the federal government and related activities, and limiting people's activity in the community.

Perhaps some of the individual projects will be followed up on by interested people. (There is still interest among a number of people, including myself, to pursue the development of the non-equity housing project in the form of purchasing our first coop house.)

I still believe in the idea of the coop network being something more than a network of coop consumer and producer goods and services. The range and substance of "cooperative activities" from credit unions and

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THE NEED FOR COMMUNITY, NON-EQUITY COOPERATIVE HOUSING

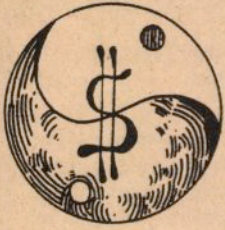
In the Washington area low and moderate income people face a severe housing crisis. Rapidly rising property values combined with a chronic shortage of available units has in many cases made adequate, affordable, permanent housing unavailable for this wide range of people. Lacking the money to buy houses or apartments people are often forced into poorly maintained yet expensive rental properties or are uprooted as their buildings are sold to developers.

The expensive, precarious position in which low and moderate income people find themselves creates obvious economic burdens, but perhaps equally tragic, it frustrates the development of community. In Washington a non-affluent individual or family usually does not know where they are going to be living six months hence. This is not by voluntary design, but because their rent is likely to be raised out of reach, or their building may be one of the many converted to condominiums, or if they are living in a house it may be sold, rehabed and resold to a more affluent family. Because there is so little permanence and security, because neighborhoods are in such constant flux, community ties have no chance to develop and a real sense of living and working together is unattainable.

The Washington Community Futures Cooperative Association has been formed to help solve some of these problems. We believe that a network of non-equity, community housing cooperatives will, with time, have a significant beneficial impact on both the high cost and lack of community so characteristic of housing in Washington today; and furthermore, we propose to start the development of this network by purchasing and operating on a non-equity, cooperative basis a single family type house in which our initial members will reside.

A non-equity cooperative helps reduce and stabilize costs in two specific ways. First, because equity is held by the cooperative association as a whole, memberships can change hands for a nominal amount, perhaps equal to one month's carrying charges. This is possible because the incoming member does not have to "buy out" the equity interest of the outgoing member; no member has such an interest; it is all held by the cooperative. Thus, in exchange for a small membership fee, the co-op member can receive the security of ownership, and as a result, something that would take a downpayment of many thousands of dollars in today's real estate market is made accessible to low income residents. Second, the monthly carrying charges on the co-op's property are much more stable than rents in investor owned apartment buildings or houses. The monthly costs in a non-equity cooperative rise only if the real maintenance and utility costs rise, they are not subject to arbitrary increases. Similarly, a non-equity cooperative is property that has been, in effect, permanently removed from the real estate market; it will not be resold every few years. At this point the cost of the housing will fall to extremely low levels compared to market rental units.

A housing cooperative, particularly one of the non-equity variety, will also help build meaningful community, for by its very nature a cooperative is a group of people working together on a basis of equality to achieve goals that are common to everyone. Indeed, it is a place of share responsibility, work and aspiration; it is something in which to take pride, something to nurture, build and refine. Also in a non-equity co-op the group as a whole, the community, are involved.



Work

THE BAY AREA COLLECTIVES

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Bay Area Directory of COLLECTIVES

LISTINGS, MAP and ARTICLES

WORKER CONTROLLED - AUTONOMOUS
NON-EXPLOITATIVE - DIRECTLY DEMOCRATIC

Over the years, *Communities* has faithfully documented the struggles of a new wave of collective businesses to survive and flourish. Getting collectives to write about themselves is like pulling teeth — *it's no fun doing it yourself, and you're probably not going to be too pleased with whoever does it for you.* Still, periodically we find a curious, knowledgeable and coherent point of view. Through local participants we've looked at Minneapolis in '76, Austin in '77, New Haven in '78, Mondragon in '79, the Southeast in '80 — and now in 1981, we finally take a look at the grandest collection of collectives in the USA —

folks, let's have a hand for that hotbed of experimentation — San Francisco Bay.

The first part is from an excellent, recent publication, *The Bay Area Directory of Collectives*. The full Directory with maps, articles and cross referencing is a bargain at \$2. (\$1.25 each for ten or more) from **Bay Area Directory of Collectives, PO Box 5446, Berkeley, CA 94705**. Throwing in an extra quarter for postage wouldn't hurt, either.

The second part is a concerned journalist's perspective by Michael Kepp, recently of the Center for Investigative Reporting in Oakland.

INTRODUCTION

This guide to the Bay Area collectives is meant for use by both collectivists and by the larger community. By publishing the existence and locations of over 130 collectives, we hope to facilitate accessibility and communication. We believe that communication and the struggle against all separation are absolutely necessary in the formation of community.

Collectives offer a viable liberation from the prevalent boss-employee form of job organization. On a day-to-day basis collectives can provide us with direct control over our own work processes. This self-management promotes creative self-expression, a feeling of integrity for what we produce, and a sense of cooperation, sharing and community, both among members and with society.

Taxi Unlimited

Taxi Unlimited began in 1961 as a private company. By 1965 it had become a community-owned cooperative, managed by the workers. We took a conspicuous part in the political, cultural, and artistic scene of the late 60's in Berkeley: giving free rides to hitchhikers, rushing bad-trippers to the Free Clinic, working with the elderly, the Center for Independent Living, and other community groups to provide low-cost transportation to those who needed it, adding to the visual resistance with our outrageously painted cabs.

We were accused of rounding up people and bringing them to the riots free. It is true that our activity and visibility (if not our income) increased during civil disorder. While the commercial taxi companies pulled their cabs out of the "danger zone," we weaved between and through demonstrations and clouds of tear gas, exchanging greetings and encouragement with our usual clientele, exchanging opinions with the police. (We have generally maintained a working, sometimes even cordial, relationship with the police.)

During the People's Park struggle of 1969, the police would not allow ambulances into the area where people were getting beaten and shot; our cabs were outfitted with red crosses and Free Clinic workers prepared to cross the lines and bring out the civilian victims of the violence. The



next day, our insurance company decided they didn't want to do business with the likes of us, and cancelled our policy outright. Taxi Unlimited was out of business for five weeks. By the time we scrounged up another policy, both our money and the momentum of our business were depleted. Drivers worked for \$.50/hour until the collective regained strength and the policy of dividing the collective income could be resumed.

The Women's Movement found expression at Taxi Unlimited in a long and often bitter internal struggle during 1970-71. A policy was eventually adopted whereby every open shift would be filled by a woman until women were driving half of the shifts; any shift once filled by a woman became a women's shift, and unavailable to men. The policy of quotas gradually matured into the practice of nondiscrimination. That practice is now integral. Taxi Unlimited has always had a policy of racial and cultural nondiscrimination.

The mid-70's hit us with a staggering series of problems. The insurance company we had hurriedly found disappeared one night with the year's premiums. We were left with liability for a recent accident at the very time we had to shut down operations and start looking for still another policy. (We found a sympathetic agent, whom we'll be glad to recommend.)

Then we were evicted. What to us had long been a central location, excellent facilities, and comfortable working conditions, was to a property speculator an investment with a quick-profit potential. We fought in court for a year, but the case ended as most eviction cases end. The move was expensive and disruptive, and the accommodations we found are primitive — a cave-like office/dispatch/garage/lounge combination in one and a half rooms. (We have recently resumed the search for decent housing for Taxi Unlimited.)

Anyone who has worked much in collectives understands how easy it is for something important to be just spaced out sometimes, like remembering to pay taxes. Apparently the people at I.R.S. have not worked much in collectives. They took a dim view, but finally agreed to a payment schedule for back taxes that would allow us to stay in business. (We should have them completely paid off by this summer.)

The impact of these blows was severe. Our fleet was reduced from six cabs to two, which is not enough to support the operation. The grueling recovery effort burned out and wasted many of our best people. The depressing facilities, the stubborn financial tangles, and the loss of people generated an atmosphere of despair.

In January 1979, with one rickety car trying to carry a mountain of debts and expenses, and all roads to revival seemingly blocked, the collective met to execute the paperwork that would officially dissolve the company. We couldn't bring ourselves to do it. Instead, we began a massive appeal for support from the community we had been serving for nearly a generation. The support came: from regular passengers, friends, and concerned strangers, from other collectives and progressive businesses, from community and political organizations. Now, a year later, we are vigorous and growing; we are not yet always viable from week to week, but we've got our wheels back under us.

Taxi Unlimited works to provide a taxi service that is nonprofit and community-based, and is part of an overall transportation system that de-emphasizes the private automobile. We are a form of public transportation, and have consistently encouraged the Berkeley city government to maintain and expand progressive transportation policies.

Internally we are committed to collective economic and working relationships. One of our primary functions is to provide a framework in which people can survive without being exploited for someone else's profit, without submitting to the master/servant roles of mainstream employment, without seeing fellow workers as competitors for a scarce livelihood.

We often need more people, especially drivers and mechanics. We need people who can work collectively — with people, not under or over them — who will take their share of responsibility for the collective's health, who will take part in administration and decision-making, and will learn new skills if necessary, to make sure a vital job gets done. We need people who can deal comfortably and in a progressive manner with all parts of the community we serve: the rich, the poor, the old, the disabled, the belligerent, the confused, the arrogant, the sniveling, and the vulnerable.

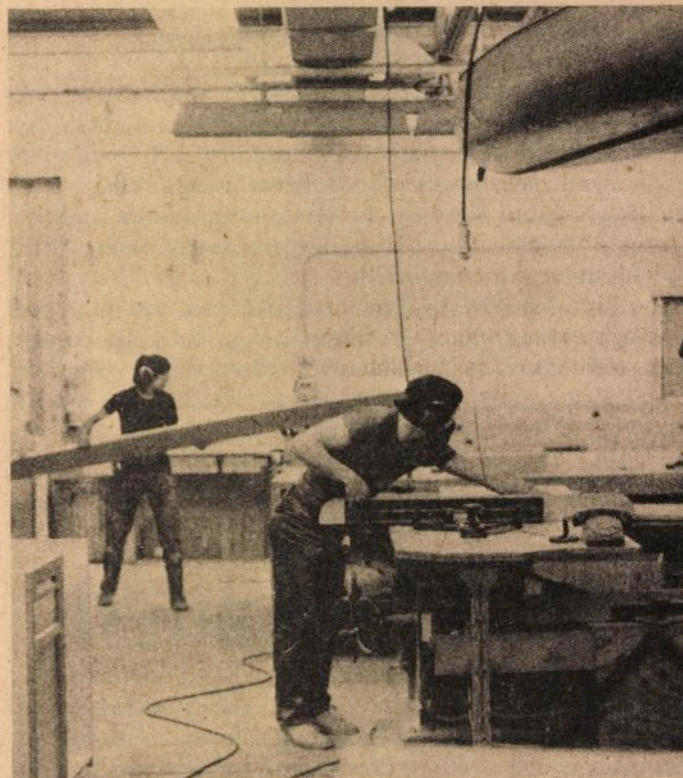
Our structure is loose, and relies on the sensitivity and initiative of the collective members. Our pay scheme changes according to variations in internal and external conditions; workers' incomes are in the survival range. We do not live together, nor share any living expenses. Our politics as a whole are grounded in our work rather than in ideology. For example, you can espouse any opinion whatsoever about welfare, but you can't refuse to pick up a passenger who is paying with government vouchers; you can declaim the virtues of aggressive free-enterprise, but you can't sell your shift to the highest bidder; you can think what you like about women or gays or Third World people or peculiar religions, but you can't treat fellow workers or passengers as inferiors.

A year ago we asked for help. The response made clear to us who it is we owe our existence to, during the long spans of relative prosperity as well as in crisis. Now we are able to invite exchanges of service, and soon will be able to offer help to others again. We welcome increased ties with collectives and other progressive community groups for mutual aid, strength, and expansion. □

Heartwood

by John Curl, edited by Heartwood

Heartwood is a collective-cooperative of four women and five men woodworkers sharing machines, knowledge, skills, energy, resources, and a fairly large well-equipped shop in West Berkeley, where we've been since our founding in 1973. Some of us specialize in furniture, some in cabinetry, almost all of it custom work, and one produces toys.



We are a collective politically and a cooperative economically. Our decision-making system is collective; all members are equal and decisions are made by consensus. The collective operates the shop, owns much of the equipment, and provides some basic materials such as glue, rags, dowels, nails, and sandpaper. Our economic system is cooperative: we are each responsible for an equal and fair share of the expenses and work involved in upkeep, maintenance and improvements. Since almost all the work in the shop is fine woodworking done separately by each member (with a little help from friends), and is not collective or mass production, the collective as a whole does not contract work. Technically the shop is an unincorporated association and we are each self-employed.

The collective consensus system as we use it is mostly loose and informal. Important decisions are made at weekly meetings, and nothing is considered decided until everyone agrees or consents; one strong dissent is all that is needed to prevent any decision. In important questions, such as choosing a new member, this system is invaluable and has greatly aided our togetherness as a group. It has prevented the divisiveness that would inevitably be caused by taking in a new member over minority dissent. On a day-to-day basis, between meetings, whoever is in the shop at the time makes decisions, which can always be changed or rectified by the larger group.

We are non-hierarchical: no one has any permanent shop job or position of power. There is one special job we call the **dungaloz**, which changes monthly in rotation; this person chairs meetings, makes sure all the basics (such as paying rent and bills) are taken care of, and does odds and ends relating to overall shop functioning. There is also a list of maintenance jobs which changes weekly.

Some of our machines are owned by the collective and

some belong to individuals and sub-groups, but all are used and maintained collectively. The shop is responsible for replacing anything worn out or damaged. Each of us has hand tools, and we all have use of each others' when we need them.

Our collective-cooperative system is typical of groups of artisans: the means of production is individual. The artisan collective-cooperative is a form clearly distinguishable from the older-style artisan cooperatives that were common in America in the 19th century, which were typically share-owning systems, one member-one vote, majority rule, while we chose the collective consensus decision-making system and invest ownership of the shop's capital (machines and fixtures) in the ongoing collective and not in shares owned by individual members: this has aided greatly in keeping our shop open to new members irrespective of their financial resources, since we are not hampered by departing members having to be "bought out" and new members having to "buy in."

Although the ongoing group has guardianship over the collective capital, it does not have absolute ownership, which is also partly vested in former and future members. Should the shop ever plan to dissolve, we have an agreement that a meeting would be called of everyone who was ever a member, to decide what to do with the stuff; the length of time each person belonged would generally determine the size of his or her say or (if it came to that) share. This system has helped create a situation where membership can change without too much trauma to the shop and without anyone having to feel ripped off.

Heartwood came out of Bay Woodshop six and a half years ago, when Bay Warehouse Collective folded. The Warehouse was a large centralized worker collective consisting basically of three shops, auto, print, and wood, sharing income and paying members salaries partly based on need; it also had a number of connected operations, including an electronics shop, a pottery studio, a theater, and a food conspiracy. Bay Warehouse in turn was formed out of the wreckage of an "alternative" school, Bay High, which was begun in '70 partly with Whole Earth Catalog funds. The shops were training students in skilled trades in a non-authoritarian environment, meanwhile doing actual commercial work and bringing in a sizable portion of the school's income. But a struggle developed between the "administrators" and the shop workers over the workers' demand for real instead of merely nominal collectivity. The administrators and academic teachers were mostly the same people, and their refusal to do a share of the physical maintenance work precipitated an unbreachable split. In '72 the school was dissolved by mutual agreement, the administrators went their way, and the shop workers, together with a number of former students and a few new people, formed the Collective, 35 members in all, mostly young adults, with a few younger and older. We functioned pretty well for a group whose average skill level was not nearly as high as we'd have liked, and whose financial and "business" knowledge was even lower. But we were overburdened by the space itself, which was too large for our basic operation, and therefore cost us too much rent. We never got beyond paying bare survival salaries, which cause us to be unstable, with more turnover

than we wanted and needed. Finally in the Fall of '73 we realized we would not be able to meet our rent and decided to dissolve Bay Warehouse Collective and split into three smaller collectives based on the three shops, and each find a smaller separate space. Inkworks, Carworld, and Heartwood are all still functioning today.

Heartwood remained a centralized collective for a short period of time, until concensus was reached that the cooperative economic system would be best for us. The reasons for this were: the actual work being done was almost entirely on the scale of one or two workers per job; we found that as our skills grew, so grew our interest in fine woodworking over mass production; our skill level had risen to where all could hold their own economically; centralized economics only added a complicating factor between worker(s) and customer; the decentralized system permitted each member's income to vary with actual productivity; fine woodworking involved constant subjective judgements, both esthetic and structural, and we preferred the freedom to explore these each in our own way.

Over the years around thirty people have so far been members in our shop. We have been able to maintain a cohesive center, while membership has slowly but almost entirely changed. Our solidity and longevity can be attributed partly to our system being very simple and based on practicality, arising from our actual needs and the conditions of the industry itself. We each came to the shop without technical knowledge or economic resources to set up adequately on our own, and that was a major factor in what brought us together along with the simple desire to work with other members of our trade in an equal and democratic situation. While advanced technology has greatly expanded the capabilities and productive powers of all woodworkers, it has at the same time narrowed the number able to "make a living" at it independently, due to the machines' expense. Within the system of private ownership of machines, a nail gun hooked to a compressed air system is less democratic than a simple hammer, because fewer workers can afford it; at the same time, high technology dominates the industry and makes it impossible for workers to be productive enough to easily survive using



the simpler machines and tools. A collective-cooperative like ours reverses this process and democratizes access to tools, offering its members a means of survival outside of working for some wealthier person as employees or somehow raising the capital for individual shops.

Now that our skills are high enough that we could each set up separately if we so chose and had the money, still we all prefer to remain part of the collective, not only for the physical, economic, and moral support we get from it, but, in spite of minor personality difficulties such as occur in every group, we basically like and respect each other, and enjoy being in the shop together, and in the end that may be what counts most. □

Heartwood, February 1980: Jed, Liz, Lynn, Rick, Michael, Sara, Bill, Priscilla, John.

The Cheese Board

History of the Collective

The Cheese Board was started in September of 1967 by a married couple. Its first location was a tiny storefront on Vine St. in North Berkeley. Specializing in domestic and imported cheeses and freshly baked breads, it became an immediate success, primarily because it was the first cheese store in the area. Within a year two more workers were hired at about \$2.00/hour and the store started to develop a group consciousness of a sort. The direction of the store and the workers' consciousness developed in the context of the explosive and expansive events of the late 60's and the political and social ideas of these years. The front of the store was opened up to a bulletin board for the exchange of information on political activity surrounding the anti-war movement, the tenets of Free Speech Movement, and others. Cheese and bread were given out free at various community meetings and political gatherings. Food conspiracies to buy cheese at discounts were encouraged. Early in the store's development a discount policy was initiated with a 5 percent discount to anyone who needed it and a senior citizen's discount of 10 percent (later graduated discount's of 10-15 percent. Occasionally free soup was given out to any customers who wanted it. Also, a free money can was set out for people to put into or take out of depending on the good will of everyone coming and going.

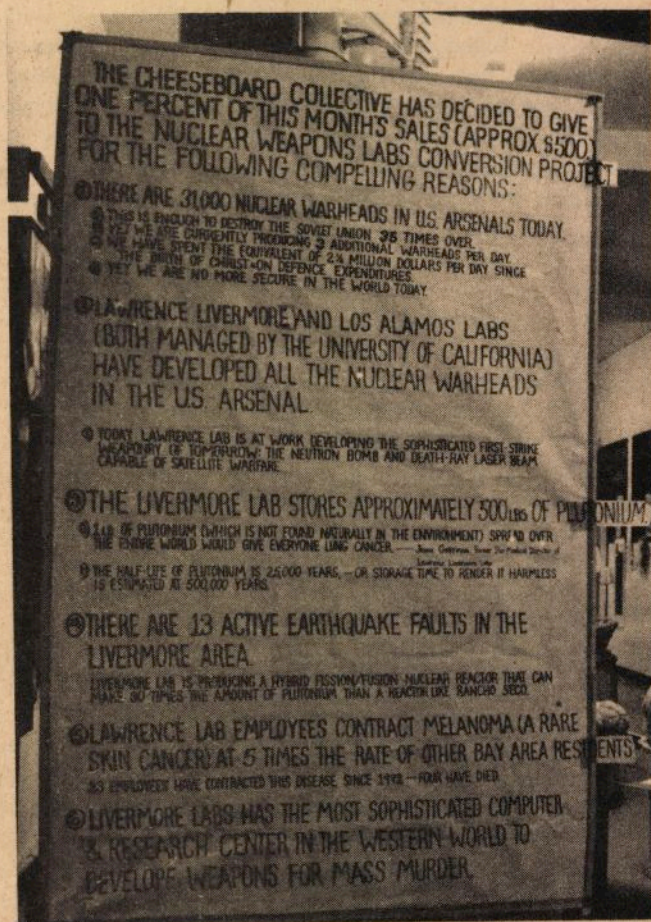
In the following year a few more workers were brought in and the group began to act increasingly as a collective and to develop extended family relationships. Through the original owners' political vision of a new society coupled with a deep sense of morality, and the growing ties of awareness of the group as a whole, it was proposed that the workers (owners included) buy the business and make it into a collective. The proposal was well received even though the political significance of such a move was only

vaguely understood by the majority of the group. After a period of equalizing equity in the business, it became a worker-owned and managed enterprise.

By late 1971 the desire to expand the idea of collective practice resulted in the first off-shoot of the Cheeseboard group. An offer to bid on restaurant space in the University Museum prompted one member with the support of all the others to help organize a new restaurant business that became the Swallow Collective. Most of the collective's members worked in this new group for a year or two while the Swallow's business stabilized. This collective of over thirty members is still functioning.

By 1975 the nine member Cheese Board was grossing \$5,000/week, paying \$4.00/hour, and could no longer contain the throngs of customers it attracted. In July of that year the collective voted to move the business to a larger space just down the street on Shattuck Ave. The membership immediately took three new workers and business continued to grow. As it gained experience in collective practice the group became more aware of the significance of the political direction it had chosen. At some point, attempts were made to increase politicization of the collective, but its membership as a whole could not agree on a single political ideology and fell back more solidly on its humanitarian ideals of: equal pay, no managerial structure, anti-profit as a motive, and good, fair, responsible service to its customers as well as feedback and support from the community in which it functioned.

As the business moved to its new location, again one of its members wished to branch off and a new collective was



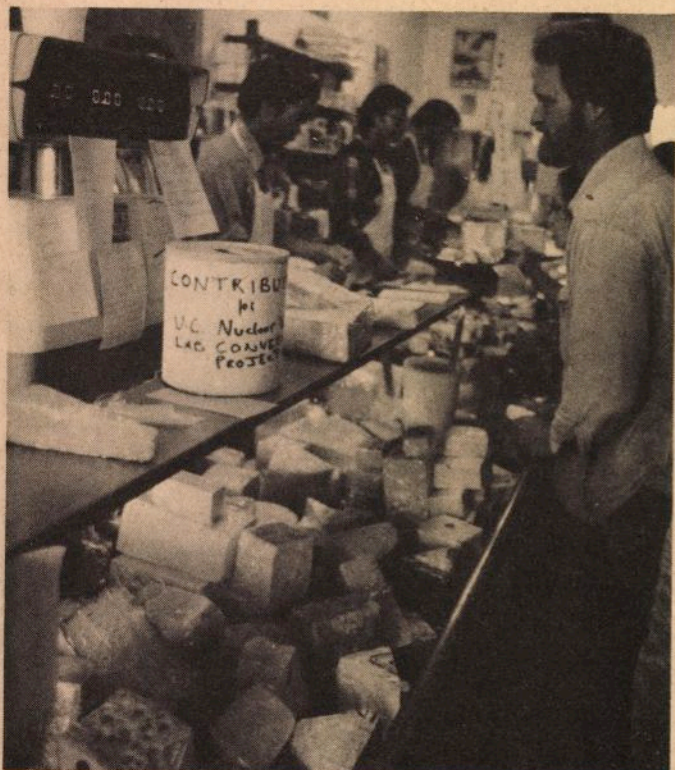
formed in the old location, called the Juice Bar Collective. Money, equipment and the store's lease were given to the new collective and its business with nine members is thriving today. The phenomena of spinoff collectives as opposed to expansion of the Cheese Board Collective was by this time openly accepted as a practice.

In 1976, a third spinoff collective — also a cheese store — was formed by yet another member with some initial labor help, equipment and cooperation over distribution of cheese in Soda Springs, California, on Donner Pass in the Sierras. This group has four to five members.

By 1977, the Cheese Board's business was grossing \$8,000/week, paying \$5.00/hour and was showing some profit. A decision was reached to recycle money into the community over and above yearly contributions to the Berkeley Free Clinic, Women's Health Collective and KPFA. Financial support in the form of interest free loans and donations was given to other struggling collectives like Uprisings Bakery, Flatlands Community Store, Pro Per Collective, Grassroots, and other "public service" groups. Money was set aside to finance a project to publish information on collectives, culminating in the production of a Directory of Collectives, articles on the collective experience, and a map of this growing network. At the present time the store grosses \$10,000/week, pays \$7.00/hour and is bulging with business. This has enabled us to continue our policy of funneling money into progressive political groups and actions.

The Functioning of the Collective

The work organization at the Cheese Board is undefined and fluid. For a few jobs like bookkeeping and ordering the same people are involved for one or two years. Even



these jobs, though, are divided into several parts so that many people are involved in the tasks. The day-to-day functioning of the store is a mixture of lack of structure and a premium placed on efficiency and conscientiousness. Everyone knows exactly what has to be done, whether it is waiting on customers, cutting cheese, rolling out bread, or washing dishes. Conflict occasionally surfaces due to this absence of specialization, and the variety of work styles, speed and efficiency of the members. However, there is an openness about these conflicts which helps to soften the tensions, primarily because of the satisfaction and fulfillment that each individual receives from a fluid work structure, the variety of tasks, the notion that we are working together, and the egalitarian relationships that arise from non-hierarchical work organization.

Decision-making takes place on three levels: individual decision, shift decision involving all the people on that particular shift, and regular monthly meetings. The individual and shift decisions cover day-to-day issues, while the monthly collective meetings vary from very structured, rapid meetings to unchaired, chaotic free-flow expression of ideas. Consensus decision-making is generally abided by for major issues but votes are taken regularly. Even when a decision is made, it can and is opened up again for discussion if anyone feels uncomfortable with it. No one is railroaded or gagged by precedent.

There is no set policy on bringing a new member into the collective. New members are usually recruited from our friends so that there is already some connection to the collective. Although the turnover rate at the Cheese Board is very low, new members are integrated into the collective fairly easily due to the fact that there aren't any financial requirements and they automatically become equal owners with equal pay and decision-making power.

Conflict seems to be an integral part of the Cheese Board. One of the major controversies is to what extent should the collective be overtly political. For some members the lack of political expression in the collective is a serious shortcoming, and for others it is an asset because it prevents a breakdown of the group into ideological factions. Another problem is the occasional contradiction between the financial survival of the store and our personal ideals. Also there have been the myriad of interpersonal conflicts that have been survived.

Conflicts and tensions are more easily resolved due to the ability of the business to sustain the members with a living wage at a job felt to have integrity. This has minimized burn-out among the group. Financial security combined with the friendship and support structure provides for the physical and psychic needs of the collective, without which, conflict would be much harder to resolve.

One of the reasons the collective has lasted so long is because conflict is dealt with openly and with a sense of humor and love. The philosophy of the collective has developed more from our personal conflicts and internal struggles than from any common political ideological stance. It has been through this process of working together that an understanding of the collective has developed and a strong sense of loyalty and feeling of extended family has been cultivated among its members. □

our context: A Network

by Geoph

Our collective evolution has been nurtured by a fertile environment, a loose network of sympathetic and supportive friends. They're people who can reassure us that we're not crazy or alone in our perceptions . . . that there are scores of others who share our failures and frustrations. Varied groupings of these people have come together, each group with a somewhat different focus, or perhaps a unique style. Some have lasted only a few months; others, several decades. Some claim to speak for the entire network; others know better.

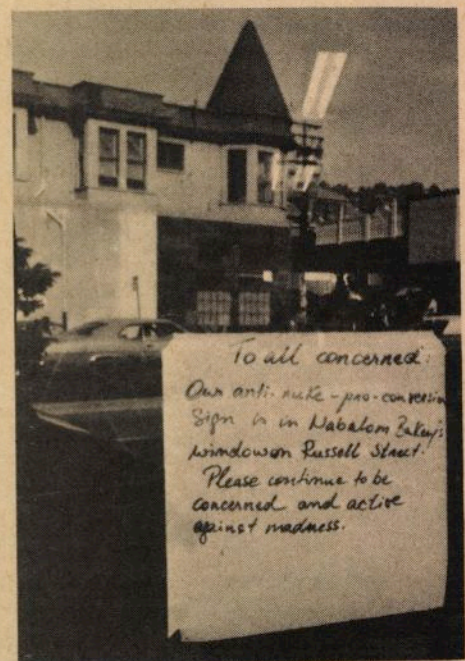
The network at its broadest level has no name. It's an organic collection of all these diverse groups which are, in one way or another, aspiring to bring about humanistic social reform to make our lives more satisfying and complete. It includes women's, men's, and third world groups, cooperative schools and play groups, food conspiracies, alternative energy collectives . . . the list goes on and on, permeating the "alternative" cultures and reaching into the nooks and crannies of corporate America. Marilyn Ferguson has made a good stab at describing the phenomenon in her recent book *The Aquarian Conspiracy* (though be prepared for a product of vigorous optimism.)

Anyway, the overlap and intermingling among all these groups is inspiring but complex. Broom and Board, for example, has contributed substantially (ideas, energy and Alternative Funds) to both the *Collective Directory* and the *Grapevine*. By being involved in networking at that level, we've been exposed to scores of stimulating and helpful ideas, offered by others with many similar experiences in living or working collectively. It was in this fashion that

we've connected with others (attempting a merger with the folks in Mechanics Unlimited, Free Spirit Graphics, and the Elsie Street House.), and other good friendships have blossomed. Although the network continues to grow in size and scope, it's the increasing support and closeness that feels so overwhelmingly good. We work a lot together and refer jobs to each other. We intensely dig into such growth issues as relationships, sexuality, ego, trust, power, values clarification and priorities. We play together, take trips together, make beautiful music, and have lots of meals together. We're dreaming of a cooperative school, and we're trying to find a way to relate as a "community" and share income.

What is so unusual about all this is that it's happening on a network level. Not all of us live together, not all of us work together, no one is present at all gatherings, someone is missing from every gathering. Yet in our differences we find a cohesiveness, faith in ourselves and in our friends and the desire to share it with others.

Although every network has unique characteristics, each exists primarily for the mutual benefit of its members. The network benefits every time one of its members succeeds or grows, so helpful referrals are frequent when a member can't meet a particular need within a circle of close friends and acquaintances. We come together organically or intentionally, but always voluntarily — to pursue common interests, to share common experiences, to seek common solutions for common problems. There is still plenty of room for differences. The ultimate prize, though, is to be able to live with lovers and friends . . . working and playing through all that life brings us. □



the Berkeley collectives: An Outside Perspective

by Michael Kepp



Darlene Pagana puts in a 48 hour week without overtime. Yet she pities the nine to fivers: the vast multitude hooked into a routinized nether-world of commuter trains and timeclocks, ten minute breaks and two week vacations, quarterly profits, incentive plans and cost of living salary increases.

Darlene works at A Woman's Place Bookstore in Berkeley. The store is a collective of six women, each of whom has control over their workplace because they collectively shoulder the responsibility of running it.

Like most collectives, A Woman's Place Bookstore replaces hierarchy with an equality of responsibility and salary. This reaffirms the attitude that each collective member is of equal value. Decisions are reached by consensus. Usually a collective sense of purpose further defines the group. In the case of A Woman's Place Bookstore, each member is dedicated to making the store a women's center by offering books by, for and about women.

"My political point of view is feminist and my favorite activity is reading," said Darlene. "It seems only natural that I've helped create a work environment that responds to my skills and interests rather than looking for a job which might not utilize 80% of them." "In doing so, I have eliminated the need for supervision," she said. "But this means learning self-discipline. If I'm not pulling my share of the load, the other collective members are affected."

A Woman's Place Bookstore is one of over 130 Bay Area collectives which employ a total of over 1000 people. These seeds of the 60's ideals have sprouted among the undergrowth of existing business.

In Berkeley alone over 40 collectives offer the community everything from bulk cheese, baked goods, fresh squeezed juice, newspapers, bicycle repair, carpentry, recycled lumber, massage, health care, and gay counseling to a telephone answering service. A rag-tag fleet of cabs called Taxi Unlimited, now in its 19th year, is Berkeley's oldest collective.

Yet despite their abundance, Berkeley collectives have grown independently of each other in their struggle to survive. In doing so they have neglected the need for mutual cooperation within a highly competitive community. No collective network yet exists for providing mutual support, such as bartering goods and services or exchanging information.

Political or philosophical differences make a more broadbased affiliation even more unlikely. Some collectives highlight these differences as a means of self-definition.

Bonnie McGregor, a member of Uprisings Bakery Collective points out that Uprisings "serves a broader spectrum than those collectives like the Cheeseboard or Nabolom Bakery located in middle class neighborhoods."

Whatever the discrepancies in perspective, Uprisings nevertheless, accepted a loan from the Cheeseboard of \$800 in '78 and between \$300 and \$500 in cash and equipment to help expand their market into Berkeley's Co-op grocery stores, located in middle class neighborhoods.

In the last four years the Cheeseboard has given or loaned almost half its profits to collective. "Collectives differ from businesses that are jointly owned in the degree to which they make community involvement a priority," said Cheeseboard member Mike McGee. "If there's no community outreach," he asked, "then what differentiates collectivism from group capitalism?"

Most Berkeley collectives share this sentiment. The Juice Bar Collective has donated money and the Brick Hut Restaurant has given food to the Center for Independent Living, a service facility for physically handicapped. As a public service, La Pena, a collective restaurant and community center founded by Chilean refugees, offers free Spanish classes. The Missing Link Bicycle Shop volunteers conduct weekly bike repair classes, while Alternative Energy Collective members give solar equipment demonstrations. A Woman's Place Bookstore supports women prisoners' defense funds while Uprisings Bakery has contributed to A Safe Place, a battered women's shelter.

For the Hog Farm, a commune whose members run the Babylon Telephone Answering Service and an organic vineyard called Grape Nuts, this outreach extends beyond the community. In the past 15 years, they have provided life support (food, medicine, toilets) at Woodstock, and raised money for the Chicago 8 fund and the anti-war movement. They are presently working with the World Health Organization in the elimination of unnecessary blindness due to poor living conditions.

Some collectives posit other ideological priorities. Tom Stevens, of the Food Conspiracy, a non-profit food distribution service, said, "So what if certain partnership businesses help the community. So did the Rockefellers. There must be a commitment to serving the people, which

means non-profit, that acts as the primary reason for the collective to exist."

This search for definition within the larger capitalist system is common to all collectives. "We all grew up in an anti-collective society; we had no models," said Lynn Adler, a member of The Swallow, a collective restaurant in the UC Art Museum.

ECONOMIC REALITIES

Yet these solitary struggles dissipate combined collective strength. Without a pooling of collective energies, societal obstacles such as the power that banks wield over collective enterprises will remain difficult to circumvent.

Since banks are frequently reluctant to loan money to people who want to build their homes from used building materials, Ohmega Salvage collective can't sell their recycled structural timbers to people building bank-financed homes.

A bank officer advised another Berkeley collective not to bother applying for a loan because the bank classified them as a general partnership. As such each of the seven collective members would have had to file individual financial statements. Though the business was solvent and their credit was good, the bank officer discouraged their applying for the loan because collective members had little personal savings.

That banks have not only hampered but halted collective business is dramatically illustrated by the case of Hubbard and Co. When this Emeryville plant which produced utility pole hardware closed in the fall of 1976, nearly 100 company employees wanted to reopen the plant as a worker co-operative. But Wells Fargo and Morgan Guarantee Trust, who held the company's debt, were unwilling to delay the plant's auction in order to give the workers time to draw up financing plans.

"Wells Fargo was not open to the proposed financing methods because the bank felt that a worker-owned Hubbard Plant was impossible," stated a report prepared by Community Economics in Oakland, called "Outline of Efforts to Establish a Hubbard and Co. Worker Co-operative."

An analogous incident occurred in Oakland in '78. When Yellow Cab of Oakland went bankrupt about 70% of the drivers wanted to collectively buy the company. Security Pacific, the second bank they approached, refused to give them a loan and the paperwork involved in getting a Small Business Administration loan ground on interminably. A Southern California lawyer finally bought the company.

Wilson Riles, Oakland council member, explained the action by saying that Security Pacific didn't think the prospective cooperative members had the necessary management and financial skills to run the company.

THE NATURE OF WORK

These attempts at self-management are reactions to the owner-worker dichotomy central to most businesses.

One group committed to reducing the level of alienation is another Berkeley collective, Community Memory. Community Memory hopes to eventually install a network of computer terminals within the Bay Area that would give

the public access to their own communications system. Whereas most media is one-way, Community Memory computers could give people control over their own information exchange, through which they could request or offer services, make public service announcements, record personal statements such as poetry or political ideas, and in the future, conduct multi-person conversations.

"We envision a society that is self-managed," said Stephanie Klein, member of Community Memory. "We try to reflect this goal through our internal collective process and by providing tools by which the community can become less dependent on the media's control of information in the management of their own lives."



Another collective, UC Nuclear Weapons Lab Conversion Project, is an activist group whose purpose is to end all nuclear weapons work at UC's two atomic laboratories, Livermore and Los Alamos. In broader terms, however, their function is to convince people that they can have a decisive voice in controlling the impact of nuclear weapons on their lives.

The Conversion Project is by its very nature a transitional group, whereas most collectives see themselves as models, at least in theory, for the totally transformed world which they envision. Only a few collectives see themselves as transitional models in realizing a dream that involves something more than creating alternative businesses. One reason for this lack of foresight is that collectives expend most of their energy just trying to stay afloat.

PROBLEMS

The myth of the collective model workplace for a utopian society is one whose optimism is undercut by the reality of day-by-day problems. Some collectives have a high turnover rate. Others are so debt-ridden that they define themselves as a group of people who tend to go out of business

quickly. Not surprisingly almost one third of those collectives listed in the 1976 Bay Area Collective Directory have disconnected phone numbers.

At least half a dozen collectives admitted that one or more members have had their hand in the till. One member of Nabolom Bakery said that when this internal theft occurred there was a collective loss of naivete literally overnight.

Along with developing worker-responsibility, collective members must also make the equivalent of management decisions. Will the collective achieve its goals more readily as a larger group? In doing so, won't the larger structure make its members less accountable to the whole?

Unlike most businesses, some collectives answer these questions by differentiating what is cost effective (i.e., profitable) and what is socially and collectively effective.

Consensus decision-making is itself a process that favors effectiveness over economic efficiency. This method of discussion is more time consuming and therefore less efficient than an owner-issued directive. Yet, it is more effective in creating a work situation that combines the input and reflects the attitudes of each of the members.

"We hire a variety of people here, racially, sexually and according to class," said Bonnie McGregor of Uprisings Bakery. "People from different backgrounds have different things to offer and though it's sometimes hard to work things out on a personal level, the challenge is important to undertake."

TOWARD RESOLUTION

One group involved in a wider analysis of collective process is Bay Area Radical Therapy. This group of psychiatrists, who train people to conduct problem-solving groups, share the theory that capitalism generates mental illness through the alienation of labor. "Our anti-capitalist stance derives from our belief that people's emotional difficulties are based on the sexist, racist and class oppression that capitalism fuels," said Claude Steiner, psychiatrist and collective member.

Recently there have been attempts at bringing Bay Area collectives in closer contact with one another. A magazine, called *Grapevine Journal*, published its first issue in December of 1978. "Its purpose," said ex-magazine editor Yana Parker, "is to act as an information clearinghouse, whereby collectives can specify their needs, share resources, and better understand each other's activities."

One concrete effort has brought various collective groups together. This past winter, there has been a monthly meeting of Bay Area Collectives and communities. Topics on the agenda have ranged from joint purchase of land in the country and comparing group health insurance policies to organizing a Winter Solstice picnic.

These initial actions may consolidate collective energies. But even in as progressive a bailiwick as Berkeley, for every person who rails against the unequal distribution of wealth and resources, there are thousands resigned to cultivating their private gardens of consumerism and success.

The present Berkeley collectives are the outgrowths of an activist past. Whether they will flourish in the foreseeable future remains to be seen. □

continued from page 21

and food, to consensus decision-making and the arts, all of this holds the promise of a much more in-depth social network which can empower people to better realize their individual capabilities. Conceptual models of cooperative community development are being explored in other countries, perhaps the most sophisticated being the idea of "Ecological Development" as formulated by Ignacy Sachs at the University of Paris;

'Ecodevelopment promotes an image of an ideal or developed society which sharply contrasts to that of agro-industrial capitalism. Capitalism emphasizes short-term, economic growth maintained by the constant exploitation of nonrenewable resources. In contrast, ecodevelopment stresses sustained growth through the rational exploitation of renewable resources. Whereas capitalism replaces human labor with capital intensive technology, ecodevelopment supports the development and diffusion of technologies appropriate to the sustained reproduction of a socioeconomic system. Appropriate technologies utilize, whenever possible, locally available manpower and renewable resources. Capitalism and its economic development mission produce profit for the few. Poverty and pollution are its by-products. In contrast, the primary objective of ecodevelopment is the satisfaction of human needs — food, clothing, shelter, fuel, and dignity for the individual — for a large segment of the population. Whereas capitalism organizes the human relations of production on the basis of dominance and subordination, ecodevelopment promotes a more democratic organization of production, based on collaboration and mutual assistance. Control of the economic relations of production, in capitalism, comes through the manipulation of the population by means of experts, professionals, lawyers, and political bosses. In contrast, ecodevelopment supports the involvement and control of programs by the local population. Farmers know more about their land than professional agronomists in a distant national capital and community leaders are better able to interpret local customs than nonnative lawyers and judges. And whereas capitalism encourages asymmetric, dependent relationships between city and rural areas, landlord and peasant, expert and layman, developed and underdeveloped, metropolis and satellites, ecodevelopment tries to reduce dependency by actions specifically designed to prevent the reproduction of such relationships. In brief, ecodevelopment envisions societies which are striving for self-sufficiency, exploiting renewable resources, conserving nonrenewable resources, and reproducing relations of production which reduce political and economic exploitation.' (Downing Theodore E., "Ecodevelopment: An Alternative Future?," HUMAN ORGANIZATION, Vol 37, No. 2, Summer, 1978.)

I also think that the development of such a "coop community" means a commitment of not just two or five years, as in the development of a consumer service, but rather a much longer commitment to and pursuit of a community's development, spans of time spent in one community that many of us in the U.S. are unaccustomed to both socially and professionally. □

"You deserve a break today . . ."



September 23rd
On the road from
Chicago to Ann Arbor

Pit stop in Kalamazoo. Very slick. The bus pulls into McDonald's, ignoring the nearby fast food cluster. "Company policy," says the driver. Inside, the business interlock grows stronger. One wall pays homage to the corporate big brother. There is a painting of a boy eating Kellogg's corn flakes, Norman Rockwell style. On the opposite wall, Ronald McDonald beckons the unwary young into a riotous world of junk food fantasy. In between, a VW Rabbit is offered up on an altar of Big Mac remembering. It's McDonald's 25th, and they're giving away a mountain of prizes. Ah yes, a tip of the hat to the workers — "U.S.-U.A.W. Made," says the sign on the car. No matter that the multis are importing their own products. "We're talking burgers and bailouts boy, now shut up and eat."

As the bus pulls out of the deep-fat oasis, the stop looms large in my mind. Unemployment's bony hand has touched nearly half the auto industry work force this past year, and the wounds have not healed. Even this interstate is going to pot, its smooth concrete surface a fading memory amidst the bumps and jolts. If ever there was a time when labor needed to break the aggressive embrace of corporate culture, this is it. As the jobless rate increases, so does the hype, which usually works. This fact has begun to dawn on more and more unions, and on their allies in academe as well. Hence, my destination: The First National Conference on Workers' Culture, sponsored by Michigan's Institute of Labor and Industrial Relations.

*"Mass culture is forgetting."
Stanley Aronowitz*

September 24th & 25th
Phase One, Waldenwood
Conference Center, Hartland,
Michigan

These first two days of the conference are about concepts. What is work? Who is a worker? Are we talking about culture-art or culture-anthropology? Factory work or academic work? Work for capital or work for reproduction? Daily survival work or Black liberation work? Much like the surrounding land, the debate is poised between two basic positions. One sees workers as just another interest group marching in the pluralist parade. The other sees them in class terms, locked in a struggle to shape history's flow. Around us, the central Michigan countryside is similarly divided. The dense green forests recall the summer's fire, while the crackling brown cornfields call forth the autumn's decay. The seasons will not change while we are here. Neither will our disagreeing minds.

The folklorists say their piece, and it sounds like Soc. 101. Technocratic descriptions of what people do on the job are mixed in with hymns of praise to the old craft

WORKERS CU CONFERE



workers' song books. Cultural critic Stanley Aronowitz takes them on. "With the post-Homestead coming of Taylorism, the basis of the old craft culture was destroyed. Aside from upsurges of workers' culture during the union drives of the teens and thirties, alienated labor and consumerism became the norm. Much of working class culture was thus displaced along racial and sexual lines. The result is that today's working class culture is one of anti-work — absenteeism and industrial sabotage — and of division. This is the bad news of the 20th century that has kept the folklorists focused on the 19th."

Writer Paul Buhle disagrees, in part. He argues that "we have a lot to learn from the ethnic socialists. The Finns, for instance, tried to dance Debs into the White House. Their's was a wholistic movement. It gave them an enduring radicalism, an intergenerational route to revolution."

Meanwhile, the structuralists strike back. Professor Frederick Gamst defines railroaders' behavior via the impact of safety rules. He deals in "cognitive operating protocols" and tons of details. He leaves something out, though: The investors' role in writing the "Book of Flood" (the RR rules book) is nowhere to be seen. Neither is another heavy contradiction.

CULTURAL ANCE gets down

by Bill Shields



“There are no Black workers in your study,” says historian Richard Thomas. “Which is no accident. Blacks were driven off of the railroads by white workers’ refusal to work with them. That’s one of the main reasons that you only saw us as porters. If Black people weren’t on your engines, then where were we?”

“We were struggling on two fronts,” responds singer/cultural historian Bernice Reagon. “We had to stay alive day by day, and also work to renegotiate our general condition. Black songs reflected this fact, as in the slave era chant, Juba: ‘Juba this and Juba that, and Juba killed the yellow cat. Bent over, double trouble Juba.’ The yellow cat was the master. This dual tension has shaped our experience ever since we left him behind. It continues to do so today.”

An anecdote by author Barbara Garson (*All the Livelong Day*) plays on aspects of each of these positions. It also forces our grab bag of *BAMAPhD*’s and labor educators to face the digital music. “I was researching an article on office work, and got a job at a VDT console in a bank. I wanted to find out what the workers, who were all Black women, did to break the monotony. Like the tuna packers who pile the dark meat here and the light meat

there, I figured they had to have some kind of a game. I couldn’t find one. Finally, one woman told me that she liked it better when she got a name to type. Instead of being restricted to the symbol keys, she got to play with the letters. She would stretch them out across the whole margin, putting spaces where there’d been none. That was it. That’s all she could squeeze out of the computer for herself. And all of this for \$125 a week, including overtime.”

“Industrial civilization is itself a culture,” concludes Aronowitz. “The myth of technological neutrality must be exploded.”

“Every morning, I wake up and thank Jesus and the union I’m alive.”

New York laundry worker, quoted in ACTWU oral history project.

September 26th & 27th
Phase Two, the
University of Michigan
at Ann Arbor

We travel the twenty miles to the campus, for the Friday and Saturday sessions. During the crush of a Big Ten football weekend, the conference opens up. There are more Black faces. Detroit is here. There are more calloused white hands. Pontiac is here. Labor journalists, union officials, Indiana steel workers, Teamster songwriters and full-time performers are all here. We meet in an imposing stone building, built during the Depression by the old Great Lakes money. Inside a large meeting hall, the struggle against life-denying labor takes on a tangible form. An exhibit of worker art includes sensual sculptures of coiled black plastic, squeezed from an industrial nozzle and the productions schedule alike. Nuts and bolts figures stand fused in a shop floor modern; mechanical people stolen from a mechanical routine. Assembly line rhythms are suspended in paint. Driven into the bones, the pace of production has come out through the brush.

The power of these works comes directly from their source. They are a kind of class struggle of the mind, acts of guerilla creativity carried out on capitalist terrain. Buoyed by the union’s presence, and by older manufacturing techniques, these workers have seized back a part of their labor power. As technology advances on the owners’ behalf, however, this becomes harder to do. There are no VDT printouts in the exhibit.

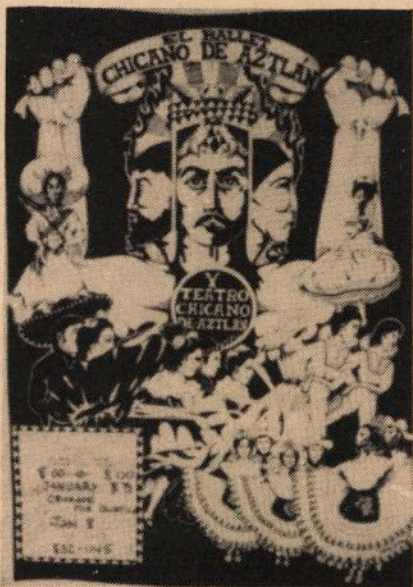
“I’m just a nobody.”
Conference participant

The flip side of labor’s creative muscle flexing is a massive self-doubt. Heidi Gottfried, one of the conference organizers, speaks to this point. “We interviewed a lot of the workers who came, and they were of two minds. They felt, on the one hand that, *You know, we haven’t been recognized for the work we do, either as workers or worker-artists.* But then, when they were asked to tell a little bit of their story, they wondered why someone wanted to talk to them.”

This kind of self-doubt hurts both individual workers and their unions. In the workshops that follow, we seek out the reasons for the lack of confidence. "We don't know our own history," says one participant. "It's a bad case of corporate amnesia," says another. "Let me tell you how we dealt with that problem," replies Marvin Ciporin, "in terms of the past, and also, in terms of the future."

Ciporin works with the Threads project of the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union. He reports on their worker-oral histories, their musical theater and their labor history tours. It all sounds good, yes, very interesting. But, when he gets to the part about Nashville, he captures our full attention. He is talking about Threads' finest hour.

Besides guitars and textile workers, Nashville has the TVA. It also has the Oak Ridge nuclear reactor, and big plans. Next year, the city will play host to a world's fair called Expo '81, during which it will lay claim to the title of world energy capital. Miniature models of Expo are everywhere in town. They call for a high tech future where r & d will be king and the power grid will reign supreme. Alerted to the threat of a professional city, ACTWU members threw a funkeywrench into the lab. Aided by the Threads team, they planned and produced an alternative Expo planning conference. In so doing, the mostly Black workers laid a claim on a tomorrow to which they had not been invited. This is good news. Threads has already done what Aronowitz had called for earlier. In Nashville, it's the down home team one, and the technocrats nothin'.



"I'm just tryin' to show you where the people live, that's all."

Ralph Fasanella

The final section of the conference is about making art. The Saturday afternoon slot includes panels on film, music, theater, graphic art and writing. In them, worker part-timers and full-time artists talk shop. Fasanella, America's best known working class painter, describes his approach. "Just by lookin' at the relationships among my buildings, you can tell what society's all about. But forget

about projectin' a social theme. It makes for flat stuff. I do it the way I do cause that's how it is on the outside."

Following Fasanella, trucker/singer Larry Penn tells us how the rhythm of the road affects his musical mind. "Drivin's kinda methodical. At least one part of your brain can roam, and I get inspired by all the people and places I see. It gets hard, though, if I can't stop and write an idea down. I either remember it later or it's gone." How often does he sing for other truckers. "Never. Although I have been invited to sing at the TDU conference in Cleveland. That'll be the first time."

This is a shocker, but it turns out to be common. Unlike Italy or England, the U.S. has no organized network of workers culture clubs. Audience development strategies thus jump to center stage in our discussion. Chuck Portz, from New York's Labor Theatre, speaks on this subject. "90 percent of our audiences have never seen a play before. Even after it's advertised as a play, most of them still think that they're going to see a film. Once they see us though, they always come back, 'cause we give 'em a good show."

Rank and file story-telling parties, poetry for the labor press, and modern dance in Motown — the reports roll on as the conference draws to a close. As we get ready to leave, follow-ups to the four days are planned. The writers will draw up a list of all the worker-writer groups around the country. Transcripts of the sessions will be made available. The Institute will consider the possibility of publishing a regular newsletter on workers' culture. The last minute-connecting rises to a crescendo and, slowly, we begin to spin out of the building, out of Ann Arbor, and back to our lives. Even as we say our final goodbyes, the exhibit is being dismantled. The hall is being reclaimed for a safer kind of conferring.

"We're gonna hit the South with a storm."
Kenny Winfree, ACTWU songwriter

The conference is over. For all of us who attended, it was a unique blend. Part intellectual used car lot, part arts festival, and part labor rally, it bore witness to a new source of working class strength. Stunned badly by layoffs and turncoat Democrats, the movement is hurting. For many, the weaknesses of money-money unionism have become self-evident. "The unions are too much like aspirins," says Fasanella. "They've got to give the workers more." From the evidence at hand, they've begun to do just that. They have to face a few things squarely, however, in order to come into synch with the times. The old folk culture is no match for the electronic beat. Depression flashbacks don't make it next to your Pepsico rock and roll. Record labor's golden oldies, rework them with a Reggae beat, and let them ride the New Wave into the '80's. This might be the conference's best counsel. A million light years from Ludlow, we need some new material. □

For more information on the conference or its followup, write: Heidi Gottfried

Institute of Labor and Industrial Relations
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Michigan



Players Theatre

The Players' Theatre of New England, founded Manchester, New Hampshire 1967 under Federal Act PACE (Projects to Advance Creativity in Education) and Interrelation Creatrice, founded Antwerp, Belgium 1976, have been welded to form the core of a growing community of people — adults, adolescents and children, its nucleus: professional theatre work extending beyond the acknowledged limits of acting and staging, and including a new artistic function for the spectator.

The play **RIP**, by Ruth Mandel: the figure Rip Van Winkle and the circumstances surrounding his time, catalyze a vital exploration of human history, not by recounting a story of a past time but by replacing us in its midst. In the midst of still earlier times, we rediscover the origins of the two major human voyages: the one of war and chaos and the one of joy and creation.

This re-placing of ourselves in the midst of past events is manifested by actors and spectators.

We have developed a portable theatre which lends itself architecturally to evoking an involved, purposeful response in each spectator, as well as each actor.

RIP, 16-week tour of communities in the United States beginning February 1982.

1) The portable theatre requires a locale of at least 54' x 54' and at least 14' in height with a wood or similar floor — and a simple lighting set up. The portable theatre includes its own seating for the spectators.

2) The tour is conceived to fill a number of "In-residence" periods of 2 to 4 weeks in each community, comprising 12 to 24 performances with each period and an open number of symposiums.

The ensemble numbers 16. Owing to the particular nature and dimensions of the portable theatre and degree to which the individual spectator is a key factor, the number of spectators at each performance must be 24.

3) The fee conditions are consistent with the company's overall economic basis: a collective economy, utilizing all earnings for its artistic/educational continuing. The basis whereby the fee is arrived at is broken down in the following way:

If each community can provide food and sleeping accommodations for the members of the company, plus local travel costs to their location, the remaining cost to each community will be a negotiable percentage of our over-all production expenses shared with other communities on this tour, according to funds available.



The Company's Roots

The director, Harvey Grossman is a native New Yorker. He studied with Edward Gordon Craig, Etienne Decroux and Erwin Piscator and has directed in numerous theatres in the U.S.A., Sweden and Israel, prior to forming The Players' Theatre of New England.

The Company outlived the federally funded PACE program under which it was founded, becoming independent in 1968. Thereafter The Players' Theatre of New England performed in Boston, New York, the Eastern Seaboard and in the South, as well as other parts of the United States, in theatres and also for universities and municipalities.

Throughout these years the Company taught seminars and workshops to adults and children — teaching not only theatre techniques but various studies with theatre as a basis.

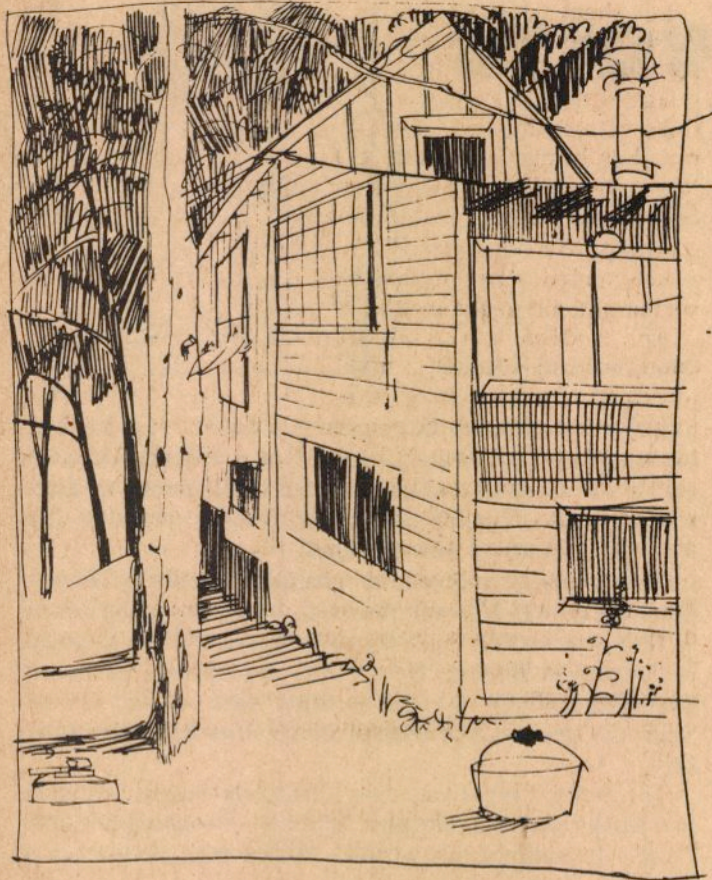
In 1970, the Company took first place in a Theatre Festival at Harvard. Very soon after, the Company was presented in Brussels (Theatre Poeme) and since then grants and other forms of support came from the New York Arts Council, Boston University, the University of Louvain (Belgium) and other sources.

The strong response to the Company's work is because it has evolved exciting drama out of works of American and European literature. In most theatrical conceptions, these works have proven impossible for the stage because of changing scenes, masses of characters, evocations of non-human forces and the elements of nature.

We have created a theatrical technique derived from mime, poetry, mask playing and expressive uses of sound and movement. On tour the Company brought this evocative theatre to the most sophisticated and the most provincial areas, with equally strong responses from experimental theatre circles, large theatre audiences, university theatre students and country children.

In Antwerp, Belgium, the Company, now International, forms the crux of Interrelation Creatrice, expanding as a whole community and school, teaching and perpetuating a new theatre, a new economy, a new view of life.

This production and tour: **RIP** (the text by Ruth Mandel, construction of the portable theatre, the entire rehearsal process, performances and symposiums in the U.S. and Europe) will constitute the major portion of an illustrated book commissioned by SYROS (Gallimard) Paris. The first edition and distribution is scheduled for October 1982. □



fine. We finished the rooms in upstairs Oneida. There are two new members, Dana and Bob." Hank frowned.

"Something? Are they wierd?"

"No, they're fine. It just feels like something is building. A lot more bitching, especially about the planners. I don't know." He shook his head, as if to throw off annoying pests that were clinging to his red curls.

They went into Oneida and Lee stopped to stare, exclaiming, "It's a living room, a real living room." She gazed happily at the light blue walls and tattered sofa and chairs, plank and block bookshelves, and commune artist decorations — god's eyes and macrame hangings. Her gaze didn't dwell on the topo-map spackle seams on the walls, the piles of magazines strewn about, the bare light bulbs in the ceiling and buzzing fly strips festooning the room. That there was furniture was, after all, an improvement over what it had been. "Where are the visitors?"

"We gave them a room in this building. It has three sets of bunkbeds. That's kind of crowding them, but at least it's more privacy than they got when they slept on the living room floor. It's the best we can afford now."

"Hank, what's the money situation here? I mean, is the community really able to make it? It doesn't seem like we have much."

"Honey, we're poor. At least, according to how much taxes we have to pay. We probably earn about \$1000 per person per year. By Outside standards, that's poverty. But, it don't feel poor in here." He tapped the general location of his heart. "We don't have much of the material stuff, but we have community, and that's what matters to me. Actually, I rather like being poor — it seems noble or revolutionary or something."

When they arrived at her room, Jonquil was not in, but her presence was clearly there. The small room was feminine and colorful, though with clothes piled on every dirty horizontal surface, including on the pastel crocheted bedspread. There were posters on the walls of misty lovers, holding hands in meadows, and flowered cloth draped across the ceiling, covering the brown paper side of the fiberglass insulation. The pastel pinks and yellows set Lee's teeth on edge. "Oh, well," she thought, "my eyes will be closed most of the time I'm in here anyway."

"You're lucky," said Hank, "most every night, Jonquil sleeps with Taj, so it's almost like having a private room." He looked around the room. "Well," he said, "It's getting pretty late, and I've got milking in the morning. You all settled?"

"Yeah. Thanks a lot, Hank."

He left, and she looked around the room and then went to the window to stare out at the firefly dotted blackness. "Home," she murmured.

Jonquil came in the next morning as Lee was unpacking and arranging her possessions. "Hi, roomie," the sunny-sweet voice called to Lee. "Got enough space for your stuff?" Lee turned to get a better view of Jonquil — her name was fitting indeed.

"Yeah. I don't really have much. Is it okay with you that I'm living here?"

Jonquil shrugged, pouting slightly. "No matter to me. I mean, since I have to have a roommate anyway . . ." She walked to a chest of drawers, saying, "I just came in to change my clothes, anyway; don't let me get in your way." She pulled off the short pink shift she was wearing and climbed into snug patched shorts and an embroidered Mexican peasant blouse, ignoring Lee.

Lee broke the silence, after deciding that their relationship should not really start that way if they were to share a room. "Is Jonquil your real name?"

"No, I changed it when I lived in the Haight. I used to be Debbie, but I always hated that name."

"Jonquil does suit you," Lee said.

Jonquil brightened and replied, "Yeah, my old man, I mean my last one, thought so too."

"How are you feeling about being here?" inquired Lee.

Jonquil's smile dimmed. "It's groovy and all, especially being with Taj," her eyes unfocused a moment then narrowed

"But I don't know if all this bureaucracy shit is really where it's at. I mean, it can really be a bummer sometimes, like no dope here, and the planners and all."

"What about the planners?"

"I don't know. I just don't think that's the way it should be. I mean, as long as no one's hurting anyone else, we ought to be able to do whatever we want to. Y'know, like we can't have T.V. That's oppression; it's like Hitler burning books." Jonquil's voice had risen and she gestured dramatically.

Lee was slightly amused by the passion her question had aroused, but found herself unattracted to pursuing the subject. She strongly appreciated a no-television culture for aesthetic and ideological reasons.

"Taj and Dana and I talk about it a lot. They're pretty bummed out too," Jonquil continued.

"Oh," said Lee, nodding. She remembered Hank's con-

cern at anti-planner sentiment. "Who are the planners now, anyway?"

"Uh, Ann, and Scott, and, uh . . ." Jonquil paused, frowning. "Um, I think it's Edith, maybe. I don't know. I don't go to their meetings. It's a bunch of bureaucracy." She declared with finality. "I gotta go. See ya' later."

As Lee was filling her plate with lunch — macaroni and a cheap version of Velveeta cheese and cole slaw — Klein arrived at the counter and examined the contents of the pans and bowls. "God DAMN it, I am sick and tired of this shit!" His mutter was slightly softer than a conversational tone of voice and was heard by everyone who was at the counter. Two visitors stared at him in surprise, while Dana, Bren and Chuck continued getting their lunches, ignoring Klein. Barbara looked up sharply at him and said reprovingly, "Well, don't bitch about it; it ruins everyone else's lunch." For a moment, he looked at her in surprise, then his usually tidy features snarled themselves into an angry scowl. He slammed down his plate and stomped out the back door.

Shock and anxiety washed over Lee, and she looked back at Barbara, whose face registered fear. Lee watched as the fear was replaced by determination. Barbara noticed Lee looking at her and gave her a hard smile before carrying her food into the dining room. Other people had resumed talking and joking.

Hank walked in the back door, shaking his head and glancing backward. He looked at Lee and smiled hello. "Boy, Klein sure is pissed off about something. Someone return his laundry with mismatched socks?"

Lee laughed nervously and replied, "He wasn't too excited with lunch, and uh, someone told him off."

Hank shrugged. "Well, that shouldn't stand in the way of our enjoying lunch, should it?"

Lee looked sceptically at her own plate.

"Well, it shouldn't keep us from eating it, anyway," he amended, and they both laughed.

After the lunch crowds cleared out, Lee and Ann sat at the table in the corner that served as the community's office. The small table contained shelves of Twin Oaks literature, stationery and mail to be answered. Beatles music was echoing throughout the small farmhouse to provide entertainment for the person washing the lunch dishes, and background for Lee and Ann's discussion.

"Well, Lee, you really did come back." Ann smiled warmly at Lee for the first time.

"Yes, I really did. I realised that this is where I wanted to be." She felt shy, a little afraid that she would somehow offend Ann.

"Well, this meeting is to explain some details of how to get things done, an orientation to membership, so to speak. We call it a 'brainwash'." She smiled at Lee's expression and said, "You'll have to get used to the flippant way we name things around here. We like to make fun of the things we know we ought to take seriously . . . So. Have you had any difficulties; is there anything you're needing to know about?"

"No, nothing I can think of."

"All right. We'll talk about money then. When one becomes a member of Twin Oaks, co — oh, you don't know

the word 'co,' do you?"

Lee shook her head.

"It came from a feminist publication and some of us, actually, Scott and I mainly, are adopting it in our language with the hopes that it will catch on. It's used as a third person singular pronoun, as in the case of, 'When a member brings a bicycle, CO must do whatever . . .' We're trying to get away from always using male references and assuming that the subject of a sentence is a man unless proven otherwise."

Lee smiled. "I really like that. Seems like it might be sort of difficult to get used to."

Ann nodded. "It is awkward at first, but it's easy enough to adjust to. Of course, a lot of people don't want to adjust. Anyway, back to money. Unlike some of the more spiritually oriented communes, we don't require one to immediately donate all of co's earthly possessions, as well as co's soul and what-have-you. Of course, if one wishes to donate, that's co's business. We do ask people about their assets, and we request the right to borrow liquid assets at no interest, should the community need it. We also require that any money earned by an individual during cos membership be donated to the community. This includes interest, rent, dividends, etcetera. The policy comes from our equality ethic — no one person can increase cos wealth while a member. Have you any money or property?"

"Well, I have about \$500 in my savings account." Lee felt uncomfortable talking about money, a little embarrassed that she still had her own money.

"All right. We don't need to make any arrangements about it and the interest it earns until you become a full member in six months. In the meantime, however, you're expected not to spend it, so as not to give you an unfair advantage over those people who have no personal savings. Besides assets like money, stocks and special large items like vehicles, or air conditioners, all other small personal property remains yours during your membership, unless you choose to donate it to the community. Clothes, furniture, jewelry, cameras, musical instruments, etcetera, can be kept in your room and under your control."

"I don't really have much, not even many clothes, really."

"No matter. You can use community clothes to look for what you need and there's a budget to purchase such items as boots or blue jeans if you can't find anything that fits. As far as the preference items go, there is a small discretionary allowance for person spending. People use allowance for such things as soda, cigarettes, special items for decorating rooms and so on. Our allowance is fifty cents a week." She paused, waiting for the inevitable reaction.

Lee's eyebrows rose and she grinned. "Boy, that's not much, is it?" She considered, then added, "Actually, I think that'll be fine with me. I'd like to live more simply, less dependent on the larger society. At fifty cents a week, I guess there's not much of a chance for rampant consumerism."

"Not much. But we're not ascetics by choice, nor are we choosing to remain poor forever. I expect Twin Oaks to grow and to get richer. I hope in time that we'll have more of the amenities, a more comfortable life than we now



have, without losing our sense of equality and sharing. I expect that we'll increase our use of technology, but reasonably. We're wanting to apply our resources and technology to really improve our lives without enslaving ourselves and exploiting others. We don't look to fill our lives with contraptions and mechanical toys; rather, we want to take the unnecessary drudge out of our lives to leave room for more creativity, or improving relationships, or whatever one chooses. It's part of our concept of creating a living, working environment engineered to make work a pleasant activity."

"Are there other aspects of the behaviorism of Walden Two at Twin Oaks?"

"I'm probably the most devoted behaviorist here, although Scott and Edith are fairly ardent believers. We've designed behavior mod programs for the group such as with our charting and rewarding cleaning up — for every five days that there are no newspapers left on dining room tables, the house budget buys a luxury item to consume, such as orange juice or cocoa. On a more profound cultural level, we try to use social reinforcement rather than punishment to guide ourselves toward appropriate social behaviors. If someone feels that a manager is not doing a good enough job, co wouldn't try first to get the person 'fired.' Instead, co would offer appreciation and support for what the manager is already doing well and some reasonable solutions and maybe even offers to help with the problems co perceives. Of course, it's difficult sometimes to restrain ourselves when we are exasperated and annoyed." Ann's slightly sad frown drew a spark of affection from Lee.

Lee thought, "She seems so pure, so intellectual and cold. I wonder how she deals with being exasperated and annoyed."

Ann refocused and smiled, saying, "I've drifted quite a ways from our 'New Member Information Session.' Now, what have I left out? Ah, yes, medical. Of course, as a basic need, all medical emergencies and basic health care are taken care of by the community, without any expectation of monetary reimbursement or of making up of lost time. However, we are still fairly poor, so we use the public clinics and we don't go to doctors unnecessarily. Barbara is the medical manager; you can bring any problems to her. As far as dental work goes, I'm sorry to say that the best we can afford for any of us at this time is emergency dental care. Someday," she sighed, "we'll be five hundred or a thousand people and have our own doctors and dentists, and we'll approach health as a prevention and maintenance issue rather than simply trying to deal with curing diseases. Long before that, I expect that we will be able to afford better dental care than we have now." She shrugged delicately. "For now, we are the pioneers and suffer the privations of not having the middle class amenities . . . all for the benefit of the future." She turned and rummaged through a pile of papers. "I'm going to give you a copy of the Bylaws and the Membership Agreement. When you have been here for six months, you'll sign a copy and become a full member. Here."

Ann looked at her wristwatch and said, "Well, Lee, I have some other things I must attend to. If you have any questions, approach me any time."

The bulletin board that served as information center for the community was a 4' by 6' sheet of varnished plywood with clipstyle clothespins mounted twelve inches apart. It covered most of one section of wall in the dining room, and so was responsible for aggravating congestion during already busy mealtimes. Lee chose a quiet midafternoon to get introduced to the board and to its content and style. She could hear the splashing and slamming of Scott's dishwashing shift, and his chosen music, a recording of classical flute and oboe music. Lee had passed Bren and Kenny on the front porch swing where they were earnestly conversing, accompanied by the regular "scree-scree" of the swing hangers.

The air in Llano was hot and close, and Lee felt coated with a sticky layer of sweat, but she felt compelled to read the board before going to the river to swim. She skimmed the titles — "Should Visitors Have to Wash our Dishes?", "Proposal to Enclose the Front Porch and to Make it a Dining Room," "A radical political analysis of bovine hierarchy as it relates to the treatment of mastitis — for milkers only."

A hand curved around the right side of her waist, the arm traveling down across her back. She looked over her shoulder into Taj's sardonic grin. "Hi, beautiful," he drawled. "Big city ain't been treatin' ya well enough? Come back to the old hippie commune?"

"Oh, Taj. Hi," she sputtered. "You surprised me. Yeah, the city wasn't treating me well enough, I'm back here to live."

"Far out, man," he leaned back slightly, still hanging on

to her, "that's really fine." She wondered at the sincerity of his statement.

"Jonquil told me you're roomin' with her," he added, looking into her eyes.

"Yeah, um, we haven't really talked to each other much," she stumbled, blushing.

"Y'know," he said, looking over her head, "When you were a visitor, I was tryin' to make it with you, but you didn't seem real interested." He grinned and looked back at her. "Ya' still as shy as y'were?"

"I guess maybe I am."

"Yeah, well, that's too bad. We could've had a good time, no shit."

"What about Jonquil?" Her heart had embarrassingly picked up speed.

Taj shrugged, releasing Lee. "What about her? We don't own each other. Shit, man, no one owns me."

Lee looked at her bare feet, embarrassed at the direction their discussion had taken.

"Well, no matter," Taj looked at the bulletin board. "What's this, another fuckin' planner command?" He pulled Scott's paper from between the clothespin that held it to the board and skimmed it. "Same old shit," he muttered, rehangng the paper. "Well, you be good now, ya' hear?" He tossed his words to Lee as he sauntered out of the dining room. Lee pulled down the paper and focused on it as her heart slowed and her throat relaxed. She read:

"TV or Not TV [apologies to the Firesign Theater] Friday nite's planner's meeting would have come in at the top of the Nielsen rating for its lively entertainment value [except for the lack of violence, sexual innuendoes and commercial effectiveness in convincing people to consume]. We seemed to all be entertained, or at least not bored by the discussion.

The conclusion the planners have drawn is to maintain the status quo on television; that is, that Twin Oaks will not have or support that tool of propaganda. The planners are convinced, and it seems we had the support of a majority of the people at the meeting, that TV can only do damage to our young and fragile culture, that it will reinforce those positions which are at the very core of the problems of the Outside society — that violence is the solution for dealing with hurt feelings and disagreements, that people, especially women need to be sexually attractive in order to attain any personal happiness and that that attractiveness comes only through consuming the goods . . ."

Lee glanced up when she heard footsteps. Jerry came into the dining room, fanning himself with a newspaper. "Whew. Hot one today. Hi, Lee, watcha' got there?"

"Oh, hi, Jerry. I'm just reading this paper about the planner's decision to not have TV. I guess some people said they wanted it and it went to a planners meeting." She glanced down at the paper. "The planners say that they're not going to change the status quo, and that a majority of the people at the meeting supported their position."

"I wonder what their meetings are like. Ann and I have talked political theory, but we've never gotten down to the

nitty gritty of how people relate, share ideas, and work things out."

"I don't really know," Lee replied. "Some people seem pretty turned off to the system, but I don't know what's really going on . . . You know," she said after a pause, "it's awfully hot in here. Not that this isn't interesting, but I think I'm ready to go swimming. Do you want to come along? We should be back by dinner."

"Sure, I haven't seen the river yet. Wait a minute while I go get my bathing suit and a towel. You want one too?"

"Thanks, yeah, I do need a towel. Um, I haven't been in swimming yet, but, uh, you know they don't wear suits mostly? I mean, you can if you want to, but they don't use them." Lee blushed.

Jerry looked taken aback, then pleased. "That's great. Score one against our training in self-consciousness and modesty." He smiled and shook his head with delight. "Well, I'll be right back."

Lee met Jerry in front of the farmhouse and they headed down the hot dusty driveway. Lee squinted from the glare reflecting off the light dusty driveway and tinted sky. "I never would have guessed that country dirt would get so hot. I mean, isn't it supposed to be cool in the country?" She looked ruefully at her bare feet.

"Your being able to walk barefoot on these stones and this heat amazes me," Jerry said conversationally.

Lee shrugged. "Saves shoe leather." She concentrated on tolerating the griddle she was walking across. She experimented with silently chanting the Hare Krishna refrain, the only thing she knew that even vaguely resembled a mantra for diverting attention. Finally, they reached the woods again, and with relief, she let her last "Hare Rama" wisp away. "Thank God!" she expelled.

Jerry looked at her with surprise, and then smiled. "Your feet?" he asked.

"Yeah."

"Must've been a good exercise in self-control, or something." They smiled at each other.

The path through the woods was steep, with chunks of quartz and roots twisting across it. Old trees held branches over the path, making in a bowered hall, shading, cooling and soothing Lee. She looked into the woods, her spirit running off the path into the cool, damp moss and ferncovered spaces, feeling for a fleeting moment like an earth creature, a burrower. At the bottom of the hill, they walked past an open field and then reached the swimming hole at the river.

Jonquil, Dana and Hank were splashing about in the cafe au lait water, and Barbara was balancing on the floating dock, her back to Lee and Jerry, soaping her sleek tan legs. Lee glanced at Jerry, who returned a, "Well, this is it," look.

As they began removing their clothes, Lee blushed furiously with embarrassment, and her stomach twisted in lumps. A voice whispered angrily in her consciousness. "Your body is fat; you breasts are droopy. You can't let them see you." She felt the anxiety of standing at the edge of a diving board looking down as she unzipped her shorts.

She slowly pulled them down and stepped out, tossing them onto a cedar-slab bench where other clothes lay. She grabbed the bottom of her T shirt and pulled it up over her face, feeling relief for a moment, hiding in her white tent.



She kept pulling, though, and popped out of the bottom, and tossed the shirt after her shorts. She reached behind her back to unhook her bra and darefully pulled it off and tossed it. For a moment, she stopped moving, her eyes shut, and then she took a deep breath. She opened her eyes again and stepped away from the bench where her clothes were, gritting her teeth. With a plaster wall around her self-consciousness, she traveled the distance to the bank and climbed down onto the unoccupied floating platform. From the edge, the water looked unbeckoning — opaque mud brown, rather than clear and chlorine blue. But Lee was hot and sticky and naked on a platform for all to see and to analyze, so she jumped.

“Cold” was her first blind analysis. She opened her eyes while rising to the surface. From underwater, the brown did not make her think of dirt — it was the inside of a shimmering maple brown opal with motes of pale yellow light shooting down from above. Breaking through the surface, she paddled in the weak current to stay afloat and looked around. The view upstream surprised her. It was the South of her imagination, with vines, draping and jungly trees leaning, making green and black reflections in the wide brown river. She thought of broad grassy savannahs and people in straw hats catfishing from flat-bottom rowboats. “Damn,” she muttered, amazed that a northern liberal city person had ended up floating in a Dixie river.

A tug on Lee’s toe startled her into kicking violently and paddling backwards. A mass of bubbles followed by Hank’s auburn head surfaced in front of her. He laughed and she splashed him, feeling sheepish but amused. He went down again, and Lee swam away, half expecting to be grabbed. As she was swimming, she looked up on the dock at Jonquil and Dana who were drying off. Trying not to stare, Lee looked at Dana’s pink plumpness next to Jonquil’s golden sensuality. When they turned to look in her direction, she waved, then swam away, appreciating

the coolness of the water and the cover it provided her modesty. Jerry swam up next to her and turned on his back, sighing happily at the sky. “It’s wonderful down here; it’s so easy to forget Boston, to forget the whole damn Outside.”

Lee paddled along next to him in the warmed surface water and said, “It does feel like Utopia, but, you know,” she frowned, “It’s kinda hard not feeling self-conscious.”

“I suppose it’s something one gets used to. I actually am enjoying the feeling of freedom.” His arms gracefully arced, propelling him backwards. “Aaah, I just hit a cold spot. I wonder what it’s like for fishing.”

Lee stared downstream at the water, trying to imagine teeming fishlife just under the surface. “I’ve never swum in anything but a pool or the ocean before. Have you?”

“I’ve been in mountain streams when I’ve gone camping in the Berkshires. Never could stay in the water for very long, though.”

“I bet.”

Lee was the first to notice the changing light and shadows. “I bet it’s close to dinnertime.” She looked at the bank. “Everyone else seems to have left.”

“Guess we better be going, then. I’m going to take one more swim around.” He struck off, swimming vigorously, while Lee paddled back to the dock and climbed up the little slippery ladder. She was still drying off when Jerry climbed out of the water, but she found that she did not mind her nudity as much as she had earlier. She slipped her clothes on, then watched Jerry as he dressed. He had neither excess fat nor bulging muscles; the lines of his body were smooth and tapering. He was tan but for the paleness from his waist to mid-thigh, and he had an abundance of black curly hair on his legs, arms and chest. She glanced, trying not to stare, at his crotch.

“They look so vulnerable, just hanging there,” she thought, and smiled to herself, looking away into the woods. Jerry pulled his shorts on and slipped into his sandals. “You ready?” he asked.

“Sure. I’m starving.”

They walked through the woods up the hill. Looking across the field at the top of the hill, Lee pointed to the sun and Jerry hurried up to see. The size of a silver dollar in the sky, the sun was hot pink-gold. Its pinkness was reflected in the long horizontal lines of puffy clouds, and radiant beams of pale gold shone through breaks in the clouds.

“Lovely,” Jerry murmured, and he put his arm around Lee’s shoulder as they walked back toward the courtyard.

They entered Llano and to their surprise discovered that it was already after seven o’clock and most everyone had eaten. They put mounds of cold gummy spaghetti on their plates and poured ladles of tepid tomato sauce over the noodles. There were still some slices of homemade white bread and garlic butter and a colander with uncooked beet greens for a salad. Lee poured herself a glass of cold fresh milk. “This is the best milk I’ve ever had. Definitely the high point of this meal.”

The dining room had cooled somewhat. Jerry and Lee joined Ann and Scott who were deeply involved in a conversation.

“I’m sorry, Ann. I just can’t buy what you’re saying. The theory and ideals are all very well, but there’s the

community to think of. How much can we limit ourselves and still have a community?" An amused smile flickered across Scott's face and his wide blue eyes sparkled as he stared into Ann's thoughtful expression.

"You think so, eh? You're willing to do that level of compromising?" Ann was leaning back, her finger playing along her lips.

"Compromising! Me? Oh, come on, Ann, you must be kidding. You can't really believe that." Scott threw himself back, crossing his arms and shaking his head, causing his silky white-blond hair to fly.

Ann smiled broadly at him, then turned to watch Lee and Jerry settle themselves at the table. "Welcome," she said warmly. "I'm glad you're joining us. Scott and I," she glanced at him with a friendly frown, "have been having one of our classic debates."

"Oh, really," said Jerry, interested. "About what?"

"It's an old issue," Scott moaned, resting his forehead on the table.

"Basically, it's 'How much can a Utopia compromise its values?'" explained Ann.

Scott sat up and added, "And what role do environmental and social engineering play in Walden II?"

"I think I don't understand what you're talking about," ventured Lee timidly. She had eaten some of the rubber strings of spaghetti, then gave up, turning her interest entirely on Ann.

"What we're talking about," Ann said, leaning toward Lee and gesturing for emphasis, "is building a society in which aspects of the physical and social environment reward citizens — ourselves — for behaving appropriately, in a socially acceptable or desirable manner, rather than relying on threats of institutionalized punishment or social censure to prevent people from misbehaving. In any case, in order to choose the positive rather than the negative alternative, there has to be both an understanding of what rewards and motivates people and a clear-cut vision of the community's values and directions, which requires a strong centralized government. And the dilemma, of course, is to assign that kind of control to a group which is smaller than the entire community, which it needs to be in as diverse a group as ours, and even worse, to allow them to decide to dispense reinforcement for appropriate behavior, is patently inegalitarian."

Lee said nothing, but nodded.

Edith, who, with Bren, had quietly joined them at the table, said with a softly chiding tone, "Scott, are you two at it again?"

"At it?" Scott protested. "Edith, I love Ann, I truly do. Only," he shrugged, "she's a Purist — that's a capital 'P' if you please, and she needs guidance, balance, or at least a decent business manager." He chuckled, glancing at Ann. Her eyes smiled back as she shook her head.

"Is this a strictly theoretical discussion?" asked Jerry.

"No," said Scott more seriously. "Actually, it's about Klein's proposal that we reward people with money for doing whatever kind of work needs to be done most."

"Like washing dishes. Yuck," said Bren.

"Not really, Bren. He was talking about the kind of work that would increase the wealth of the community — whether it's making money or building and increasing our assets, rather than just maintaining us and making us more comfortable," said Scott.

Edith nodded her head. "Mmm. I see what's developing. First of all, there's all the inequalities of saying that one person's work is more important than another person's; that person can accumulate wealth and have more of what he, uh, co wants that money can buy."

"It does increase consumerism," agreed Ann.

Edith glanced at her, then continued, "Balanced against the community's need for growth and more security, a stronger economic base and better facilities, if we want to grow to be a real alternative society."

Jerry turned his attention from Bren, who had been whispering to him, to say, "Seems to me it would be dangerous to the long term strength of the community to compromise a basic value like equality."

Ann, who had been playing with a pencil, glanced up at him with a smile.

"I believe that too," said Edith softly. "Scott, I know that the community has far to go to be a strong, secure and a real model and alternative for the world to take seriously. No, wait," she held up a hand as Scott began to object. "I know — we'll be compromising another value. But, equality is the philosophical foundation on which we're built. It's too important."

"But, you know that it's relative, that equality is not real and measurable, but rather a personal interpretation," Scott said emphatically. "We can take a proposal like Klein's and implement it in such a way that it feels fair, just and equal."

Ann threw herself back, shaking her head. "Oh, Scott," she sighed, "the issue is not the immediate consequences. It is the impact in three or five or ten years from now. Is it worth it to risk moving away from our egalitarian ethic for the sake of satisfying selfish desires now?"

"Bren, what do you think about the idea?" Edith turned toward Bren who was drawing flowers and hearts on a scrap of envelope.

"What exactly was the proposal?" Bren asked, looking up slowly.

"Let me see if I remember it," said Jerry. "It's that the planners choose work projects that are essential to the community's growth and give extra rewards — like money — to people who work in those areas. Right?" He looked around for confirmation. Edith nodded. Lee sat back, eyes half closed, thinking about what had been said so far.

"Well, on the one hand," said Bren slowly and seriously. "there are important considerations both in support of the idea and against the idea, like you all said, but," she smiled impishly, "it really would be neat to have more money to spend. I'd sure work in areas that paid more."

Edith made a wry expression. "I imagine everyone would . . ."

"Which is the purpose of the proposal," said Scott.

"And its great weakness," added Ann. "What do you suppose would happen to housework, maintenance, those things that improve our lives in undramatic ways. They're not particularly fun things to do, and no one will want to do them, so we'll have to give incentives beyond labor credits for them too, and soon we'll be deep in a money economy, with people working not for the intrinsic reinforcement of their work, nor for the basic good of the community, but for their own consumerism. That would lead to hoarding and more disagreements over who should do that work."

"And you know when it comes to that, Scott," added Edith, "that the community's martyrs would do the shit work, because it needed to be done."

"But," said Jerry, "Doesn't that happen now, when work is just for labor credits?"

"True," conceded Edith, "but there's a lot of tolerance for people changing jobs and support for training people in work they want to learn. I fear that by adding money into the equation, we'll be giving people more reasons to be selfish."

Lee found her throat tightening a little and her hands clenching, so she slipped out of her seat and retreated to the kitchen with her plate. She poured a glass of water and sipped, pensively staring out of the dirty window at the darkened yard. She sighed, relaxing enough to question her emotional reactions, but she found only confusion inside. She set down the glass and went outside.

The cool damp night air enveloped her and licked her face and bare arms. The darkness rose from the ground to become sky, letting only a few stars shine dimly through. The crickets' and tree frogs' loud calls added an additional dimension to the thickness of the night, all of which blanketed her and soothed her as she walked to the apple trees that supported a hammock.

"Hi, is that you, Lee?" The voice startled her.

"Oh! . . . Yes it is me. Who is that?" She peered at the shadowed figure reclining on the hammock.

"Chuck . . . join me?"

"Well," she answered uncertainly, struggling to decide if she wanted privacy for thinking or company. She thought about how she had been attracted to Chuck's gypsy looks and gentle voice. "Okay, I guess so." She sat on the edge of the hammock and swung her legs up, setting the hammock swinging. Chuck clutched at the ropes as the hammock tipped in his direction, and Lee rolled into him, almost causing the hammock to turn over. Grabbing ropes, they pulled themselves back to the middle, and Lee started giggling. Chuck laughed, causing Lee to laugh harder, and soon they were gasping and Lee was hiccuping from their laughter.

"Hunh! Whew," gasped Chuck. "You're dangerous."

Lee giggled again and then said, "Oh, no, stop. I have to stop laughing." She sat up and wiped the tears at the corners of her eyes. "Oh, I really think I needed that." She bit her lip and said, "I wasn't sure that I wanted to be around anyone, but laughing like that really helped."

"Is anything wrong?" Chuck shifted to face Lee.

"No, not really. I guess I was getting confused and upset. Y'see there was a discussion about paying people for doing certain kinds of work, and people were really making good points on both sides of the argument, but they got to talking about how people would want more and more money and share less and less, and I found I was getting upset. It doesn't make any sense," she said with embarrassment.

"Maybe it does," Chuck offered. "I mean, the feelings were there, so you must've had a reason."

Lee thought for a moment, peering through the smoky windows of her feelings to find an answer. "I don't know," she said, shaking her head slowly. "It's just that I want to live someplace where people are kind and sharing and have a purpose that goes beyond their own selfish desires." She frowned hard, finding the pressure of being upset growing in her head. "I don't know why it affects me so much; it's just a discussion."

"How about if you forget all about that crap. You'll feel better if you do. Tell be about yourself."

For a moment, Lee rebelled at being pulled away from her train of thought, then she felt appreciation for Chuck's effort to help her feel better. "I really don't know what to say. It's hard to talk about myself when someone asks."

"I've heard you say you were a waitress before joining."

"Yes. And I was in school — majored in Psych. I wanted to be brilliant and do great things. What about you?"

Chuck leaned back and looked off. "Oh, I've been around, done this and that."

The full moon had risen, casting its luster to illuminate anything exposed to it, burying the rest in deep shadows. Chuck smiled his gypsy smile, and for a moment, Lee glimpsed him as a buccaneer, glittering with spirit and shrouded with mystery and secrets.

"What sort of things?" she asked softly.

"Well, after I got out of the Navy, I decided to do some travelling. Went to Europe and met some Dutch guys who were headed down to Morocco. They were interested in scoring and making a little money, but I was just wanting to move. I was feeling restless. We split up in Casablanca and I went on to Rabat by myself. Went up into the hills and spent four months there in a village. Real heavy trip, livin' in an Arab village. Turned out I made the right move, though. The other two guys got busted at the border."

"Wow. That's incredible. And it could've been you."

He shrugged casually. "Yeah, but it wasn't. After that, I went back up to Portugal and then to France and worked on the vineyard circuit for a few months. Those were beautiful months."

"Was that right before you came here?"

"No. Finally got homesick and came back to the States. My folks live in Detroit, so I went there, but, shit, that was a total drag. I had to split, so I went out to Reno, learned to deal Twenty-one and worked in the casinos for a couple of years."

"How did you end up here?"

"Someone left a Seattle paper in the john where I worked and there was this article about Twin Oaks in it. I was ready to move anyway — that kind of life can get to be like malaria — you get infected and never clear it out of your system. I knew it was time to get out, so I quit my job and stuck out my thumb." He smiled, remembering, "It was a rough hitch. Got stuck outside a small town in New Mexico and thought for sure I'd had it. They don't like hippies down there too much. But no one hassled me much and finally an old man in a pick-up took me seventy-five miles to a better spot."

"I'm a little scared of hitching. I've done it some . . ."

Chuck nodded. "Yeah. Living here, you'll have to learn to like it. That's how we travel, unless your parents'll pay your way."

She shook her head. "No, I couldn't take money from them. They don't have much, and they have to work too hard to get it."

"Yeah. Mine aren't rich either."

Lee sighed and shut her eyes. They sat in silence, the night filling the spaces.

"The moon is so beautiful tonight," Lee said quietly.

"It's full, you know," Chuck replied.

"Mm hm." They stared at the shining disc.

"Well, I guess I'd better be going to bed, Chuck; it's

getting pretty late."

"Yeah, I guess it is," he replied with a tinge of disappointment.

"See you tomorrow," she said, carefully climbing out of the hammock.

"See ya'."



chapter 5

A harsh electric buzz speared its way into Lee's dream; it was a long, thin, jagged bolt, ripping the image, interrupting the story in which she had almost found her way out of a strangely ordinary two-story frame house. "Unnh." She rolled over and her hand groped for the source of the noise. She squeezed the clock's little button and it quieted immediately. Allowing the merest squint, she let a little light in, sending shock messages quickly back to her brain.

"Now, what is it I'm supposed to do this morning?" she thought as she rolled to the edge of her bed and fumbled through the pile of clothes on the floor. She found her labor credit sheet folded in her shorts' pocket. Unfolding it, she lay across the bed on her stomach. "Oh, yeah, breakfast and kitchen clean." She looked up at the clock and started. "Oh, shit, it's 8:30." Hurrying into shorts and a shirt, she bolted from the room.

When Lee arrived at the dining room, there were already several people eating. She stopped running and looked around, asking with confusion, "Did someone make breakfast? I thought I was supposed to."

"I did," said Kenny, without looking up from his bowl of soupy oatmeal. He sat hunched over his food, his long brown hair hanging limply in front of his face, leaving barely more than his nose visible. "I mean, no one else was doing it, and it needed doing."

"Oh, Kenny, thank you. I forgot to check my sheet last night and let myself oversleep, and I was real upset this morning to find out . . . oh, well, thanks."

Kenny ducked his head. "Hey, like it's not such a big deal."

As Edith passed, carrying her dirty plate to the kitchen, she said, "It was nice, Kenny. I for one appreciate you making breakfast this morning." Lee wondered if Edith's statement reflected a judgement on Lee's irresponsibility; she felt anxious. No more was said, however, so she helped herself to a cup of oatmeal with raisins and honey and a glass of milk. She joined Jonquil and a new visitor at one end of the table. Jonquil was flipping pages of *Newsweek* magazine, and looked up with a brief smile to acknowledge Lee's arrival. The man, in his early twenties, had a wide, ruddy, pleasant face, or at least as much as Lee could see of it through the full beard and moustache.

"Hi. Who're you?" she greeted him.

"Amos. How about you?"

"Lee." She attacked her cup of soupy mush.

"You live here?"

"Mm hm."

"I want to, too," he said with certainty.

"When did you get here?"

"Oh, last night. But I've been thinking about living in a commune for a long time. Y'know, closer to the earth and nature, workin' it out with other people, like a big family."

"Mmmm."

"This is just the kind of place I'm lookin' for." He looked around appreciatively.

"Well, excuse me. I have to go wash dishes." She realised she did not want to share small talk with this stranger who was eating breakfast in her dining room. She went into the kitchen and saw what looked like a mountain of dirty pots, glasses and dishes. Klein was stacking dishes next to the sink.

"Lee, you're on 'kitchen clean' with me," he said briskly. "I'm bringing dirty plates over to be washed; do you want to do the washing?"

"Uh, sure, I don't care." Lee found herself pulling back from Klein's directive brusqueness.

"I'd like to show you how I set up the sinks for washing; I feel it's the most efficient, effective method." He moved to the sink and she obediently stepped back. "Here, fill this sink with hot soapy water and this one with cold water. Then you can cold soak first, wash in hot water and set the dishes over here to be rinsed."

"Okay," she said quietly, feeling young and helpless and wishing Klein would shut up and go away.

He turned to go back to cleaning, adding, "I'll bring your dirty dishes and take away clean ones. All you need to do is wash."

"Okay. Thanks."

"Is there any music you want to hear?" he asked politely.

"Uh, well, I don't really care."

"Okay, I'll put something on." He left the kitchen and soon she heard the amplified scratchings of a record starting. She briefly wondered what kind of music Klein would choose. She was surprised to hear a man's warm, lovely, raspy blues voice start singing, "Ah got a brother in Bulah-land, outshine de sun . . ."

She filled the sink with water, poured in detergent and started fishing plates out of cold dirty water and plunging them into hot soapy water. She listened happily to the music and scooped up a handful of the soapsuds, holding them up in front of her. Summer morning sunlight shone in the window and played rainbows on her bubbles. Her smile spread through her, and the two hour dishwashing shift slid by easily.

"The shift went very well," Klein said, as they wiped their hands after putting all the dishes away. "Do you think perhaps you could take a walk with me sometime?"

"Uh, well, yeah, sometime," she replied as she thought, "Oh, no." She started out the door.

"Good." He smiled stiffly. "Well, so long."

Lee was just emerging from Llano when Hank bounded up to her and gave her a hug. "It's beautiful!" he cried.

Confused and pleased, Lee asked, "What is?"

Hank pointed to the western sky which was dominated by a menacing thunderhead. Lee realised that it was in fact cooler and darker out than it had been. "Beautiful?"

"Rain, honey, rain!" Hank opened his arms wide to the sky, threw his head back and turned around once. He pulled his head forward to look at her and seeing her bewildered expression, he said, "The farm, the hay. It's all been drying up and dying — this'll save us. That cloud," he pointed at the looming menace, "is next year's beef and milk."

Lee smiled and looked around at the fields and garden, which were parched, she saw Bren walking slowly towards her, dragging her feet and staring at the ground. She wore a short red, brown and yellow African print shift and an orange headband, Indian-style in her black curly hair. Lee walked out to meet Bren, wondering what had dampened her usually bubbly spirit.

"Hi."

"Something wrong?"

Bren bit her lower lip and shook her head, "Yes."

"Wanna talk about it?"

Bren's shoulders drooped further as she trudged.

"Come on, Bren. Let's sit over there in the grass." Lee led Bren to the edge of the garden and they sat facing each other. "What's happening?"

Bren's shoulders and back started heaving, choked sobs escaping. "I'm so unhappy and confused." She sobbed and sniffled.

"What is it?"

"It's Jerry," she managed to get out before her weeping overwhelmed her. She cried hard for a while, finally slowing down enough to sniffingly say, "and . . . and Kenny." She sobbed some more, then added, "You see, I was really in love with Kenny. He's the first man I ever screwed, and I thought I loved him and wanted to be with him a long time. We've talked about that. But when I first saw Jerry, I realised that I couldn't be happy with Kenny, 'cause he's too young. Jerry is so cute and smart and experienced. I've been asking him to hang out with me, hoping he'd ask me to sleep with him. But he didn't." Her expression tightened as she fought tears. "Kenny started getting real jealous 'cause I was hanging out so much with Jerry, and we had a big fight. In fact, you passed us that day on the swing."

Lee thought back, remembering that she and Jerry had gone swimming that day.

"So, I was real mad at Kenny and . . . and I asked Jerry if he'd sleep with me. That was yesterday. And," she started sobbing again, "he said, 'No', that I was too young. Then I found out that he'd slept with Jonquil." Bren's face twisted with pain as she disclosed the information.

Lee's eyes widened. "Jonquil? But I thought . . ."

"Taj was with a visitor, and Jonquil got real mad." Bren relaxed from her distress as she shared the news. "Didn't you know? I mean, She's your roommate and all."

"No, not at all. We don't talk much."

"Oh," replied Bren. "Well, anyway, now I don't have Jerry or Kenny," she said bleakly, although the tears did not threaten to return.

"That's a bummer," offered Lee, trying to sound sympathetic. "Is Kenny real hurt?"

Bren shrugged. "I suppose so. I don't know. I guess I don't much care."

"You don't care?" Lee asked with surprise.

"No, I don't," answered Bren defiantly. "I mean, what right does he have to tell me what I can and can't do?"

"But how would you feel if he did that to you?"

"I don't know. Maybe my feelings would be hurt, but you know people can't own each other. I think that's real important, don't you?"

"Well, yeah. It just seems like there's a difference between not owning someone and not hurting his, uh, co's feelings."

"He's hurt my feelings a lot too, and besides, I think I'm really in love with Jerry." Bren added savagely, "Even if he doesn't want me."

Lee suppressed a smile and thought, "My mom used to call me Sara Heartburn, but you deserve the honor, Bren." She said, "I really don't know what to say, Bren."

Bren shrugged. "It's okay. Oh! Is that rain?"

They looked up as the marble sized plops of water started striking their heads, shoulders and arms. The cloud had moved directly over them. No sooner did they note that, than the plops merged into a solid layer of rain, soaking them. "Come on!" yelled Bren and they leaped up and ran laughing into Harmony for towels and dry clothes.

That evening, Lee ate dinner quickly. She needed solitude and a chance to think, so she headed for the woods. The rain had cooled the air, and her Great Hall was fragrant with moss and loam. As she wandered through the woods in the dusky forest light, the trees sprinkled her with chilly drops. She thought about the interrelationships of Jonquil, Taj, Jerry and Bren. She felt curious about their casual sexuality and thought about the love and sex she had shared with her French lover, Etienne. "I miss him," she thought. "I miss being loved." An empty ache shuddered through her. "I don't understand what loving in community, loving non-possessively, means. It seems wrong to care about just one other person and about one's own happiness over the needs of everyone else. But I can't care about everyone the same, and I certainly can't be lovers with just anyone." She walked along, hands in pockets. "I wish it was easy and clear . . . I wish I wasn't so lonely . . . it's scary, though. I don't want to fall in love again, the way I did with Etienne. I don't want to be hurt if it doesn't work, and I don't want to hurt anyone the way I did him." She shivered and hugged herself.

For a few days, Lee was quieter and more depressed than usual. She found herself more aware of Chuck, and drawn to sit near him at mealtimes, but too shy to start conversations.

One evening, after dinner, Lee came out to the front porch and found Chuck leaning against a post.

"Hi. Join me? There's a volleyball game happening." He nodded toward the yard where a net had been set up and a game was already lively.

"You don't play?"

"Nah. Too much effort. Figure I'd just watch the sunset. How about you?"

"I really didn't have any plans for this evening. I was thinking about doing some work. I need the labor credits for this week, but there's not really anything I can think of

to do.”

“That’s a drag.” He opened a little tin of tobacco and rolled a cigarette. “I still got a few more hours to do in the hammock shop. You want to come work with me?”

“I haven’t learned how to do it,” she said, wanting Chuck to offer to teach her.

“That’s no problem. Come on. I’ll teach you.”

A flutter of excitement was born in her as she followed Chuck to Harmony. The large, high-ceilinged central space was crowded with “jigs”, I-shaped frames on legs on which thick white rope was woven into nets. Mounted on the walls were various contraptions for measuring and marking rope for the macramed end pieces, and in the corner of the floor, next to the door of Kenny’s bedroom, was a horizontally-mounted drum around which a rope was wound several times.

“I’ll teach you to weave first. It’s a little tricky, but I think you’ll pick it up quickly, and that way we can work across from each other.” He led her to one side of the jig where there was already a rope snaked through pegs along the middle section. “Now, here, you hold the shuttle in this hand, grab the loop with the other hand and let the shuttle go down through the loop. Do the same thing with the next loop until you get to the end of the row, then weave **up** through the loops in the other direction. That make sense? Let me do a few rows so you can see how it’s done.” He deftly pulled ropes and tossed the shuttle, quickly creating a confusing spider web. “Okay, you try it.”

Lee took the shuttle in her right hand and looked at it. Shaped like a long, skinny wooden butterfly, it had the rope wrapped around the middle. It felt heavy and awkward in her hands. “Which loop do I pull?”

“The one right after the last one you went through.”

Three loops looked like they followed the last loop Chuck had gone through. “This one?”

“No, follow the rope. It’ll make sense.”

She traced the rope to a loop, and with a triumphant grin, carefully eased the shuttle down through it. The second loop was easier to find, and Chuck went to the opposite side of the jig to work on the other half of the hammock. Lee concentrated on coordinating her hands and on not missing any loops, but Chuck wove smoothly, barely looking at his work.

“You’ve seemed kind of quiet lately,” he said.

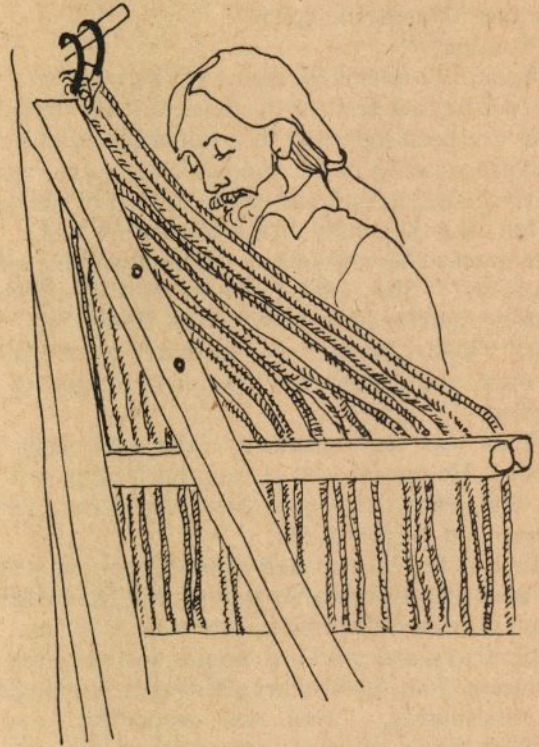
“Yeah, I have been a little depressed. It’s nothing really.” Lee felt both the lingering confused depression of the previous week and a quickening of excitement from Chuck’s attention.

“You think maybe you want to take a walk after we work here for a while?” He motioned around the room.

“Oh, yeah, I really would.” She looked up at him happily, and the rope she was working with slipped off of the end peg where it had been secured. “Oh, shit, I’ve lost it . . . Chuck, could you help?”

“Sure.” He set down his shuttle and came over to examine the problem, leaning close to her. Her heart sped up and her face flushed. “There ya’ go, no problem,” he said, giving the cord a tug. He moved back to his end, and she sighed.

After an hour, Chuck set down his shuttle decisively and said, “I’m ready to split. Are you?”



“Sure.”

They left Harmony and set out for the pasture that led to Lee’s favorite woods. They walked silently in the cool purple dusk and at the steep part of the hill, Chuck offered his hand to help Lee up. She did not let go when the climbing got easier, but instead slipped her fingers between his larger, rougher ones. His thumb caressed her knuckles. She hesitated a moment, feeling torn between wanting to pull away, to be bright and lively and put distance between them, and wanting him to touch her and to want her.

He stopped and faced her. “Lee?” he asked gently. He touched her hair, then cupped her head in his hand and drew her face close to his. They kissed hesitantly, but her breath came more quickly and she drew closer to him, feeling open and vulnerable. Chuck broke the kiss and pulled back slightly to look in her eyes. “Lee, I’ve been wanting to ask you . . . I’d like to make love with you.”

Tears welled up in her eyes. “I don’t know, Chuck. I want to; I do, but I don’t know.” The tears overflowed, tracking down her face, and she sniffled.

“Hey, Lee, what’s wrong?” He pulled back, bewildered, then pulled her to him, murmuring, “It’s okay, really. It’s okay.”

She leaned the side of her face against his chest. He held her head there and kissed her hair gently.

“Oh, Chuck, I want you, and I’m afraid. It’s scary, it’s been so long and I’m so lonely, but I’m afraid of loving anyone too much, of getting too involved.”

“Don’t worry about that, Lee. I’ll take care of you; there’s nothing to be afraid of. Come on, let’s go back to my room. It’ll be more comfortable.”

They walked back quietly holding hands, Lee trying not to think or to feel her apprehension. She followed Chuck to his room in Harmony and looked around. Bare of

decorations, the only spots of color were an old handmade quilt and a handsome guitar.

"You play?"

"Yeah," he answered, taking off his sneakers. "Mostly folk, a little rock and a little classical." He turned off the harsh overhead light and lit a tall white candle. She felt awkward standing in the middle of the room, wanting to feel the desire she had had earlier instead of the confusion she felt. She sat primly on the edge of his bed.

He watched her and smiled. "Would you like me to play something?" She nodded, so he picked up his guitar carefully, quickly tuned it, and drew from it rich evocative music. "Relax, honey," he murmured as he played. She lay back and closed her eyes and images of gypsies returned.

"That was very beautiful," she said when he had finished. He moved next to her and leaning over, kissed her. She reached up and drew him closer, feeling his warmth and weight on her.

The candle flickered and shadows danced over them. Her body reawakened after so long, but she could not give herself over entirely in her lovemaking to Chuck. She felt self-conscious and awkward, hoping and worrying that she had pleased him. He held her afterwards, stroking her hair, and murmuring, "That was wonderful, Lee." She snuggled closer, pleased, and watched the soft golden candleglow. He sat up, rolled a cigarette and lit it and offered it to her.

"No, thank you. I don't smoke."

He dragged on the cigarette meditatively. "It's still pretty early, but I'd like you to spend the night, if you want to."

"All right," she said slowly. "I'd like that." A doubt lurked, but she could not grab hold of it. She wondered, "What does it mean for me to spend the night? I think I want to be with Chuck, but is it going to be too much, too hard?" Her thoughts twisted around each other.

"Watcha' thinkin' about?" Chuck asked as he lay down next to her again.

"Oh, nothing."

"Mmm." He kissed her forehead.



chapter 6

Wandering slowly across the field behind Oneida, Jerry gazed into his thoughts, blind to the brown spikey field and robin's egg sky speckled with white puffy clouds. He sucked on the stem of a piece of dried orchard grass and played absently with his keychain.

"It's so much what I expected and so different," he told himself. "I'm drawn here . . . the opportunities . . . I can learn so much about myself and other people . . . I can be good for Twin Oaks, and probably it won't be too long before I can make changes here. Ann certainly'll trust my judgement and encourage me. And a community like this, it's wide open for social experiments to improve it." An image of his boss, Jeff, at the Center, flashed across his

mind and he involuntarily scowled. "I can learn new skills and live in a society with human values, a society that doesn't treat people like so many interchangeable, serial-numbered parts." He sighed. "And Lee was right. I do like the people here." He thought about Ann and Scott and Edith and the pleasant evenings together. Bren spun through his mind, and then Jonquil, and he stopped walking, staring fixedly at a clump of ragweed. His memories of the afternoon swim, the walk after supper, and the night in the hayloft with Jonquil stirred him. Her cool loveliness had enchanted him. And then the confusion he felt watching Jonquil approach Taj the next day — she had given off powerful sparks of anger and sexuality which Taj seemed to catch and play with. Jerry could see the power lurking behind Taj's casual expression. Jonquil had followed Taj into Harmony, presumably to his room, and Jerry felt loss and anger. And then Bren, adolescent energy crackling about her, had strolled up to him with her proposal that they be lovers. His feelings froze and he refused and rejected her. He watched his words slap her and he was embarrassed. He had strode away. He wondered now how he would be able to live with either Bren or Jonquil. His thoughts drifted on. "Can I really live without the control over my everyday life that I have outside — spending money, the food I want, my car? Hell, what are money and possessions anyway? A trap, that's all. I don't need that."

"Talkin' to the gophers, Jerry?"

Startled, Jerry looked up to see Hank leaning against an old cedar fencepost, hands in his overall pockets. Jerry relaxed and smiled.

"Actually, I was thinking about this place. You know, I'm leaving next week. Going through things I'm attracted to, problems I might run into . . ."

"It's tough," said Hank, nodding and looking closely at Jerry.

"Y'know, it is," replied Jerry, looking at Hank with a faint smile. "Some of it is control. You give up a lot in moving here."

"In what ways?" Hank asked casually.

"Well, like food. I make enough money to buy what I want; I don't need to think about it or deny myself. And I've been eating more healthily than I used to."

"And, you know, I've been out of school and on my own for three years. In principle, the communal ideal is what I believe in. But I know it's going to be hard to ask someone's permission to use a car, especially if it's my own car, or it was my own car." He shook his head. "I can't believe that I'm letting any of this bother me. You know," he gestured, "I know that in giving up control in those areas, I'm gaining control over so much more of my environment, because we can do so much more for ourselves as a community . . . not to mention more control over my work scene." He slapped the back of one hand against his other palm. "Damn! It's clear I want to be here." He chuckled at his own struggle. "Hey, Hank, you want to come celebrate my decision with me with a trip to the local liquor store? It's still my car and my money."

Hank shrugged, grinning. "Sure, I don't turn down offers like that."



chapter 7

The old broom's red paint was rubbed off and the straw had been worn down until it was a stiff brush switching ineffectively on the dirty front porch. Car sounds approached and Lee looked toward the driveway. Shading her eyes with one hand, she peered through the dust clouds at the cars — a '65 Volkswagen and a '69 Chevy Impala. Through the settling dust emerged five people she did not know, and Kenny.

"Hi, Kenny," she called and waved, walking down the steps.

"Hello, who're you?" she said to the three hippies and the well-dressed older couple.

Kenny turned toward the couple and said to Lee, "These people picked me up hitching, so I said I'd show 'em around."

Lee nodded and the balding man said, "Ah, yes. We've heard about Twin Oaks before . . . I'm a professor of psychology, you see, and you're really quite well-known, because of the exposure through Walden Two. We've been wanting to see your little place here for quite some time. By the way, what is your turnover rate and how long do people stay?"

Lee had been nodding politely as he talked, "I don't really know our 'turnover rate,' people stay on the average of six months, I think, at least that's what Edith has said." She looked enquiringly at the three long-haired fringed and beaded men. "Are you all," gesturing towards Kenny's benefactors, "together?"

"Uh, no, man," said a red-eyed blond man wearing fringed denim shorts, sandals, and a brass medallion on a chain against his bare chest. "We, uh, we're on the road, y'know. We heard about your commune and thought maybe we could crash here."

Kenny led the older couple away as Lee considered how to deal with the new visitors. "Well," she explained, "there are a lot of visitors here now — ten or twelve . . ."

"But listen, man, we really need a place to crash," interrupted a shorter darker man with sunglasses.

"Well, wait here and I'll find the manager." She walked towards Oneida to look for Ann, overhearing one of them complaining, "Manager! What the fuck kind of fascism is that? The land belongs to the people . . ."

"Oh, Lord," she said softly.

"Well, Lee, what do you want to make for dinner?" Chuck asked, leafing aimlessly through *The Joy of Cooking*.

"What've we got to work with?"

He gave her a cynical smile. "Are you kidding?"

"Let's look," she insisted optimistically.

They peered in the freezer of the refrigerator that was cryptically marked "Betty Lou" in green paint on the door. "Hey, look, I found meat . . . here." Lee handed Chuck a three pound package of paper-wrapped something with illegible writing on it.

"Didn't we lose a cat recently?" asked Chuck

doubtfully.

"Oh, Chuck, stop it. That's beef — probably that milk cow that Barb culled from the herd last winter."

"A cat'd be more tender," he said, carrying the package to the table in the kitchen.

"Chuck!" Lee ripped open the paper. "It's hamburger."

"Good. Let's fry up burgers and order some chips and fresh rolls from town and a few cokes while we're at it . . ."

"Chuck, get serious." Stroking her lower lip, she stared at the chopped meat for inspiration. "It's not enough to serve plain. We'll have to stretch it." She went to look at the contents of the rough home-made kitchen shelves. "What've we got?" She opened boxes and peered in cans. "Look — a few noodles . . . You know what I wish we could do? Beef Stroganoff. That'd be great."

Chuck looked at her in disbelief. "We can't make Beef Stroganoff."

"We can. We can fake some of the ingredients. We have cream, you know."

"Yeah, but the mushrooms, wine, sour cream . . ."

he said, his voice assuming reverential tones. She shrugged. "Fake 'em . . . We can use cream and a little vinegar and catsup and some of Kenny's honeysuckle wine that didn't work, and Barb said you can fake mushrooms by soaking hard boiled egg whites in Worcestershire sauce."

Chuck moaned.

"Sure, it'll be mostly noodles, or maybe macaroni if there aren't enough egg noodles. Everyone likes noodles, especially after eating millet all last week. Let's see what vegetables we've got." She rummaged some more. "Far out! We've got stringbeans from the garden. What a luxury. I guess you can make a vanilla cornstarch pudding for dessert. I wish we had fruit." She sighed. "Just a little fruit or juice would be so nice, maybe even just a few times a week."

"How about Kenny and Leon? They've decided to become vegetarians."

"Oh, dear. They can eat stringbeans. What else do they eat?"

Chuck shrugged.

"Ann feels that we shouldn't start trying to address special diets. It's inegalitarian, unless there are medical reasons, if they have separate special foods, and she says it feels too much like a typical hippie commune — too religious and freaky."

"Shit. It's their lives; they can eat like they want to."

"Yeah, I guess so. Let's make a separate little pot of brown rice and that cheese stuff for them."

Chuck nodded.

FOLKSINGING TONITE — bring instruments and you own warbling or croaking. 8:30, outside in the yard. Popcorn and hot chocolate will be served [anyone into making hot chocolate or popcorn, sign here _____].

Lee read the notice on the bulletin board. "Far out," she said, "that should be fun."

"I guess," replied Dana moodily, turning aside. "Lee, you think maybe we could talk? I mean I kinda' need to think about some stuff."

"Sure, Dana. Now?"

"Yeah. We could go to my room. It's right down the hall."

Lee followed Dana down the dimly lit, high-ceilinged hall. Between the identical doors on both sides of the hall was shelving from floor to ceiling, laden with the community's library.

"I really like your room," said Lee. Dana's sunny room had a handmade bed and matching bookshelves which filled half of one wall. A dark blue cotton curtain pulled to the side of her window brushed against her hanging plants, and on the bed was a lovely hand-woven blue and brown bedspread.

"Let's sit down, okay?" Dana seemed nervous and ill-at-ease. Once seated, she picked up a small glass paperweight with an iridescent butterfly inside and stared at it. "I know you're friends with the planners and all, and friends with Chuck and you're Jonquil's roommate . . ."

"Well, ah actually . . ."

"You don't seem to be getting involved with this political thing going on."

"I don't think I am."

"Well, y'see," Dana raised her eyes from the paperweight and looked at Lee. "Taj and Jonquil are thinkin' about leaving and they, at least Taj, want me to go with them."

"But why?"

"Cause we're friends."

"No. I mean, why're they leaving?"

"Well, Taj feels like the planners are trying to get rid of him and his kind of people. They don't like anarchists and all. He almost never agrees with their decisions."

"But he's a manager; isn't he one of the hammock managers?"

"Yeah, but he says they never let him do what he wants to do. Like, he wants to get rid of the budget and instead get a percentage of the hammock income, or something like that. He'd put the money back into the business and be able to do what he thinks is best, like other businesses do, without having to write papers to tell people about his ideas or having to always be asking the planners if it's okay."

"Oh."

"Y'know. It's like Ram Dass says, 'Be here now,' and all. Ya got to flow with what feels right, not all this bureaucracy and planning bullshit. Y'know, all this bureaucracy keeps us from following our deeper natures, our instincts."

"That's pretty frustrating, huh?"

"Yeah," Dana replied emphatically. "It is. But, I don't really want to go. Not with Jonquil. We've tried to be friends, but, I don't know." Sadness crept across her face. She's not real nice to me. She can be a real bitch sometimes, and I know she lies . . ."

Lee had been feeling distant sympathy for Dana, but began to feel uneasy with the conversation. "Isn't this getting to be gossip?"

Dana looked annoyed. "Well, maybe, but who gives a shit for those fucking rules, anyway?"

"But it's not a rule, really . . ."

With irritation, Dana turned to stare out the window.

"Well, anyway, it's all a bummer."

Lee, embarrassed, tried to regain the sympathy she had

felt to Dana's sadness to encourage her to go on. "Well, what do you really want?"

"I don't know, I need a spiritual center where there isn't so much uptightness, but, you know, that those religious communities, they're even tighter than here, makin' you get up at five to meditate and all."

"Yeah."

"So, I want to be here, but it's real hard sometimes."

"Are you close with anyone besides Taj and Jonquil?"

"No." Dana considered. "No, not really. I mean, we're not really even good friends, but Jonquil and I came about the same time. Y'know, it's hard to get to know people here."

Lee nodded.

"I mean, you expect it to be a big loving family and all, and it's not really. People're into their own trips. Y'know, like Ann and Scott. I don't have anything in common with them."

"Except that you all live here," Lee said gently.

"Yeah." Dana looked enquiringly at Lee. "How is it here for you?"

Lee shrugged. "There are problems, and I'm lonely sometimes. But I'm really glad I'm here." She searched for something to say. "Do you think you'll be coming to the folksing tonight?"

"Yeah, I guess so. Not really much else to do."

Lee stood up. "Hope you do come. Maybe it'll make you feel better."

At 8:30, after dishes were washed and cows were milked, the sun had set but recently, leaving a dim purple-grey light. The air was still warm and soft. Barbara, Hank and Bren were already seated crosslegged on a blanket on the ground between Oneida and Harmony. Barbara, whose guitar lay on her lap, had put on a long drapey flowered dress and had a circlet of wild flowers crowning her long hair. As Lee got closer, she saw that Bren had a pile of flowers in front of her and was weaving another flower chain. When Bren saw Lee, she affected a dreamy, stoned expression and said, "Like, wow, groovy, man. This is really a stoned trip, your bein' here and all at this groovy hippie love gathering." A giggle forced its way out.

Hank laughed and tousled Bren's curls. He said to Lee, "Hi. Want to share this blanket with us? There's still plenty of space."

Lee felt drawn into the easy warmth of sharing and smiled as she shook her head. "No, thanks. Chuck's bringing a blanket. I'll be sitting with him."

"Chuck, eh? You two, y'know 'got a thing goin' as they say?" teased Bren.

Lee did not know if she wanted to joke back or to consider and answer truthfully.

"Come on, Lee. You can tell us. I see you moonin' around and sighing with 'that look' in your eyes," pushed Bren.

"Bren, stop hassling Lee," Barbara reprimanded. "I don't want to hear about Lee's personal life unless she wants to talk about it."

Bren ducked her head and replied meekly to Barbara, "Sorry." She looked up at Lee. "I'm sorry, Lee. I didn't mean to be hassling you."

"S'okay. Those are nice flower chains you're making."

Barbara picked up the guitar and started tuning it, and

Hank yelled towards Llano, "Hey, Ann, you coming over?"

Ann and Klein carried aluminum and plastic-webbed lawn chairs and set them next to the blanket. Kenny, dressed in white pants, a white shirt, and a white kerchief on his head, emerged from Harmony carrying a large black pillow and flute case.

"Kenny, you look positively . . . religious," called Ann.

"Look, Barb," said Hank, nudging her. "That's what I wore on Outside Work when I drove the ice cream truck."

"Om, shanti," replied Kenny solemnly, looking everyone in the circle but Bren.

Lee watched Chuck walk towards the group. Longing and anticipation shuddered through her, but she feigned casualness. With a private smile, he beckoned her over to him, and they sat on the rough woolen army blanket.

Barbara played a chord, and started singing in her lovely contralto, "Michael rowed the boat ashore, Hallelujah." Ann joined in a fuzzy soprano, and Klein with a powerful bass. Chuck tuned up quickly and accompanied the singing. Lee joined quietly, afraid of singing off-key, and felt her voice meld with the others, creating a sense of unity. Midway through the song, the high clear notes of the flute joined them.

Darkness overtook them and more people quietly slipped into the group, joining the singing and playing. Lee felt a tap on her shoulder, and turned to see Dana sitting behind her next to Amos, the bearded visitor Lee had met at breakfast. Dana smiled happily at Lee. Chuck drew her to him, as she relaxed into his shoulder feeling peaceful and warm.

She sat up and focused on the parking lot when she heard the dogs barking furiously from that direction. She watched Ann leave the sing and head towards the parking lot where headlights were just turning off. Chuck leaned over and whispered, "Visitors." She nodded. He whispered, "Want to stay with me tonight?" She nodded again.

Lee lay back on the pillow looking out of Chuck's window at the stars.

"Chuck?"

"Um?" He sat on the edge of the bed smoking.

"What do you think about Taj's proposal?"

"What proposal's that?"

"That we stop putting so much of our money into building for more people and increase budgets and allowances so that we won't feel so poor and people'll want to stay. What do you think?"

"I don't know." He shrugged impatiently.

"But, doesn't it matter to you?"

"I don't really care. More people, less people. As long as we still get fed. It'd be nice to have more allowance though."

Impatiently, Lee said, "But it's the community's future. And we need to build for more people. It'd be just like the Outside if we selfishly used everything we had for ourselves right now with no thought of the future, not making this a real alternative for lots of people, to show people a better way of living."

"Hey, look, Lee," Chuck said with strong irritation. "Just lay off, will ya? I told you I didn't really care. Now, get off my case." Chuck strode out of the room and slammed the door.

Stunned, Lee watched him stomp off. Hurt, anger and guilt crowded her mind. Stiffly, she got out of bed and went back to her room, hoping she would not see Chuck on the way. She lay across the bedspread and let her shock give way to tears.



The following morning, she awakened feeling angry and embarrassed. "I'm not going to let it ruin my day," she vowed.

In Community Clothes, which resembled a Salvation Army bargain basement, with shelves and bins overflowing with worn-out and out-of-date castoffs, Lee tried on pants and workshirts.

"Hm. These look the right size." She held up jeans with several multicolored patches on the knees and seat. She pulled the waistband midway up her thighs and realised that she would never be able to get them all the way on. She managed to pull up the next pair, but could not zip them. Finally, she found a pair of khaki workpants that looked much too big, but fit only a little loosely. "God, I must be getting fat," she said aloud. In the dim lighting of community clothes, she looked closely at her image in the mirror. Bulges in her thighs and hips that she had been avoiding looking at for a long time showed plainly. "Oh, shit. I don't care if we all have beautiful souls and the outside doesn't count. I'm fat and I hate it!" Listening to her despair, she felt some amusement. "You're silly, too. Come on, get a shirt and go find Scott."

Lee had been assigned "Build shelves in Laundry Room with Scott" because she had indicated an interest in learning construction. Scott was already collecting tools when she arrived at the tool storage shelves.

"Hi. What can I do?" she asked.

"Oh, hi, Lee. Glad you're assigned to this; it'll be nice to work with you. Here, carry these." He handed her a circular saw, measuring tape, paper bag of nails and two hammers. "Take them to the laundry room. We'll build shelves right there."

"Okay." She carried the tools, which were precariously balanced and soon found her arms aching.

Scott followed her, carrying several rough-cut oak 2 by 4's. "What we're going to do," he explained, "is cut six of these the same height to be vertical supports, nailing three of them to the south wall." He drew a rough sketch on one of the boards. "Have you ever worked with power tools?"

She shook her head. "No, I don't even really know how to use a hammer. My dad wouldn't ever let me help with stuff like that."

"Okay, then we'll start with some basic lessons in tool usage. Most women are never taught the tricks of using

tools and then men tell them they're too weak and stupid to do skilled work." He shook his head.

Scott spent a half hour teaching Lee, and then they started measuring, cutting and nailing. The saw frightened Lee, and she worked slowly, with a great deal of attention. She tried nailing two pieces of wood together, but bent four nails in the effort.

"It's the oak," said Scott. "Don't give up, though. Here," he beckoned outside, "cut some of this pine planking and try nailing that down for the shelving. It'll be easier."

Her first try at nailing the pine was moderately successful — she bent and straightened the nail only once, and then drove it in. "Whew!" she said. "Finally." Driving the nails in successfully became easier, until her wrist started aching and the nails started bending again.

"Let's take a break," suggested Scott. "Want some iced tea?"

"Sure."

"Scott," she said as they sipped tea, "I'm real confused about Taj's proposal."

"Oh? What's the confusion?" He looked keenly at her.

"Well, it seems like some of Taj's points are good ones — that we can't seriously claim to be an alternative if people are always leaving and that people would be happier and stay if the standard of living was higher." She grimaced at her last words.

"Not real excited about high standard of living?" Scott asked, smiling.

"No . . ."

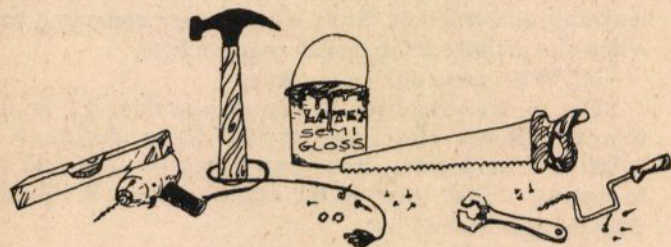
"But people ought to be happy living here?"

"Yeah."

"Mmm hmm." He looked at his hands. "You know, it's like a revolution, Lee. We're working for the future. People who come here have to accept that. It's not Walden Two yet, and won't be if we stop now. If they don't like it . . ." he shrugged.

"Inside, I feel that way too," she said, "but I hate to see anyone unhappy." She sighed.

"Sometimes it can't be helped. Let's go finish those shelves."



That evening, Lee found an empty section of floor space in the hot crowded living room. She noted that Chuck was absent. Scott, Edith, and Ann sat on the sofa talking quietly as the room filled up. At 7:45, Scott said, "Well, it's only fifteen minutes late, but let's begin the meeting."

"Taj isn't here yet," called Dana.

Scott scowled and Ann shrugged, saying drily, "We did after all wait an extra fifteen minutes. It's his responsibility to be here."

"But it's his proposal," Klein pointed out.

"I'll get him," said Bren. As she stood up, the door

opened and Taj strolled in, grinning. "Howdy, folks," he said amiably. A murmur traveled through the room.

"The agenda for tonight is Taj's proposal," said Edith, looking down at a paper on her lap. "Would you like to read it, Taj?" she asked, holding out the paper.

"No need. I know what it says. I think," he turned to face the group, "that we've been puttin' too much of our time and money into building for people who don't even live here yet, and not enough is comin' back to take care of the people who do live here. Shit, man, who ever heard of adults gettin' fifty cents a week allowance? And the food, man, how the fuck can ya' live on crummy food like that year after year?"

"Get to the point, Taj," said Scott with annoyance.

"Sure, man, I'm gettin' there. Anyways, so I propose that we raise all the budgets that take care of people, get 'em what they want." He held up one hand, fingers splayed, and counted off, "Food, allowance, medical, recreation, and we stop puttin' so much money right now in the building fund and in expanding the garden and farm. Now I know that's pretty threatening to some of you," he turned to face the planners, "but the other thing I believe we need to do," he paused, "is to give the hammock business the freedom, the au-to-no-my to do what it needs to do to get well-established, including reinvesting profits in whatever makes it work best — y'know, behaviorism — the better it does, the more reinforcement. I mean, that's what we really need for the community to grow — a sound industry that don't have to come to the planners for each piddly-shit new decision." Taj faced the rest of the group. "Ladies and gentlemen, I rest my case." He bowed.

"Right on."

"Yeah."

Ann shut her eyes for a few seconds, then said quietly, "I suppose before we address particular issues you brought up, Taj, we ought to hear other comments." She looked around the room expectantly.

Lee could feel the tension in the air, although at first glance the meeting looked casual enough. Several people worked on needlework while others sprawled on the furniture and on the floor. She noticed that several members were missing.

Klein cleared his throat and Edith glanced at him. "Uh, as some of you know, this is a very important subject to me. I am often quite discontent here, and Taj has touched on the very reasons why. We are not uneducated people; we don't have to be poor. It's not doing anyone else in the world any good for us to deprive ourselves. Twin Oaks has such enormous potential to become a truly impressive model, but in order to do so, we need professional people to be attracted and to stay, and we can't get those people that we need as long as we are poor and dirty and unwilling to change."

"Oh, brother," stage-whispered Scott to Edith. Klein glared at him, saying, "That was uncalled for, Scott. That's all I have to say."

Edith leaned over and whispered to Scott, "That was uncalled for." He shrugged.

Barbara raised her hand. "Can I say something? I'm torn over this issue and I don't know what's right. I get tired of being real poor — so poor that I can't take proper care of the animals or of people's health. Klein," she

looked toward him, "I don't agree that professional people are going to save this community, and, Taj, to be honest, I wouldn't trust you as hammock manager with free reign, as you put it, to do as you think best. I want the planners knowing what's going on." Taj tipped his head in salute.

Klein spoke up, "Barbara, I think you misunderstood me . . ."

Scott interrupted, saying, "Klein, other people have things to say."

Hank, who was laying on the floor in the center of the room said, "Whew, that was a lot of ideas at once, Taj. You seem to think that growth is our biggest problem, then you say that you got the keys to make growin' easy." He shook his head as if impressed. "Slick. But I think our biggest problem is that we're too small to be tryin' to be what we are, and the faster we get to a reasonable size, say fifty to a hundred people, the sooner we'll be able to do all those different things that folks consider to be improvin' their standard of living, like raisin' our own food, havin' kinds, making our own entertainment, even making more money. It's not that your ideas are so bad, Taj, it's just that they're a little premature."

Edith smiled and nodded slightly while Ann and Scott frowned.

"I cannot believe this discussion," exclaimed Ann. "Why, the very idea that we would seriously consider giving up our social responsibility, our goals of being a model for the larger society, not a model of beautiful buildings, Klein. A model of a reasonable society, including being one that doesn't consume more than its share of the world's resources. We are part of a larger movement," she added emphatically, "one which is trying to improve the war-weary, exploitation and violence and greed-ridden world. Our duty is not merely to ourselves. That's not why Twin Oaks is here." Her voice trembled with the anger she tried to hold in check.

"But you're not listening to what people want," cried out Jonquil.

"Screw what people want!" Scott explained. "This community's first obligation is to provide itself, its members, a future."

"And to take care of the people who live in it," called Klein angrily.

"Which it does," snapped Scott.

Edith shook her head and said with annoyance, "I don't think we're getting anywhere like this. The questions are: one — should we cut back our building projects, which include eventually providing everyone with private rooms, in order to put more money in consumables, and two, should we take the hammock business out of the normal planner-manager decision-making system and make it less responsible to community input in return for perhaps a better, more competitive, in Outside terms, operation?"

Lee felt relief at Edith's intervention.

"You sound pretty biased to me, Edith," said Klein.

Edith eyed Klein calmly. "Perhaps you can rephrase it for us to your satisfaction?"

"Private rooms is a red herring. We are overcrowded now and we don't need to be. People do leave and don't have to be replaced. Extra money over basic expenses should go both into the hammock industry and into making this a more comfortable place to live right now. And what

was that other point? Oh, yes a manager's being responsible to the planners is not synonymous with being open to input, to democratic input," he added pointedly. "The opinions of a lot of us are not reflected in your decisions."

"That is not true," said Scott at the same time that Hank said, "Hey, wait a minute, man. You're not talking about the same government system that I live with here. You make it sound as if the planners are off on their own power trip, not caring what anyone else thinks. Man, that is simply not true. They make their decisions taking into account your opinions and needs as well as community ideology, and that's reflected in all those compromises they make — you know, the ones you get so uptight about because they're compromises."

"Shit!" said Taj just loud enough to be heard before he left the room.

"Does anyone else want to give co's opinion?" asked Edith, fanning herself with Taj's proposal.

Lee's heart pounded as she leaned forward. "I do." Edith nodded. "I do feel it's real important to make people comfortable and happy so they don't want to leave. But I want Twin Oaks to exist for more than itself — I want us to grow and to make more room for the people who want to be here. I don't want to live in a consumeristic, selfish community." She bit her lower lip. "I guess that's all."

Edith looked around the room, eyebrows raised, her usually cheerful face grim.

Ann said, "We usually have simple questions to answer at our meetings, like should we purchase another five hundred pounds of rope for hammocks or buy another used car, and we can get input at these meetings and come to a decision right away. But this complex issue requires more discussion and examination. I would like the planners to meet tomorrow for us to discuss this further and develop some position papers for the bulletin board."

"Is this going to be an open meeting?" asked Barbara.

Edith shook her head no. She looked around. "Anything else?" People started stirring; Barbara and Bren already were walking out of the door.

Lee remained seated, staring at the gold and green swirl pattern on the rug. She felt dazed. Scott and Edith were quietly talking. "Shit, Edith, that meeting wasn't about an issue. It was a direct attack on the planners."

"Some important points did get brought up to consider. But, damn, it was a hard meeting to sit through." She shook her head sadly. "Let's go see if there's popcorn."

"If not, I'll make some," Scott replied as they left the room.

"Heard it was a pretty rough planners meeting last night," said Chuck as he reached for the wrench on the top shelf of the plywood cabinet.

"Oh, Chuck, it really was," sighed Barbara who was bent over the hammock jig, setting up for weaving another hammock.

Lee had just entered the shop, having heard Barbara's voice down the hall. "Hi, Barb, glad you're here. Got to do a few hours in the shop this week and I thought maybe we could talk . . ." she saw Chuck, who had turned around and was looking at her. "Oh."

Barb looked from Lee to Chuck and back.

"Wanna go talk?" Chuck asked quietly.

"Sure," she said, heart pounding.

They left the shop and went to the hammock in the yard. It was a clear, pleasant afternoon, and Lee looked up at the cheerful cotton-puff clouds as she settled herself opposite Chuck.

"Well," he began, "we haven't talked in two days."

Lee nodded unhappily.

"I don't really know what to say." He looked up into the leafy apple-laden branches of the tree that held one end of the hammock.

"I've been feeling bad about our fight, Chuck. I mean, I guess I shouldn't have pushed you when you said you didn't want to talk about it."

He remained silent.

"Um, do you think maybe we could just kind of drop it?" she asked.

He looked at her. "It really felt like shit, you know, the whole thing."

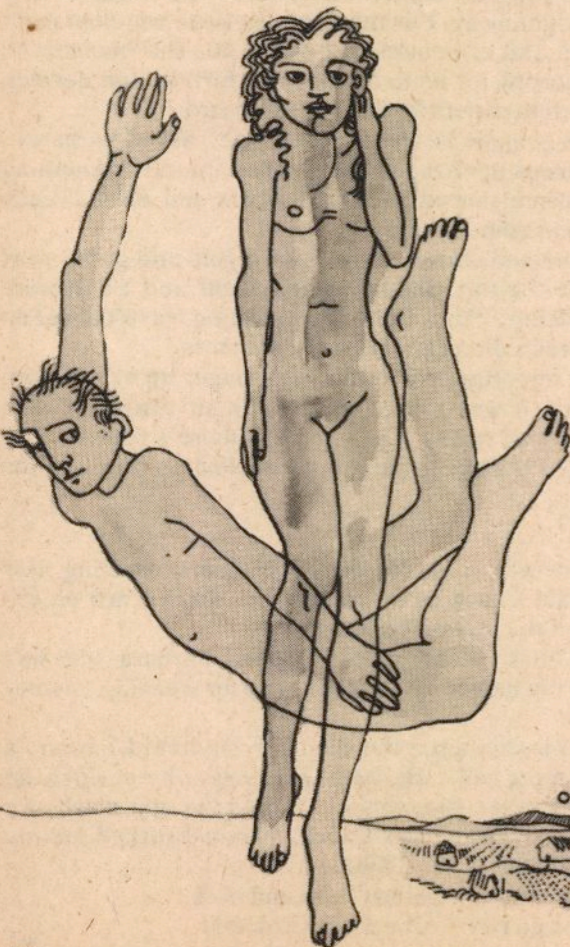
She looked down unhappily, tears rising. "I'm sorry, Chuck . . . Please?"

"I don't really want us to be fighting either, Lee. I just got real pissed. But I want it to feel better too. Come here." He reached his arms toward her, and she carefully turned around to sit next to him, slightly tipping the hammock.

"Like old times," he chuckled.

She climbed into his arms sniffing, and they cuddled as they rocked. He kissed her forehead gently. "You know, Lee, I care about you a lot." She nodded against his chest.

"I'm glad it's better," she sighed.



Across from Lee, Hank lay his head on the dining room table. Barb sat next to him, rubbing his neck.

"So," said Barb matter-of-factly, "they came up with a decision. Taj sure isn't going to like it."

"The planners?" Lee asked. "What did they say?"

"Well, it's a long paper, and most of the written responses on it were good. You should read it. But basically, the decision was to raise the allowance to seventy-five cents a week, raise the health budget — I think that was for my sake — by five dollars a month per person."

"What budgets are they cutting?" asked Hank, muffled by his arm.

"They don't think they're going to have to cut anything. There seems to be extra money around this season and they'll put it into that instead of speeding building up. They still want to start the new dormitory/hammock shop building next spring."

Lee interrupted Barb. "Well, that sounds like what Taj wanted. Why's he going to be angry?"

Barb clicked her tongue and raised her eyebrows. "They're not letting go of their control of management of hammocks. In fact," she paused for effect, "they agree that we have to get more serious about the business, so they're going to create a committee to look into the marketing end of management, to 'help' Taj, because it's such a big project."

"Ow," Hank winced.

"Did I pinch you?" Barbara asked, concerned.

"No, no. Just thinking about how that's going to feel to Taj, his wanting more autonomy and all.

Lee nodded.

Hank continued, "Sounds pretty good to me, though."

"What does, old buddy?" asked Jerry from the doorway.

"Jerry!" "You're back!" "Hey, far out," cried Lee, Barb and Hank. Lee jumped up and ran to Jerry, grabbing him in a great hug. Hank followed close behind, saying, "Great to see ya', man!" Jerry laughed delightedly.

"Hey, hey," he said, disentangling himself, "I brought some friends along, or rather, they brought me." He turned and called out the door, "Fran, Peter, come on in."

Uncertainly, Fran and Peter came in, frankly staring at the building. "Wow," thought Lee, "they look straighter than I did."

They smiled at Hank and then at Lee and Barb. Peter said, "Nice to meet you. Jerry's told us a lot." He shook his head as he glanced out the window at the courtyard. "This place is just incredible."

"Well, folks," said Jerry to his friends, "there's a lot more to see." They walked into the kitchen, Jerry asking if either of them wanted a glass of fresh, cold milk.

"She looked real straight, like she'd never seen freaks before," said Lee.

Hank and Barb looked at each other, then burst out laughing. Lee looked at them questioningly. "Oh, Lee," giggled Barb, "that's exactly what I said to Hank about you when you first arrived."

"Oh," Lee said, chastised, "I guess I shouldn't make such snap judgements."

Barbara came over and gave Lee a hug, saying, "Don't worry about it, Lee. We love you." □



REACH

Reach is a free reader service of Communities magazine. Listings should be 50-150 words in length, type-writing preferred. We reserve the right to edit. Dated material requires a minimum of six weeks lead time. Feedback on responses to listings, as well as donations, are welcome.

Thanks, Kurt

Conferences

☆ The Farallones Institute announces its 1981 residential workshops. Programs will be offered in organic horticulture, edible landscaping, land use planning, solar technology, energy conservation, and adobe technology.

For further information, send a large, stamped self-addressed envelope to:

Farallones Rural Center
15290 Coleman Valley Road
Occidental, CA 95465

☆ **New World Alliance Political Awareness Seminars**

The New World Alliance, a national new age political movement that seeks a synthesis of the best values of the left and the right, and of inner spiritual growth with outer political action, is offering a series of evening presentations and all day seminars:

Feb. 20 and 21: Washington
March 13 and 14: Boston, MA
April 10 and 11: New York, NY

The seminar will include discussion and experiential sessions on: Synthesizing Polarities; Consensus Building; The Personal/Political Connection; Transforming Obstacles to Personal Empowerment; and The Political Impact

of Personal Living Choices. For information, write:

The New World Alliance
733 15th St., NW, #1131
Washington, D.C. 20005
(202) 347-6082 or (212) 737-8808

Groups Looking

☆ Running Water Farm is a small collective in the mountains of Western North Carolina. We started in 1979 when four of us combined resources to buy this fifteen acre homestead. We're still the original four, but we are developing close ties to others. Our intention is to live harmoniously and mutually supportive of one another and the earth. Our lifestyle includes organic gardening, a vegetarian diet, and as much self-sufficiency as we're comfortable with. Socially we are particularly interested in providing support for other gay men who are conscious of a need to experience a personal relationship with nature and a genuine sharing with their brothers. To this end we have gatherings here twice a year. We also coordinate the publication of the largely reader written magazine **RFD**, "A Country Journal for Gay Men Everywhere." Please write for more information on **RFD**, the gatherings, or to arrange a visit.

RFD

Route 1, Box 127-E
Bakersville, N.C. 28705

☆ During the early months of 1981 we have room for as many as eight people who want to share our self-reliant, earthloving rural lifestyle and work with us on the selection/development/installation of appropriate technology for

small-scale eco-agriculture, home energy production, food processing, outreach, planning, etc. This is a good opportunity for individuals, couples or a group to learn the arts of self-sufficiency and discover whether you want to be involved with an intentional community. For more information write to:

Waterfarm

RD 3, Box 206
Chestertown, MD 21620

☆ 440 acres nestled in the rolling hills of Mendocino County, in northern California. Lakes, horses, swans, peacocks, cows, gardens, and a big greenhouse. A community of about 25 adults and 5 children who follow the Vedic lifestyle of 5,000 years past. Simple living and high thinking. Vegetarian non-smokers. Live the teachings of the Bhagavad Gita. Devotees of Lord Krishna. Visitors welcome anytime.

Mt. Kailasa Farm

P.O. Box 469
Hopland, CA 95449
(707) 744-1100

☆ Vegetarian community for organic farming and healthful living now forming on fertile 60 acres in South Carolina. We aim to live simply yet comfortably, in accord with natural laws, without artificial stimulants. NO coffee, tobacco, alcohol, salt, refined foods, spices, or drugs of any kind. Prospective members and volunteers urgently needed for construction and farming.

Natural Hygiene Farm Community

Route 1, Box 41-B
Fountain Inn, SC 29644

☆ Walking Wood: Focus on real freedom, as described by Krishnamurti, home schooling, and an alternative way (environment) to grow our children and ourselves close to the land. With a

minimum input of the negative aspects of society - i.e. school, violence, television, organized religion, nationalism, competition, conformity, etc. Location: Rural Virginia Blue Ridge Mountains.

If interested, please send detailed letter.

Walking Wood
P.O. Box 557342
Miami, Florida 33155

Groups Forming

☆Forming a wholistic health/lifestyle centered group to find, fund and operate a sailing health care center to reach and research remote populations worldwide. We need persons with health care backgrounds who also have a strong interest in or experience with sailing vessels. Community will be made up of those who wish to live, grow, learn, teach and work in an atmosphere of mutual support, love and service to others. We will have a non-smoking, non-sexist, drug free environment within which to work on our interests in health care, cooperative living and self sufficiency. If you feel you would like to be part of this, please write.

Don Mackenzie, Ph.D.
469 Ena Rd. #804
Honolulu, Ha. 96815

☆We're a small group of people forming a rural land trust within several hundred miles of the Bay Area. We want to create an intentional community of neighboring homesteads based on a shared belief in the need for radical land reform.

The trust corporation will purchase and own the land. A master plan will be drawn to insure proper use of the land, and parcels of suitable size to allow people to achieve near self-sufficiency (5 to 10 acres) will be leased to individual shareholders. We have begun a search for property, at present favoring the area north of Santa Rosa, and hope to purchase by June, 1981.

We need additional members and capital. Share purchase requirements of around ten thousand dollars per homestead are anticipated. The trust is evolving by consensus, so the end result will reflect each member's requirements.

For additional information, please call or write:

Fred Colgan
828 Cowper St. #3
Palo Alto, CA 94301
(415) 322-6918

Annaloy Nickum
21 Santa Maria
Portola Valley, CA 94025
(415) 851-2616

People Looking

☆ Very Special People

What: Twenty acres of mountain wilderness to share on negotiable contract basis with like minded people. Age is unimportant but attitude and good health is.

Doesn't sound like much, 20 acres, until you walk it, or chop brush on it or clean it up after felling one tree.

I want to develop a self-sufficient farm in the areas already cleared and reforest the steeper slopes. Erosion has set in with a vengeance, that must be controlled. I want to make what has happened already work for me, build a wholistic community.

Why: Because I'm here, for one thing. All over the world people have developed similar land into productive farms because, like me, it was all they had. Why not here?

Who: Dreamers not content with just dreaming, those who want to build a reality. Most of all, people ready to go beyond the ego, the me and into the we. People interested in building a community from scratch write me and we'll talk about it; by phone of course, no phones, no electricity, 14 miles to town and post office.

Uphill Farm
P.O. Box 1382
Hayfork, CA 96041

☆Hello! We're seriously looking for a group of people with which to work, play and all grow together. Our ideal is an intentional community of mature, open, responsible people who are trying to achieve self-sufficiency and an extended family environment in a rural or semi-rural setting.

Charles, 51, is a woodworker. He has a background in m.r. care and business. He likes pottery, music and geology.

Linda, 28 enjoys animals, art, cooking, hiking and has a light background in woodworking.

We are sincere about committing ourselves to a community. We are prepared to open a woodshop or go with the flow of an already established business.

Please write:

Linda & Charles Scanlon
507 3rd Avenue
Unit 338
Seattle, Washington 98144

☆This is to announce that the community matching service, **Response Form**, remains in operation. It's still based on a "response form" but now allows the participants to determine which of its items will decide a match. Also up to the participant is whether simple agreement on the selected items is sought or some complimentary pattern of diversity is preferred.

All unmatched forms will be destroyed between the 3rd and 6th month and no records or names will be kept. The information gathered on these forms will be used for the matching program **only**. Participation does not imply commitment to the person or group one is matched with.

There is no charge. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope to:

Response Form
P.O. Box 177
Welch, Minnesota 55089

☆Desired: Vegetarians to share (i.e. financially, spiritually, ecologically) in a proposed self-sufficient, survival-oriented community on 122 acres in North central Tennessee. This land is mixed hardwoods, 26 acres cleared; never had any chemicals put on it, located near river . . . Beautiful! We are interested in those who are vegetarians, committed to a simple, energy-efficient cooperative life style, and ready (or almost) to make a financial commitment. Write:

Carl and Nancy
244 N. 20th Street
Battle Creek, Mich. 49015

☆I am a feminist man looking for a place to work and possibly live in a cooperative setting. I am becoming group process oriented, committed to cooperation and am yearning to learn more about these. My skills include organization, team work, brainstorming, interviewing, task orientation, listening, and care of volunteers. I enjoy work, dance, cooking, reading, cycling, walking, ice skating, sharing feelings, trust, honesty, and lots of affection. Available July 1,

1981. Some pay a must for work to relieve my debts and save for training at a healing school.

Bob Rueter

1722 East 55th Street
Chicago, IL 60615

☆ Couple seeking community-family to join, grow with, and love. Much experience in group and individual process, psychotherapy, education, bodywork, yoga, etc. Our needs include: people of all ages, a rural setting with access to urban culture, a direction toward economic self-sufficiency, enhancement of our Spiritual growth, a commitment toward working for social change, and a shared willingness to work through (not around) community relationships. We have some money, a truck and car, tools, lots of energy for work, teaching credentials, great capacity for intimacy, and a definite commitment to community living. Write:

Barbara and Bill

P.O. Box 229
Grass Valley, CA 95945

☆ My daughter and I have been looking for a self-sufficient, rural community in the Pacific Northwest or Southwest regions. We are mostly vegetarian (fish and dairy products once in awhile). I am concerned with expanding our spirituality and living healthier lives, raising and educating my daughter in a cooperative, non-sexist, loving atmosphere. I am a musician and am interested in applying dance and music as therapy for psychological balance. Soil and land conservation, alternative energy and cooperative living are important to me, as yoga and meditation are, too. We are mellow, peace-loving and open people. If you have any information that can help us, please contact us soon:

Sheila Benavidez

235 E. Delano
Tucson, AZ 85705

☆ We are open to leasing small homesteads on our 28 acre farm in the tropical hills of the Phillipine Islands. One can grow 3 crops a year with irrigation. The surrounding hills are lush with banana trees. We envision a co-op set up. Trial members would be given a 6 month lease on their homestead. It's easy to get a one year visa for the Phillipines. Dwellings: single family. We prefer non-drinking couples. Tractors (or carabaos), transportation (cars and trucks) may be shared - or not. Road maintenance must

be shared. Group meetings will try to reach consensus but members should agree to abide by majority vote. We are vegetarians and prefer cosmic people. Lease rate \$250 per acre per year. Interested parties should write (include one dollar for postage) to:

Bisaya Hensel

Dancalan Illog
Negros Occidental
Phillipines

☆ I am a 29 year old woman seeking a rural or semi-rural atmosphere. I am most interested in learning from and working with individuals exploring new technologies that will provide necessities while having a low impact on the environment. Mental and physical health are also of importance to me.

My current work experiences are basic farm work, salesmanship, and electronic assembly. Hobbies include some handicrafts and retraining spoiled animals.

I am an intelligent person, always eager to learn through new experiences.

Information about your communities can be sent to this address.

Miss Jo Anne Micko

210 North St. #3E
West Hazleton, PA 18201

☆ Single man, 30, travel agent/semi-skilled construction worker into music, tai chi, alternative energy, cooperative living, individual households, monogamy - seeks group or collective in Hawaii to use as base for world travels and with whom to share life passages. Would like to visit centers such as Ananda, Polarity Center, Findhorn, Living Love, etc. - but need home base. Also, eventually would like to have a few children. I'm bright/competent/hungry for real growth into the Consciousness of the New Age - Feel I'll be able to make this commitment in a few years.

Jerry Kavanau

c/o 11364 McPeak Rd.
Forestville, CA 95436

☆ We are two families with six kids (ages 3 mo. to 10 years) looking for another family with children. For several years we have shared 40 acres north of Traverse City, Michigan. Our shared vision includes voluntary simplicity, consensus decision making, sorting for the truth, and right livelihood. We need som loving, high, hardworking folks to consciously grow with. We consider the Gaskin Farm in Tennessee a good

example.

Our forty has 10 tillable acres, a sugarbush, a young orchard, a stream, electricity, a community water system, and a house available.

Write to:

Belanger Creek Community

Rt. 1, Box 223 F
Suttons Bay, Mich. 49682

☆ I am interested in joining or forming a rural, equalitarian, atheistic, vegetarian community where children, if there are any are not "guided" or "raised" but allowed to develop naturally according to their own interests. If there is anybody out there with similar ideas, or knowledge of a similar community, please contact me.

Jessica Smith

304 George St.
Fairhope, AL 36532

☆ I am 66 years old, a vegetarian, interested in Yoga and Self-Realization. I am in excellent health. I am considering selling my modest home and two lots and buying property near a well-established community near Nevada City, CA. To build a log cabin as self-sufficient and back to basics as possible for someone my age, and I need a man to help me. A vegetarian with similar aims and interests - 63 to 70, strong and healthy with a positive outlook. I want to build my furniture and built-ins for creative crafts and a nice tool shop and garden. There is much I need to learn, on my own, or with someone's help or at classes at the community. If this sounds good and you are sincere and feel you can really help - please write to:

M R D

928 South Carroll Avenue
Stockton, CA 95205

☆ I'm looking for a community that is into natural farming. I build musical instruments (dulcimers, mandolins, etc.). I would like to join with other Luthiers in some sort of cottage industry.

John Lindsey

2202 Fresno
San Antonio, TX 78201

Help Wanted

☆ Two positions are available with the Route 2 Community Housing Corpora-

tion (R2CHC), a grass-roots non-profit organization committed to providing cooperative housing opportunities to low to moderate income families:

Planning Director— to oversee the rehabilitation and conversion of 400 State-owned multifamily units to tenant formed cooperatives, and to assist in the development of new cooperative housing
Experience: at least 4 years of professional housing experience including supervision of staff, working with housing related community organizations and fundraising.

Salary: approximately \$29,000 per year plus fringe benefits.

Community Participation Specialist—to organize and educate tenants about housing cooperatives and to assist in resolving tenant landlord problems.

Bilingual (Spanish) abilities preferred.

Salary: approximately \$10,000 per year plus fringe benefits.

Send resumes, by February 15, 1980, to:

R2CHC

743 Tularosa Drive
Los Angeles, CA 90026

☆Life movement group seeks distribution of Sweet organic oranges, sold to individuals and cooperatives . . . looking for distributors to handle air orders. Low prices . . . Also free information on fruitarian/hygienic natural living (fasting paper 1.00) community family forming . . . write for details.

Bo Tree

1935 42nd Street, South
St. Pete, Fl. 33711

☆Adopt-A-Peaceworker Movement will free thousands to work for peace, full time. We need staff and trainees for organizing, fundraising, writing, printing, airplane pilots and mechanics, general help. Most staff to live together communally.

Aquarian Research Foundation

5620 Morton Street
Philadelphia, PA 19144
(215)849-3237 or (215) 849-1259
any day or night

☆ **Job Opportunity—**

Food Co-op Manager—

The Real Food Co-op Veritaliment requires a General Manager, to do inventory, financial, and volunteer management. The position is currently 20 hours per week, with an annual salary of \$5200, and three weeks paid vacation. Skills in retailing, office management

and human communications are necessary. Bookkeeping and French are an asset. Starting date is February 1, 1981, with a one-year minimum commitment sought. The job has very good prospects to expand to full-time work. Please send for our application form, arrange an interview or forward your resume to:

Jake Brooks, Personnel Real Food Co-op Veritaliment

43 Flora,
Ottawa, Ont. K2P 1A7
(613) 233-1307

Land

☆"Ideal location for Communal Groups interested in Living in the San Francisco Bay Area. We are a non-profit organization of mathematicians who teach advanced algebra to elementary school children in low-income minority areas. Presently we have a turn-of-the-century brick inn which would be ideal for a group interested in communal living and/or social change. It has 40 rooms, a kitchen, and 6 baths, and a 3/4 acre park adjacent to the building. Within a 5 minute walk one can be along the shores of the Sacramento River and the rolling hills of the delta. We are located in the community of Crockett, which is one of the last authentic small towns on the west coast of California. 35 minutes from San Francisco, and 25 minutes from Berkeley. Crockett is a community of 3000 which is relatively free from the ravages of developers, and becoming a gathering place for artists and craftspeople in the area.

We are interested in hearing from small and/or large groups, and individuals who could make use of this opportunity. For information and questions, please call (415) 845-8000, and ask for Jack."

Jack May

SEED Learning Center
833 Loring Ave.
Crockett, CA 94525

☆ **Costa Rican Tropical Mountain Ranch**
450 Acres, 4,000-6,000, springs, creeks, waterfall. Two houses, barn, fenced, water system, 200 acres virgin timber, 200 acres pasture. Pure air, no bugs, helpful neighbors; healthy versatile setting, perfect for new age community. \$89,000. Be sure to write or stamp AIR MAIL on envelope. Info. sheets available.

517 NE Tillamook
Portland, OR 97212
(503) 281-1338
For Jan/Feb 1981, write:
Finca
Aptdo. Postal #32
Naranja de Alajuela
Costa Rica
America Central

☆Organic farmers wish to sell 20 unimproved acres of their remote Tennessee farm to similar young organic family. Cleared fields, woods, needs short access road. Small established organic support group in area. \$15,000. You finance. Send \$.48 stamped envelope to:

Curtis

585 South Pennsylvania
Denver, CO 80209

★ **Explore Communal Living** — Twin Oaks Community is offering three Communal Living Weeks this summer on our land in rural Virginia. Participants will be able to explore most aspects of community; working within an established community, attending workshops relating to communal living, and establishing a 'fledgling community' of their own. For those interested in communal living, this is a chance to "test the water before jumping in."

With help from Twin Oak's members, ten to twenty people will function as though they were to live together on a long-term basis. Setting up the kitchen, preparing budgets, assigning work, and establishing good communication are some of the first essentials, but the social interaction, swimming and enjoying the countryside are just as important.

The total cost will depend on how your group manages its money. Registration is \$35, with another \$30 deposited in the group's treasury for living expenses — from which there may be some refund. \$5 may be discounted from registration fees received three weeks or more in advance.

The first Communal Living Week will be June 26 to July 3; the second July 24 to July 31 (a communal living week for women); and the third, August 21 to August 28. To register, or obtain further information, contact:

Communal Living Week

Twin Oaks Community
Rt. 4C
Louisa, VA 23093



RESOURCES

We at Communities are truly fortunate to have available to us such a vast quantity of fine resources and community updates, especially during the fall and winter months, when one is wont to spend more time indoors, snuggled up with a good book or magazine. Much of the materials we receive feels appropri-

ate to share with others involved in cooperative living. I hope that those who value the importance of resource sharing and networking will enjoy the Resource column, and contribute to its success by keeping us abreast of new and noteworthy material.

For this issue, I have once again used

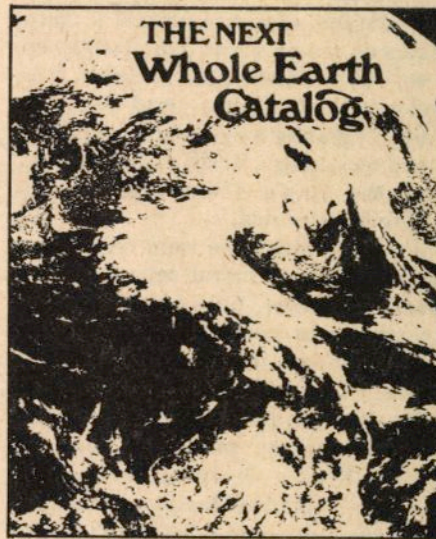
a critical review format, giving special attention to several feature publications that appeared particularly significant. Rounding out the column with actual pictures and graphics from the reviewed material will hopefully provide readers with a better idea of the look as well as the content of the resource. Happy reading!

All reviews by Gareth unless otherwise noted

Special Features

The Next Whole Earth Catalog
Edited by Stewart Brand
Random House, 608 pp., \$12.50

The fall of 1968 saw the publication of the first issue of a catalog that was to become a major connecting thread in the fledgling alternative culture. This Whole Earth Catalog was to progress through several issues before the editor, Stewart Brand, decided to culminate the series with *The Last Whole Earth Catalog*, published in June of 1971. These catalogs redefined for many their consciousness around such concepts as tools, networking, and Spaceship Earth. The catalogs helped to provide a framework through which people could view the full breadth and depth of the emerging wholistic culture. Stewart Brand states in the *Last Catalog*: "We are as gods and might as well get good at it. So far remotely done power and glory as via government, big business, formal education, church — has succeeded to the point where gross defects obscure actual gains. In response to this dilemma and to these gains a realm of intimate, personal power is developing — power of individuals to conduct their own education, find their own inspiration, shape their own environment, and share their ad-



venture with whoever is interested. Tools that aid this process are sought and promoted by *The Whole Earth Catalog*."

Brand's attempt at terminating the catalog series and stepping down from his role as one of Spaceship Earth's flight instructors was unsuccessful. Popularity for the catalogs only increased as the network expanded. (The *Last Catalog* sold over 1,600,000 copies.) The appearance of *Co-Evolution Quarterly* helped to provide an ongoing

supplement to the catalog with updates on tools and resources as well as in-depth articles on everything from watersheds to space colonization. The *Whole Earth Epilog*, published in 1974, served as a continuation of the *Last Catalog*, showing a greater maturation in the editorial style with better written reviews and a sprinkling of fiction. The *Last*, *The Updated Last*, *The Epilog* . . . we all wondered if we would ever see another *Whole Earth Catalog* again. Stewart Brand hinted with an "oh probably" and instructed us to "stay hungry, stay foolish."

After being famished for six years we can now sit down to a hearty meal of *The Next Whole Earth Catalog*. This new catalog is much the same in style as the previous ones, with sections devoted to Whole Systems, Land Use, Soft Technology, Community, etc. Surprisingly, only 10% of the items appeared in *The Last Catalog*, and those have new reviews and excerpts. A lot of the material included has previously appeared in *CQ* but most of these items have been reworked also. It is laced with articles on a diverse range of topics: Education, Outdoor Equipment, Politics, the Bread and Roses benefit work, Punk and New Wave music. Divine Rights Trip and Tongue Fu, fic-

tion that appeared in previous catalogs, is replaced by Anne Herbert's *Rising Sun Newsletter*. And of course there are enough little stories, articles, and letters tucked away in every available corner of the catalog to make it stimulating outhouse reading until the next edition comes out. The Whole Earth Catalog is once again the most comprehensive sourcebook for the "tool" lover, gadgeteer, and whole earth revolutionary. It contains 65 listings on state of the art solar gear and 400 on woodstove manufacturers, along with items on underground architecture, wood use, medical care and care for the dying, and computers.

There has always been something very awe-inspiring and magical about The Whole Earth Catalog and its off-

spring. One gains a sense of completeness and excitement from just browsing through page after page of items that have been deemed "the right tool for the job." Brand articulates this essence well in the preface of *The Next Catalog*: "We're generalists hopelessly in love with detail."

"Is the Whole Earth now a quaint anachronism, or is it once again a detailed sign of the times?" the preface also questions. Who can really say? Who knows how far reaching this wholistic alternative is? It seems to be touching most segments of the lives of those of us involved, but is it making a substantial impact on society at large? Sociologists have their theories; we have our impressions; there are varying conclusions . . . speculations aside,

we trudge on in our practical idealism. And if the printed word is to be a major voice for the furtherance of our aims, I can think of few other books I would rather have doing the talking than *The Whole Earth Catalog*.



The Aquarian Conspiracy: Personal and Social Transformation in the 1980's

by Max Lerner

J.P. Tarcher, Inc. Hardbound

448 pp., \$15.00



An "aquarian conspiracy"? Is this a book by John Birchers on the threat of a hedonistic new age, or some amateur sociologist's sensational study of contemporary movements? It is of course neither. *The Aquarian Conspiracy*, by Marilyn Ferguson, subtitled *Personal and Social Transformation in the 1980's*, is a skillful synthesis of many diverse topics; a broad-ranging survey of the consciousness revolution and its effects on many individuals and on parts of every cultural institution: medicine, politics, business, religion, education, and lifestyle. Author Ferguson uses the controversial title *The Aquarian Conspiracy* and attempts to establish it as a key concept and label for a movement that really has no name. She writes on the elusive quality of the "conspiracy":

Something remarkable is under-

way. It is moving with almost dizzying speed, but it has no name and eludes description.

Within recent history "it" has infected medicine, education, social science, hard science, and even government with its implications. It is characterized by fluid organizations reluctant to create hierarchical structures, averse to dogma. It operates on the principle that change can only be facilitated, not decreed. It is short on manifestos. And perhaps, by integrating magic and science, art and technology, it will succeed where all the king's horses and all the king's men failed.

Ferguson chose the word conspiracy for its positive, literal meaning, "to breathe together," not to sensationalize what was occurring, although the title has raised some questioning eyebrows.

The Aquarian Conspiracy is in some ways an update of works such as Charles Reich's *Greening of America*, which attempted to identify and characterize the movements that were afoot in the 60's and early 70's. *The Aquarian Conspiracy*, like *The Greening of America*, introduces several theories and concepts cited as evidence for the existence of these progressive changes affecting many of the crucial areas of our lives.

One scientific supposition that Ferguson presents as a cornerstone to her "theory" of an aquarian conspiracy, is the theory of dissipative structures which won the 1977 Nobel prize in chemistry for Belgian physical

chemist Ilya Prigogine. Prigogine's theory, simply stated, is that open systems, which involve a continuous exchange of energy with the environment (a seed, an ovum, a living creature,) are maintained by a continuous dissipation (consumption) of energy. The more complex the dissipative structure is, the more energy it needs to maintain its many connections. Because these connections can only be maintained by a flow of energy, the system is always in flux. Paradoxically, the more coherent or intricately connected the structure, the more unstable it is. This very instability is the key to transformation. The dissipation of energy creates the potential for sudden reordering.

Ferguson goes on to explain how the theory of dissipative structures has been applied to various hard and soft sciences with favorable results. Of course, the analogy the author is attempting to make in presenting this research is that the aquarian conspiracy is the arising new order that is perturbing the present system, the steadily increasing instability and mobility of society being the necessary catalyst for such a transformational reordering.

Whether the scientific findings and other "recent discoveries" presented in this book are readily accepted in their respective fields is not known to this reviewer. I doubt it. The material that is presented in the work is reasonably in-depth, yet concise enough so as not to suffocate the average reader. Rumors are that Ms. Ferguson will soon be publishing a sequel tentatively en-

titled *The Aquarian Conspiracy Papers*, a collection of readings and seminal writings used as references for *The Aquarian Conspiracy*.

The Aquarian Conspiracy is as positive as a book can be without becoming saccharine. Those who seek, in anything claiming to be a well researched reportage, a healthy dose of pessimism to validate the "reality" of what is being presented, will probably find this book a button-pusher. Marilyn Ferguson obviously believes that most personal and social problems are the necessary evils in fueling our evolutionary growth. Whether this perspective on reality is more or less right than any other will not be argued here. *The Aquarian Conspiracy* can either be viewed as an accurate presentation of a new age that is emerging and will alleviate much of the world's suffering through cooperation, appropriate technology, and a higher understanding of government, science, and religion; or it can be seen as a positive vision that can lead us closer to such a reality. A goal which appears to many of us as impossible yet is attractive enough as a value to work hard towards in our day to day struggles (e.g. self-sufficiency, utopia, unconditional love). If these internal conflicts of method, focus, and pessimism vs. optimism are dealt with before reading *The Aquarian Conspiracy* this book will most likely inspire and greatly inform.

Ms. Ferguson is an accomplished writer and is able to present massive amounts of diverse material in a form

that can almost read like a novel. Chapters entice, tease, and satisfy within themselves, and they fit nicely into each other. Quotes from the great positive thinkers of the ages and anecdotes from contemporary "conspirators" are nicely sprinkled throughout. Collectors of quotable quotes will want to read with pen and pad in hand, for this book is a gold mine.

Marilyn Ferguson has been collecting material for this book since 1975 when she realized how swiftly things were changing and identified the need to collect and disseminate information on what she saw as the emerging new paradigm. She became involved in brain and consciousness research and began publishing a twice-monthly newsletter, *Brain/Mind Bulletin*. This 4-page publication encompasses research, theory, and innovation relating to learning, health, psychiatry, psychology, states of consciousness, and related subjects. The response to the bulletin was so overwhelming that Ferguson eventually came to create and fill her current role as a networker, lecturer, and writer of enlightening books on these subjects. Recently she has started publishing another newsletter entitled *Leading Edge: A Bulletin of Social Transformation*. It contains material similar in nature to that of the *Brain/Mind Bulletin* but focuses more generally on social and personal advancements. Both newsletters are quite good but unfortunately a little expensive (\$15 a year for each) for most communal/cooperative budgets.

Marilyn Ferguson is to be truly commended for this book and all the networking she and her co-workers are engaged in. She has made available to us, the members of this conspiracy, and more importantly to those who have had little exposure to it, a vision of hope and optimism in this age of rampant disillusionment. To those who feel a greater need to attest than to protest, this book can serve as a guide and inspiration in persuading positive alternatives to the worn out techno-institutions of our age. People who are working for change through confrontation, demonstration, and agitation of the system can use *The Aquarian Conspiracy* as a post-revolutionary vision and example of how it could be if substantial, positive advances are made in the struggle for social and political change.

Recent widespread and predominantly positive coverage of this book in many "straight" and movement periodicals is a good indicator of the impact *The Aquarian Conspiracy* is having. Words coined or reinstated by Marilyn Ferguson are cropping up in diverse sources. This book is making waves and with good reason — it is a vision of the '80's, and a vision we can embrace, cultivate, and work vigorously to manifest. Those with energy for such a future, who are seeking motivation, should read this book, then roll up their sleeves and get to work.

Brain/Mind Bulletin is available from: Box 42211, Los Angeles, CA 90042, and *Leading Edge* can be obtained from: Box 42247 in L.A.

Political

★ *What Can We Do?* is an inspirational work for many people who have long been aware of widespread hunger, the destruction of our environment, and the degradation of our food. For years we have seen the same warnings and threats to our complacency and our well being. Rising food costs and declining quality are problems that we are all concerned about, but how does one translate that concern to action? And how does anyone keep heart in a struggle against such monumental forces as control the direction of the food industry?

What Can We Do? interviews activists in fifteen organizations throughout North America. Direct marketing,

consumer cooperatives, farm labor organizations, hunger coalitions; these are all efforts people aware of the need for action, and of people having a desire to do something positive about the problems. Much of the book is aimed at de-mystifying the idea of, "working for social change." Opportunities for positive action can be found close to home, and it is there that most people begin, "playing the hand they were dealt."

The experience of social change activities recorded in this book points out some common themes that activism teaches. One is hard work, that struggles for structural change in society are long term efforts. From the interviews, this awareness does not appear to les-

sen enthusiasm for the work, but builds a commitment to a historical process that is longer than any individual lifetime. Further, any such long term effort points out to the individual the need for a support network of friends who share one's values. Such support begins with maintaining effort, but becomes most valuable when we feel we have reached our limits, and need a push to exceed them.

What Can We Do? is a view of the range and depth of momentum for change already underway. Its inspiration lies in showing where others have taught themselves, and have learned to trust their own judgements to make the choices of what to do today.

★ IFDP, publishers of *You Can Make a Difference*, is a non-profit research and education organization covering the issues concerning the nature of agricultural resources and food sources around the world. The Institute focuses on hunger, rural poverty and growing landlessness not as products of scarcity or as the inevitable side effects of modernization, but rather as problems caused by an anti-democratic economic system which increasingly cuts people out of control over resources of even adequate jobs. The Institute seeks to lay bare the truth that it is a single system, supported by governments, corporations and landed elites, that is undermining food security both here and abroad.

The world hunger situation calls for building a movement of organizations concerned about world food issues and guiding that movement in a way that directly challenges the root causes of the situation.

Francis Moore Lappe

Reviewed by Allen Butcher

What Can We Do? "Food and Hunger: How Can You Can Make a Difference"

by William Valentine and Francis Moore Lappe. From: Institute for Food and Development Policy, 2588 Mission St., San Francisco, CA 94110, 50 pp., \$2.45

★ The Institute for World Order writes in its pamphlet: "Since its founding in 1961 the institute has worked to formulate and build public support for practical alternatives to war, social and economic injustice and ecological breakdown. Through research, publication, and education in its World Order Models Project, Transnational Academic Program and Public Education Program, the Institute has sought to create a climate in which interrelated world order values will increasingly inform national and international decision making."

The Institute's brochure lists many books, working papers, and reprints on various transnational themes such as nuclearization, human rights and alternatives to the present outworn social and political structures. We haven't heard too much about this organization but their brochure and book catalog present interesting studies.

To receive more information, write:

The Institute for World Order
777 United Nations Plaza
N.Y., NY 10017

★ Visionworks is a graphic arts business that has grown out of the Philadelphia Life Center of Movement for a New Society. Visionworks creates T-shirts, bookbags and, in the future, notecards and posters conveying political messages. They will also design political art for your organization, or produce media bearing designs of your own invention.

Visionworks offers a variety of services in graphic arts and print media. They can design and produce projects from letterhead and brochures to pamphlets and books. Copies of their catalog are available from:

Visionworks
4722 Baltimore Ave.
Philadelphia, PA 19143

★ Representatives from more than 40 foreign countries as well as many Indian nations gathered last summer for the 1980 Black Hills Survival Gathering in South Dakota. Ten days of discussion on the political, practical, and visionary aspects of survival have been distilled into four 90-minute tapes in White Buffalo Multimedia's "Education for Survival" series — Nuclear Power and the Endangered Human Species; Multinational Corporations and You; Environmental Pollution and the Point of No Return; and American Indian Perspectives on Human Extinction. Twenty-five percent of the pro-

ceeds from these tapes is committed to the Black Hills Alliance, the sponsors of the gathering.

These tapes are available from White Buffalo Multimedia. Single tapes \$9.50; set of four \$35.00 (plus \$1.00 each postage international).

White Buffalo Multi Media
P.O. Box 73
Woodstock, NY 12498

★ "From 'No Nukes' To A People's energy Movement" is an article recently published by the Movement For A New Society's magazine, *Dandelion*. Co-authored by Pamela Haines and Bill Moyer, the article describes a broad strategy for the anti-nuclear movement to develop from a basic emphasis of "no nukes" to a broader people's energy movement in which people take charge of the energy segment of their lives. It attempts to illustrate the complementary nature of the various energy movements (anti-nuke, solar, conservation, etc.) and outlines how these groups can better work together in creating a soft energy future. Besides this emphasis on movement pluralism, it also includes a description of the historical development and changes in the movement. Also included are descriptions of a wide variety of current groups and reference materials.

Copies of the article are available for 25¢ each; \$8 for 50; \$15 for 100, all including postage. Order from:

Bill Moyer
4713 Windsor Ave.
Philadelphia, Penn. 19143

Spirituality

★ There are few publications coming out of the various alternative movements that I would consider truly superior on most counts. Some contain well written articles but the overall feeling of the magazine is commercial and hihey. Others may be well laid out and pleasing graphically but lack a cohesive content or even worse are slanted toward some obscure ideology. Few have been able to arrive at the appropriate balance and stylistic excellence of *Co-Evolution* (when Stewart Brand is not off on some eccentric tirade — "down with metric" indeed!), *Southern Exposure*, *New Roots*, and



Medical Self-Care.
Ironically, within the spiritual com-

munity, well balanced and comprehensive published material is equally as sparse. Sure, *New Age* and *East West Journal* are good, but they lack a certain dimension of integrality that impells one to hold, read, browse, and generally admire the tasteful artistry of the publication. Two spiritual publications that quench my thirst for such a magazine gestalt are *Parabola: Myth and the Quest for Meaning* and *Zero: Contemporary Buddhist Life and Thought*.

Parabola explores the mystical and mythical traditions of past and present. Each issue resolves predominantly around a central theme, presenting myths, traditions, and folk tales to illustrate cultural/religious views on such topics as women, music-sound-silence, sacred dance, androgyny, magic, and alchemy. Notable authors in their fields such as Joseph Campbell, Ursula LeGuin, Maurice Eliade, and Henrich Zimmer present in depth studies of world mythologies and religions, while fine works of fiction complement each issue's theme. *Parabola* also exhibits an artistic flare seldom seen in academic publications of this nature. Contemporary artists and photographers such as Hank Pander and Minor White contribute top-notch work to ease the edges off a sometimes dry text. Periodically, portfolios of other, lesser known, artists and photographers are presented. Epicycles presenting myths and legends from the sacred oral and written traditions of the world are an important part of each issue. *Parabola* can usually be expected to contain authoritative and very thorough reviews of current books on mysticism and related topics.



Zero, while being very similar in quality and format to *Parabola*, focuses more specifically on Buddhism and other eastern traditions, though not exclusively. Volume Two included an interview with Kenneth Rexroth and a group discussion with Jack Kornfield, Ram Dass, and Mokusen Miyuki. Ram Dass also talks on the "Western meta-

phor for dying" and its potential for evolving into a more conscious and wholistic act. Poetry is provided by Allen Ginsburg, Gary Snyder, and Dan Gerber. Photographer Ralph Gibson contributes some fine work on the theme of black and white contrasts entitled "The Black Series." Painter Gregory Gillespie's stunning series "Four Self-Portraits" appears with a short interview by Abram Lerner.

Both *Parabola* and *Zero* sometimes spill over into obscurity, and the somewhat academic air can be cumbersome in places. But as in any truly creative endeavor, chances are taken and mistakes are occasionally made. In general, however, faults are few and far between for both *Parabola* and *Zero*.

Parabola is perfect-bound and runs 130 pages per issue and is published four times a year. Like most things that are high quality, *Parabola* is not cheap at \$14 a year. To subscribe write to:

Parabola
Subscription Department
150 Fifth Ave.
N.Y., NY 10011

Zero costs \$8 a year for two volumes. It too is perfect-bound and runs 165 pages per issue. Write:

Zero
2255 W. 25th St.
Los Angeles, CA 90018

★ Auroville, the village style spiritual community in India, has recently released the fourth issue of the *Auroville Review*. *The Review*, which appears somewhat sporadically, is an in-depth reportage on the community, its philosophy and that of Sri Aurobindo the community's founder and principle visionary. Issue Four revolves around the struggle of the Village to gain independence from the Sri Aurobindo Society (SAS), which claims to have sole jurisdiction over the community and appears to have gotten insensitive and power hungry in that role. Auroville has recently taken legal action to sever themselves from the SAS so they can make decisive steps toward self organization. *The Review* also covers the group's financial and domestic organization and contains an interview, with a member, on the impact of Auroville on the local village of Tamil. The progress on various alternative technology projects are also brought up to date. This issue presents a thought-stimulating overview of this ambitious world village.

Single issues of the *Auroville Review* are \$3.00. A subscription to 4 issues (They promise 4 issues but no time schedule) is \$12.00. Contact their American office:

The Sri Aurobindo Action Center
P.O. Box 1977
Boulder, CO 80306

Cooperative Living

★ The Neighborhood Works is an information service that believes city neighborhoods are natural settings for new "low technologies which can meet human needs in food, energy, shelter, waste management, environment, and jobs." The publication staff feels that many of the tools and technologies needed to make neighborhood communities viable and healthy are available and only need to be made more accessible. This is the function of The Neighborhood Works — to act as a clearinghouse for projects, ideas, and technologies that are currently reported on in over 100 publications. TNW brings together a wide range of literature on community development and innovative appropriate technologies from publications that range from *People and Energy* and *Rain to The*

Federal Register and *The New York Times*. They scan these magazines (so you don't have to) and reprint pertinent articles. TNW is a valuable resource for urban community groups, organizers, energy activists, or anyone concerned about positive solutions to urban problems.

For a one-year subscription of 24 issues the prices is \$25 for individuals and not-for-profit organizations, \$60 for profit businesses, and \$40 institutional. Write:

The Neighborhood Works
570 West Randolph ST.
Chicago, Ill. 60606

★ Michael John of the Rainbow Family did an excellent job compiling *The Rainbow Nation Cooperative Com-*

munity Guide for 1980 (for article on the Rainbow Gathering see Communities #45). The three previous guides have had good information in them, listing communities, individuals, and resources, but have been often cluttered and difficult to use. This edition, number 4, is beautifully done with photos of the '80 gathering, a color cover, and a much cleaner, well organized format. There are articles on "Rainbow Philosophy," a listing of alternative resources and a region by region listing of communities, individuals and healers. Many of the groups listed in this guide do not appear in the Communities Directory, so it's another valuable resource for the would-be communitarian. Copies of the Rainbow Nation Guide are available for \$3.00 (or fair varter) from:

The Rainbow Nation Guide
4117½ E. 72nd St.
Tacoma, WA 98443

International Cooperative Community
Guide

The
Rainbow Nation



Naturally Abundant

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- Healing Artists
- Individuals
- Open Doors
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with the Alternative

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- \$3 each
 - \$1.40 over 25

Stock your Coop/Turn on your Friends.

Michael John
4117½ E 72nd St.
Tacoma, Washington 98443

★Co-operative Communities of America, Inc. (C.C.A.) "provides a national network for travellers, and is helping people to establish a similar network for communities where individuals and families will gather by choice — rather than by happenstance — and will work out those living arrangements which they find most congenial and mutually supportive. In effect, CCA represents a return to the interpersonal assistance patterns of the extended family.

C.C.A. provides a social and eco-

nomie framework within which members can organize themselves into self-governing groups — tightly or loosely knit as they see it — and they can also migrate within the network as they feel the need to find the community most appropriate to their taste, circumstances, and preferred style of living."

For more information write:

C.C.A.
7501 Sebago Road
Bethesda, MD 20034

Appropriate Technology

The following reviews by Joyce Ennis Hardin are reprinted from the *Food Conspiracy Newsletter of Tucson, Arizona*. Subscriptions to this excellent co-op monthly are \$6/year suggested donations.

The mathematician/engineer/physicist is better equipped to benefit from How to Make Home Electricity from Wind, Water & Sunshine than is the layperson, but anyone interested in self-sufficiency would be interested in author John A. Kuecken's suggestions on how to figure out your energy needs and then how to supply them without relying on your local utility. (Of course lots of energy goes into manufacturing some of the components you need.) The author deals in only a superficial way with the possibilities of a diffuse energy system, trying merely to "provide practical technical suggestions regarding the generation of home electricity . . . suggesting the conversion and use of junkyard parts to achieve this end — where such usage is practical." Kuecken makes several references to southwestern conditions (a rarity in solar books). He follows his theories through to practical applications in technical, but not overly complex language. Diagrams are clear and readable. If you've got the technical background, you'll enjoy this book and be challenged by it.

A Fact-Packed Consumer's Resource Handbook is now available free (single copies) from the Consumer Information Center, Dept. 532G, Pueblo, CO 81009. Subjects dealt with in this well indexed 80-page book range from Metrication



Food Conspiracy

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624-4821

to Odometer Tampering to Food informaton. If you've any kind of a problem, there's a federal agency to help you handle it, or so it seems. Helpful suggestions are given on how to direct consumer complaints to local agencies as well. One of the nice features of this directory is its symbol code system that tells you at a glance what kind of help a listed agency can provide. A copy of this how-to guide belongs in the home of every consumer who cares.

If you're into energy politics and policymaking, you'll find the County Energy Plan Guidebook from the Institute for Ecological Policies (9208 Christopher, Fairfax, VA 22031, \$7.50) a stimulating and helpful resource. There's a good section on transportation as well as commercial and residential energy use of various kinds. Among the purposes of the Guidebook are to "provide citizens and local officials with a positive, constructive activity geared to local organizing around energy issues" and to "help the United States move toward a sustainable energy system based on environmentally sound, democratically

controlled renewable energy technologies." The publishers of the Guidebook hope to initiate action on local county levels that will culminate in a national convention to combine local plans into a "National Citizens Energy Plan" and "to demonstrate that an active national constituency exists for a renewable energy future." Energy organizers, here's a useful tool.

Why dry surplus garden produce or supermarket, fruitstand, or Co-op bargains instead of freezing or canning? **Garden Way's Guide To Food Drying**, by Phyllis Hobson, answers that question in some detail. She gives very explicit instructions on how to prepare specific foods for drying, pre-treatments, etc. She also compares methods and equipment although she does not mention solar food dryers such as the Cooperative Extension Service's Garden Center has been promoting. Phyllis Hobson explains the disadvantages and advantages of different kinds of electric dehydrators and gives plans for one that is more practical than those that are commercially available. We probably don't need this kind of drying help in Tucson but it would be helpful in more humid areas.

This Guide includes a number of delicious-sounding recipes using dried fruits, vegetables and grains, with a special section on foods for camping. Dried herbs and teas are given attention as are dried soup mixes. If you do much food preserving, you'd benefit from reading this book. (Garden Way Publishing, Charlotte, VT 05445, \$5.95.)

J.E.H.

★The Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) is currently distributing a short series of original papers in housing, community affairs, and program evaluation. The first two papers produced in the series are entitled "Early Evaluation for Course Correction" and "Performance Indications in Housing." The first paper illustrates the use of evaluation to improve the operations of a new program; it includes case studies. The second report examines the state-of-the-art of performance indicators in housing research and program operations.

The third paper in the series, which we received, is entitled "Adobe as a Socially Appropriate Technology." It reports on the Homegrown Sundwellings Project — a "Solar Adobe" housing development in the southwest.

The development serves as a regional model for low cost energy-conserving housing utilizing native materials, alternative energy, and simple building technology. The publication covers the social impact of adobe, its history, and a technological assessment. Diagrams included in the appendix illustrate the designs used in the various sundwelling solar-adobes. For a government report that's free (all the reports are) these Adobe Papers are worth sending for. Write:

Department of Housing and Urban
Development
San Francisco Office
450 Golden Gate Avenue
P.O. Box 36003, Room 8040
San Francisco, CA 94102

★*Good and Wild* is a publication of SUP — the Association for Food Self-Sufficiency. Founded by Jesus Sifuentes, the publication attempts to bring a greater knowledge of many neglected edible plants and food bearing trees to the attention of the public and researchers. It also promotes the planting of trees and perennial food plants in poverty sections of the world as a means of "permanently" doing away with starvation and hunger in these areas. The association uses the Instensive-Bio-Dynamic organic gar-

dening method in its work.

Good and Wild contains articles on the activities of the Association for Food Self-Sufficiency along with contributions from other organizations working towards similar goals. A recent issue (vol. 2, no. 4) included information on the activities of permaculture originator Bill Mollison who has been featured in many alternative agricultural publications lately. Excerpts from *The New Alchemy Institute Journal* (Vol. 6) comprise a greater part of the magazine and there is a report on the experimental crops planted at the Association's farm in Colonet, Mexico.

Good and Wild is a rather specialized publication and probably of limited use to the general organic enthusiast, but if you're interested in wild and easily grown foods as a possible solution to world hunger, you might want to peruse a copy. Annual membership in the Association is \$7.50 regular, \$25.00 for a contributing member, \$100.00 sustaining, and \$300.00 for life. Address all communication to *Good and Wild*. *Good and Wild* magazine is a membership bulletin and is not available through subscriptions.

Good and Wild
P.O. Box 599
Lynwood, CA 90262

Miscellaneous

★Working with a variety of groups and individuals, Forever Forests is attempting to create forest preserves from existing farms, grazing and timber lands by providing incentives to owners to put their lands into perpetual trusts, preventing commercial exploitation. These incentives include free or inexpensive reforestation, erosion control, seeding and water impoundment by teams of Forever Forests experts and volunteers.

In 1979, Forever Forests provided services in a watershed totalling more than 200 acres, planting 7,000 trees (redwood, cedar, pine, Douglas fir and Russian olive) in areas once denuded by exploitative logging.

Forever Forests relies on volunteers to help restore the land to its natural state. They provide transportation, food, tools, shelter and a lot of entertaining evening around the fire. The

volunteers are expected only to do as much as they feel capable of doing; there are no quotas, and as a group they rarely work more than five or six hours per day in the field.

For this important reforestation project to continue, volunteers, support people and of course financial support are needed. If you would like further information on Forever Forests' programs and planned activities, or if you would like to volunteer, write to the following address:

Forever Forests
P.O. Box 212
Redwood, CA 95470

★Many of us who are interested in erotic literature have often fantasized about someone producing films of erotica that are tastefully done and which portray real people expressing their

love and sexuality in a caring and non-oppressive manner. Mass market pornographic films certainly don't fulfill this wish and many of the sex education films travel to the other extreme of a cold, clinical approach to sex and sexuality. We have found few sources of good quality, stimulating films. The Glide Foundation was one source and we recently discovered another: Multi Media Resource Center. They offer 16 mm. and video format films on all facets of human sexuality (heterosexuality, homosexuality, lesbianism, masturbation, sex and disability) and cover it from different angles, from a more expressly educational/sex therapy approach, to sensual/erotic fantasies. Several of the films available have appeared in the New York Erotic Film festival, including: "Holding" — a film of two women relating in a variety of sexual and non-sexual ways; "Orange" — a sensual study of the hidden universes within a fruit; and "Quickie," which speaks for itself.

Multi Media also has a book list of over 1000 books on human sexuality and related topics. To obtain a copy of their catalog (you must be an organization or individual using the materials for education, research, or therapy) write:

Multi Media Resource Center
1525 Franklin St.
San Francisco, CA 94109

★ We are two members of Twin Oaks Community who see our work as community-building . . . being a resource team for communities, collectives, and cooperative groups, wanting help with their process. We work with newly formed groups, provide facilitation for established groups, and lead workshops.

We have been living in community for ten years and are involved in community planning and collective business management. We also do networking and process work. Our current loves are editing *Communities Magazine*, midwifery and working together as a resource team.

If your group is just beginning, is in a sticky place, or needs a lift, we'd like to help. For more information, contact Larry M'lissa.

Community-Building Resource Team
Twin Oaks Community
Louisa, VA 23093
(703) 894-5126

C.E.P.

★ The Citizen's Energy Project has recently published three fine resource reports. Housing: Self-Help and Reinvestment includes annotated listings of over 125 organizations and printed resources in the areas of self-help, housing, neighborhood rehabilitation and reinvestment, urban homesteading, cooperative housing, and intentional communities. In addition, some resources in community economic development, housing design alternatives and general appropriate technology issues are discussed.

Resources covered include successful community programs for saving and recycling existing housing stock, low-income programs, government-sponsored programs (usually carried through by local groups), technical assistance groups, national networking organizations and dozens of useful magazines, newsletters and books.

The 22-page resource guide (report #66) is available for \$1.80.

Alternative Education Resources is a ten-page annotated listing of eighty organizations and bibliographic resources in the areas of alternative and community schools, home study, experiential learning and adult education. These include schools set up by parents disillusioned with the public/private systems, networking organizations around the U.S., technical assistance groups and many newsletters and books.

New ways of learning and alternatives to traditional school structures are important elements of appropriate technology (AT), a concept which has come to mean a process of achieving self-reliance at the community level.

Alternative Education Resources is available for \$1.15.

★ Self-Help Health Resources describes organizations and printed materials for self-help and alternatives in the health care area. Included are resources in holistic health and wellness, women, maternity and children's health and nutrition.

The emphasis is on wellness and self-care — people learning about their bodies and taking care of themselves, physically, mentally and spiritually. About one-half of the listed resources are written materials — practical back-

ground information, useful newsletters and self-help guides.

Self-Help Health Resources (1980, 18 pages) costs \$1.60.

★ The Citizen's Energy Project is a non-profit, tax-exempt, research and advocacy organization working in the areas of solar energy, nuclear power opposition and promotion of alternative community technologies. C.E.P. offers approximately 150 short reports and books on these topics for sale. A publications list will be sent on request. To receive more information or to order reports (prepayment required) write:

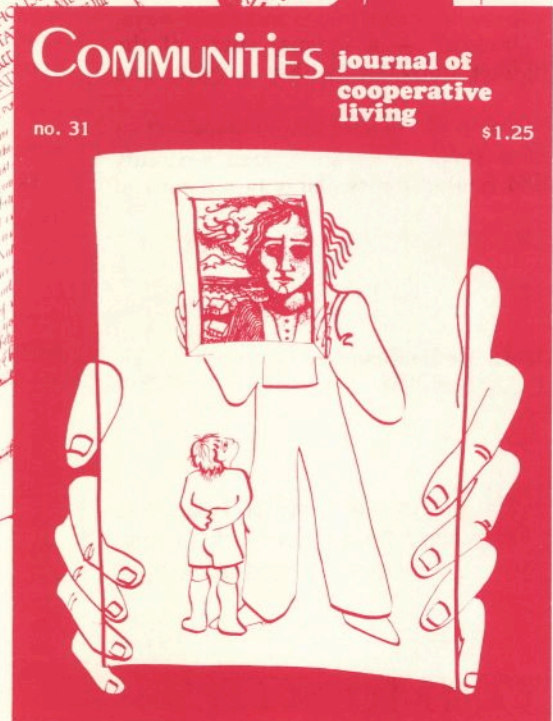
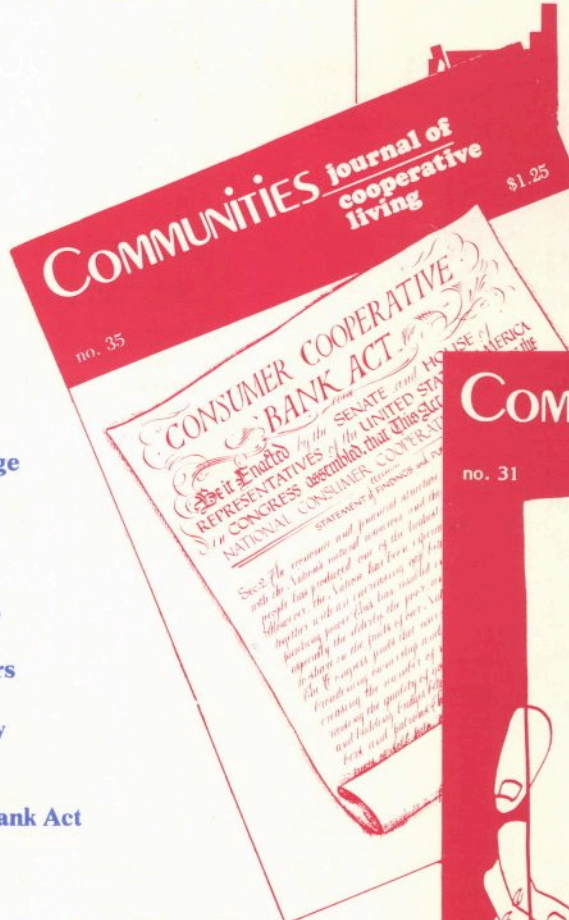
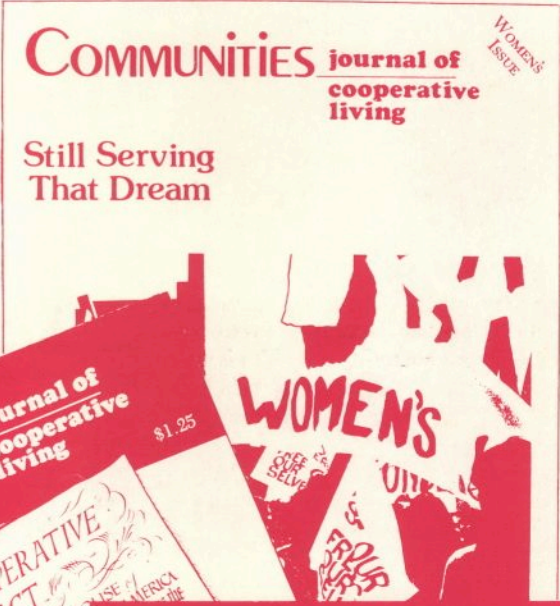
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