

**Digger Archives Online**  
**Guestbook – entries, anecdotes, and associated material**

From: **Billy Batman** (puppet@show.com), 12/08/95.

Subterranean whispers of maddening visions . . .

*The Digger Papers (August 1968)*

**The Birth of Digger Batman**  
by Kirby Doyle

O sky glorious, O sky divine People dominions nations Heavens door  
O walking deliverance O Passage People O People Machines Animals  
Trees Towers & Bridges O Seed O colors Faces All Moving Things  
Life, hello . . . I want to tell you of the birth of Digger.

Morning, about 9:30, July 5th, 1967 — clear and sunny upon the city, the sky echoing with happiness, the streets still and clean and just to walk on them is to be silent in the bright rising from the night after a big 4th of July electric music and free feed celebration out in the park where Emmett and the cooks from the Fillmore had made barbecue for about 4,000 people.

I am up early and out into the street from Peter Cohon's on Pine Street where the Communication Company lived — out and standing in the good day with the smiles all over me, just letting the warmth and the light honey about on me, my clothes glowing and the fine feeling seeping to the skin and a touch tasting to my innards, and O the head is just wanting to face with smiles in all directions. I had driven Susan Parker to the airport a couple days before and still had her car so I swings over a few blocks to Geary thinking to have coffee and a morning smoke with the Jahrmarkts, Billy and Joan and the kids.

Up two flights, rap rap on the door and Bill answers to my hello half-dressed and happy. “The baby's coming,” is what I remember of him having said. And there is Joan sitting in the sun of those bright windows looking out over downtown and the bay, sitting on the bed, the mattress inevitably close to the floor, and the three kids — Jade, Hassan and Caledonia — kind of hushed and happy because they know the baby is coming and have been waiting too.

So Joany's been in labor since the night before and now sits very calm with a \$3 tin watch in her hand timing the contractions — about every 7 minutes and getting closer together. So me and Billy just standing there kind of stunned and sunny not thinking too much about what to do. “You got any arrangements made?” I says, and “no” is his reply.

It kind of goes like that, having a cigarette and a cup of coffee in the warmth of the morning in the corner room with just one fact we're standing in — the baby's coming and we are smiling and blinking lumenant with speech in soft sounds. Nobody is thinking too much about hospitals though we figure lightly first about getting Joan into one of those places, but none too serious.

I sound on Joan if she thinks she got time for me to go phone around and see what I can do, get help I guess is what I meant, and she says there's plenty of time so I cut out and drive over to Margo St. James place on Nob Hill and start phoning.

I get ahold of Kaiser Hospital and after about seven switchings back and forth I get ahold of some voice that says No, there is no chance of getting into their facilities without two hundred and fifty dollars in front even if the baby is on the way right now, and that the only thing that They, this voice, can suggest is to take The Expectant to County Hospital, which said set of instructions vis-a-vis that exhausted brick pile of agony so offends my ear I come near to throwing the phone across the room.

So I phone Bill Fritsch to let somebody else know what's happening (who tells Emmett who sends an ambulance which nobody quite knows what to do with except send it away). So I clean out Margo's refrigerator of all its food and drive back over to the Communication Company where is lovely Sam and Cassandra and Claude and Helene who I break it down to.

Right away Claude is on the horn talking here and there. I get Cassandra and head back to Billy's, drop off Cassandra and split down to the store to get some smokes and am just rounding the corner on Geary when Claude pulls up to tell me he is on his way to Bolinas to get John Doss, a friend and Head of Pediatrics at Kaiser.

Upstairs is Cassandra cleaning the kitchen, making coffee and a bit to eat for the kids. It is late morning now and we relax — everything seems to be going along unmolested by even the quiet logic of time — Cassandra softly busy in the kitchen, Billy sitting with Joan in the sunny corner room, the kids hushed and talking among themselves in their room, and I with the stillness of no thinking in my head gazing out the window under the Bat flag at the greenish dome of city hall.

Rap rap on the door and I go to open it to Richard Brautigan who comes in under a soft tan hat, checks out the action, spots Cassandra in the kitchen, decides everthing is cool, walks once again through the rooms, tall, slightly stooping like a gentle spider standing up (We are all spiders, or ants, or something, I remember wondering, watching Richard putting his hands in his pockets and taking them out) decides to split. "Be back in a while — need anything?" "No, nothing." out the door he goes.

It's early afternoon now. Quite suddenly Joan gets up, walks into the kitchen and squats down flat-footed on the floor with her back leaning to the wall, contractions coming quicker, Billy kneeling with her, Cassandra calm, me getting nervous — smoking cigarettes.

Knock on the door and in comes Claude and Helene with John Doss, way over 6 foot, a tower of a man with those huge gentle hands that by mere holding can take the panic from a hurt child. All of a sudden it seems we got the best. Right away he's with Joan, coat off, talking real easy, squat'd down, laughing with the simplicity of things. Claude asks me if I want to smoke some gold and lays a joint on me — I take it and put it on Billy.

People begin arriving — Billy Fritsch and Lenore, Bill much calmer than the day before in the park loaded on acid and telling Richie Marley real anxious, "There's a warp in the continuum!" Emmett arrives. Diggers start coming.

By now the kitchen is a place of prayer — Joan in labor on the big patch quilt now in the middle of the kitchen floor and around her kneeling and sitting silent people — silent and back within listening to what silence says at self to birth.

John Doss moves in from the crowded front room every now and again and kneels his huge person down to speak quietly to Joan as he feels with those giant hands across her belly for the baby within. Billy squats Arab-silent flat-footed beside Joan, his hair long about his shoulders, staring into the thick air that holds the deep flux of his unspeaking Arab Prayer.

Now the city has darkened for night, and Geary Street outside the window crawls alive with the homeward bound. Across the street the huge sign of an auto-agency BOAZ, in Hebrew "the lion hearted" — in black and white and red letters sends ancient benedictions into the rooms, and the green dome of city hall is alit as if it were a mosque removed one world and glowing not with bulbs nor candle but rather ringed with another light.

Now from out the night John and Sara and Peter and Sam and Gandolf and Natural Suzanne and more Diggers arrive like a troupe or miming chorus bearing brown paper sacks filled with sandwiches — huge Poor Boys from some ecstasy delicatessen — the picture: Joan about to give birth on the kitchen floor, one dim shaded desk lamp by her feet, and a dozen people encircling her eating sandwiches and smoking weed, faces all in shadow of the only lamp.

The contractions have begun to quicken and Joany is saying over and over again softly, "Come on little Baby . . . come on" — a little song over and over again directed inside as if by this time the intelligence of the as

yet enwombed Baby was beginning to be focused on its birthing passage by the soft speech of Joany's song — "Come on Baby . . . come on little Baby . . . come on."

The labor was becoming long, more than 24 hours now and the concentration of Joany's song had drawn the muscle lines tensed above her eyes pointing to a spot between them, slightly above them, and directly within.

John Doss had a slightly worried look as his hands felt over her belly. He seemed to be trying to gauge the position. Reaching within he felt for the baby's head which seemed to be turned in a wrong direction. The contractions were now great visible waves that moved down across Joan's belly and with each one her tightened face appeared to have the full focused power of everything behind it pouring down through her body toward the slow and heavy workings and waves of force that carried the baby in its passage.

"I need an instrument," he said mentioning some sort of birthing clamp. "I have to turn the baby's head." He turned to someone there and told them to go across the street to the hospital and get an instrument and an intern.

Meanwhile John begins instructing Billy in how he, Billy, is going to receive his baby. Beneath the belly skin you can see the baby making its movements. Around Joan about a dozen Diggers and Digger ladies looking like all the accumulated faces of the Universe, the Divines of Ever pouring from each eye.

Like no time there is bang on the door and two white coated hospital guys come in stiff and important with shiny metal in their hands, take one look at the scene and decide it won't do for them to have anything to do with it. John Doss goes to meet them and they start backing off real quick. John grabs one of the guys by the lapels and starts to jerk the doctor's jacket off and gets it down to around the guy's elbows.

"Take off that coat and get to work in here, for Christ sake. Be a doctor for once in your life!" he says to the guy.

"Take it easy John, take it easy," the other guy tries to soothe. "This can't be done here . . . it's not sterile. She must be moved to the hospital."

About this time I start to ride up. "She isn't going anywhere," I says leaning across Joan at the guy. "Cool it," Bill says from the floor. They split threatening an ambulance and, for all we know, the Heat, so everybody settles down again with "Come on baby" going very strong.

So John is back down with Billy showing him how to receive the baby, when it starts to come out and so quick and easy it seems a miracle but

**Billy has the baby's head in his hands and it looks like throughout the whole scene of deliverance the baby had turned its own head and decided to come on out and with a thick liquid *whoosh* is right in Billy's hands. I am on my knees by Joany's head and I lean down with little more than a whisper, "It's a boy."**

**With some cotton string John Doss ties off the umbilical cord and cuts it with a pocket knife and the baby is born, out, free, alive and beautiful crying in his father's hands so fast that it was not a process of birth at last but life occurring.**

**John Doss begins cleaning up Joany and places the afterbirth in a basin.**

**"Eat!" he says to the circle of joyously lighted faces holding out the basin. "Everybody eat!" and starts carrying the basin around from one to one and each dips a hand to the stuff of birth and blood and tastes and never, from no dope I have ever taken, have I got so instantly high. Somebody marks the time, 10:41, and asks Billy the baby's name.**

**"Digger!" Billy answers back with a voice loud with single word as its own rising song.**

**The bloodied ends of the umbilical tying string Billy takes and wraps up in a poem I had made that afternoon to lay on the kitchen floor:**

**Velvet kneeling meat —  
Crazyblood in his prayers**

**is all I remember.**

**[end]**

From: **Claude Hayward** (Adobe Clod@aol.com), 03/16/96.

**. . . . I've been out here in New Mexico since 1971, when we passed over stewardship of "The Land" in Covelo to the Hearth Foundation (Hearthshire School). I would love to hear from you. Chester Anderson (RIP) and I, along with H'lane, Freddie, Alan and others, were the Comco. All my archives of Comco were destroyed in a fire in 1969, so I'm delighted to find you. Hope I can help out. Claude Hayward.**

From: **Ramon Sender** (rabar@well.com), 03/24/96.

**. . . Places like Drop City, Tolstoi Farm, Morningstar Ranch and its satellites, Wheeler's/Ahimsa were perhaps the first tentative steps towards stopping to carve up our mother Gaia's body and renting/selling the pieces. As a dear brother once said, "Free Rent hits at the heart of the beast." The Diggers came real close.**

From: **Tommy (Truck) Soto & D. Gilman** (DGilman711@aol.com), 05/05/96.

Tommy (Truck) Soto & Deborah Gilman are in San Francisco.

From: **Pam Read (Hanna)** (phanna@law.vanderbilt.edu), 05/14/96.

... I was in SF in the '60s & frequented a Diggers Freestore. It was lovely. You just walked in & some very cool clothes were on racks & you just picked out what you wanted. The night before the great human Be-in in the park, some Digger friends came by our place & turned us on to some Owsley acid — no strings attached except that you had to take it at the Be-In. We did. We moved to Morningstar as Diggers in 1967. Sent apples from the orchard back to the hungry folks in the Haight. Morningstar was founded on the principle of “land access to which is denied no one” which is why the Diggers & Morningstar communaires got along so well. . . .

From: **Richard Marley** (marleygoods@igc.apc.org), 05/24/96.

**Richard Marley is alive and well and living in California.**

From: **Walter Bowart** (Freethot@juno.com), 06/05/96.

... in 1965, the first time I visited San Francisco. Emmett was on the scene in NYC where I was the founder and editor in chief of *The East Village Other*. While our bodies are dying, we remain the eternally young. . . .

From: **Peter Coyote** (wdp@well.com), 06/22/96.

... ran into Susan Keese, Claude, Julie, Tobe and was very excited. I've sent about five chapters from my book, *The Free-Fall Chronicles* onto the Digger Page. Those of you who were there should find it a lot closer to the truth than *Ringolevio*. . . .

From: **Michael Tierra** (mtierra\_yada@cruzio.com), 07/14/96.

... We forged so many ideals and I know in my way, I have carried them forward. It was a beautiful trip and I continue to receive inspiration from the memories of Peter Berg (when he's not crabby and grumpy), Coyote singing his beautiful songs about owls, people, being and living. Elsa, and her beautifully creative vision of art and life; Richard Marley his easy going socialism. To Truck, always ready to rescue us with our mechanical problems at the Black Bear ranch. Susan Keese's beautiful journal and poetry. I wonder whatever happened to the artist, was it “ama” who would come in each night and paint magnificent murals on the walls of our living room at Willard Street. I think he did his coupe de gras and literally went flying off the golden gate bridge. No one will ever believe or understand what and how we lived in those days. The outlaw-ism was truly in the spirit of robin hood and it is hard to see that now. I regret burning the American flag in James Coburn's foyer, he is a good man, but we needed his active support and it really bugged me how he would patronize my and our friendship and talk about the glistening silica on the sidewalk of the Haight when we wanted him to come through with real contributions of money, land, material goods to nurture a rugged vision that we were living. In retrospect, I ask his forgiveness but the context was really important. It was a statement about values. Peter Coyote, I enjoy seeing you in even the trashy flicks, I know your trying to make it, your a beautiful soul and I also

know that, like me, in your world, you are still living the dream and in this web site, even rekindling the sparks of it. By the way, Peter Berg's vision of bioregionalism and Planetary consciousness is reflected in the name of my commercial herbal products (Planetary Herb Formulas) and in my book, *Planetary Herbology*. . . .

From: Susan K. (jpyatak\_yada@sover.net), 07/15/96. [Susan Keese – important poet for Digger women]

For a look at some interesting contemporary Digger thinking, check out Freeman House's "Dreaming Indigenous" . . .

### Dreaming Indigenous

*One hundred years from now in a northern California valley...*

#### Freeman House

Contact between whites and natives didn't happen here in my part of North America until 150 years ago. You can still see enough of the earlier patterns in the landscape to be able to guess at what it looked like then. Once contact did happen, however, it proceeded with unrelenting fury. Within a seven-year period ending in 1862, the ten-thousand-year-old culture that had been so wonderfully adapted to this little tuck in the Coast Range was reduced to a few broken individuals hanging on locally and a handful more isolated from the source of their identity, bereft of home on the reservation a hundred miles away.

Life was pleasant for the whites, in a rough sort of way. For a hundred years or so, pleasant enough so that even now some cowboys look back on that time as the very peak of existence. It was the usual scene for the North American West: a few steers and dairy cows, some hogs for market, and an economic boom every thirty or forty years to keep things interesting—and growing. The tanbark boom kept quite a few of the boys busy for a time. And even though the oil boom fizzled, it brought the aura and glamour of the great world into the valley for a while, and Petrolia got a hotel. Come the bust, as it always did, well, subsistence was not so bad, with salmon and venison steak to fall back on.

The really big boom, the one that makes you wonder if anyone will survive the bust, came as a windfall to the handful of large landowners. A whole slew of events, historical and technological, had conspired to make the ubiquitous Douglas-fir worth something, worth a lot, after decades of laying it down around the edges of the prairies and burning over it year after year to expand the pasture. Three-quarters of the landscape was suddenly marketable after three generations of living well enough off the other one-quarter.

It came out fast—ninety percent of three-quarters of three hundred square miles of timber from some of the most erodible forest slopes in

North America, all in the space of a single generation. No one paid any attention to what anyone else was doing. There was no awareness, really, that a whole watershed was being stripped of its climax vegetation all at once. For most of the years between 1950 and 1970, several mills were kept running 'round the clock, and the trucks taking timber out of the valley were so numerous and frequent that their drivers had to agree on one route out and another one in. There was a lot of money; anyone could find a job who wanted one. The schoolteacher worked at the sawmill at night.

Two 100-year storms within a ten-year period was bad luck, they said, coming at a time when so many acres of soil were exposed to the sky. But exposed they were, and a vast warm rain on top of an unusually heavy snowpack on the ridges sent thousands of tons of sediment into the creeks and then into the river. In one week in 1955, the structure of the river was altered completely, from a cold, stable, deeply channeled waterway enclosed and cooled by riparian vegetation to a shallow, braided stream with broad cobbled floodplains, warm in summer, flashy in winter. And then it happened again in 1964.

When the new homesteaders began to arrive in the early 1970s, all we knew was that the king salmon and the silver salmon were almost gone. A few of us tried to do something about it, and by 1981 had established a sort of volunteer cottage industry in salmon propagation. We learned quickly that the key to the restoration of wild populations was habitat, and we found ourselves creating jobs along with volunteer and educational programs in reforestation and erosion control. One thing leads to another—now we hear ourselves talking landscape rehabilitation, watershed restoration planning, water quality monitoring.\*

We were only vaguely aware that we were engaged in something called environmental restoration, and it wasn't until the Restoring the Earth conference in Berkeley in 1988 that we realized that we were part of a planet-wide movement. Even before that, however, we had become aware of some of the pitfalls of this new terrain of consciousness. Logging was still a part of the essential economy of our valley. It was happening on nowhere near the scale of the bad old days, and practices had improved considerably thanks to well-reasoned timber harvest rules established during the Jerry Brown administration, but ecological systems were still being disrupted in ways not clearly understood. As we became more skilled in repairing damaged areas, we became aware of the danger of becoming the source of cheap janitorial services for corporate industry and others who might be opening up new wounds even as we were attempting to heal the old ones. It was not enough to become expert in putting back together what had been torn apart. Unless we adopted the cause of local ecological reserves, unless we tried to educate ourselves



against destructive land use practices and tried to prevent them when education failed, unless we helped establish new small-scale resource extraction industries rooted in the ethic of ecosystem health, we were in danger of becoming Roto-Rooter persons for a dysfunctional society. If we practiced environmental restoration out of the same short-term assumptions that had created the disturbances in the first place, where could we end but as apologists for new deserts? Even the Roto-Rooter man tells the homeowner to stop pouring bacon grease down the toilet!

We are now concerned with the cultural content of the next 150 years because our experience tells us we must be. A successful sustainable human culture is a semipermeable membrane between nature and human society, with information flowing freely in both directions. Having put ourselves in the way of some of the physical data coming toward us from the natural world, we are given both the rationale and the imperative for our roles in social transformation. Having perceived the reciprocal relationship between natural systems and local cultures, we have little choice but to work to make the latter more adaptive, more indigenous.

In making my contribution to this collection of restorationists' reflections on the 500th anniversary of Columbus' landing, I will allow myself two assumptions: that profound cultural shifts can happen suddenly and at any time; and that we are now in the midst of a pivotal era that offers us chances to abandon our more deadly economic practices, and begin to seek ways to adapt—and survive.

Because indigenous culture is always a response to locale, I will paint an imaginary picture of some aspects of life in our little valley 100 years from now. I will take a look at how a future might look if the insights available to one environmental restorationist were available to everyone. I will portray a future where timber, fish, and ranching are still the mainstays of economic life because I wish it to be that way; any other alternative seems less attractive. And for the treeplanter who is irritated by heady abstractions—who asks little more, after all, than for good work unfreighted with ambivalence—I will focus on some of the workaday themes of everyday life.

I will speak to you now from the future.

Within the 300 square mile watershed of the Mattole River, samples of all the main habitat types, from mixed forest to coastal prairie, had been set aside before the year 2000. But a biological inventory a few years later revealed that some species were still in decline and in danger of disappearing locally, an indication that the reserves were too small to be viable, that they could not sustain their own biological diversity in isolation. Once this discovery was made public, there was a demand for the creation of ecological corridors between the reserves. These

corridors, designated restoration zones, were areas where economic development might take place on the condition that the activities were moving biotic processes toward a wilder, more ecologically stable condition. This new zoning had established an atmosphere of inventiveness and competition reminiscent of the time when early white settlers had depended on each other, and on what the local terrain could provide. New techniques in agricultural production, rangeland management and logging proliferated as human inhabitants responded to the challenge of inventing an economy that enhances other life forms and associations.

Fortunately, there had been time to complete the aquatic habitat inventory before state funding ran out. The collapse of state paternalism had been one of the first indications that resource colonization had reached its limits. It coincided with some very dark years during which the entire West Coast salmon fishery was shut down. It seemed as if the Pacific salmon had gone the route of its Atlantic cousins fifty years earlier. Local river restoration groups had continued to trap the stragglers and incubate their eggs for release of the juveniles back into the wild, though often performing their work in a state of despair. With all commercial pressure relieved for a few years, the restorationists began to see more spawning adults. In collaboration with long-unemployed fishers, they established the first combination monitoring weir and commercial trap near the mouth of the river. During any given week of the three-month spawning season, a predetermined number of spawners are allowed to pass the weir to reproduce in the wild, and the remaining fish are taken for food, or in lean years for eggs for the backyard hatcheries. Most years the numbers continued to increase, and the profit was channeled to habitat enhancement work: riparian planting, stream bank stabilization, the modification of fish passage problems. Often, the same workers do fish trapping in winter and habitat work during the other seasons. As the success of this kind of investment became apparent, local municipalities and districts established taxes on natural resources that were exported out of the valley. These taxes have funded community resource investments, which now include reforestation, native plant nurseries, erosion control work, large-scale agricultural composting projects, and local public education.

In the old days, the ranchers had often found themselves at odds with wilderness advocates, who had a fierce appetite for the same open spaces that the ranchers depended on. Some ranchers had had the foresight to band together into agricultural trusts that kept the large open spaces available as rangeland in perpetuity, with the stipulation that the biodiversity of the prairie ecosystems would be protected and enhanced. In a world market glutted with meat, this combination of management styles had seemed impractical and maybe impossible to ranchers whose livelihoods depended on the elimination of predators like coyote and

mountain lion. But the Trust Ranchers benefited as pressure developed for other uses of grazing lands in North America, and a concurrent shift away from meat-eating by the general public. In the space of a decade, red meat had become a high-priced luxury item, with most of the price increase accruing to the producer.

Resource export taxes are partially forgiven if the landowner can demonstrate substantial material contribution to the restoration of native ecosystems, and ranchers often avail themselves of this tax break. High prices along with tax incentives make smaller herds practical, and some ranchers now breed and market Roosevelt elk, which has been reintroduced to its native range everywhere in Northern California. This combination of stock, browsers and grazers, has had a beneficial effect on the prairie flora, reducing pressure on the native bunchgrasses and encouraging the recovery of native grassland species. As a more native mix of grasses results in a year-round food supply which is drought resistant, ranchers work with local native plant nurseries and restorationists to set out native bunchgrass plugs. Controlled burning and timed grazing regimens contribute to this transition to native browse, and to the recovery of the classic fire-managed mosaic landscape of the region.

As the profit margins have continued to grow, a more labor intensive approach to predator control has become possible, and young people are employed to range with the herds. Their presence is usually enough to keep the predators at bay. Young people look forward to a period in their late teens and early twenties when they can spend time ranging the high prairies, a kind of rite of passage. Some of these people have become our best rangeland managers; others have become poets and conduits of information from other species. All have become experts at native grassland reclamation, and are in great demand in other parts of the Coast Range.

We find youth ranging in the woods, too. Young people from the forest families, and elsewhere, spend some time dreaming in the forests to see if they can discover a calling as a forester. Ever since the Timberlands Restoration Act (TRA), foresters have been required to live on the lands they are managing. Many young people compete for these well-paid, highly respected positions in a watershed society. As you walk in the woods, you will sometimes stumble on a teenager posturing that combination of humility, sensitivity, and can-do practicality for which foresters are known.

The TRA was legislated in California after several medium-sized timberland owners went broke due to over cutting and the inability to retool for smaller trees. In a bold move to keep timberlands in production, the legislature had made available to cooperatives of loggers and their families low interest loans and tax breaks that made it possible

for large tracts of cutover timberland to be kept in the hands of timber producers, and out of the hands of real estate speculators and pulp conglomerates.

One of the criteria for eligibility had been a willingness on the part of foresters and operators to live on the land. This has resulted in the appearance of little timberland villages centered around equipment sheds that house mobile mills for rough cutting timber in the woods and tractors for maintaining permanent roads. Larger, permanent mills and curing kilns are located at a few central locations in the watershed.

A diverse, value-added economy has evolved out of the forests here, centered around the California hardwoods that had previously been chipped for pulp, and on the second- and third-growth Douglas-fir and redwood. Trees are marked for cutting one at a time, and the choice of trees is based as much on the effect its removal will have on natural succession and biodiversity as on how many board feet it contains. A crooked hardwood will be taken out because it is shading a straight-growing fir; an old fir will be given a wide berth because it offers shelter for osprey or goshawk. The overriding style is to imitate natural succession and to move always toward climax. Gradually the forest has grown to provide the multiple canopy needed by old growth dependent species like the Northern Spotted Owl. Recently, "new old growth" has been appearing on the market: second-growth which has been allowed to attain 150 years maturity in a slow-growing mixed-forest ecosystem. It has all the characteristics of the old "virgin" timber, which, a generation ago, everyone thought was gone forever. The burgeoning market for wild food has made mushroom collection a significant part of the annual forest income, and children are taught that mycorrhizal relationships are as important as family ties. All organic waste like slash and sawdust which is not left on the forest floor for its nutrient value is now turned into the pellets that have replaced firewood as fuel everywhere, On the homesteads, small furniture and toy making shops are commonplace.

Down in the valleys, the schoolchildren pledge allegiance every morning to a real time satellite picture of the North Pacific and its eastern shores. No other direct link broadcast television is allowed in the classrooms. Later on this afternoon, most of the kids will plant some trees on the banks of a mile of creek they have adopted for study and caretaking this year. These new indigenes are encouraged to look out the window and dream.

\*See House, Freeman, "To Learn the Things We Need to Know" in Nilsen, R., *Helping Nature Heal*, Ten Speed Press, Berkeley. 1991.

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From: **Don Monkerud** (Monkerud@cruznet.com), 08/06/96.

. . . The people I lived with at Black Bear continue to be friends. Liz just moved to Santa Cruz where Marianne, Glenn, Al, Mark, and Tierra along with Shasta and Senta live. . . . Now we begin to cobble together a continuing history. . . . I'm the leftist that Peter Berg warned everyone to watch out for. I recall he was afraid that I would "steal" the Digger ideas for the "new left." . . .

From: **A Digger Then, Now, and All Ways**, 08/14/96.

**To Noble Eric: Re copyright.** One of the clearest, most cogent, truest aphorisms ever coined — "FREE MEANS FREE." You can't expect people to learn about Free by reading something that isn't Free. . . . There are bunches of people aggrandizing power and money from the bare bones of the truth they experienced during the 60's, i.e., Peter Coyote, Supreme Charlatan, who "acted" the part of a digger so successfully that he is now able to collect residuals from his credulous readers and viewers. And others profiting from our unique history, i.e., Da Power Junkie, a.k.a. Da Flower Punk. They either faked it then or now, or both. For the true believers in Free, the ethics are as simple now as then as forever: "Do your thing." It cannot, should not, be argued that this means any "thing" one does is cool just 'cause it's one's "thing." That "thing" must stand on its own merit as "Free." Remember, Eric, "Protection is murder." (Ouspensky, one smart dude)

From: **Peter Coyote** (wdp@well.com), 09/14/96.

**To, A Digger Then, Now, and Always, Seems to me you have one half the equation, which is "free". There's another half called "form" or limits. You either haven't learned about it or aren't being honest. If you live in the world of form, you are subject to the laws of form. The Diggers are/were theater: they were never "free" they were only without money. I'll give you a list of the dead sometime and perhaps you'll learn something about real cost, real limits, and real freedom. . . .**

From: **Free spirit**, 09/16/96.

**To Peter Coyote — Does living in the world of form mean writing a book about our experiences, putting your name on it, and selling it? Who gets the movie rights to my life? There's a list of the living who can tell you the limits side of the equation has to do with personal responsibility and accountability, Peter, not turning yourself into a commodity and calling it living in the world of form. If you're writing to share important information, to encourage discussion and learning, great — how about keeping it free and accessible on the internet, let us write our own history. Create the condition you describe, right?**

From: **s.keese** (jpyatak@sover.net), 09/17/96.

**The urge and necessity to give form to our collective stories (mystory and yourstory are herstory and history) is an ancient and venerable urge. For me it was the single, basic urge I was born with. Then history intervened. It seemed obvious to me that we had entered a post-literary age in which words would be irrelevant and**

unnecessary. Suddenly “art” was about anonymous broadsides and tie dyes that disappeared after a couple of good rains. Looking back, I think some of the dumbest things we did were the things we did (especially at Black Bear!) to squelch Art. But we were really trying to live in an ecology/economy without money, where nobody based his or her identity on some professional activity that could be bought are sold. “Two dollars is a cop-out” the diggers used to tell the counter-revolutionary merchants on Haight Street. For a meaningful transaction it’s necessary for each party to find out what the other person NEEDS. It was a great idea — I still believe in it. But after the smoke cleared, after it became obvious that I would need a JOB to raise my kids and survive the next few decades, after I’d been turned down by the last convenience store . . . I was left with the simple fact that what I could do was tell stories and WRITE. If you have to do something for money, why not do what you’re good at and throw your heart into it? We Diggers have never let a little inconsistency stop us in the past — au contraire. Logic is overrated. Follow your heart. (Peter C., despite his many gifts, has also always struggled over What’s Right, I believe.)

From: Eric Noble (enoble@webcom.com), 09/17/96.

Beautiful words, from s. keese. As I approach that mid-century mark in my life, things don’t seem nearly so finely hewn in the way of moral certitude as they did 30 years ago. I want to keep the digger idea alive, thus these web pages. Yet, I have a “straight” job that (though not destructive of life, soul, or gaia) would’ve been unthinkable in my youth. So compromises I understand. Yet I also appreciate Free Thinker’s and Digger Always’ contributions to this discussion. I do wonder to what extent the moral certainty of their arguments corresponds to the fractious splitting of our movement that occurred in the early 70s. In Kaliflower, we fought these same wars it seems, and I don’t think there’s ever been a healing of those wounds. Perhaps we can put things right this time around.

From: Ici, 09/18/96.

. . . . PS, I like the idea of an “organic” book, written communally over the internet.

From: Susan K. (jpyatak@sover.net), 09/20/96.

Collective writing and storytelling is beautiful and good. Let’s do it. What could be a more perfect vehicle for it than a World Wide Web? (At least until we figure out how to connect to one another withOUT machines.) But the collective work will never squelch some individuals’ INNER IMPERATIVE to wrestle with the stuff of life — to MAKE something of it. To give it their own personal expression and form and yes, to sign their name.

From: seth katzman (truck51@well.com), 10/19/96.

. . . I have a good Digger story: I lived in the Haight in the summer of 1965 and got to casually know some of the Diggers, including Grogan. In the fall, I moved to San Jose, where a friend of mine at San Jose State was doing a radio show on the campus station about counter-culture “stuff” (I don’t know what to call it). Well, he

wanted me to “produce” the show, so the first interview I set up was with Emmett and two other Diggers. They came down one evening to the radio station and my friend Ira began the interview. Naturally, Emmett did not say his name. Naturally, also, they appeared to have just taken some good Owsley acid and were coming on at the start of the interview. In the course of the discussion, one of them used the expression, “pissed off,” and it was heard by the station faculty adviser who was listening at home. He called the station and told the engineer to shut down the show and the broadcast. When the Diggers heard this, they were outraged. (As were we.) They decided to commandeer the radio station but, being subscribers to a non-violent ethic, asked permission of the engineer (engineers? maybe). He said, “sure” and was promptly tied up. (Loosely.) The Diggers then began to do the show, but after a short time became (justifiably) paranoid and decided to beat a quick retreat. We all release the hostages, and accompanied the guys outside where, before they got into a VW bus, painted “LSD” in very large letters in the middle of Seventh Street. . . .

From: eric (enoble@webcom.com), 10/31/96.

. . . thirty years ago tonight . . . the diggers held their Intersection Game at the corner of Haight and Ashbury: Public Nonsense Nuisance Public Essence Newsense Public News which led to the arrests of five participants and the famous photograph when the charges were dropped, which photo gave us the Peace Symbol for the 60s. .  
..

From: Jim Fouratt (jimfour@aol.com), 11/02/96.

. . . I was known as Jimmie Digger in NYC and published the Communications Company broadsides until Abbie Hoffman and Robin Morgan broke into the space and stole our Gestetner. I attended Emmett’s wake and funeral. . . .

From: Ed Fatzinger (efatzing@worldnet.att.net), 11/22/96.

I was with the diggers at 1775 Haight St. I was also one of the first to check out morningstar. Anybody remember Ed’s Shed? Anybody know the whereabouts of Neal Hartnagel?

From: Susan K. (jpyatak@sover.net), 12/05/96.

I am interested in hearing what people remember doing on the summer solstice 1968 (“June 21, 1968, San Francisco Enters Eternity”). I am working on a story that passes through that time. . . .

From: Redwood (redwood@codecheck.com), 12/05/96.

**Re: Summer Solstice 68’. Wasn’t that around the time of the famous free cantaloupe event when people were paying their muni fairs with surplus cantaloupes?**

From: Redwood Kardon (redwood@codecheck.com), 12/31/96.

While attending the Beat Exhibit at the DeYoung Museum in SF I noticed a photograph by Dennis Hopper of a biker with a 1% Free emblem on his jacket. The picture was dated 1960. Anybody able to explain the history of this 1% Free emblem and how it found it's way into Digger lore? . . .

From: Eric (enoble@webcom.com), 01/02/97.

. . . the Hells Angels and other biker clubs had "1%" patches that they wore prior to 1967. They referred to themselves as the "one percenters" of motorcyclists who were outlaws.

That term is what inspired Peter Berg when he created the "1% Free" poster in late 67 (early 68?). To my knowledge the Angels only used "1%" not "1% Free" on their jackets. Berg and Don Cochran (who collaborated together on the poster) used the photograph of two Tong warriors standing on a corner of Chinatown (by a photographer whose name escapes me at the moment.) For the poster, the *I Ching* symbol for Revolution was drawn in at the top right. Cochran created the stencil, and the hands and faces were mimeographed on the old Communication Company Gestetner then pasted on. The poster stood approx. 5' tall. There was a group that assembled the posters (which were stenciled on to butcher paper) then spread out and posted them up around town. One was put on the International Hotel, and later when they went back, the Diggers noticed that someone had put a cartoon balloon coming out of one of the Tong warriors which said "1% of white people free, 101% of Chinese people free."

If the photo you saw definitely said "1% Free" as opposed to just "1%" then it must be after the digger poster — for there were many such reproductions of Berg's original image. I've seen small cards, medium size posters, and of course the back cover of the Digger Papers (Aug. 68) collection. There was even a patch that I've seen sewn onto jackets (it was on white cloth.) So perhaps that was what you saw in the photo — if so, the date of 1960 would have to be wrong. In any case, please let me know, I'd like to track this down. . . .

From: Bo Yerxa (byerxa@cornell.edu;boyerxa@unforgettable.com), 02/27/97.

. . . Had already heard of Diggers B4 my '68 pilgrimage to SanFran. By '71 (72?), when a subset of Mainiac activists were planting the seed of Clear Light Farm in the tiny fishing village of Cutler, a van rolled in w/Cal plates. 'Twas Judy & Peter Berg/family, seeking respite from the overwhelm of SanFran daze & reconnecting with the continent. They were a wonderful addition to our community, with a wealth of lore, notions, context & ideals, much of it Diggerish in nature. As winter loomed, Peter & Judy slipped on down the coast & played a part in what became the cultural/physical revival of the Old Port district in Portland, Maine, B4 returning West. . . . Those of us at Clear Light went on to establish the 1000-acre Sunrise Community Land Trust, through which we attempted to manifest our collective vision. . .

From: Dennis Long (mumeson@msn), 03/10/97.



Use to live down the hill from the mesa. can't beleive you motherfuckers talked up morningstar without mentioning old Mike Duncan. mike let some others build up on the mesa -- some were really funky hippies like cave dave. good old cavedave. and REALITY Bunch a newyork reactionaries got drunk one summer and bilt a whole fucking town. Yeah morningstar was cool, until the winos moved in. of course the puebloes were a little astounded at the lack of clothing during prayers and sternly rebuked the folks who tried to enter the tipi dressed in nature's fashions. Joe(G) thought it was cool but he always got off on naken people anyway. Oh the stories i could tell. anyway everybody moved away from the commune and Goat John turned it into a barn. Reality turned into mud and Mike married a Thai Princess.

From: Susan K, 03/22/97.

Back in the days of 17th St./Olema/Blackbear, I remember thinking, 'We have no elders.' Our grandparents venerated youth, it seemed to me. But WE would become elders when our time came around. . . . I work sometimes at a small private college, so I get to talk to young people — and people in their 30s too. Part of what I hear from them is a good deal of resentment towards our generation, a feeling that we guzzled at the trough as bad as anyone we criticized, but made it worse with our cosmic self-righteousness and self-absorption. I cling to the thought that our revolution achieved something important. But what? . . . In my heart I feel that we have not failed yet, but that it's important what we do now. Watching Woodstock II on TV a few years ago (I loved the idea of crowd surfing!) I thought, 'We could really be allies to these young people.' But how? . . .

From: Agnes Tomorrow (agnest@u.washington.edu), 03/22/97.

. . . I noticed a comment from Arthur Lisch further down, and it brought up memories of the wonderful music he used to bring along to the free food in the Panhandle. . . .

From: Teddy (ballet@ionet.net), 04/01/97.

. . . . During the summer of 1967 I and several friends traveled from Merced to the Diggers location there and we distributed a van full of fresh farm eggs. I can still see the smiling faces as we handed out those cartons of fresh eggs. . . .

From: david grace (senator@dsp.com), 05/05/97.

. . . I'm in SF & have been making a chronology of the Food Not Bombs story, and I have a passage where we have the "Digger's Song" used as part of the story. It would be nice to have some footage of digger feeds. . . . David Grace senator@dsp.com

From: Pam Read (Hanna) (phanna@law.vanderbilt.edu), 06/24/97.

. . . I didn't even realize that Ramon had put up the new Morningstar chapters. On that, in chap. 9, Gay Wheeler said that after i was found guilty at my trial (for obstructing an officer in the performance of his duty at Morningstar — his duty

being to haul my ole man off to jail -- that i laughed, choked, vomited, cried & threw myself on the courtroom floor. That's apocryphal. I WAS 8 months pregnant, DID kick the cop in the balls, did laugh, choke & cry -- but didn't throw up or throw myself on the floor. Please. I had SOME discretion. Also, I scrolled down & saw Dennis Long's name here. He mentions Goat John, Little Joe, Cave Dave & Reality Construction Co. and he's talking about the New Mexico Morningstar — a story that still needs to be told. You must be the Dennis I know (I delivered one of your wife's babies, remember?), but Dennis, I tried to e you & msg. came back undeliverable. Where are you? Also, much enjoyed Peter Coyote's excellent interview (done by Etan Ben-Ami) -- which gives me a good segue to recommendation of a book by my friend Tim Miller called **THE HIPPIES AND AMERICAN VALUES** (Univ. of TN Press, 1991). It's an overview of history, culture (sex, drugs, music) and philosophy of the hippie -- um -- experience. . . .

From: **Bill Barry**, 08/06/97.

. . . I originally heard about Digger's when I read *High Times* obit for Emmitt Grogan in the '70's. [?] . . .

From: **John Friel** (jonfriel@pacbell.net), 10/23/97.

**I was one of the diggers. I lived out back of the Hip Job Co-op [which] I helped run with another Digger Peter Mc Guinese. I was also involved in starting the Free Clinic with a dropped out private eye named Bob who put up his unemployment check for the first months rent. I later became known as John The Baptist.**

From: **Leonard Iye** (gustav2\_yada@msn.com), 02/08/98.

. . . disappointed that no one from NYC seems to remember the Free Store, Emmett (how do you forget Emmett ), and Billy [Murcott] who according to a childhood friend, is living in his old neighborhood and working in Manhattan. . . .

From: **Gahmelah Mahal** (griffia\_yada@csba.org), 02/11/98.

. . . talked to my mom (Siena Riffia aka Natural Susan), we're both looking forward to the book. . . .

**From: Phyllis Willner (sugar@humboldt1.com), 03/01/98.**

From: **Clane Hayward** (lonesometown@webtv.net), 03/07/98.

**I have hazy memories of burning dollar bills and a favorite tricycle in Digger bonfires when I was 2 years old; of my mother H'lane getting arrested for shoplifting stuff that I later understood was to be given away at the Free Store. Trying to escape my parents' hippie nostalgia, it wasn't until I read Todd Gitlin's *Years of Hope, Days of Rage* that I realized how interesting the Digger history is. . . .**

From: **Alice Gaillard** (alice@digipresse.com), 03/15/98.

My friend Celine and I are planning a documentary movie about the diggers story (since 4 years now!!) and we are still looking for archives and footage.

From: **Jane** (timberlake@earthlink.net), 04/21/98.

**. . . the actual first Free Store seems to have been left out of the book [Coyote's], just as it was left out of Emmett's book. Here's the story: In 1966-67 I was married to Arthur Lisch, lived on Waller St. & had two little kids. I was cooking for the park (with food left early every morning on my doorstep; Richard Brautigan used to eat some in my kitchen before it was delivered to the park), helping teen runaways to figure out what to do, stepping over the sleeping bodies in my living room, dodging the media (also thick on the doorstep), taking in a schizophrenic homeless person to live with us, and trying, unsuccessfully in the end, to reconcile family life with the new paradigm. One of the strains on our relationship was the actual first Free Store, which Arthur opened on Frederick Street before the Free Store on Cole & Carl came into being, and which created considerable time and money demands on our anemic household economy. I don't remember how long the store was open, but it certainly did exist, and I'd like to set the record straight. . . . Arthur lives in Calistoga, paint signs, makes chess sets with metaphorical implications, and is active in community affairs. . . .**

From: **Eric** (enoble@webcom.com), 04/21/98.

**. . . it occurs to me that perhaps we should set up an area on the web here where folks can leave messages "setting the record straight" (so to speak, although I don't think straight is exactly the right word.) I checked in the book and Peter still has the Oct. '66 dating for the closing of the Psychedelic Shop and Death of Hippie, which should be corrected in the historical record (should be Oct. '67). Minor point and really when you read *Sleeping* in its context, it's not a history of the diggers so much as a memoir that gets inside the head of someone who was at the center of much that was happening. It really pulls back the curtain and reveals the inner Peter and others. . . .**

From: **Redwood** (redwood@codecheck.com), 04/22/98.

**More for the record . . . In his chapter on Black Bear, Peter describes my having come out of the Oakland Free Bakery scene. I did participate to a minor extent at the Free Bakery but that was after my association with the Diggers. Before the Diggers I was involved in the L.A. Free Clinic. In those days I had a certain gift for hustling resources, especially from the film making community. Peter Berg and Coyote got wind of my cinemagraphic acquisitions (film, processing etc.) and determined that such resources belonged to their much more worthy undertakings. I had seen myself as a gifted hustler but after a very short phone call from them, I realized I was a rank amateur. You can only imagine what it was like to be hustled by the Digger nobility in those days. I was on the road to San Francisco before I hung up. The next day I arrived at Willard Street and have been in the Bay area ever since.**

From: **Arthur Lisch** (none), 04/25/98.

**. . . I find the words of Winstanley as inspirational as ever and have continuing belief that out of all our life experience the Beast will be transformed and good will prevail. . . .**

From: **Alex** (mcintire@well.com), 06/19/98.

**. . . I'm proud to have been the co-owner and driver of the "Mother Truck," a homemade camper made from a 56 Chevy pickup truck. We lived in a house on Clayton, about half a block from the Panhandle, and the Mother-Truckers helped do the free food distribution run to other communes. My favorite two memories of that are picking up day-old stuff from the Ukrainian bakery, and the time we were given bushels of just-on-the-edge apples, and made great big vats of applesauce and give it all to all passers. . . . Alex, from Clayton Street ('67-'68)**

From: **Natural Suzanne** (griffia@csba.org), 07/02/98.

**I just got back from Kauai'i where I saw the photograph of Emmett, Peter Berg, Roberto La Morticella, Kent Minault, Brooks Bouchier, et al (on the steps of city hall) in a little antique store in Hanalei! Aloha, Shaka Brah, Natural Suzanne**

From: **Jef Jaisun** (eljefe@halcyon.com), 07/23/98.

**Art Lisch??? Man, you pulled off one of my all-time favorite routines on Haight one day. The street was jammed with cars full of tourists, all being funneled towards the park. Naturally, they had their windows rolled up and their doors locked, despite the fact it was a warm, sunny day. ("You can't be too careful around these hippies, Martha.") And while they tried to snap pictures of us by holding Instamatic cameras up to the closed windows, you, Arthur, stood there on the sidewalk, a few feet past the Straight Theater, holding up a huge mirror! Now that's what I call Art. Inspired by your example, I commandeered a Greyline tour bus and ran up and down the aisle hawking *Barbs* to the bewildered passengers. (Too bewildered to buy any, that's for sure.) The bus wasn't going anywhere anyway . . . those weekend traffic jams, y'know. So I tried to sell 'em *Barbs* and you showed 'em how ridiculous the whole scenario was. . . .**

From: **danoconnell** (dzogchen9@hotmail.com), 08/10/98.

**lived at marningstar in 1966 with a buddy named buck. we had an old chicken coop we lived in. met jerrine and normal that yr and jerrine and i started living together on clayton street our stepdaughter was named artemis and in 1968 we had another named calliope. we moved to wheelers during the summers and had a great time. still a hippy!!! . . . see peter and judy every now and then. . . . i was the guy who gave emmit the 58 ford station wagon for digger food gathering. . . .**

From: **Jeffrey** (jbrjbr\_yada@aol.com), 12/16/98.

Dig this — I'm looking for **any and all info, memories, whatever on Emmett Grogan's main man, Albie Baker**. Albie was a jewel thief extraordinaire, a slick cat who knew the game better than anyone. I've gotten a copy of his autobio [*STOLEN SWEETS*. (ISBN: 0841502684 / 0-8415-0268-4) BAKER, Albie.], and I'm looking for **any other information on this hero of the people**. Please e-mail me with what you know. Dig it.

**In *To Catch a Thief*, dashing and debonair Cary Grant plays a dashing and debonair burglar, a charming con man who mixes easily with his unwitting victims. Some years ago, I interviewed a man named Albie Baker, the international jewel thief whose story inspired the 1955 Hitchcock classic. The thief insisted his lock-picking and safe-cracking skills were only average—"There were hundreds of guys who could do what I did," he told me—but his "people skills" were unsurpassed. Dukes and duchesses welcomed him into their social circles; politicians and city planners revealed their most secret confidences. All the while, Baker was relieving them of their precious metals. "Nobody suspected me, of course," the thief explained. "You don't suspect a member of your country club of burglary."**  
(cigaraficionado.com, **Published January/February 1999**, "Backgammon Hustler: In the Jet-Set World of Little Ivory Disks, Impeccable Manners are Essential When Separating a Fool and His Money" *By Michael Konik*)

"& my mother was a psychoanalyst & my father was a hipster hanger on & kind of a leech, but he knew EVERYbody. so we had lots of weird people to dinner who i would later read about in books.

**a million years ago (i must have been about 5) we had to hide albie baker in a motel room b/c, i believe, either the police or some criminals were after him (what does a 5 year old know??). the motel room was in marina del rey & since our house was being fumigated we stayed there w/ him. i should explain who albie baker is: not only the inspiration for the tv show "to catch a thief" but the dedicatee in emmett grogan's "ringolevio."**

how i hated "ringolevio." i am -such- a stud & -such- a political sexual animal, etc & ect. but i was kind of spinetingled when i read the dedication."

From: **Paul Williams** (Paul@cdaddy.com), 12/19/98.

**. . . Delighted to be able to print out a copy of Linn House (Otis Driftwood)'s great GARBAGE OR NOTHING, . . . Regarding the Chester Anderson papers . . . also delighted to see ComCo pages online! . . . Chester and I had long planned to sell his "complete set" to Bancroft to raise money for our project publishing other Anderson books. I was able to make that transaction after his death, helpful to get me and my backer out of debt incurred publishing FOX & HARE . . .**

*The Digger Papers (August 1968)*  
*Garbage Or Nothing*  
by Freeman House

**I. The recent death of capitalism has everybody fucked around & confused.**

**Private enterprise laissez faire legally murderous piracy GONE already buried to be replaced by what?**

**If it doesn't have a name, how can you talk about it?**

**And what about the garbage?**

**WHO'S GOING TO COLLECT THE GARBAGE?**

**Now there's something you can talk about . . .**

**II. America 1968 so incredibly wealthy that the local spiritual crisis is what're we going to do about the garbage.**

**the economic crisis how to distribute the garbage,**

**the political crisis who's going to collect the garbage & why should anyone want the job,**

**while in the oblivious streets attention has suddenly exploded into flesh bodies & the various ways of rubbing them together.**

**The Evolutionary Credit & Loan Association has terminated our contract, stamped it PAID IN FULL, & the planet is ours at last.**

**Sudden flashes that maybe those five thousand years of time payments**

**all those payments ON THE DOT**

**all those**

**food wars & social cipher contracts were gestures of empty anxiety.**

**Now that it's ours & we can take a casual look around, well there's so much GARBAGE.**

**4 billion people camped in the planetary wilderness & somehow WE FORGOT ABOUT THE GARBAGE.**

**Our wilderness is turning sour.**

**IT STINKS!**

**No place in the cosmology of planetary physics for garbage.**

**What?**

**What an astounding oversight!**

**What were our ancestors THINKING about?**

**III. America a nation in 1968 so incredibly wealthy that all morality is based on the problems of EXCESS:**

**fantasy executives & governmental spies running wild-eyed down the corridors of control:**

**"There's too fucking much of it!"**

**"It's completely out of control!"**

**"Power leak! Power leak!"**

**The cells of power grow wild: undisciplined freedom cancer.**

**Sudden flashes that the future of bureaucracy spy systems lies in garbage control.**

**People are USING it, picking it up FREE on the streets, living on it, they no longer respond to the seduction of the state, there's no way to get a HOLD on them.**

**Pomposity suicided & rigidity machines put to work at a furious clip: all this garbage must be catalogued & filed, garbage destruction teams trained, parking lots on the tillable land, thousands of well-programmed garbage experts march to work each day to GET IT DOWN ON PAPER, enormous factories hastily tooled for garbage conversion.**

**"By God, we'll make napalm out of it."**

**Youngsters who don't understand it's all been paid for already**

**are given guns!**

**given napalm!**

**& shipped to parts of the planet where there MAY be people who MIGHT be hip to OUR garbage & MIGHT WANT SOME OF IT FOR THEMSELVES.**

**The situation complicates itself incredibly.**

**Computer engineers make it worse: the machines don't UNDERSTAND power, sex, & control: the machines program useable garbage & forbidden fantasies of FREE.**

**The Secretary of Garbage Control considers dropping acid & getting it over with.**

**Systems of control grow schizophrenic . . . they writhe & contort in involute paranoia.**

**SYSTEMICIDE MAKES HEADLINES.**

**IV. America a nation so incredibly wealthy in 1968 that all morality is based on EXCESS:**

**true American career counselors now ask only one question.**

**"Do you want to produce garbage or do you want to collect garbage?"**

**Industrialist or politician?**

**Fishfarm or junkyard?**

**The young people want no part of it, of course, what with garbage their natural matrix & medium.**

**Produce it?**

**Collect it?**

**They want to fuck in it!**

**The career counselors build marvelous constructions of seduction & mystery, they trans-substantiate symbol money**

**into sex**

**into power**

**into death insurance**

**into pleasure.**

**But it's just THINGS, it's garbage, it's overflow & the young people know it.**

**They throw the career counselor out the window.**

**Who's going to collect the garbage?**

**who knows?**

**who cares?**

**Let's use it to act out our fantasies, use it for unimaginable gratifications.**

**V. We were sitting around the other night talking about garbage, making screaming intuitive leaps thru each others arguments, when Wm. Fritsch suddenly woke up & shouted, "What I gotta do is learn to do nothing."**

**And of course that's it**

**& it's not surprising that the solution came from a man who sometimes arrives at the compulsion to visit all his friends & empty the garbage for them.**



**VI. Garbage crises cannot be SOLVED:**

**they must be ALLOWED TO DISAPPEAR.**

**The alternative to the garbage collection production box**

**is to do just exactly nothing . . . no more & no less.**

**Sudden flashes of the invisible network w/ the individual spine planted squarely on it,**

**organic units in the planetary ecology,**

**DOING NOTHING.**

**Ecological systems have no garbage in them, contain nothing that is alien to them.**

**VII. Invisible networks of nameless human connectives (names shed as metaphysical garbage) can help each other to do nothing.**

**That part of the psyche organism to which name is attached, that part which DOES things in praise of the name,**

**that part withers in the flesh caress of the anonymous community.**

**The galactic actor does nothing in the NAME of anything:**

**he receives his direction from the silent spinal telegraph,**

**his spine is planted square on the invisible network,**

**HE DOES NOTHING,**

**his movements are not outside the process.**

**VIII. It's paid for, all of it.**

**A cellophane bag represents 5000 years of machine history, inventors suicided by their inventions, eons of garbage dedication, paid for in cancer wombs, in fallen cocks, in the crazy waste of our fathers.**

**Generations dead of lacklove sold for 29 cents.**

**Your birth certificate is your final credit card.**

**Stack the garbage in piles & people will live in among it, communities of free parallel spines planted square on the invisible network.**

**They will do nothing to effect the celebratory transformation of garbage into spinal food.**

**Their movements are not outside the process.**

**IX. The invisible networks grow thru the absent university of nothingness, disguised as dopesellers.**

**as sneakthieves  
as naked dripping 17-year-old American girls.**

**Doctors of garbage philosophy.**

**Doing nothing in PUBLIC teaching nothing demonstrating nothing living paradigms of nothing!**

**The absent university is powered by social magic.**

**It has flesh classrooms.**

**It is the university of the spine.**

**Tuition is paid in units of psychic bondage.**

**Its graduates are FREE.**

**[end]**

From: **Jack Moore** (jack\_h\_moore@msn.com), 12/24/98.

**I was editor of International Times in London 66-70. I received a lot of San Francisco and other activists in the sixties in my home and also in our cultural center, The Arts Lab. . . .**

From: **Pam Hanna (Read)** (phanna@law.vanderbilt.edu), 01/06/99.

To the French Digger fans: Chris? and Jacques Guiod: . . . **As to your question, Jacques, about how the Diggers could keep body & soul together apart from gifts and robbery, first you have to understand that the U.S. economy was different then from the way it is now. At that time, you could buy 100 lbs of brown rice for \$10. The Diggers just skimmed off the fat of the land & made use of food and goods other people would have thrown away. There was work involved. They had to gather it. And it's still true that we waste enough every day in this country to feed another good-sized country. Sad but true. Neither through gifts OR robbery, the Diggers GLEANED (like gleaning the wheat from the fields). Would that we had more gleaners now and fewer wasters!**

From: **Tony Gosling** (tony@gaia.org), 02/09/99.

**DIGGERS 350th ANNIVERSARY — 1999 — Here in the UK there will be a two-day Digger conference and various direct action including the placing of a memorial stone on the original Diggers' site at St. George's Hill Surrey (now a golf course). All this is being organised by The Land Is Ours campaign, in conjunction with Southampton University. It will be taking place in the weeks around 1st April 1999. . . .**

From: **Arthur** (winstanley1648@yahoo.com), 02/13/99.

Tony, I'm very interested in the digger memorial stone on St. George's Hill and other related events. This ties in with a site at the center of the Mall in Washington, D.C. that I'm working on. Please keep me informed!!

From: **Brad Martin** (bmartin@bryant.edu), 04/16/99.

Hi! I'm currently working on an **American Studies Ph.D. thesis that deals with public performance in the 1960s. The Diggers are one of my chapters. The Living Theatre, SNCC Freedom Singers, and the Art Workers' Coalition/Guerrilla Arts Action Group are the others. . . .**

From: **Mark Healy** (mhealy@mbayweb.com), 04/27/99.

**It's *We Are the People Our Parents Warned Us Against*. Lame title but a great book. It's about the Haight and not about Nicholas Von Hoffman. . . .** I must have hitchhiked up and down Big Sur thirty times the summer of '67. . . . I camped at Limekiln Creek for two months, after ? lost his lease because of the Equinox brouha and just prior to the Hinkle family turning it into a money machine. Anybody there for the big Labor Day bust? . . .

From: **Alan W. Moore** (awm13579@yahoo.com), 05/26/99.

. . . I'm writing a doctoral dissertation on NYC artists' organizations — Art Workers Coalition, Artists Meeting for Cultural Change, Colab, ABC No Rio and Fashion Moda, and Group Material. This is basically about artists' collectives. There is a tremendous earlier history of artists' collectives, many involved with art and technology, like **USCO, Pulsa, Drop City** and others, which is — so far as I know — unwritten, and unremembered in common. **Like the Diggers, none of this is part of the "history of the left" as it is construed by historians writing in the Marxist tradition. . . . The connection to New York, of course, is Abbie. And the issue isn't his "stealing" from the West Coast, it's his battle with East Coast New Lefties to organize hippies and to do revolutionary work in the sphere of culture.**

From: **michael bowen** (bowen@beatscene.com), 06/17/99.

**although peter berg, peter coyote and emmet grogan and i were often at serious odds, (emmet was actually in my gunsights once, thank the gods that never happened) i love them now and i did then for their energy and fighting spirit. their contribution to the future, in which some of us find ourselves now, should be a lesson and an inspiration in the struggle for humanity's right to be. be-in and be strong. like a digger. michael bowen florence italy**

From: **Linda Fletcher** (mvines1110@aol.com or Jazzuptown@hotmail.com), 07/28/99.

**. . . I participated and was a member of the Diggers. I stayed at the second commune that was on Haight Street. I got involved through a boy friend who later became my husband. I used to go to Haight Ashbury when I was in High School before the Diggers were a visual element. I was pregnant while I lived in the commune on Haight and the commune was my daughter's first home. I think the**

address is 1578 Haight Street. I worked very closely with the organizers and remember when the third commune was set up. I can't remember the street at the moment. We were also the organizers for the free store, free medical clinic also. In fact we were riding around in free cars. I went with the organizers to get food and pick up donated items. Our phone rang off the hook. There was a lot of work to do. I was part of the group of organizers that were very busy before the Summer of Love and was there when it happened. Also, a part of the concerts that took place in the Panhandle of Golden Gate Park. I remember a lot. I also remember the first "Be-In" that took place before the Diggers in Central Park and remember seeing Jimmy Hendrix and Jefferson Airplane. . . .

From: **Claude Hayward** (cwhayward@uswest.net), 09/23/99.

. . . what happened to "Lovable Ol' Doc Stanley" (Michael Augustus Stanley) I'd like to hear from or of him.

From: **Natural Suzanne** (sriffia@cs.com), 10/25/99.

**Digger Goddesses, we are due for our second millennial gathering and I have found the ideal place. It is a house on Kauai just feet from the ocean where Hula Laus come to practice on the beach. Kauai is the oldest inhabited island. Pele loves Kauai. Kauai is her first born and her favorite. Pele wears white only when she visits Kauai. On the other islands Pele wears red. Kauai is a strong female force in the geography of Mother Earth. What do you think? Would you like to go? Do you know more about Kauai? Please contact me if you are interested and if you want to help organize this event. Kauai is still wild and dangerous with wondrous trails and hidden beaches. I have a second message: I am so happy that I had the great fortune to be with the Diggers and to know the truly spectacular, courageous, and creative people that formed the core and the ever-widening orbits of Digger Charm. Thanks everyone. Thanks Eric, for keeping open a channel of communication.**

**Name:** Peter Coyote

**E-mail Address:** sfzendog@earthlink.net

**Date:** 11/16/99

**Friends, I've been in correspondence with Davi (from Olema) who is doing extremely hard time in the Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta and will probably never be a free man in this lifetime. Any of you who remember him are urged to write to him. He loves books and magazines. He can receive 3 books or 3 magazines (books must be soft-cover) in plainly marked packages "BOOKS" etc. I'm sure he'd appreciate hearing from old friends.**

**Davi (David) Harpine 06676-008 Box PMB, Atlanta, Georgia, 30315**

**Name:** Pat

**E-mail Address:** Irondoll@aol.com

**Date:** 20 Dec 1999

My cousin and I ran away from home the summer of 1967; we were 14. This site reminds me of being hungry in the Haight-Ashbury (I gave out white-bread-and-bologna sandwiches with the Diggers for a day or two and never took one for myself), trying unsuccessfully to sell 25-cent *Oracles*, attempting to sleep in crash pads on Cole Street, and dodging old guys who wanted to fuck me even when I insisted I was only 14 and a virgin. Before I saw the repeat of another weekend, I was raped by 2 guys in some grassy desolate place under low slung branches a little beyond hippie hill late one foggy, cold August night; I've NEVER returned to that part of the park. Jerome, who I thought was a friend, asked 2 guys to join us in our little walk into the woods. I never imagined he would do this to me and ask others to partake of me; I was so young and unsuspecting. A couple of hours earlier, on Haight Street, a guy who I had a secret crush on, Mike, a Mick-Jagger look-alike I thought, placed something infinitesimal between my lips. It was a tab of purple Owsley, the first I'd ever had. I thought I was receiving Communion, but it was passage to hell. [Is this the basis for the Chester Anderson comco story?] The next day, in my groggy, disoriented state, my family "caught" me walking up Haight Street. My aunt clamped her arms around me as did my mother, and they hauled me to Park Police station where I was photographed, fingerprinted, and insulted. They then put me in a paddy wagon, where alone, I took a long and circuitous trip to juvie, a place where I would meet truly hard core girls. To some, I suppose this was the era of love. To me, an intelligent but withdrawn and artistically and musically talented product of a strict home and Catholic girls' school environment, it was the turning point of my life. Very few know about this part of my life, but, thanks to you, I have found the appropriate place to park this.

**Name:** David Gardiner  
**E-mail Address:** d.gardiner@virgin.net  
**Date:** 15 Jan 2000

. . . Gerard Winstanley and the English Diggers. I wonder if you know about the film made by Kevin Brownlow in 1975 about the life of Gerard Winstanley, entitled simply "Winstanley"? . . .

**Name:** Bruce Martin  
**E-mail Address:** bjmartin@zoomnet.net  
**Date:** 05 Jun 2000

I lived at Olema from the fall of '69 'till closing time. Then I lived with JP Pickens for more than a year, leaving only weeks before his death. Come to think of it, I was with the gypsies when they finally broke up in the mountains above Boulder, Colorado and went their different ways. I never put this together before. I was at Briceland the day it caught fire and we all had to leave in a hurry. And I was at Blackbear when the tiff between the monogamists and the single folk came to a crisis and the monogamists left. JP thought the owl was my power animal. Now, I'm thinking, maybe, he was right. I would prefer the frog. Does anyone know what happened to my old dear friend, Tom Sawyer?

**Name:** S Keese  
**E-mail Address:** skeese@sover.net  
**Date:** 07 Jun 2000

**I remember you Bruce. I was at Olema when you were. You had a great old car and you took really good care of it. I remember being impressed because nobody else I knew really had anything. Didn't you play the mandolin? I wonder too about Tom Sawyer. I remember when he first turned up at Willard St in SF, he used to take out a basin of water after dinner and wash people's feet. A humbling ritual but there was something very grand and self-possessed about the way he approached it. He said very little. I think he had a job in Saudia Arabia before coming to Willard St. He told me once about driving way out into the desert in the evenings. I also wonder what happened to Freeman, the free fiddler. I can picture him standing on a rock above the chicken coop, with his perfect fiddler's posture, fiddling to the Olema chickens. I used to run sometimes with JP. I think you should invoke the frog if at all possible. You had big eyes. I remember you watching everything. Just be careful hopping across the road on rainy nights.**

**Name:** Bruce Martin  
**E-mail Address:** bjmartin@zoomnet.net  
**Date:** 08 Jun 2000

**If you're Susan, I remember you, too. You were a writer and being a lady, that intrigued me because it wasn't as common then as it is now. For the record, Tom Sawyer and his twin sister, Susan, were born in Venezuela on Sept. 13, 1942 (maybe '41). Their father was American and rich in the oil industry. They grew up in a mansion with maids and servants. Susan attended Oberlin College where I met her in 1960 and by 1963, we agreed to get married. But before that could happen, I went to Ohio State and met Morningstar who left me at Olema to live at Blackbear where she raised Erika and another daughter, Kishwuf. Actually, Elsa Marley raised Erika as much if not more than Star during those years. Susan got really pissed and after graduating in '64, disappeared from my life. In late August of '69, Star, Erika and I arrived at the Red House to join the gypsies. Tom was on the couch and maybe because I was stoned, I knew the guy sitting there was Susan's twin brother. I said, "You're Tom Sawyer!" The last time I saw Tom he brought me a bag of peyote, and we rode back to the Red House together in the bed of a pickup. He was clutching the Mormon Bible with tears runny down his cheeks, caught up in a catharsis I took to be deeply spiritual. . . .**

**Name:** Rena  
**E-mail Address:** swim@mauigateway.com  
**Date:** 18 Jun 2000

**I just got a copy of *The 60s Communes: Hippies and Beyond*, by Tim Miller. I'm really enjoying it. So many books about the 60's that missed the mark. This one captures the heart of our alternate lifestyle attempts. . . . Tim Miller Department of**

Religious Studies University of Kansas Lawrence, Kansas 66045 785/864-7263 fax 864-5205 tkansas@ukans.edu

. . . has anyone seen **the movie, *Hippie Revolution?*** It's pretty cool with real footage of the Haight, Berkeley, Golden Gate Park happenings, and Morning Star Ranch. . .

Remember what Tim Leary said: "You must first imagine the future in order to create it." . . .

**Name:** John "Spyder" Simon  
**E-mail Address:** nomisnow@hotmail.com  
**Date:** 26 Jun 2000

**I penned "THE SIGN OF THE FOOL - Memoirs from the Haight -Ashbury" Ace Books 1971. I was an early Digger, ran the 848 Clayton St. crash pad, and was the president of "The Gladiators", (a motorcycle club at Broderick and Page Streets). Motorcycle Richie was my street brother and vice president of the club. I hung the phony city limits sign at Divisadero and Haight, which read HAIGHT-ASHBURY CITY LIMITS Pop. Subject to change Elev. Out of Sight. . . .**

**Name:** Ken Herold  
**E-mail Address:** krherold@law.syr.edu  
**Date:** 15 Sep 2000

*Samurai Bob*

*Visit to the Monastery of Good Omen*

I take horse before cockcrow  
 And arrive at the monastery  
 As the evening bell is ringing.  
 The smell of incense  
 Permeates the quiet air.  
 The new moon sets over the edge of the forest.  
 The home of the men of peace and order  
 Has been loaned to me  
 As refuge until day dawns.  
 No one will follow me tonight  
 Along the road through the deep fir forest.  
 Only the chanting of the monks  
 Echoes between the darkening trees.

LU CHI (261-303) Author of a famous *Ars Poetica*, one of the first and best of the Orient. Lu Chi was a military adventurer and courtier who was executed in the Six

Dynasty struggles for the throne of Chin. [Kenneth Rexroth, *One Hundred More Poems From the Chinese: Love and the Turning Year*, 1970.]

\*\*\*\*\*

**I was about twenty when I first met Bob, he had phoned me to tell me I should come to a meeting of People Against Nuclear Power in San Francisco. I had put my name down at a rally and he insisted I show up, it was in the Inner Sunset a few blocks from the flat I shared, he was in the office calling people and I needed to come. Big grin, mischief, mis-chief, red star cap. No samurai costume then, it was all INTERNAL and then expressed with that challenge. He and Jane, Eric and Joe, street theater, living politics, President Truman and the Bombs, us against the mystic criminals in government, the real Plutonium Players. Radioactive waste at the Farralones, leaking drums dumped by Lawrence Labs, mutant sponges, OK just ACT IT OUT. We performed down the peninsula and the Russians said we reminded them of the Czech resistance, Kush there from Cloud House, I must have been crazy those days seemed like centuries with all there was to learn.**

**Bob read the custom Tarot and the Yi Jing or I Ching. He knew the Aquarian Age was upon us because he embodied the rough changes the way Kenneth Patchen describes it in "They Keep Riding Down All the Time." Did Bob teach English literature? He raved about it to Jane when he saw me reading Patchen's anti-novel *The Journal of Albion Moonlight*, like it really meant something to him, like everything did and I was a kid and every time I met them it was NEW and so DEAL WITH IT.**

**The Strand Theatre on Market Street was showing a movie, a foreign film, it was going to be long so we brought cookies and food. SEVEN HOURS. The Samurai Trilogy (1955-56) by Hiroshi Inagaki, the full and original Japanese edition with subtitles (not the abridged VHS or DVD collections now vended on the Internet) and it was stunningly beautiful and an experience directly Bob's vision of the world as it should be. Be patient with the alternately-clued, be disappointed when they don't get it, relate to everyone regardless. Bob didn't pretend to be Toshiro Mifune or Japanese or a Samurai. He was Musashi Miyamoto, perfecting the Art of the Sword without Sword, impatient, de-militarized, Sunshine Bob on Cuban coffee. PAY ATTENTION and read the signs! . . .**

**Name:** Rick James

**E-mail Address:** wildlemm@mars.ark.com

**Date:** 08 Nov 2000

**I spent the spring/summer of 1968 living on the beach at Limekiln Creek and after that hippy campsite was closed down moved up on to the mountain up and behind where a kitchen was set up under a lemon tree and a bunch of us set up camp. (Eventually we were all busted . . . A gentleman named Hal Tracy had the lease on Limekiln from Wells Fargo Bank and after it expired -- the Be-in probably brought**



it all down - he suggested some of us move up on mountain which happened to be Forest Service? land.) I'm looking to hear from anyone who camped at Limekiln that year and also from those who attended Neal Cassidy Memorial Be-in there that summer. . . .

**Name:** Carol Seran  
**E-mail Address:** cshawaii\_2000\_yada@yahoo.com  
**Date:** 28 Nov 2000

. . . Tis Carol . . . long history with the Diggers, Caravan et all. Would love to connect with Jane Lapiner, would love update on all of JP's kids & Mary Ann . . . I was the one from the caravan that stayed in Colorado (30 years). Grisle was my partner back then. . . .

**Name:** Bruce Martin  
**E-mail Address:** bjmartin@zoomnet.nt  
**Date:** 01 Dec 2000

. . . Carol, hello. . . Grisle is what I call a complex person like me so we get along. Actually, I thought he was a little far out at Olema and especially at Briceland. But then I agreed with Gerald Heard who turned Huxley on to LSD that psychedelics should be kept secret, having at that time achieved the secret society. However, Grisle believed along with Ginsberg and Leary that we should dump it into the water supply at twice the recommended dosage. That freaked me out and when the Merry Pranksters showed up, I was convinced I was right! But, you know, we survived, and even I took as much as my karma could handle, until I was dropped on the floor playing with the children while the cops decided whether they should come in and bust us or not when I ran with JP. . . .

**Name:** Angela  
**E-mail Address:** hisluck@aol.com  
**Date:** 29 Dec 2000

**Knew Billy Murcott (and Emmett Grogan) in New York & S.F. in the early sixties. Does anyone know how to contact Billy?**

**Name:** Rena  
**E-mail Address:** swim@mauigateway.com  
**Date:** 03 Jan 2001

. . . This note is in response to Gary's queries from his Dec. 30 guestbook entry. **Lou Gottlieb deeded Morningstar to God in 1969. At first the Sonoma County court recorder refused to record the deed. Lou had the deed notarized by lawyer and friend Rex Sater and returned with the deed. The deed was recorded. Years later Rex Sater became a judge in Sonoma County! Back to the topic. 5 days after Lou deeded Morningstar to God, God was sued by a women in Arizona whose house had**

been destroyed by lightening. The suit against God was for \$100,000, quite a sum in 1969. This was for damages of \$25,000 and PUNITIVE fees of \$75,000. This case actually went to court! The judge (not Rex) uncomfortably asked, "Who's God?!" (In God we trust; So help me God!) A prisoner from San Quentin declared that he was god and the rightful owner of Morningstar. Not so said a man from Australia who declared that he was god and therefore owned Morningstar. I think we have a comedy brewing here.

The court finally decided that "God is incapable of owning land because he is neither a person real nor artificial." (an artificial person is a corporation.) I only learned of this ruling when Lou died in 1996 and Morningstar was left to his 3 children, Judith Gottlieb, Tony Gottlieb, and Vishnu Bill Gottlieb, my son, who was born at Morningstar in 1970. . . .

Incidentally, if anyone ever gets a chance to see *The Hippy Revolution*, a movie possibly available on video, check it out. It has real footage from Morningstar, the haight, golden gate park, diggers, telegraph ave, Black Panthers, etc. It's a very cool and funny true look at the 60's. Lou's monologues in this are not to be missed. I also enjoyed Cecil Williams then and now, and a myriad of other psychedelic dignitaries. and indignitaries.

Gary, for more on Morningstar, check out "Home Free Home" right here on the diggers home page. Aloha oi, Rena

**Name:** gary glauberman  
**E-mail Address:** theglob@swbell.net  
**Date:** 05 Jan 2001

rena: at the time, that the land was deeded to god, one of the rumors was that lou was deeding the land to God to avoid paying taxes. i was able to spend a few hours with lou, one sunny day in the spring of 1972. he remembered me, mostly i would guess because of my relationship with john butler. i visited the land on and off in the 70's and 80's. On one visit a guy named Tobacco (a [Digger] street name from the 60's) was living there with his wife, and a few other squatters. I saw a gal from 1967 who went by Kali. There was a pretty wild guy named Mano living up there in the early 70's as well. By the early 80's I just would go up there to pick some apples, maybe 50 pounds for my family- a day in the country. **Some of the best golden delicious apples I have ever eaten came from Morning Star. . . .** Lou was a visionary and a great man- living life large.

**Name:** Rena  
**E-mail Address:** swim@mauigateway.com  
**Date:** 06 Jan 2001

Lou deeded Morningstar to God in an effort to hold the land in trust for the great spirit as our Native American brothers and sisters had. Before deeding the 32 acre

**Morningstar to God, Lou offered the land to the county with the condition that the land would be forever Open Land. The country refused. Although I was opposed to Lou's continuing to pay taxes on the land, he did so to prevent it from being permanently stolen. (If God doesn't pay his taxes, should you pay yours?) Later Lou purchased an additional piece of land in Sonoma County and deeded it to God and Heaven knows I can't remember the name of the piece of land. Oh, I think I'm having a flashback. It was named Raspberry after Bill Wheeler's daughter Raspberry Hummingbird Sundown Wheeler.** Also, an old school chum of mine deeded 600 acres to GOD in Kentucky following the deeding of M\* to God. This land is called Gate of Heaven. It is in Kettle Kentucky (try to find Kettle on a map!). Kettle is not far from Burkesville in Cumberland County, just over the Tennessee border. In late 1971, Lou and I traveled to India with the intention of purchasing land to deed to God in India. We wanted to see if you needed a passport to travel between God's land India and God's land in America. Joining us on this journey were Ann and Noel Singer, the folks who deeded Gate of Heaven to God. . . . India has a policy which prohibits the sale of land to non Indians, so our purpose was not fulfilled. . . .

**Name:** seeker  
**E-mail Address:**  
**Date:** 26 Jan 2001

. . . **Gregory Corso died a few days ago. . . .**

**Name:** Peter Berg  
**E-mail Address:** planetdrum@igc.org  
**Date:** 31 Jan 2001

**[Peter sent this In Memoriam for Gregory Corso who died January 17, two weeks ago today, of prostate cancer.]**

STANDING ON A STREET CORNER DOING NOTHING IS POWER  
 by Peter Berg

Gregory Corso authored a prodigious legend of personal liberty. This is a small handful of remembrances sprinkled onto what will surely become a towering death mound.

His ultimate departure could have happened anytime after **I met him, which was when he lived with Belle Carpenter at Lenore Kandel and Bill Fritsch's former flat in North Beach. Gregory was part of an influx of New Yorkers including Diana DiPrima who had joined our late '60s cultural rebellion in San Francisco. He was living what he believed as though he was prepared to be killed for it.**

It was easy to feel brotherly toward Gregory. I knew his GASOLINE poems and some others, and **was especially impressed by a one-act play titled "Standing on a Street Corner."** It exuded the spirit of a wise clown

epitomized in the line, “Standing on a street corner doing nothing is power.” I used the script in a weekly play study class in my Haight-Ashbury apartment for fellow San Francisco Mime Troupers. It helped inspire the concept of guerrilla theater that was incubating then for future pieces performed in Sproul Plaza during teach-ins, at a bus station, and on actual street corners.

If I ever told Gregory about this after I met him, he never acknowledged it in any way that I remember. He didn’t usually relish any of the recognition he received from the Sixties generation he helped to inspire. But he mourned relentlessly over his own heroes. Once he described to me how he had climbed into Kerouac’s grave at the funeral, and he cried at the dedication of an alley beside City Lights Bookstore named for him. **He raved furiously about the unfairness of Giordano Bruno’s execution at the stake, as though it had just happened.**

Gregory’s most typical reaction to praise was to ignore the specifics and quickly ask for something. A ride somewhere, a place to stay, a bag of dope. It’s neither an exaggeration nor disrespectful to state what anyone who knew him saw. It wasn’t as mundane as a broken-down boxer cadging drinks from admirers at a bar. Gregory might launch a verbal flight that the boxer could no longer match physically. He was a remorseless junky, his clothes were crumpled and soiled, his teeth were disappearing, a reporter called him “an uninstitutionalized man.” Still, his spirit would shine and soar. Gregory might invoke tombs in Egypt, black-dressed old women in Greece, mathematical models for proving divinity or love, talents of imbeciles, weaknesses of warriors. He wasn’t small in descriptions or shallow in comparisons. He didn’t feel bad, he was mired in corporeal mud. He didn’t feel good, he was a cloud piling up on a mountain top. I saw people leave a conversation with him truly humbled by the quantity and uniqueness of his mind.

One of those impressed was **Frank Oppenheimer** during the time he was conceiving what would become the Exploratorium science museum in San Francisco. **I turned Frank onto spontaneous audience participation at a Digger event titled “The End of the War” where audience members waved tree limbs or climbed cargo nets while Steve Miller’s band played for a group of nude dancers and continuous film loops showed seeds sprouting, volcanoes exploding, and soldiers being shot.** Frank was put off at first by the seeming lack of direction but later incorporated this kind of participative play in the museum, along with the suggestion to make it “an exploration.” He asked to meet a philosophical literary person, so I brought Gregory to a small party at his apartment. The brother of the atomic bomb’s creator and the most street-wise poet of the Beat Generation were an immediate conversational match, shifting mental gears at the same double-clutching speed and pushing each other to be clearer or more imaginative. I know that Gregory was an

**individualistic hedonist but stayed somehow innocent to the degree that anything he did could draw the attention of art. He was simultaneously wooed by cherubs and flayed by devils, while an opera of libraries streamed from his mouth.**

Self-righteous judges, rich fatheads, power maddened politicians, pitiless critics, unimaginative academicians, sadistic policemen, ruinous generals: be careful not to celebrate too long. Gregory Corso showed us real power.

**Name: Lenore Kandel  
E-mail Address:  
Date: 31 Jan 2001**

**Gregory....**

**IN NEW MEXICO  
He put his rumpled body  
between me and the police  
when the DA swore he'd arrest  
me for reading my poetry**

**Here, when I was motorcycle smashed  
he cooked dinners for me  
that I couldn't eat**

**His heart was as tender as  
a cactus without any spines  
a rose with soft horns**

**Name: Billy Murcott  
E-mail Address: tap@iopener.net  
Date: 01 Feb 2001**

**An example of Corso's presence. Go to the main page of this site. On the main menu, clique on Free Store. On the left is the 1% free card — two people standing on the corner doing nothing — a curiously understated symbol of "all possibilities."**

**Name: Michael Black  
E-mail Address: blackm00@cam.org  
Date: 03 Feb 2001**

**Clara, below, might like to know that Emmett lived here in Montreal at one point. I was never certain of the exact details, but Coyote makes mention of it, and in Larry Sroman's book about the Rolling Thunder Review, *On the Road with Bob Dylan*, Emmett gets mentioned when the tour is in Montreal.**

More significantly, a few years ago there was a talk show about rock memorabilia, and the guest got a call from someone with some Dylan stuff. It was later mentioned that the caller was Max Grogan, though the guest didn't mention who Max was. Last year or the year before, the *Mirror* ran a piece about Max, I don't have it handy but it had "1%" in the title, and he's doing some sort of music, and the article did mention his father Emmett.

**One in a hundred  
Digging at the radical roots of 1% Free**

by RUPERT BOTTENBERG

(<http://www.montrealmirror.com/old/aug261999/music1.html>)

Most celebrity offspring resent the shadow of their famous forebears. Not Max Grogan, though. Just ask him where he got 1% Free, the name of his electronic music project.

"It's from my father, Emmett Grogan. He formed an anarchist group in San Francisco in the '60s called the Diggers." A quick historical note: the Diggers made their name scrounging up free food and goods for "the people," while stirring up hostility towards "the man."

"In the back of one of their newspapers, they used to put an image of two Chinese Tong assassins, and between them they'd put the Chinese character for 'revolution,' and at the bottom, '1% Free.' That was their lifestyle: one percent free.

"The one percent were the ones who didn't want any part of the corporate scene. It's about living free, or about learning everything there is to know about living free."

This vibe continues today in places like Christiania, the squatter community in Copenhagen where bartering supersedes cash, taxes don't exist and big ol' piles of weed lay about in the open. "The cops can't go in," crows Grogan. "There's a wall, like the Berlin Wall, with only one entrance. It's a guerrilla thing—people there are armed to the teeth. These hippie guys, they're sometimes more warlike than you'd think. They're in with the punks, they move in gangs."

"These are European-style anarchists," interjects Grim Skunk guitarist Peter Edwards, "ready to go to war with the state. Denmark doesn't dare do anything, because they know they've got some real badasses living there."

On the topic of badasses, where does Mr. Edwards fit in to all this? And what, aside from DNA, connects DJ/producer Grogan to his dad's rabble of shit-disturbers? Not much—and more than you think.

**Rock pig reformed**

A semi-reformed rock pig, Grogan is a longtime pal of the Grim Skunk gang. After catching the Orb in '93 and checking out a few chill-out rooms, he scammed up the requisite decks and samplers and set about hybridizing house, hip hop, downtempo, dub, drum & bass and yeah, even rock. You can hear the results on 1% Free's new disc, *Slow Sun Fast Nomads*.

"Max and I were working on releasing this album a long time ago," says Edwards, "on our own steam, with the idea of eventually starting up an electronic music label. We started to see that [Grim Skunk's label] Indica might be a good alternative, because of all the barriers that they've already crossed in getting records into stores. We approached them, and some of the guys were into it, but they felt it was a punk label."

It is, and that politicized, indie spirit suited Grogan and Edwards fine, leading to the new sub-label Hydrophonic. The aim seems to be electronica streamlined not for the slick clubland types but rather festivities where the freak flag flies and "free" is the word, brother. That could be Christiania, that could be the annual Burning Man festival down in New Mexico, that could be Circo de Bakuza right here in town (Grogan DJed there, and organizer Carlito Dalceggio reciprocated by designing his CD jacket). That's where Grogan and 1% Free fit in—something his dad would be proud of.

**Name:** seeker

**E-mail Address:**

**Date:** 07 Feb 2001

Doubt this will come out in verse form, but here are the lyrics to a song you all should know: **WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN, as sung by Dick Gaughan on "Handful of Earth" (Green Linnet CD 3062): In 1649/ To St. George's Hill/ A ragged band they called the Diggers/ Came to show the people's will/ They defied the landlords/ They defied the laws/ They were the dispossessed/ Reclaiming what was theirs// 'We come in peace' they said/ 'To dig and sow/ We come to work the land in common/ And to make the waste land grow/ This earth divided/ We will make whole/ So it can be a common treasury for all// 'The sin of property/ We do disdain/ No one has any right to buy and sell/ The earth for private gain/ By theft and murder/ They took the land/ Now everywhere the walls/ Rise up at their command// 'They make the laws/ To chain us well/ The clergy dazzle us with Heaven/ Or they damn us into Hell/ We will not worship/ The God they serve/ The God of greed who feeds the rich/ While poor men starve// 'We work, we eat together/ We need no swords/ We will not bow to masters/ Nor pay rent to the lords/ We are free men/ Though we are poor'/ You Diggers all stand up for glory/ Stand up now// From the men of property/ The orders came/ they sent the hired men and troopers to wipe out the Diggers' claim/ Tear down their cottages/ Destroy their corn/ They were dispersed/ Only the vision lingers on// 'You poor take courage/ You rich take care/ The earth was made a common treasury/ For everyone to share/ All things in common/ All people one/ We come in peace' —/ The order came to cut them down**

{of corso, it's nothing without the music, but it would well repay your seeking out the recording} . . .

**Name:** seeker  
**E-mail Address:**  
**Date:** 08 Feb 2001

lyrics by **Leon Rosselson**

**Name:** Roy Montgomery  
**E-mail Address:** montgomr@lincoln.ac.nz  
**Date:** 16 Feb 2001

. . . I'm coming to the end of the road (I hope) with a PhD on radical theatre of the 60s (Living Theatre, Performance Group, and the San Francisco Mime Troupe). **Does anyone conveniently have a comprehensive list of Mime Troupers who became Diggers (or vice-versa)? I haven't been able to sight Michael Doyle's Digger epic as yet and I'm at 8,000 miles remove. What particularly interests me are environmentalist "after-lives" of Mime Troupe/Diggers, similar to those shown in the recent French TV documentary. In other words I'd like to see how many others have followed paths similar to those made by Peter Berg, Judith Goldhaft, Jane Lapiner and others. I'm not seeking biographical detail of the depth provided by Peter Coyote, but merely an indication of any environmentalist/communalist trajectories that people might have pursued.** Such information would be used mainly by way of coda to my analysis of the three groups. As a parallel example, I note in relation to the Living Theatre, that Judith Malina and Julian Beck are indirect antecedents of the Rainbow Family of Light through Garrick Beck, their son, and his dedication to the annual forest gatherings. **I'd be especially interested to hear if there are any crossovers between Mime Troupe-linked Diggers and Rainbow people. . . .**

**Name:** dominick cavallo  
**E-mail Address:** cavallod.adelphi.edu  
**Date:** 24 Feb 2001

**Chapter 5 of my book, *A Fiction of the Past: The Sixties in American History*, is titled "It's Free Because It's Yours": The Diggers and the San Francisco Scene, 1964-1968." The chapter explores the history of the Diggers and their place in the sweep of American history. I would be pleased to have excerpts from the chapter posted in The Digger Archives." I think it would be of interest to past and current Diggers.**

**[See Digger Archives Online for this material.]**

**Name:** Richard Balison  
**E-mail Address:** balisonr@yahoo.com  
**Date:** 25 Feb 2001



anyone remember these crash pads; Greta Garbo's at Setter and Laguna or the British Embassy which might have been on Belvedere, 256 Central Street, 1090 Page st which was the birthplace of Big Brother and the Holding Company? . . .

**Name:** Stuart Barthropp

**E-mail Address:** sbarthropp@easynet.co.uk

**Date:** 27 Feb 2001

. . . a book by **John S Simon** called **"The Sign of the Fool — memoirs from the Haight Ashbury 1965-1968"** which was published by Ace paperbacks in 1971. . . . This guy was known as **Spyder** and was closely involved with the Diggers. . . . **One part of the story is how he got busted for cooking a deer which someone had accidentally knocked down and donated to the diggers.**

**Name:** Tim Hodgdon

**E-mail Address:** tim.hodgdon@asu.edu

**Date:** 12 Mar 2001

. . . . I'm in the midst of writing a dissertation chapter on Black Bear Ranch as part of a study of hippie masculinity. In *January Thaw*, on p. 18, **Martin Linhart** wrote that **"Although the previous summer [1970] had seen the male work ethic busted, and by fall, women had started doing work that was formerly done only by men. . . ."** Tantalizing! Can any former Black Bears expand on this — what was the nature of the conflict ("busted") and what did women start doing? It was a long time until 1974, when a group of women took the power wagon out for a wood run without any men along.

Another question: **During the "Red Guard" winter, 1970-71, women started holding women's meetings. Morning Star** described the meetings briefly in *Free Land, Free Love*, and **Harriet Beinfield** relates that she had come to the Ranch wanting to continue the women's meetings she'd been familiar with in the city. **[\*\*See the Digger Paper calling for a Women's Meeting]** I'm not assuming that the conception of a women-only meeting at that time would necessarily have been inspired by the feminist movement — there had been women's meetings in SNCC in 1965, and SDS/Weather Underground women continued to meet even after feminists broke away from the New Left in 1967. I'm wondering, again, if Black Bears would care to speak to the nature of the conception of such meetings at that time: more along the New Left pattern, or more strongly inspired by women's liberation? . . .

**Name:** gus

**E-mail Address:** gustav81@home.com

**Date:** 08 Jun 2001

**Does anyone there remember a time long ago 'bout fall '67. I was very high, up the rise from the well, lotus'd there on that slope, chanting . . . hari or something and wearing some kind of golden shower curtain/buddists robe. I was still high from**

some spermental S.T.P. that I'd taken two or three days past. I thought the tuffstuf was over and the high seemed to have mellowed and matured, wasn't bothering nooo buddy, nice night just being a fool on the hill. Down below was where everybuddy coming new up to the ranch would first find themselves, by the well. Anyway that night Nevada was fucking with anything that moved. Beating up and terrorising anyone that was first timers. I hollar down to stop him, he turns eyes up the hill with looks to kill. Now he's screaming he's gunna get me. I believe him. He is kicking up dust and rocks coming up the hill. The hills angle is slowing him a little but I do believe he really is coming up the hill. His slowing close give him time to scream I'm a fucking dead man. I could of got away, but I thought this would be a good time to test my ability to simply vanish into thin air. I thought I should see if it could be done. Why not give it a try, right? Last thing I remember he's there breathing red wine fire, spitt'n triple scorpio wack vibes and his cowboy boot, about a size 8 if I recall, is sailing in a diminishing radius flight plan ending just past my brain pan. Next thing I know Nevada's stumbling fast down the hill to the well looking puzzled for shure. My memory is the boot went right through my head. A couple days later word sent that I was invited to a thank you dinner at his tepi. He told me I'd disappeared as he tried to kick me an he'd got religion an quit drinking. A good time as had by all. If any buddy can add to or verify this recollection I'd appreciate it. badaba morningstar

**Name:** RNA

**E-mail Address:** yogalore@hotmail.com

**Date:** 10 Jun 2001

**Gus:** yup, that sounds like Nevada. He was pretty frightening to behold. He did die from liver damage caused by his red wine habit. I was at the home birth of his first child by his wife Jean. She was a radiant yogi who didn't drink. She loved him. Anyway, the birth was at Raspberry, a 40 acre parcel deeded to God by Lou Gottlieb. It was a beautiful and isolated piece. The price of the land was cheap because it is on a steep slope and it had no direct access; one had to go through Gallo Wineries vineyards to get to Raspberry the land. Anyway, as Jean was breathing deeply as her labor progressed Nevada heard a car. "Get the guns!" he screamed (of course he had been drinking) and went into a panic as if the Vietcong were about to attack. Although he was somewhat distracting, some of the menfolk kind of held Nevada down and tried to soothe him as Jean managed a perfect birth. I believe Nevada was another Vietnam War casualty; he lost his mind in Vietnam. I have no idea where Jean and the kids (now in their late 20's and thirties) are.

**Name:** Mark Hebard

**E-mail Address:** Bard382@aol.com

**Date:** 11 Jun 2001

The story told about the guy named Nevada brought back a memory that has been with me since 1969. A guy named Bob Whiteman, a couple named Dennis and Terry, myself and a dog named Boogie left Santa Cruz in a 59 VW bus to "relocate"

to Morningstar. When we got there it was nearly abandoned except for Lou and his wife, his cabin and piano, and a phone booth. He advised us to go to Raspberry near Forestville off the Russian River. We got to Forestville, asked for directions at a local bar and found the road to Raspberry and made our way there. What we found was a few people in an old mobile home, some motorcycles, and a campfire. We were told we could stay the night but we would have to go to the store in Forestville for wine. Back down the road past a booby trapped cabin with perimeter barbed wire fencing to get the gallons of Red Mountain vino. We had a stash of psychedelics and when we got back to the camp, the wine and head elevators were shared. The place had an edgy vibe but we were willing to go along. This guy's wife appeared and asked if we had given him wine or anything else and was distressed to say the least after finding out what was happening. The guy basically went apeshit and scared the hell out of everyone throughout the night. We had no idea that we were triggering the dementia of this tormented soul. He chased everyone around with an old BMW motorcycle cut down like a dirt bike, fell into the campfire requiring us to drag him out before he set himself ablaze. He had a black African Pigmy goat that smelled terrible and constantly butted at everybody all night. He tried to seduce the women and when turned away started on the men. He said he had firearms and we were sincerely freaked, but too stoned to leave. Needless to say, we hooked it out of there at dawn. Is this the same guy? We eventually found ourselves in Arcata and then up to Hoopa, Forks of Salmon, Sawyer's Bar and then over the mountain to Black Bear. . . .

Name: Eric  
 E-mail Address:  
 Date: 19 Jun 2001

. . . I agree, I think Cavallo overplays the distinction between diggers and hippies. The whole tribal thing implied a continuum of ideas from the Hip Merchants to the Diggers and everything in between. To say the Diggers weren't hippies is drawing too fine a distinction between different groupings in what was essentially the same overall movement. . . .

Name: Brad Martin  
 E-mail Address: bmartin@bryant.edu  
 Date: 21 Jun 2001

. . . In a chapter on the Diggers in a forthcoming book on public performance in the 1960s, I have a section on Digger women that I would like to augment with more material from any women who had experiences with the Diggers that they would like to share. In examining the material on the Diggers which I've been doing for 4-5 years now, it's difficult not to notice that most it is male-authored. I'd like to hear some women's primary voices to create a fuller perspective.

**Name:** Jackie Turner  
**E-mail Address:** lajackie@yahoo.com  
**Date:** 11 Jul 2001

. . . Just read about the Diggers for the first time in *Scars of Sweet Paradise* a bio of **Janis Joplin** and I had to research it. . . .

**Name:** Patzi  
**E-mail Address:** Antigone@mindspring.com  
**Date:** 22 Jul 2001

**. . . During the Digger days, I was living in a share the kitchen place on Filmore and Steiner where Emmitt Grogan also lived. I was the only person there with a phone, and Emmitt used it a lot during the digger project planning days. I worked on weekends with the free food project. . . .**

**Name:** Paul Mc  
**E-mail Address:** maccapaul@blueyonder.co.uk  
**Date:** 02 Aug 2001

**. . . I recently came across an old photograph that my late step father took on or around 1968-9. His name was Dex and he was a radical (Oxford educated) and a socialite hippy. Apparently he was well known in the London scene around that time. The photo contains some pretty interesting characters, there is George Harrison, Rodger Moore (yes James Bond), Peter Coyote and my mother says that the other person is Emmet Grogan althoe i dont know who he is or what he looks like. The picture was probably taken in Millford Christian's pad in Chelsea at one of his frequent parties. I would be grateful for any information about these parties or if any one knew my stepfather. Should you want a copy of this picture for your web site please e.mail me and state either bitmap or jpeg and I shall send it off. . . .**

**Name:** Eric  
**E-mail Address:** eric\_stopspam@diggers.org  
**Date:** 12 Aug 2001

**I traveled with the Monday Night Class (aka Steve Gaskin) Caravan in 1970, arriving back in San Francisco in (Jan or Feb?) 1971. I don't remember hearing Stephen or Ina May or Michael or any of the other luminaries in the Caravan speak about Emmett or espouse any Digger ideas. Does anyone have information to the contrary? After the Caravan decided to go back on the road to find a communal farm to settle (eventually settling in Tennessee) I lost track of those folks. I have heard that the Farm had a Free Store at one point. Again, only rumor. Would be interested in hearing any confirmations.**

**Name:** Tim Hodgdon  
**E-mail Address:**  
**Date:** 11 Sep 2001

. . . I'm looking at a source who claims to have helped out with free food in the kitchen of "the Boys' Club," along with Grogan, Coyote, and Brautigan. She's pretty reliable, but if possible I'd like to confirm the facts of the story. Does anyone recall this as a kitchen available to the core group of Diggers? . . .

**Or was this a location that one of the rival Digger groups (e.g., the All Saints Digger "office" group) used? . . .**

**Name:** kenny wisdom  
**E-mail Address:** kenny wisdom  
**Date:** 19 Sep 2001

emmett grogan& the rolling stones **the new dvd version of *gimme shelter* the film about the rolling stones altamont show features a interview with emmett grogan the interview was not included in the original vhs version. . . .**

***Gimme Shelter* – Audio excerpts: KSAN Interview with Emmett Grogan after Altamont**

Recorded December 7, 1969, KSAN's four-hour post-Altamont broadcast fielded calls from a range of people who attended the event and a few who helped organize it. Among those included on the excerpts provided on *Gimme Shelter* (Criterion DVD, ©Maysles Films Inc, 1970, 1991, 2000; Cat. No. GIM020, ISBN 0-78002-381-1) is Emmett Grogan. Stephan Ponack was the host of the original show and recorded new introductory information for the DVD.

**Stephan Ponack:** Emmett Grogan was one of the original Diggers that had started the Haight-Ashbury in the days before the media arrived, when the Free Store and the Free Clinic. . . . He was one of the visionaries that had a big handle on what really evolved into the Haight-Ashbury. Emmett, through being involved with virtually every faction in the city, was also well acquainted with who in the Hell's Angels there was to talk with and how to make a deal with them, and to some extent probably helped guide Sam Cutler into these contacts.

**KSAN:** Emmett Grogan is on the line, and had a lot to do with organizing a lot of free concerts around the area. Emmett? Can you hear all right?

**Grogan:** Yea I can hear.

**KSAN:** What have you got to say?

**Grogan:** Well, he [Sam Cutler] ah, talked to Mick Jagger in LA about nine weeks ago. And originally he asked me and a few other people to try to arrange a free concert or show — rock and roll show — at Chino, the prison. It turned out to be impossible because of their, aaaah, drug bust, you know. The authorities at Chino didn't want them there.

And then we talked again after our . . . we put on a thing at the Atascadero State Hospital for the Criminally Insane. And he heard about that and he said, "What shall we do?"

And I said, "Well, why don't you allow the people of San Francisco to throw a gigantic party sort of covering the whole Golden Gate Park, not just the Polo Field but the whole God-damned park, with stages all over the park, and you just come on one of the stages like any other band, you know? And this way there'll be no, you know, no concentration of people; and no, you know, madness, and that."

Okay! He, he agreed. And we made a whole list of artists, from Dr. John the Night Tripper to Fred Neil to all these people, right. And his way went bad.

The New York office — that's, ah, Allan Klein, um, some guy named, ah, Schneider . . .

**KSAN:** Ron Schneider.

**Grogan:** Ron Schneider, right, and a fellow named John James. I said the only problem, to Jagger, would be, um, getting the permits for the park because there's been a ban on music since, you know, an incident happened in December. And, ah, Ron Schneider and John James jumped up and said, ah, they work for Allan Klein, they said "Oh we have no problem getting permits. We'll get them in two days."

So I said, "Can I expect them in two days?"

And they said, "Yes. We'll get them to you in two days. Call us at this number in New York in two days. Call and speak to us, or if Allan Klein's there speak to him."

And I said, "Fine." So I came back to San Francisco and I went around the whole city, dig. And I spoke to all kinds of people and all kinds of groups . . . from La Raza, to the Black People, to everybody. This was going to be the coming together of everybody in the streets, man. You know?

**KSAN:** Right.

**Grogan:** To do their thing. It wasn't going to be . . . you know, they were going to do their thing for people who don't know what their thing is, you know? . . . But always contributing to music, music and dancing. You understand?

**KSAN:** Got it.

**Grogan:** Okay! Well, what happened was they strung us out . . . on the site. I called them in two days. “Oh we’re having a little, we have some trouble here; we’ll take care of that, you know, within the week. And finally it got: “We’ll call you; don’t call us.” I said, “Fine! Okay, we’ll forget it.”

And the people were, by then, they were getting pissed off, because they couldn’t get, you know, to the sites to construct their things. They couldn’t, you know, design their things for the site. Even the Art Institute and . . . oh, there’s a phenomenal amount of people, there’s about 25 groups here. Besides all the bands in the city who wanted to come in trucks and play all over the park, you know, the *whole* park.

Okay! So finally, ah, Jagger was crazy. And he was angry with Ron Schneider and those people, and he demanded that they get, you know, down to business. So, ah, they came through, through some kind of connections in Alioto’s [?] office . . . they couldn’t get a permit for the park, right. That’s how heavy they were, right. They couldn’t get a permit for the park. So what they did, they got sites that were owned by Bank of America and some insurance company, and some private guy with a heavy Italian-sounding, sounding Italian name.

Okay. Ahhh, but these places were just, you know, too, . . . they weren’t *big* enough for those amount of people. So finally, ah, through some contacts we got a hold of Sears Point, right, raceway. And the people, the president of Sears Point Racetrack, and the vice-president, and all the people there said, “Fine. We’d love to have you,” and were very enthusiastic about it, etc. Until their *bosses* heard about it.

The people who own Sears Point are called Filmways. It’s run by a guy named Marty Ransahoff and his vice-president there is a guy named Richard St. John.

**KSAN:** Hum.

**Grogan:** As soon as they saw that the Stones were going to put on a free concert, well a party actually. We still had the party in mind, because there was time for the party. We had a week to construct a party. We had our own poster makers about to make posters and the whole thing. Everybody was ready to go. Elaine Barros from the Black People was going to come up and sing. And La Raza had some people that were going to sing. A rib guy, Wah Ching in China Town, was going to do a fireworks display in the sky. And, you know, everybody was going to participate. And just show people, and go out and you know give people a good time. You dig?

**KSAN:** Um.

**Grogan:** And the Angels were there, you know, as they did, to give away five to a thousand dollars worth of beer, you dig. To everybody. Anybody who was around that bus. At least six or seven hundred people got half way decently high by that bus just giving away cold beer, it was iced and everything, in the back of the bus.

Okay. So when the Filmways people saw the possibilities of this, and after we had constructed everything on Sears Point — I mean the stage, the tower, the whole lighting business, twenty-seven thousand pounds of lighting equipment was put up — these guys from Filmways fly in and say “No! See. Unless you agree our conditions.”

And the conditions more or less as follows:

They wanted close to \$250,000 in cash in the bank;

They wanted the rights to all recordings and films made there. There were no films being made there, there no recordings being made, they were going to make them, right, and distribute them;

And they were extorting. They were just extorting people . . . the Stones, the Stones, as five individuals.

So we had to walk away, you know, we just had to walk away. So we walked away from there and this guy in Livermore heard about it and he doesn't particularly like the people at Sears Point, because they're a raceway that is his opposition. So he invited us there.

So we had one day to construct this damn thing. So all the people, there was, I mean *all* the people of San Francisco that represent the people of San Francisco, right, couldn't make it anymore. It was just too much for them. It was going to turn into a rock and roll, a free rock and roll show, man, and what it was intended to be was a gigantic party celebrating, you know, anything.

**KSAN:** Emmett, I think you're getting right to the basic difference between what this was, and what everybody expected it to be was like Woodstock. They were putting Woodstock together for about four months, and they had about what? At least a month or two on that site.

**Grogan:** Right! Right. That's what we needed. We needed three weeks in Golden Gate Park. That's all we needed. And two weeks, . . . we were already doing . . . we had nine weeks. And people were working all those nine weeks just constructing, you know, a theatrical experience for people when they came through the park. And what happened was their people kept stringing us along on the site. For some reason in New York. To keep control of the concert. They wouldn't trust us to do it. So New York controlled it. It was ridiculous.



Anyway, let me get on with it. Let me get to some points here that have been mentioned. Mick Jagger got in touch with me, and he was, after Miami, and he said "Listen. We're going to have to bring some armed security, you know Fox or somebody, or some kind of security outfit, in there. But he won't let, . . . Jagger said, "I will not let a policeman step on the turf, the concert site." And it was already a free rock and roll show as far as I was concerned.

So I said, "Well I don't know what to do, ah, Mick." And he said, "Well Sam will be there tomorrow, and speak about it." So Sam came and I introduced him to the Bear \_\_\_\_\_, introduced him to Terry the Tramp, and then Sam Cutler came to speak to Peter, the Vice President of the Francisco chapter of the Hell's Angels, and gave them five hundred dollars worth of beer in exchange for the security and, you know, that kind of thing. You've already heard though, there's no point.

Okay, what it was essentially to be was the people of San Francisco were to invite everybody to come and play who wanted to play and the Rolling Stones were just going to be one of the bands that was going to play. That's all it was. You know! That's all it should have been. That's not all it was. What it *was* was a free rock and roll show.

**KSAN:** Turned into a fiasco.

**Grogan:** It turned into a Frankenstein.

**KSAN:** Yeah.

**Name:** freecity

**E-mail Address:** freeall@aol.com

**Date:** 20 Sep 2001

**. . . i have personally seen the emmett grogan autopsy report and there was no heroin in is system only methadone and one other nasty sounding drug. but the real thing that starts to make you wonder is that the autopsy report states that is lungs where full of water and reports of the people who identified him at the morgue claim he was socking in water.** in new york they offend kill people and then they dump you on the subway. and the other nasty drug that was is system might of been some sort of heart attack drug that the fbi are notorious for using when they want to cover up their killings. dont forget emmett exposed a little to much top secret nuclear information at the time in is last book *final score* and that the fbi use to show up at is door and question is family and even is sister mary ellen was kidnapped and drugged buy the fbi for a questioning about the location of emmett and one of emmett most reliable friend the actor rip torn who is not like peter coyote who is constantly shitting on emmett to make himself shine peter is a fonny. **rip torn identified emmett at the morgue and claims that when they pulled the plastic of emmett body he was socking in water. rip torn thinks emmett was murdered.** peter coyote was not even in new york at the time of emmett death and he is the one who spread the rumor in the media that emmett died of an overdose when

there is no proof of that and that the autopsy reports claims he died of hearth faliure but don't forget rip torn and emmett sister who identified emmett claim to this day that emmett was murdered. i still say peter is a fake i was told that the girls who did a documentary about the diggers a few years back approached peter because they wanted to do a documentary about emmett but that peter manipulated them in thinking emmett was a fake and convenced them to do the documentary on him instaid. peter was not even in new york when emmett died and like i have said peter was always jeolous of the attention emmett got because peter never had the extradonary talent emmett had for writting and acting of course because peter can't even act.everybody who knew emmett knows that he was the soul of the diggers. he will always be missed buy the true diggers.

**Name:** Mark

**E-mail Address:**

**Date:** 20 Sep 2001

**. . . What remains is the question of how to transform the ideas of these people into the current state of the culture without hanging onto lifeless mythology. It seems to me that Grogan, Berg, and others worked hard at cutting through the bullshit of the time to get at the core of problems of their day. . . .**

**Name:** Eric

**E-mail Address:** eric@diggers.org

**Date:** 23 Sep 2001

On the question about the French documentary *Les Diggers de San Francisco*, a film by Celine Deransart et Alice Gaillard (1998).

First of all the film is not about Peter Coyote, although he is one of about a dozen of the people interviewed in the film. If you haven't seen the film, try to find a copy. It really was done well with a sense of the historical development of the Digger movement, and a special emphasis on the various ways that the people involved have evolved to the actions they are carrying out to this day.

Second, I know from talking with Celine and Alice that they got their inspiration for the film from reading *Ringolevio*, Emmett's wonderful account of the Diggers. I believe that inspiration carried Alice and Celine through the project, which lasted more than five years in the making. Emmett and the role he played are mentioned throughout the film.

As an aside, I don't think Peter Coyote feels that Emmett was "full of shit" although there were numerous members of the Digger family who were hurt by *Ringolevio* or felt that it portrayed Emmett's role in an exaggerated light. I remember Coyote once saying something to the effect that Emmett gave him his earring, and he would always be his brother. **I think everyone realizes that the spark for the Diggers was Emmett and Billy's collaboration in the late summer of 1966**, and we are grateful that spark lit a fire that burns still.

Finally, I also agree that the question should always be, not what happened in the past (which is ironic coming from the digger archivist) but, to paraphrase a question Emmett was so fond of asking, “What are you doing TODAY for Free?”

**Name:** Cheryl Lynne Pickens Rubbo  
**E-mail Address:** info@Cultivatechi.com  
**Date:** 01 Oct 2001

**My sister, KayAnne, and I recently completed a tribute book to our father, J.P. Pickens, that includes photos and remembrances of the whole man from his friends.** He was an incredibly gifted musician/artist, and we are interested in collecting more stories about him, if anyone out there would like to contact me. From his early days playing music at the Coffee Gallery in North Beach up to his tragic death at 36. PLEASE, we know the horror stories, we are looking for who he was as a loving friend and creative soul. . . .

**Name:** Eric  
**E-mail Address:** eric@diggers.org  
**Date:** 23 Nov 2001

. . . **the real thanks goes to all the people who have donated materials to the Digger Archives over the years. Starting with Michael Horowitz, Chester Anderson, Ron Thelin, Phyllis Willner, Sam, Natural Suzanne, Freeman House, Peter Berg and Judy Goldhaft, Ramon Sender Barayon, Peter Coyote, Michael Rossman, Chuck Gould, Michael Doyle, Celine Deransart, Alice Gaillard, and many, many others. The archives represents a collective desire to preserve our history from oblivion or worse, some sort of revisionist distortion. . . .**

**Name:** Eric  
**E-mail Address:** eric@diggers.org  
**Date:** 29 Dec 2001

Chalk this one up to the persistence of the counterculture. I was driving back from **the Shields Library at UC Davis after having spent three days researching the SF Mime Troupe Archive collection** (more on that later). Lo, there were two young hitchhikers waiting by the freeway onramp with a sign “Pick Us Up, San Francisco”. So of course I picked them up. We exchanged stories about hitchhiking, with their tales several months old, and mine from decades past.

These two, perhaps at most twenty-years old, referred to themselves as Rainbow kids, although the woman had not been to a Gathering. The boy apparently had been to one. Nevertheless, they obviously were part of a subculture that has identifiable Digger elements. The girl at one point suggested that the boy could look for a surfer’s wetsuit in the Free Box when they get to the nearest University town. **They talked about Rainbow Gatherings as places where money is forbidden — and their love of barter blankets. The boy also referred several times to the Elders of the Rainbow Family.**

It was definitely one of those karmic experiences, especially after spending time reading the Mime Troupe archives researching the evolution of Free.

**Name:** Eric

**E-mail Address:** eric@diggers.org

**Date:** 03 Jan 2002

. . . Went to the **Shields Library** several times over the past two weeks to do research in the **S.F. Mime Troupe Archive** collection which consists of **90 boxes of materials, well organized and preserved**. I've been reading through **scripts, correspondence, programs, notes, clippings**. Here is some of what I've found. The concept of free was something that may not have meant what the Diggers eventually applied to it — nevertheless **R. G. Davis** definitely believed in doing what he called free shows. I had somewhat thought otherwise, since he denigrates the **Digger Free** ideal in many later interviews. Here's a quote from one of the early **Mime Troupe** programs: **"Unlike other theatrical groups, the Mime Troupe performs the play and then requests donations. This is dangerously non-commercial, but for a self-supporting little theatre that pays its staff, is committed to fresh air, and is not a community theatre -- why not?! This is the United States and money inhibits joy everytime."**

And this from a fund-raising letter: **"Our shows are free so that we attract the greatest number of people and we exist on donations collected after the shows; a gamble, but one we have chosen to make as a way of advancing our goals."** Here then, I believe, are the roots of **Digger Free**, and even though **Davis** might renounce the ultimate creation, it seems clear that his free shows are the progenitor of the form we came to practice. (Of course, there are various interpretations and not all **Digger** historians see Free as it is laid out, for example, in "Deep Tried Frees.")

**One of the sets of boxes contains all the financial records of the Troupe, including pay records for all the performances of all shows in the period 1965 to 1967.** (The period I'm researching on these trips.) Here then seems to be the **chronology of Emmett Grogan's acting work with the Troupe** (at least those performances for which he got paid):

**June 19, July 5-10, 1966** (*Search and Seizure*)

**August 26-28, September 3-6, 10-11, 17-18, 24-25, November 12, 1966** (*The Miser*)

**September 29-October 2, 22-23, 1966** (*Output You*)

**October 1, 15-16, 20, 23, 28, 1966** (*Olive Pits*)

What an incredible experience it must have been working in the Troupe at this time. Look at the variety of the material that **Grogan** was performing. **Three of those plays were written by Peter Berg**. I also found scrap sheets of paper that **Grogan** used for planning notes. The scrap paper was printed on one side with weekly schedules of **Mime Troupe workshops and rehearsals and meetings**. These folks really jammed their time with work. **Davis** was offering political discussions, **Berg** and **Cohon** were conducting improvisation sessions, **Troupe** members were studying various writers, performing (for example) **Gregory Corso's** *Standing On A Streetcorner*.

For Grogan this must have been an especially exciting time, surrounded by committed artists and actors, with original material that was challenging established reality. Creating alternatives was what the Mime Troupe stood for. **So what changed things for Grogan? — why didn't he end up directing and writing within the aegis of the Mime Troupe? I think it was as it was written in "Burocops Proboscis Probes Digger Bag", *Berkeley Barb*, Oct. 21, 1966. The Hunters Point Riots split open reality. No longer was it enough to perform on the wooden stages that were temporarily set up in the park for a few hours. Grogan and the others who followed him and Billy Murcott had to jump off the wooden stage onto a larger stage.**

There's also other interesting threads in this history, not the least of which is the evolution of free shows to Free Food. That involves **the Artists Liberation Front, but there's not too much in the Shields Library that I've found specifically about ALF.** There's also the connection with Kenneth Rexroth. . . .

**Burocops Proboscis Probes Digger Bag**  
(*Berkeley Barb*, Oct. 21, 1966, p. 3)

**The Diggers were born in the Haight-Ashbury the night Matthew Johnson was killed at Hunter's Point.**

**The next night, Diggers' signs appeared all over the Haight, telling people to ignore the curfew. By Friday, the first of the Digger Papers appeared on the streets. Its mimeo words were aimed at "showing the gap between psychedelica and radical political thought," a Digger told *BARB*.**

**Word spread from mouth to ear that the Diggers would provide free food in the park panhandle. About 75 people showed up with bowls, spoons, and more food.**

**Last Monday, officialdom began sniffing at the Diggers' stewpot. Health Department noses poked in. They were advised that it was a picnic.**

**The flics cited a car for having 2 wheels on the grass — while it was delivering food.**

**So far the Diggers are still feeding over 100 people for free daily at 4 pm. They have stoves and refrigerators now, and are looking for a roof before the rains come.**

**Besides the food and the Diggers Papers, they may, they say, soon do something about painting the Haight-Ashbury, and do something about cars, which they abhor.**

[Signed -JAS]

**Delving the Diggers**  
(By George Metevsky [Emmett Grogan], *Berkeley Barb*, Oct. 21, 1966, p. 3)

In the afternoon, at a little before four, they come down Ashbury, cross Oak and gather around a Eucalyptus tree in the Panhandle.

They wear wide eyes, tattered clothes, and talismans around their necks. Some are in their teens, most in their twenties, and a few are closing in on forty.

They talk about anything, smile about everything and do what they want to do with the food that they bring to each other.

They are THE DIGGERS. And everyday at four o'clock they provide anybody with anything to eat.

The first time I noted them I thought it was a picnic. The second time I thought I was hallucinating. The third time I had to stop. And I sat down with them and ate food and discovered that I didn't but I did.

I talked to a young girl with bare feet and hair that fell over her shoulders and whose name began with an N.

"Who are the Diggers?"

She smiled: "I don't know. I'm not a Digger. Are you a Digger?"

"FUCK THE DIGGERS!!!, shouted a kid with a scar and everyone laughed and repeated it.

I asked him whose food it was. He said it was free.

"Yes, but who donated it? Who's laying it on?"

"It's free because it's yours," came a reply.

A yellow micro-bus pulled up onto the grass, the side doors flew open and somebody threw out a thousand apples. A hippy with a blanket for a robe started throwing them into the air yelling: "Food as Medium!" Another stuffed a tree trunk with lettuce. Another fed a bunch of scallions to a great Dane. One poured some stew into a hole in the ground and claimed he was feeding his archetype heritage. Most of them, however, sat around and ate and smiled and gave each other cigarettes.

There was quite an assortment of food. Most of it was good, some of it was hot, all of it was healthy: Shopping bags filled with day old bread, wooden crates of tossed green salad, a ten gallon milk container steaming hot with turkey stew, and apples all over the ground.

A patrol car pulled up to the curb. A sergeant got out and stood in the street and watched. Somebody invited him to dinner, but he shook his head no. And, after a while, he left.

Someone started mouthing a harp, someone else a recorder, then a flute and everybody's bowls became drums beating out a song against the 'Evil Auto' and the noise it makes and the accidents it involves and the war it supports and the air it pollutes and the monopolies it feeds.

The cars gushed up and down the streets of the Panhandle with a steady roar while their drivers stared out of windows wondering what was going on. Some of them knew. They stopped and passed food to the DIGGERS. Sometimes a cake, sometimes fruit, sometimes a bushel of radishes. A farmer in Carmel dropped off a box of tomatoes via a friend who was on his way to Oregon who promised to bring something back with him.

He was thanked, but warned with a chuckle: "If you have to buy it, the DIGGERS don't want it!"

Everyone was relaxed. Words were used to sparkle eyes, break mouths into smiles, letters into tongued vibrations and meaning in-coherent.

The DIGGER PAPERS reflect this kind of atmosphere. They're mimeographed sheets with words jammed onto them and DIGGERS hand them out once or twice a week on Haight street around six o'clock. Nobody seems to know who writes them, but most agree that the DIGGERS are behind autonomy.

An orange PAPER is headed COOL CRANBERRY HORSE-HAIRED MOUTH CLUTTERED WITH APPLE CORES and begins "and so, I suffered an awful frenzy of collapsed assumptions." The footnote at the end reads: "Regarding inquiries concerned with the identity and whereabouts of the DIGGERS: We are happy to report that the DIGGERS are not that."

And so is the *BARB*.

**Name:** PO box frisco

**E-mail Address:**

**Date:** 06 Jan 2002

... concerning the origin of digger free philosophy, the mime troupe was small part. remember, the diggers basically started when a curfew was put into effect in the haight ashbury because of race riots there and in the fillmore district. the original diggers ignored the curfew and took down curfew signs. so you could say they were following woody guthrie's "this land is your land" social philosophy. In the following months they became pamphleteers and distributed single page handouts that made them recognized in the community. Then came the free food and free space. . . .

**Name:** Eric

**E-mail Address:** eric@diggers.org

**Date:** 17 Jan 2002

... the Gedney Scriptorium, that he was a very interesting artist. ... in 1966, he received a grant that allowed him to travel cross-country, and he ended up in California in October. He stayed on the West Coast, primarily in San Francisco, until February, 1967.

One of the most interesting things about Gedney, aside from the stark reality of his photographs, is that he kept meticulously detailed notebooks. He cataloged day-by-day the roll of film he was shooting, the shutter speed and aperture settings, and generally the content of the photographs. The Duke Special Collections Library has, with a certain parallel meticulousness, scanned all his working and final prints, his contact sheets, and — trumpets blare! — selected pages of his notebooks. . . .

... William Gedney spent much of his time hanging out with the Diggers during that Oct. 1966-Feb. 1967 sojourn. There are dozens of photos (all except the “Free Films sign holding man” not printed but still in contact sheet) that depict the very early Free Food gatherings in the Panhandle, that show Diggers on the street, at the Frederick Street Free Store, and that show the insides of Digger-like crash pads on Cole street and elsewhere. This is a treasure trove. . .

Here’s an excerpt from one of Gedney’s notebooks:

“In a drifting life, a life without the  
conventional props, illusion takes  
on reality - you must have illusions  
to sustain, must nurture them with  
more care.

the Diggers perhaps represent the true  
meaning of the movement —  
anarchy  
a sense of fun  
freedom  
looseness  
the rejection of organization, of responsibility  
you do it if you like it.”  
Play, elevated.

The forming of the movement  
a structure beginning to form —  
stores, an elite, heros, musical form  
a crust of religion,  
local ministers beginning to help.  
a graphic style,  
The codafaction [sic] of dress, uniform.

The evolution of graphic style making visual the mood of the scene. Starting from  
the band posters.



**The tribal forms  
word of mouth information  
cutting off from the establishment and  
world communication  
living in community  
the sense of comradeship, being  
in the same boat  
the link of drugs.**

[Duke University, Digitized Special Collections, Gedney Writings, Item number WR15:  
WR15-05; WR15-06 (Gedney, William Gale, 1932-1989)]

**Name:** Eric  
**E-mail Address:** eric@diggers.org  
**Date:** 19 Jan 2002

**. . . a commune called KaliFlower that was dedicated to distributing free food and to creating free art and theater. . . .**

**Name:** Eric  
**E-mail Address:** eric@diggers.org  
**Date:** 23 Feb 2002

Here's a link to Ken Knabb's copy of an interview with Kenneth Rexroth that originally appeared in Lawrence Lipton's *The Holy Barbarians* (1959). **This article is titled "The Social Lie". Rexroth describes the fundamental fraud that society perpetrates to mask the exploitation at the root of our civilization. I believe that Emmett Grogan must have picked up this idea from Rexroth for what Grogan later called the "Workable Lie."** (See for example, *Ringolevio*, p. 395.) Anyone have any other clues to the origin of Grogan's term?

**The Social Lie  
(An interview with Kenneth Rexroth)**

**"Since all society is organized in the interest of exploiting classes and since if men knew this they would cease to work and society would fall apart, it has always been necessary, at least since the urban revolutions, for societies to be governed ideologically by a system of fraud."**

**This is the Social Lie, according to Kenneth Rexroth.**

**"There is an unending series of sayings which are taught at your mother's knee and in school, and they simply are not true. And all sensible men know this, of course."**

**Does the rejection of the social lie imply a rejection of the idea of a "social contract"?**

**“This,” says Rexroth, “is the old deliberate confusion between society and the state, culture and civilization and so forth and so on. There was once a man by the name of Oppenheimer who was very popular in anarchist circles. He said the state was going to wither away in a sort of utopia of bureaucrats who serve the state. And you are always being told that your taxes go to provide you with services. This is what they teach in school as social studies. There is nothing contractual about it. There is an organic relationship which has endured from the time that man became a group animal and is as essential a part of his biology as his fingernails. That other thing, the state, is fraudulent. The state does not tax you to provide you with services. The state taxes you to kill you. The services are something which it has kidnapped from you in your organic relations with your fellow man, to justify its police and war-making powers. It provides no services at all. There is no such thing as a social contract. This is just an eighteenth-century piece of verbalism.”**

**And what of services like sanitation, water and, in some communities, also public utilities like gas and electricity?**

**“These are not functions of the state at all. These are normal functions of the community which have been invaded by the state, which are used by the state to mask its own actual activities, like the mask that the burglar wears. Conceivably a burglar could wear a mask of Kim Novak but this doesn’t mean he is Kim Novak, he is still a burglar. The state has invaded and taken over the normal community relations of men. Now, it is true that if the state was suddenly to give this up today, people would probably go out and chop down all the trees in the national forests and kill all the bears in the national parks, catch all the fish in the rivers and so forth and so on. But this is due to six thousand years of exploitation and corruption by the state, not due to anything inherent in the community of man.”**

**In rejecting the social lie, what is the disaffiliate disaffiliating himself from?**

**“He isn’t disaffiliated from society, he is disaffiliated from the social order, from the state and the capitalist system. There is nothing unusual about this. It’s just that in America there is an immense myth which is promulgated by the horrors of Madison Avenue and Morningside Heights, by the professors and the advertising men (the two are now practically indistinguishable), that intellectual achievement lies within the social order and that you can be a great poet as an advertising man, a great thinker as a professor, and of course this isn’t true. There happens to be a peculiar situation in literature due to the fact that literature and this is true of Russia too that literature is the thing that sells the ideology. After all, just as the scribe knew in ancient Egypt, writing and handling words is the thing that sells the ruling class to the ruled. So departments of English are particularly whorish. On the other hand, a philosopher like Pitirim Sorokin can say at a meeting of a philosophical association, ‘of course we are operating on the assumption that politics attracts only the lowest criminal types’ he happened to be speaking of the president of the United States. The entire pressure of the social order is**

always to turn literature into advertising. This is what they shoot people for in Russia, because they are bad advertising men.”

What is it, then, that holds the natural community of men together?

“The organic community of men is a community of love. This doesn’t mean that it’s all a great gang fuck. In fact, it doesn’t have anything to do with that at all. It means that what holds a natural society together is an all-pervading Eros which is an extension and reflection, a multiple reflection, of the satisfactions which are eventually traced to the actual lover and beloved. Out of the union of the lover and the lover as the basic unit of society flares this whole community of love. Curiously enough, this is Hegelianism, particularly the neo-Hegelians who are the only people who ever envisaged a multiple absolute which was a community of love. It is unfortunate that the Judeo-Christian wrath of Marx and the Prussianism of Engels has so transformed us that we forget that this is what lay back of the whole notion of the Hegelian absolute. But, irrespective of the metaphysical meanings, this is what makes a primitive society work. The reason that the Zunis all get along together is that they are bound together by rays which are emitted from one lamp and reflected from one lamp to another and these rays are ultimately traced back to their sources in each lamp in the act of the lover and the beloved. So the whole community is a community of lovers. This sounds very romantic but it is actually quite anthropological.”

To counter this cohesive social force the state employs the social lie.

“The masters, whether they be priests or kings or capitalists, when they want to exploit you, the first thing they have to do is demoralize you, and they demoralize you very simply by kicking you in the nuts. This is how it’s done. Nobody is going to read any advertising copy if he is what the Reichians call orgasmically potent. This is a principle of the advertising copy writer, that he must stir up discontent in the family. Modern American advertising is aimed at the woman, who is, if not always the buyer at least the pesterer, and it is designed to create sexual discontent. Children are affected too there is a deliberate appeal to them you see, children have very primitive emotional possibilities which do not normally function except in the nightmares of Freudians. Television is designed to arouse the most perverse, sadistic, acquisitive drives. I mean, a child’s television program is a real vision of hell, and it’s only because we are so used to these things that we pass them over. If any of the people who have had visions of hell, like Virgil or Dante or Homer, were to see these things it would scare them into fits. But with the adult, the young married couple, which is the object of almost all advertising, the copy is pitched to stir up insatiable sexual discontent. It provides pictures of women who never existed. A guy gets in bed with his wife and she isn’t like that and so he is discontented all the time and is therefore fit material for exploitation.”

**Interview with Kenneth Rexroth, from Lawrence Lipton's *The Holy Barbarians* (Messner, 1959).**

**Name:** land of the free

**Date:** 16 Mar 2002

**. . . This is land of the free and the hammond account on the methodone identification is not how it happened. The real account on emmett's identification was that he was wearing a hells angels belt buckle and the cops figured he was not a bum and he had to be somedy important so they called the hells angels chapter to tell them that they found one of they're angels .The real story is that the hells angels new york leader called emmett's sister merry ellen crying like a baby saying that he thinks they just found emmett and that she should go check out the morgue because the cops can't identify him. merry ellen called rip torn to go check it out .Emmett had been missing for 3 days .merry ellen said that she new something was really wrong because a limo had came to pick emmett up 2 days ago to go up to bearsville where he was supposed to go see his friends albert grossman and bod dylan and that usually when it came to albert or bob emmett was always on time so she was already having a bad feeling .when merry ellen and rip torn got to the morgue they found emmett dead and socking in water he had been died for at least 72 hours yet he was still shocked in water. Emmett had nothing to identify him the only clue the cops had was that he was wearing a hells angels belt buckle. . . .**

**Name:** freedom now

**Date:** 25 Mar 2002

**There is one account about emmett death in the oliver stone autobiography where oliver stone talks about is heavy drug use in the seventies he says that he tried every drug you could think of and that the only drug that terrified him was this black pill that he says his writting buddy emmett grogan would of overdosed on. oliver stone was a writer in the seventies he was not yet a big time director he got some fame back then for written the script to the film scarface and he would of been a friend of emmett grogan. louise latraverse the french canadian actrice who was emmett wife tells the tale that the day before emmett disapeared emmett went nuts looking for this black pill in their brooklyn appartment .louise said it was the only time she got scared of emmett because he turned the appartment upside down looking for this pill and she said that the last time she saw emmett he looked exactly like jesus because emmett's hair was very long.i also wanted to point out that the last place emmett would of been seen alive was at the methodone clinic in brooklyn then later he was found dead at the last subway stop of the brooklyn line in coney island.The account on emmett's identification was that he was wearing a hells angels belt buckle and the cops figured he was not a bum and he had to be somebody important so they called the hells angels chapter to tell them that they found one of they're angels .The story is that the hells angels new york leader called emmett's sister merry ellen crying like a baby saying that he thinks they just found emmett and that she should go check out the morgue because the cops can't identify him. Merry Ellen called emmett's buddy rip torn to go check it out**

.Emmett had been missing for 3 days. Merry Ellen said that she new something was really wrong because a limo had came to pick emmett up 2 days ago to go up to bearsville where he was supposed to go see his friends albert grossman and bod dylan and that usually when it came to albert or bob emmett was always on time so she was already having a bad feeling .when merry ellen and rip torn got to the morgue they found emmett dead and socking in water he had been dead for at least 72 hours yet he was still shocked in water. Emmett had nothing to identify him the only clue the cops had was that he was wearing a hells angels belt buckle. in the Emmett Grogan autopsy report there was no reports of heroin in is system at the time of is death there was only reports of methadone and one other strange sounding drug in his system, but the real thing that starts to make you wonder is that the autopsy report states that his lungs where full of water and the people who identified him at the morgue have all claimed that he was socked in water, in New York it is known that the mob often drown people and later they dump them on the subway . The other strange drug that was in is system might of been some sort of heart attack drug that the FBI are notorious for using when they want to cover up their murders, don't forget Emmett Grogan exposed top secret nuclear information at the time of is death in is last book *Final Score* and that the FBI often showed up at is door to question is family and is sister Merry Ellen was kidnapped once buy the FBI for a intense questioning on some information about Emmett and she says that the FBI drugged her with heroin and that they broke some of her ribs for some information about Emmett. Rip Torn the actor is the one who identified Emmett at the morgue and he claims that when they pulled the plastic from Emmett's body he was socking in water, Rip Torn thinks is buddy Emmett was probably murdered. peter coyote was not in New York at the time of Emmett's death and he is the one who spread the rumor in the media that Emmett died of an heroin overdose when there is no proof of that and the only proof we have is that the autopsy report claims that Emmett Grogan age 36 would of died of a hearth condition probably due to too much doping, but don't forget that Rip Torn and Emmett's sister Merry Ellen were the only ones who identified Emmett's body and they are saying to this day that Emmett Grogan was probably murdered. . . .

**Name:** Eric

**E-mail Address:** eric@diggers.org

**Date:** 11 May 2002

. . . for anyone interested in Digger history, this film should have an important place in the pantheon of reference works. It clearly delineates the path from Kaliflower commune to Cockettes to Angels of Light. It mentions Irving's and Hibiscus' journey to San Francisco from New York in 1967. What it doesn't mention directly is anything about the Diggers but their name is written so large on the film that it's impossible to notice for anyone who knows the history of the Haight. Hibiscus' notebooks that his Mom is shown leafing through have "Free" and "Free Food" drawn on the pages with each letter sprinkled in glitter. The dispute between those in the Cockettes who wanted to start doing paid shows and the Kaliflower commune is detailed in the film through several interviews. The final rejection of paid shows by Hibiscus represents the turning point in

the film. From there on, he devoted his energies to the Angels of Light and Free Theater until he left San Fran to go back to New York for good.

Even more than the specific history of the Cockettes and Angels, the film also clearly shows how the Digger vision had so completely permeated the counterculture. **Larry from Hunga Dunga commune was interviewed and talked about the hundreds of communes that were all providing free services to other communes at the time. This should finally put to rest the myth that Free was only some kind of Theatrical Device. Scenes of the Free City free food delivery program are interspersed with other footage from the Digger film Nowsreal from 1968, courtesy of Kelly Hart. . . .**

**Name:** James Cubby

**E-mail Address:** cubbyNOSPAMsobe@hotmail.com

**Date:** 24 May 2002

**. . . my search for the Billy Batman family. I lived down the street from them in San Francisco in 1971 and spent a lot of time with the kids Jade, Hassan, Caladonia, and Digger Batman as I taught in a free school. I was with them on the day they left for Afghanistan. I always wondered what happened to them or how the kids were. The Batman family was a very magical family and I've never met a set of kids so special. I'd sit with Billy Batman and he'd tell me stories but we'd end up talking about the kids. . . .**

**Name:** Steve Boyd

**Date:** 03 Jun 2002

**Little Mike side kicked his bike with his good leg. Moose's stash was in his head lamp. A freak drove Onanda's panel truck off the utility road, mashing it against a tree. The peyote ceremony was canceled (the road man was a no show). Moose, (Sargent At Arms) couldn't make the run. (court date) Threw his land lord down a flight of stairs? Coyote road up with the red haired dude in an old Volvo. Little "Froggy" (red haired boy) had runny eyes and nose. Stash, (actress) "Metalic Girl" from Lost In Space Cried when her folks came up to fetch her. An Indian radical was killed in the bay area. We sang African Pygmy chants with the Angels, Cockette People, and hangers on. The Berkeley People were at odds with Coyote, (William Bonney) because of the Hells Angels at the Olema People's encampment. I left my American Flag socks and Coyote's hat near a large talking rock. David' "married the Olema Girl who had the TeePee. The angels passed around Mellow Yellow. Coyote gave**

**Ilean some "Witch"**

**Name:** Nicole

**E-mail Address:** willinics@yahoo

**Date:** 04 Jun 2002

**I remember the pygmy chants . . .** I wouldn't count on this particular spelling, it's a meager phonetic try, but that was great to do with 20 people singing in a sort of round . . . thanks for reminding me about that . . . I'd forgotten . . . **BORA GON GIGA NE, BORA GIM GA NE, BORA GON GIGA NEE BELA NO CHAMB BULUM, BORA GON GIGA NE, BORA GIM GA NE, BORA GON NIGA MULA BULA NO YA NO . . .** that was one of about 17 different parts if I recall correctly. . . .

**Name:** steve boyd  
**Date:** 04 Jun 2002

**Ileans witch shoes were my Original "Lucky Boots" We roasted a sheep underground. A black bear girl broke her leg. Julio (pronounced w/ a "J" (Angel w/ the green cut-off) had a brand new superglide. I drank goats milk and ate home made yogurt. The Olema girl who slept in w/ Coyote's bike got a kinked intestine and had to go. I rode back on the studebaker flat bed, drank tequila and played shot baskets with Elvin Bishop. The pygmy chant had a male and female part "Oragon . . . egonay . . . Oragon . . . egonay. Eco . . . eco . . . nay ETC. Boy, talk about trivia!!!**

**Name:**  
**Date:** 04 Jun 2002

**Hey Coyote, Steve Boyd here; (the kid dressed in purple) I traded my german helmet to the Angel Prospect who blew a hole in the cieling with the scatter gun from the corner by the piano. He had a fine silver chopper. You were so pissed off you threatened to draft a letter of grievence to Flash. . . . Many thanx fer teachin me the "HOMESKIN" concept. . . .**

**Name:** Steve Boyd  
**Date:** 05 Jun 2002

**Coyote, . . . Could you produce a copy of the original HOMESKIN manifest for their Edification? . . .**

**Name:** Steve Boyd  
**Date:** 05 Jun 2002

Hey Nicole, were you "The Quick Silver Girl?" Not from the song, I mean the Olema Girl who say back-up for em??? Everything just kinda melted together. Ever get that feeling? **I was The Purple Boy. (Proudly dubbed the Dope Master) Being under age I held the family weed that had been buried underground after a spotter buzzed low. (It smelled like horse shit) I also held the green tab acid. (WE were the people our parents warned us about! Wake me Im dreamin. Life! Live It! Dont you kids try this at home, Im a proffesional! What did you do during the war poppa? Too Much. Later.**

**Name:** susan  
**E-mail Address:** skeese@sover.net  
**Date:** 07 Jun 2002

Just dropped by & lit up at your mention of Coso Street, Nicole. Glad you are doing well. Steve, you were obviously a great watcher . . . Listening to you reminisce left me with kerosene-lit memories of my own, that stayed with me all day . . . I recall some of the Olema scenes you describe, tho I can't quite visualize you . . . I was a watcher too . . . I Picture myself peering down from the loft in the Pickens' room into the parlor (where Sweet William argued with Bryden & Gregory then later shot the gun thru the ceiling) . . .

**Name:** Steve Boyd  
**Date:** 07 Jun 2002

Susan, the mattress under the loft bed was the Island that I called HOME. I was also a listener. Prior to my "not wearin nothin that dont show" phase, I wore a pair of "Stars & Stripes" stockings which I tucked my pants into. I wore all PURPLE until I traded my tank-top for Stash's blouse. I left my purple velveteen flairs under a scrub bush on the deer run after I shit em. (stop laughin) After which I liberated a pair of over-size white painters overalls from J.P. I wore "Sherry's" (J.P.'s daughter) house slippers. In my mind I "re-named" folks. Example: J.P.'s side-kick, Wirey, goateed,cat w/ Irish driving cap, was the "Crooked Man" to me. (He's the one who entrusted me to hold the family "goods"

**Name:** Steve Boyd  
**Date:** 08 Jun 2002

Thanx Hammond, I just skimmed it. As far as "being accepted or rejected according to consensus" (MYSTERIOUS or other wise.) THOSE WHO WERE EXCLUDED, EXCLUDED THEMSELVES. MONEY?? No such animal. The only fiddler I remember was an Errol Flynn type called Marshal. Gary Snyder was the resident Cheshire Cat. (he left "smile" tracers.) I saw the back of my head once, without the aid of a mirror. Garry turned us on to a pipe-load of White Gum. Looked like glazing compound (window putty). Coyote & Co. were in the bed room off the kitchen during this period. The mattress under the loft bed was my ISLAND in the main room. Stash,Harlow, and a procession of "OTHERS" snoozed above. Close yer eyes;It's over-cast I turn off the red transistor, walk in and tell ya all that Jimi Hendrix just died. Remember me now? . . .

**Name:** Steve Boyd  
**Date:** 12 Jun 2002

. . . Maybe I gave the Impression that I was a Digger. I am first and formost a Lost Boy. Peter was Peter, Ilene was Wendy and Eriel was Tink. Get It? With Peter was air-bourn we feared nothing but the sky falling, and in the end it fell on all of



**us.(yep,we grew up.)** Yet, I for one will never stop believing, and in doing so will keep my rough, haughty, tenatiuos dignity intact. Hell, Its all I got. As a true prodical son of the OLEMA PEOPLE (who In the end were labeled “Hippies with Guns”) I will respect your wishes and hang in here. Thanks fer pullin the thorn outa my paw. Whats mine is Yours. Friend, I wish you well.

**Name:** Eric  
**Date:** 18 Jun 2002

Nicole — check out the letter from Kent to Emmett in 1972 that I just transcribed. It should cause a few neurons to fire off. [see pp. 95 ff.]

**Name:** AxL Omega  
**E-mail Address:** trident@pioneer-net.com  
**Date:** 27 Jun 2002

If anyone who knew **Terence McKenna of the Haight Ashbury Police and legendary Digger. Please respond to this. Especially if you knew Terry personally between ‘63 and ‘67.**

**Name:** Eric  
**E-mail Address:** eric@diggers.org  
**Date:** 27 Jun 2002

**Phil Whalen passed on yesterday.** In recent days, he reportedly consoled friends about his impending death with the comment “I’d like to be laid on a bed of frozen raspberries.”

**Name:** Steve Boyd  
**Date:** 08 Jul 2002

**. . . The day they build a better mouse trap is the day a Digger will build a better mouse. . . .**

**Name:** Hallie  
**E-mail Address:** hshapiro@wooster.edu  
**Date:** 08 Jul 2002

**. . . I’m writing my senior thesis on the San Francisco Bay Area during the 1950s and 1960s. I want to include a chapter on the Invisible Circus event hosted by the Diggers on February 24, 1967. . . .**

**Name:** Eric  
**E-mail Address:** eric@diggers.org  
**Date:** 08 Jul 2002

Hallie,

**I have a file of printouts from the John Dillinger Computer Company but haven't gotten around to scanning anything yet. A short page on IC is located on the web here. One book you should look up is *I'm Alive* by Cecil Williams. Read the section on the Invisible Circus and you'll discover how that event was the turning point in Williams' (and Glide's) career. Who did you interview? What have you read on the Diggers that was junk? Oh — and another lead is the French film *Les Diggers de San Francisco*. There's a couple interviews in there about the IC. Also, did you look at my Digger Chronology? I have a bunch of newspaper references to articles that reported on the IC. . . .**

**Name:** curious at play/curious at work  
**E-mail Address:** greetings to Josephine  
**Date:** 09 Jul 2002

**. . . , the last time I saw Stash was at 53rd and she was starting to keep time with Marty.**

**Name:** Steve Boyd  
**Date:** 09 Jul 2002

**To Cheryl Lynne [Pickens], I called you "Sherry". You wrote the word "Psychadelic" on the fence with chalk. That was intimidating because I couldn't spell. Your sister lived in the shack with the blond-haired stud who wore a fine Hunting Knife. Your dad told me with pride that you and sis were Flower-Girls at Death of Hippie Parade. I traded my black German helmet to the Angel prospect w/ the Silver Chopper for a Tocomo Police Badge. Your dad put up two great "junk" sculptures for sale at Olema Ranch Flea Market. The one I dug was called "Superman's Hard-On" Your Mom use to stare at me while writing in her journal. She was so lovely. I chummed w/ Owl at Black Bear.**

**Name:** Steve Boyd  
**E-mail Address:** silentsteveboyd@hotmail.com  
**Date:** 11 Jul 2002

**. . . the evolution of many frames of reference are dependant upon that of others. (I Think). Am I making any sense? . . .**

**Name:** Eric  
**Date:** 14 Jul 2002

**. . . Peter Berg dubbed me the Digger Archivist in 1972 and the moniker stuck. I started collecting in 1968 for this archive. Have you looked around this web site much? I'm continually scanning documents from the archive. . . . a poster advertising the Beat Poets Benefit for the Diggers in January 1967 at Gino and Carlos. . . .**

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 14 Jul 2002

Steve, that's a very touching thought. But please hold back on the \$\$\$ — **just like at the Digger Benefit that the Beats held at Gino and Carlos — the diggers returned all the money donated. . . .**

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 14 Jul 2002

Steve, if you haven't checked out the Digger Archive, here's a whirlwind tour for you:

**The original (English) Digger manifesto (1649). This is what inspired Emmett and Bill Murcott to sign the name Diggers to their early leaflets in the late summer 1966:**

<http://www.diggers.org/diggers/tlsa.htm>

**The early (Fall 1966) Digger Papers. These are the leaflets that Emmett and Bill wrote and distributed in response to the growing conditions in the Haight and in San Francisco's underground scene:**

[http://www.diggers.org/digger\\_sheets.htm](http://www.diggers.org/digger_sheets.htm)

**"Delving the Diggers", "In Search of a Frame", and "The Ideology of Failure" (1966), three seminal articles from the Berkeley Barb written anonymously by the Diggers. These lay out the philosophy, amazingly articulated at this early stage:**

<http://www.diggers.org/diggers/digart2.html>

**The Communication Company broadsides (Jan-Aug, 1967). We owe Chester, Helene, Claude and the rest of the Com/Co gang a big debt of gratitude for their free Gestetner service:**

[http://www.diggers.org/asp/com\\_co\\_biblio.asp](http://www.diggers.org/asp/com_co_biblio.asp)

**One typical Digger leaflet, "Money Is An Unnecessary Evil" (1967):**

[http://www.diggers.org/bibscans/Dp025\\_m.jpg](http://www.diggers.org/bibscans/Dp025_m.jpg)

**The Invisible Circus poster (1967). The Diggers and the Artists Liberation Front planned the Invisible Circus (Feb. 24, 1967) as a counterpoint to the Human Be-In (which itself had been modeled in part on the ALF Free Fairs the previous fall):**

[http://www.diggers.org/images/posters/ic\\_d.jpg](http://www.diggers.org/images/posters/ic_d.jpg)

**Free City News sheets (1967-68). When the Diggers appropriated the Gestetners from Chester, the result was a polychromatic shift in the output:**

[http://www.diggers.org/free\\_city\\_sheets.htm](http://www.diggers.org/free_city_sheets.htm)

**Nowsreal (1968), the Digger film. Here is a clip showing the Free City Collective “Free Noon Forever” free poetry reading on the steps of City Hall:**

<http://www.diggers.org/themes.htm>

**The joint Free/Realist edition “The Digger Papers” (1968). The final Digger gift to the underground, this was the anthology of Digger broadsides, manifestos, free news sheets, and free poetry that Emmett published with Paul Krassner’s assistance:**

[http://www.diggers.org/digger\\_papers.htm](http://www.diggers.org/digger_papers.htm)

**“Trip Without A Ticket” (1966, 1967, 1968). Here is one of the defining documents of Digger praxis. Published in late 1966, then republished by Com/Co, and finally included in “The Digger Papers”:**

<http://www.diggers.org/digpaps68/twatdp.html>

**“Post-Competitive, Comparative Game of a Free City” (1968) was the blueprint that the Diggers left behind as they jumped off the stage (“the street”) where they had been acting out Free for the past two years:**

<http://www.diggers.org/digpaps68/postcomp.html>

**“Ringolevio”, an online version of the portion of Emmett’s story dealing with the Haight:**

<http://www.diggers.org/ringolevio/ring209.html>

**“Home Free Home”, the brilliant (and hilarious) history of Morningstar and Wheeler’s Ranch, by Ramon Sender Barayon:**

[http://www.diggers.org/home\\_free.htm](http://www.diggers.org/home_free.htm)

**“Free Fall Chronicles”, several chapters from Peter Coyote’s reminiscence:**

<http://www.diggers.org/freefall/freefall.html>

**Photo Gallery. Here are some photos that Chuck Gould took in 1967 and 1968. (The photograph collection is one area where the Archive is lacking — if anyone has any, please contact the Archivist):**

[http://www.diggers.org/photos\\_1.htm](http://www.diggers.org/photos_1.htm)

**Letter from Kent to Emmett (1972).** This is a great stream of consciousness reminiscence of Digger history triggered by the publication of Ringolevio:

[http://www.diggers.org/k\\_to\\_eg.htm](http://www.diggers.org/k_to_eg.htm)

**“Deep Tried Frees” (1978).** Written for, and distributed at, the memorial party for Emmett Grogan. This is a history of the Free Print Shop which was inspired by the Diggers in the spring of 1968:

<http://www.diggers.org/kaliflower/df.htm>

**Kaliflower, the major publication of the Free Print Shop, an intercommunal Free newspaper. For three-plus years, Kaliflower promulgated the vision in part laid out in the Digger manifesto “Post-Competitive, Comparative Game of a Free City”. Here are the covers and some selected articles from Volume Three:**

[http://www.diggers.org/volume\\_3.htm](http://www.diggers.org/volume_3.htm)

**This is just a smattering of the Archive. I should have mentioned: The Digger Song, SF Mime Troupe, Artists Liberation Front, Black Bear Ranch, Hearthshire, Olympali, Free Bakery, Digger Caravan, PlanetEdge, Planet Drum, Mussel Group, Free Breakfast Program of Black Panther Party, Digger Events (Free Food, Free Store, Intersection Game, Death of Money/Birth of Haight, New Year’s Wail, Digger Free Benefit, Invisible Circus, Summer Solstice, Death of Hippie/Birth of Free, Free City Convention, Equinox/Solstice 1968). What else have I forgotten?**

**Name:** Hammond

**E-mail Address:** [writenow@spiritone.com](mailto:writenow@spiritone.com)

**Date:** 14 Jul 2002

**. . . In the late 60s a guy named Robin ran a bus tour in London called “The Trip Without a Ticket.” I got to know the guy a bit and when I mentioned the source of the name he respectfully admitted the Digger origin (he had in fact read the Digger Papers via the *Realist* and *International Times, IT*) but his was an extension of the phrase in that when you purchased your ticket for the tour you ate it before he would allow you to get on the bus. One quick guess as to what the tickets were soaked in..... Thus taking your trip without a ticket. — If you wouldn’t eat your ticket he would simply refund your price of admission . . . and say: “Better luck next time!” . . .**

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 14 Jul 2002

Steve, . . . Free Clinic, Glide Church, the Free Fairs, tye-dyes, Free Bank, 1% Free Poster, all the various communal households up and down the coast, the Yippie/Digger schism, Jane Lapiner's Dance Group, Free Food Delivery service (precursor to the Food Conspiracies), the Beat Poets connection, the Hells Angels connection, the Free City Puppets, Libre & AAA & Red Rockers & Ortiviz Farm, Lovable 'Ol Doc Stanley, the Cockettes and Angels of Light, and (rarely talked about) the scourge of smack. There's probably another several lists — ah here's one. Happening House.

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 06 Aug 2002

I put up two clips from *Newsreal*. Unfortunately, even at a low resolution (56k modem speed) the clips have a lot of rebuffering which makes watching them on the page frustrating unless you catch the page at a very quiet period on the network. So, the best option is to download the high-resolution versions of the two clips. They came out looking good.

These are the opening scenes in *Newsreal*. They show the Free City Collective (name for the Diggers after July 1967) holding a Free Poetry Forever event on the steps of San Francisco City Hall in the spring of 1968. Lots of familiar faces (Judy Goldhaft and Ama and Ron Thelin and Sweet William reading poetry, Berg interacting with Holy Hubert the street preacher who always showed up at street events to harangue the hippies, Coyote and Kent standing by, Ron Thelin getting his hair washed in the reflecting pool across the street, Freeman reading a Proclamation demanding the redistribution of surplus goods, and finally the arrest of Ama for wearing a flag shirt, taken away in a Black Maria paddy wagon, with a feisty young lawyer by the name of Terence Hallinan jumping onto the running board to try and communicate with the arrested men.)

Here is the Free Poetry Forever page:

<http://www.diggers.org/freepoetry.htm>

Here are the links to the high resolution clips (right-click on these links and choose save to disk):

[http://www.diggers.org/video/newsreal\\_clip1\\_dsl.rm](http://www.diggers.org/video/newsreal_clip1_dsl.rm)

[http://www.diggers.org/video/newsreal\\_clip2\\_dsl.rm](http://www.diggers.org/video/newsreal_clip2_dsl.rm)

**Name:** Steve Boyd DWFSNYC

**E-mail Address:** silentsteveboyd@hotmail.com

**Date:** 09 Aug 2002

. . . . My real “connection” with “Choppers” began one night after attending an Oakland Led Zeplin Concert. (“25 on a large gel slide”) not that light-weight “Window Pane” shit. Anyway, A long line of Angel sleds that leaned outside the coloseum came to life. Their jugs were breathing, their Cyclopes head lamps winked at me, the horned skulls whispered from within their flaming dare-devil helmets, and their painted wings fanned out and flapped rythmically. “I WAS HOOKED”  
SRB

**Name:** Steve Boyd  
**E-mail Address:** silentsteveboyd @hotmail.com  
**Date:** 14 Aug 2002

Hey Curious, You inquired as to the “End of the World Mob” line up a while back. Here goes, **When I made the scene, The full-timers were J.P. & Co. Coyote & Co. The Quick Silver Girl, The Tie-Dye Girl, Pregnant Sarah, the garage watch-dog ( girl who slept out where Coyote stashed his Bike), The Blond Stud, The Crocked Man;(Irish walking cap, Snake Skin Cane, Drafting Compass Roach Clip). Shannon’s Sister, The Mule-Skinner, (wild Bastard w/ Buck-skin Shirt), The Peace Frog, (Freak that drove Onanda’s Panel Truck off the cliff), The Cookie Monster, Freak who got a Tarus sign Tattooed on his cheek bone. Da-Veed, The Samari, (balding long-hair who wore Chinese Robe), and Marshal the Fiddle Player. It was very hard to figure out who actually Lived there, as folks seemed to disapear and reappear like magic. J.P. would head for the hills at the first sign of dust on the horrizon; Parole Violation? . . . Anyway, I went from LD to LSD and entered The Fool’s School. My class mates included; Moose; (white Patrol Bike w/ Greek Red Cross on Fat-Bobs. Prospect; Silver chopper, Double-bladed tourtise handeled switch-blade, (his grand father’s). Billy Tee, Mike Bloomfield, Gary Snyder, Ronnie Thelin, Chet Helms, Shannon; (wise-ass greasy long-hair w/ black & Purple varsity jacket w/ Lrg. Green Pot Plant embroidered on back). Stash & Daughter, Harlow, The Thin Man: wirey Cookette;(often dressed as a Jocky; english riding boots, red and white silks/w No.) A cat named Miles, who was known for mixing 25 w/ water and blue food coloring. The tourists would flip as he sprayed the tounges of freaks who would line up. (Windex Bottle), too much! I didnt mention your not-so-average run-of-the-mill Pushers, Hoofers, Hop-Heads, Ball-Freaks and American Indian Shammans. . . .**

**Name:** curious is as curious does  
**E-mail Address:** not in kansas, anymore  
**Date:** 15 Aug 2002

Jeff was still alive, married to Carla, and Malcom was an infant—they then moved into the city and were living with Paula. David (DaVeed) was more or less still with Phyllis. Freeman was still a regular, although infrequent visitor—he was the only fiddler I ever met at Olema. Peter made a crescent moon with a star for suspension in an old red Bluebird undergoing restoration. Becky dumped Kevin; she kept her dog, Bear, and bought a motorcycle for Dick. Kathleen, Ron Thelin, Marsha and

Vinnie were still at the Red House. J.P. also was at the ranch but his wife moved freely between the ranch and the Red House. Lenny Nakamura and Jeffrey along with Tom and Oakland Debbie were ranging between 54th and the Bakery, along with Diamond and Crazy Bernadette with their newborn Ahloka.

**Name:** Steve Boyd DWFSNYC

**E-mail Address:** silentsteveboyd@hotmail.com

**Date:** 15 Aug 2002

Curiose, I passed Coyote tools by karoseen lamp-light as he did a brake job on the Studebaker. (They called it the 6X6???) I made the Oakland run to pick up J.P.'s "House-hold belongings" that he had stashed in a garage attic. We rode back in the Oakland School Bus with the tall wild eyed Hippie who drove the Women folk and youngens (Me included) up to the Black Bear "Get yer shit together for the Winter" program. I was J.P.'s left-hand man in setting up his "Incredible Olema Ranch Flee Market" that season. Although we lacked electricity, J.P. gave the event some real Digger Flair by stringing up Christmas Tree Lights around the coral. (Very effective on one particular night). . . . I gave my hash pipe and what spare change I had to "The world's youngest Hippie" at Olema. I drew a picture of him standing on a pick-up-truck on the wall at Black Bear. He had long hair w/ a head band and feather. There were also some twin cross-eyed Cockette Kids, who were suspected of ignighting one of my drawings in the loft. It floated across the room in ashes dropping spark tracers (Know what I mean?). A dude that was into the "Spontaneous Combustion theory", said "Man That Must Have Been A Heavy Picture". (there were theoris on EVERYTHING during that era). You may remember me at the nightly dinners. (WE all carried our own coffee mugs, as there was Hep at the ranch at that time. J.P.'s wife was still under the weather, and Coyote couldnt have punched his way through a wet beer wrapper. I think thats why passed on the Hell's Angel run and opted to ride up w/ the red haired freak. (Lost a few more points). Anyway he was like death-eating-a-cracker and had one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel. Its hard to believe that he's still kicking;(that fucker is a miracle of modern science. Stash, myself and her daughter had gotten a hep vaccine. Thats the only time I ever saw her ass. (Mr."C" Screwed her once on the floor, but that was in the dark. But for the most part, She wasnt as casual as most of the girls. Anyway, after dinner, I had the honor of rolling the family weed, (As I "HELD" it.) There were no free rides due to the seriouse Clean-up program and I urned my keep as a worker bee. At the first sign of heat, I was to take the shit and Walk (not run) over the nearest hill. I was the Unofficial Dope-Master, but was not so nieve as to know that EVERYONE was holding. It was as if Coyote held Court and the subjects would Offer Up their FINEST. I will never forget the day when this straight Cat and his wife and two kids inspected the place. (Land Lord?? Prospective Buyers?? What-Ever) Well Coyote a.k.a. William Bonney gave em' the Cook's Tour. He was hawking like a Carnival pitch-man. All he lacked was a straw hat and bamboo cane. Our man was wearin his Sunday Finest; Patch Pants, green vest, and bibbed-at-the-sleeves collarless dealer's shirt. He had tripped the day before and Ilean had braided his freshly washed hair while



he peaked when all of a sudden one of my pictures popped off the wall and floated to the floor. Coyote looked at it, then looked at (through?) me. Any one who thinks that his voice is distinctive, has yet to meet his gaze. Anyway, picture it..The straight Dude's face is beet red, the wife is horrified and the cross-eyed-twins keep saying "Wanna Play?..Wanna Play?". The wife has a strangel hold on her kid's saying..."Dont touch anything...Dont touch anything". On the way in, I suspect that the whole fuckin' crew had scarfed an eye-load of some Olema titties. (which were always tanned by the way). . . .

**Name:** rikki stein

**E-mail Address:** rikki.stein@btclick.com

**Date:** 19 Aug 2002

In the dim and distant past, while running Earth People's Park I was approached by a fierce looking shaven headed Peter Berg inviting me to participate in an "important event". I was so impressed with his ferocious allure that, even though I didn't know what that "event" was I immediately agreed.

Next thing I found myself on a bus full of Indians barreling out in the dead of night to what finally turned out to be the Mount Shasta Pacific Gas and Electric Holiday Camp which we reclaimed in the name of the Pit River Indians!

A whole adventure then ensued in which I came as close as I've ever got to losing my life (staring down the wrong end of a double barreled shotgun) running through forests, sawing down trees to block oncoming police vehicles, bailing out stacks of arrested Indians, going back to the PG&E camp and starting over! . . .

**Name:** Steve Boyd DWFSNYC

**E-mail Address:** silentsteveboyd@hotmail.com

**Date:** 19 Aug 2002

Eric, my darling. . . You and I both know that the scenes at the annual Frisco CMC Carnivals and the super-solic acid-drenched slam-o-rammas at the Rich Street Baths beat the hell out of any Digger Parties in recorded History. (sure their was the Family Dog Birthday Bash, but hey my Idea of fun isnt watching Dogs fight, (or Hells Angels stomping Dogs,) for that matter; read me?) . . . Am I the only one who realizes that our nostalgically romantic Digger Elders (who seem to be on very short chains these days), are getting their panties in a bind due too the fact that when Sir John (Lennon) heralded 1970 as "Year One" they just couldnt let go. . . . And to think that it was said that "THE DIGGERS" riled about everybody", YA! Wait till they get a load of me. Fuck, that outfit was a Cadillac with no wheels. The women were the cradle of that civilization. Righteous you say? Talk the truth you say? I was told (from the Horse's mouth that "The Diggers" were an art project that was intended to shock people into realizing what was possible. To which I have to say: Fuck it Love-nuts; I wish you had told me that 32 fuckin' years ago! Talk about performance art! Fuck, I've been a walking "Art Project" who's been defending you

**and your Ilk's actions for my entire adult life! The fuckin' jokes on me! I'm the only one who "Personified the fuckin' life-style that I you-all asked others to accept" DIGGERS-MY-ASS. . . .**

**Name:** S.S. of the BABAs'  
**E-mail Address:** silentsteveboyd@hotmail.com  
**Date:** 21 Aug 2002

**. . . Truth is, I never met Billy Bat-Man. I do however remember his wonderful Digger Smile. (The photo of him that hung on the Olema bulletin board wall, behind the couch. He was staring through the open side window of a truck.) It was thumb-tacked next to the Hells Angels Calling Card that Moose had red penciled the name Coyote onto. . . .**

**Name:** curious is as curious does  
**E-mail Address:** uaw/mf — regional traveler for the IWWC ( International WereWolf Conspiracy)  
**Date:** 21 Aug 2002

**motherfucker is correct. That's why our politics are different from yours (The Diggers.) Travis is the name. . . .**

**Name:** Nicole  
**E-mail Address:** willinics@yahoo  
**Date:** 21 Aug 2002

**. . . Travis would you be the same Travis from the Texas branch of the mother fuckers??? and did you spend the summer of '69 in Rhode Island??? I just called Linnie who ran with them for a bit and found her way to Olema through them and the oakland bakery...Nicole**

**Name:** nicole  
**Date:** 21 Aug 2002

**. . . I called Linnie after I read the "travis" posting and asked her if there was a travis in the motherfuckers she traveled with she said yes, from Texas and she had hooked up with them in Newport at the folk festival where they wreaked havoc . . . then traveled to Oakland . . . by the way steve do you remember Linnie...she was from Pennsylvania and at Olema found out she had grown up a few miles from Turkey Ridge Farm (Peters family farm). anyway she's here in the city.**

**Name:** curious is as curious does  
**E-mail Address:** Midland, Austin, San Antone  
**Date:** 21 Aug 2002

Steve: In the words of Voltaire “I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it.” Nicole — I arrived rather late to Newport. A group of us from Austin left home to travel to the Atlantic City Festival, where we heard about upcoming Woodstock. We arrived there on the last day just in time, after crashing the gate enmasse, to hear, if memory serves, Canned Heat, Frank Zappa and the Mothers, our home girl Janis, and finally Little Richard, who ( in particular) was in rare form. I thought those East Coast Brothers and Sisters were gonna bring the fcking mezzanine down, jumping (full vigor) up and down in unison — that concrete pulsed and threatened to break.

**Name:** Lynn

**E-mail Address:** lynkh@earthlink.net

**Date:** 22 Aug 2002

So, Travis, you don't remember me? Why is it I think I remember you? Does the name 'Lynne' ring more bells than 'Lynn'? How about the names 'Dick' and 'Jennie'? We went to Austin, you know, that year — after Woodstock. I got busted for my mother's milltowns; they read my mail, learned I had the clap (gotten that in Newport from a Texas MF — remember 'Buzz', does 'Buzz' ring any bells? This coincided with the loss of my virginity...) Put me in Junior Solitary so I wouldn't infect the other underage inmates. After three days put me on nembutals, a lot stronger than the milltowns they'd busted me with. After 4 days called my parents (laws? 1 phone call?). And I was officially 86'd from the state of Texas. And you don't remember me? We were there for all of Woodstock, you know. They let us in early as we were supposed to help the Hog Farm with the food. One thing I can say in honor of the Motherfuckers. Not one of us did. Not one of us helped with that food. Do you remember the 'living experiment to determine how much acid a human being can possibly consume,' which was conducted by myself and another one your Texas brethren? No? It seems we lived. Are you really Travis or just a clever impostor? Lynn

**Name:** curious is as curious does

**E-mail Address:** Behind the Waterfall

**Date:** 22 Aug 2002

Of course, Lynne. Buzzie bought the “hippie truck” in Austin and Jimmie Lee and I did most of the driving. Remember that Dick and I were also from the Werewolf house in San Antone. I started living there just after the SDS National Conference in Austin. A couple of us did in fact help, albeit slightly, with the Hog Farm Free Kitchen just up the slope from the Free Stage. And Motherfucker camp was across the way, again just upslope from the kitchen. Besides we had a pretty large contingent to cook for on our own. It was one of our people who bought the six pair of wire cutters in hopes of taking down some fence line allowing people into the festival. I first met Jenny in Houston when John Taylor and I went there to liberate Jon's ole Lady from the clutches of her disapproving parents. Bill and Allen, Seattle werewolves, were in San Antone for a little while, as was I, during the time Buzz was

making an overland trip to the coast—so I didn't meet him until his return. Bill we first met at the Family Gathering in Aspen meadows, New Mexico, along with the full contingent of N.Y. Motherfuckers and Hog Farmers, including Hugh Romney (Wavy Gravy), if memory serves. Most of this was before anyone had yet met you, except to say that buzz and his travels and you in yours managed to meet at the werewolf house in Newport, which I believe was established with the funds that Dick and Jenny made by working on (painting) the long connecting bridge. That house is the one that the cops crashed through the American Flag in order to capture the place. I was out surfing. We Get everybody out of jail and hook over to lawyer Milton Stansler's office in Providence who wanted us to stay and fight the law against vagrancy to the Rhode Island State supreme Court, and then, to pursue the case further to the U.S. Supreme Court, which he a lifetime of credentials suitable to that purpose. That was a day of extreme mixed emotions because as much as we thought that ought be done, we felt our presence, in both an historical and immediate sense, was required at Woodstock-so that's what we did. First back to the city(N.Y.)to pick up any stragglers and , in then to Woodstock. I'll get to the part about how you met Karen and hitched across Canada, then finding us at Sky River II-Lighter Than Air Fair, in Washougal, Washington, and the only night you and I ever spent intimate on the grass , , , , yes, that's me. . . .

**Name:** Steve Boyd  
**E-mail Address:** silentsteveboyd @hotmail.com  
**Date:** 28 Aug 2002

Lynn timer; . . . when you say **Fall Equinox Celebration**; are you refering to the **Autumnal Equinox Celebration of 1970?** and if so did you ride up on the Oakland school Bus that departed from Olema Ranch? . . .

**Name:** joe  
**Date:** 30 Aug 2002

**I once saw Emmett on a local talk show in Chicago called "The Cromie Circle" he was on with Peter Mass, author of "Serpico".**

**Name:** Steve, ya, just plain Steve  
**E-mail Address:** silentsteveboyd @hotmail.com  
**Date:** 31 Aug 2002

. . . Now, as far as Emmett goes; I notice a lot of speculation on the F.F.O.R. page, as to the origin of the name "EMMETT". I was under the distinct impression that it was tagged to honor an Irish Patriot who was exicuted for what he believed in. (But on all counts...What do I know?) Thanks for the Input. Maybe someone will dig up a transcript of the show for Eric's Archives. . . .

**[Note to Eric: Was the FFOR Discussion Forum archived? Can I read it?]**

**Name:** SILENT STEVE

**E-mail Address:** silentsteveboyd@hotmail.com

**Date:** 02 Sep 2002

Hey, Eric . . . The last time that I crossed Corso's path was in the early 70's at Wakefield Pooles' shop on Market Street; ("Hot Flash"). I was attending a retrospective one man showing of Wayne Douglas Quinne's oils. Well, I made the scene; blasting and drinking port; when ol' "light-in-the-Loafers" glides in with a lisp and helps himself to my wine, then he flutters the fans and says: "Hey sailor, wanna fuck a movie star?" Well, after I let Ol' "Velvet Voice" down easy, he turns up his "Mezmerizing-Svengolly-Blue-Lightning. . . . Now, Little mike was back to denim when we started goofing off. He was a serious dude. His tatoo read "HAMC 66" He sported the Black Truck patch w/ "Our Lovely Larry" stitched in yellow. He wore a wide black leather wrist band during that era..It held two silver winged death heads that were inverted in a 69 position. Mike was the only Angel that I can remember who flew the HD ruffled wing patch. Its my understanding that this patch designated that the wearer had gone down real hard. (which may be so); as he was in the weird habit of kick starting his chopper with his left leg; and not his right. Man that bike was crusified. It was three shades of grey which seemed to give it a natural sun-bleached look. He packed his two man tent on a sky high packer bar and his ape hangers were way up there man. He had 54 fat bobs for long hauls and twisted out more than a "Mellow Tone" with his cocktail shakers upswept pipes. Mike rode low in the saddle due too the three rigged up p-pads that he called a seat. The entire pack would cut their engines and wait for Mike's to turn over before they would all blast off. (thats respect)..hey Im' drifting..Back to the Pics. Isnt Ariel lovely? The last time that I saw that naked little cherub; she was standing up in the bath tub yelling her head off. I told Coyote that she wanted out and he bitched "Hell . . . Take her Out!" (rough night)... actually Coyote was pouting about a gun shot hole in the ceiling. (from the same coach gun that he had wounded the door with) Double edged Digger Justic their Pete? Anyway, I was new to the scene and as such; I wasnt In the habit of handling other peoples kids..(naked or otherwise), and took Coyotes' backlash rather personal..(and maybe took it out on his hat later...???)...A mind is a terrible thing. Anyway, I remember Angel Pete, he had a very lovely righteous girlfriend, who was driving him around at that time. I once retrieved a red that he had dropped (no pun intended) beside the campfire. Pete eyeballed it; popped it into his mouth and said "Thanks". I walked into the night with the whole crew and we all stopped and took in the scene, Black Bear at night was different than anywhere else at night. (some of you may understand) Well, Pete turns to me, looks down, and says, "Well, . . whataya wanna do???? . . Rape? . . . Plunder? . . . Pillage???" (I was stuck for an answer). The seconds rolled by like hours. . . we all slowly ambled our own seperate ways into the darkness. I dont know about those souls . . . but I'm still ambling . . . and to answer your question Pete..."Naaa; Ill' pass. thanks anyway." . . .

**Name:** SILENT STEVE

**E-mail Address:** silentsteveboyd@hotmail.com

**Date:** 04 Sep 2002

Hey Curious, welcome Home. I remember Owl's little scooter at B.B. Ranch back in 1970. After little mike had Failed to get it started, I volunteered to play jockey in an aborted attempt to tow-dump-the-clutch-start-it. One end of a long rope was tied to an ancient 4-wheel drive vehicle, and the other end was looped once around the neck of the bike and held down tightly with my right hand..(which has seen it all brother). Several Hells Angels (of all shapes and sizes) crammed into the 4-W-D to snag a ride to the Main House, while a very jittery Olema cat cranked it up. There was some whoppin' and holerin' because things were about to liven up. Ya see, the Olema/Angel digs were off the beaten path at the bottom of a clearing just south west (as the sun rises) from the crook in the path where the Black Bear Girl broke her leg. Anyway, Mike made an odd remark; . . . something to the effect: "In mid flight, you may just wanna let go of that rope". Well, as im' pondering, (and I mean that in the strictest sense of the word...having slept in from a Mellow Yellow journey the night before) Mike wedges himself into the f-w-d. And they blast off. Now the grade to get to what they called a road was at one hell of an angle, and resembled a waterfall of crushed stone, not unlike the ballast used between rail road ties. Looking back on it now; I would have done one of two things: One: either suggest that we start the run up on level ground, . . . or, two: dont do it. OK. picture this. I was squared off like cross between Evil Knevel and Arnald Palmer, behind a slack loop about a mile long. My guess is that a very good hummored Hells Angel (werent they all?) stomped on the Olema Man's excelerator foot. I had recently entered my "Dont wear nothin' that dont show phase) and had on a pair of hand stitched Italian Checkered Demon Chelsea Boots (pre Lucky) and a very loose fitting pair of baggy white painter overalls that I had scooped from Owl's Dad at Olema. I had given my American flag sock and Coyote's Outlaw hat to a sacred talking rock the day before. (You woulda' had to have been there). They punch it in the ass and start fish-tailing which showers me with a blinding torrent of 1-1/2" pieces of crushed granite. Its so intense that the stones start to fill my overalls. The lumps are startin' to pop up and in my mind Im lookin' like a killer bee sting victim. My head is down in order not to get blinded (I know, I know, . . . you could put someones eye out with a 4-wheeler) and am mezmerized by the gravel thats pouring out my pant legs. . . . slack loop? did I say slack? . . .Quicker than I can type it in I found my chest where my ass aut'a' be. I was an instant bag of guts. Luckily the bike had an English style park bench seat. (which I was now stretched out on.) Well, things got hairier from there. It may have been the Hells Angels version of crack the whip, but they hadnt' counted on me being in it for the long hall. The ride ended when I damn near rear ended em' at 50 miles per hour plus, after they stopped short. Im' not sayin' that I had balls, Im' sayin' that I had a death grip. I naturally never did dump the clutch or let go of the rope: as I was like an adrenalized Water Buffalo. Well, the Angels all spilled out and were rolling on the ground. I was congratulated on sucessfully completing my first solo flight, (yes I was Air Bourne). Owl came running up the road a while later, all out of breath. He commented on my black and blues. I was 17 going on 18 at that time. . . .

**Name:** SILENT STEVE

**E-mail Address:** silentsteveboyd@hotmail.com

**Date:** 04 Sep 2002

Hey Mark, the fire pit that you are refering to may have been the one on the knowl south east as the sun rises below the main house. I remember as if it were now; I was covered with welts and bruises from a wild ride, I can still see my dawn lite Checkered Demon boots. A sleep deprived latino Angel called Julio (pronounced with a "J") and Owl were on either side of me. The Earth lady was at our feet, (she had dried leaves in her hair and perpetual un-washed hands and dirty elbows). She had more hair under her arms than I had on my entire body. She had a fine Gypsy Deer-footed camp knife. She was one season away from giving me seven kinds of hell in Oakland for asking Elvin Bishop if I could use his bathroom..."DONT ASK! . . . JUST PISS! (Sorry Miss Earth; I wasn't raised that way. (thanks Mom; I'm a better man for it). A few hours later, after a basket Ball shoolin' tequilla session, she saw a lonely kid (about 10 years old) on a balcony and tried to talk him into climbing down and running away with us. He got scared and ran inside. Oppertunities like that rarely happen once. I had a heart felt feeling for the old gal after that. She was humane and proved it by offering that little convict a huge double slice of freedom. Latter that afternoon in Frisco I stole a shit load of cheese from the local safe way and fed the troops, which I was told by them marked my emergance as a provider. Feeling complete, I told the Buck-skinner to drop me off at the Hand Makers on Knob Hill; (never to return to my adoptive branch of Free People). I had fulfilled an eclipes that marked my arrival as an earthling. I never looked back. The earth lady was not my kind, as she hailed from the same ranch as Onanda and the Tangeers (north Africa) heavy weight smack head lady who got tattooed when the "Cookie Monster" did. During that earlier visit to Black Bear I had totally morphed into a primitive state (except for my good manners) and had stripped down to nothing but a loin cloth fashioned from a sweade biker cut-off that an Angel had layed on me. (guess, I showed em' where I was at) At that time the Olema People were still considered Good Prospects, and I truely feel had Coyote flown the colors, under his direction (example) his people could, and would have carried on the Ol' Frisco form of class and honor: "Right beats Might" (which became extinct) shortly afterwards. Evolution? (you tell me). **Speaking of Angels, It seems to me that they have been all but written out of so much of the Digger history. They were where it was at, and were in fact taking notes from Coyote's life style (which would have killed an elephant). Speaking of which; here's some Coyote trivia; If you research the Spalding and Roger's Tattoo cataloge (Circa 1974) of "Flash" (designs).. you will be surprised to find Coyote's Star-eyed Image staring out at you. (complete with the 1% FREE slogan).** Man, that beats havin' yer' name on a cross-word puzzle. Take it from this ol' boy. Anyway . . . I attempted to trade my sole possession; a home-made (by me) turkey bone pipe and an Angel memento (Tacoma Police Badge) for a spirit guide tattoo of a man that I connected to in my vision quest. It was no two ships passing in the night ill' tell ya. **It was esp with a capital E.S.P. This only happened twice; the second time was with a Hopi? Shamman who was drawn to Olema Ranch while on a mission to collect sacred shells from the Pacific Ocean; but that's another story. . . .** Owl said that he had tripped when he was 10. He showed us a photo of himself in Oakland on his chopped bicycle. He wanted to build a chopper

where he came of age. We wanted to be Hell's Angels, (didnt every kid? Owl once found an old bottle that was imbedded in an old over-grown tree trunk while tripping, but could not find it when straight. (aint it the way). we all drifted and tucked into the leaves. Same fire pit? Same Ranch? Same universe? I cant place the Tee Pee. Ever hear of alzheimers?  
 . . .

**Name:** Alter-Life Insert  
**E-mail Address:** overandout.com  
**Remote Name:** 216.99.219.171  
**Date:** 15 Sep 2002

### **All Watched over by Machines of Loving Grace**

**I like to think  
 (and the sooner the better!)  
 of a cybernetic meadow  
 where mammals and computers  
 live together in mutually programming harmony  
 like pure water touching clear sky.**

**I like to think  
 (right now, please!)  
 of a cybernetic forest  
 filled with pines and electronics  
 where deer stroll peacefully  
 past computers as if they were flowers  
 with spinning blossoms.**

**I like to think  
 (It has to be!)  
 of a cybernetic ecology  
 where we are free of our labors  
 and joined back to nature  
 returned to our mammal brothers and sisters,  
 and all watched over by machines of loving grace.**

### **All Digger Rights without Copy - Richard Brautigan**

**Name:** Nicole  
**E-mail Address:** willinics@yahoo  
**Remote Name:** 66.234.226.138  
**Date:** 23 Sep 2002

**today is the autumn eqinox. Happy Birthday Sam Eileen David Jane and all of you  
 23rd ers . . . I couldn't help but think about Turkey Ridge this morning . . .**



**Name:** Nicole  
**E-mail Address:** willinics@yahoo  
**Date:** 24 Sep 2002

Hammond...such a small world...after you posted the article yesterday by Stew Albert I went to his site to see if it was the same one I knew from forever ago and sure enough he e-mailed me this morning. Thank you for reconnecting me to both he and Judy . . . **I met them through one of my dearest friends who had grown up with Abbey Hoffman in Wooster, Mass. When Phil Ochs died Abbey wanted to attend the Madison Square Garden memorial but of course under the Rockefeller laws he daren't come into the country straight out, so we devised a way to get there...he and I disguised ourselves as radio personnel from somewhere complete with press credentials and ID enabling us to gain total access...earlier in the week Eric Anderson, Ed Sanders, Abbey and myself (and another woman who's name I can't recall) recorded a couple of Abbey's songs that were played to Phil over the sound system..."light up an angel" about Cuban cigars and one called "Brother Phil" a tribute ...I have a tape somewhere...and he had also written a synopsis of the whole couple of weeks, then poked his finger and signed it with his thumbprint in blood so that if I wanted to sell a story to playboy or whatever, I could corroborate it...of course I never did being from the digger end of things...it's still tucked away with the tapes in some box somewhere...probably the most interesting thing I have from that particular adventure is a couple of hours of taped conversations he and I had while in the hotel and in the cab on the way to the memorial, most of it was discussing the differences between diggers and yippies...and his personal feeling about Peter and Emmet, some rare stuff there...maybe I could give it to his children...anyway Hammond if I get out to Portland I'll see you there...until then of course I'll see you right here...thanks again,  
 Nicole**

**Name:** SueTurner  
**E-mail Address:** suzinka2000@yahoo.com  
**Date:** 24 Sep 2002

. . . I remember how totally disorienting it was to be in the Free Store. All the stuff was mine t hang. rearrange, show to somebody else, but nowhere was there a human being that tells you what to do . . . nobody gets to think the concept of "steal" in that store. . . .

**Name:** IMAM  
**Date:** 24 Sep 2002

**Indeed — Freedom can be disorienting — for a split second — then it just like riding a bike.**

**Name:** nicole  
**Date:** 01 Oct 2002

**Today is Peter Berg's birthday... I met him in October 1969 at the Red House... when I arrived that evening, the men, Kent Minault, Ron Thelin, David Simpson, Freeman House, Vinny Rinaldi, Coyote and Berg were all sitting around the big wooden table reading aloud from Njal's Saga... a book of 11th century Iceland... with characters like Skarp-Hedin who I imagined looked just like Peter Berg himself... the next time I saw him was at Freeman's in Trinidad where he showed me how to pick muscles off the rocks... and then on the caravan through the southwest I rode with he and Judy in their truck the night we came upon the flock of sheep that had been hit by an eighteen wheeler and left writhing on the highway... and I know that for the past 30 some years I always call on two dates that same number they have had for ever... on July 2nd I call Judy and on October 1st, today, I will call Peter and tell him Happy Birthday... you may still be in equator, but I will call just the same... Happy Birthday to you Peter, love Nicole**

**Name:**

**Date:** 06 Oct 2002

**. . . I was wondering if anyone recalled an event that happened in January of 1967. It was a poetry reading held two days before the Human Be-In at Deno and Carlo's bar in SF. It was a "thank you" to the Diggers put on by Beat poets. I'm wondering if anyone was there or knows of any poems that were performed at this reading. . . .**

**Name:** Nicole

**Date:** 10 Oct 2002

Happy Birthday Coyote.

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 12 Oct 2002

**Steve~ I believe that would be Ananda. Your experience with her was not unlike that of Coyote's. She and I were friends up to that point. But one couldn't let a silly friendship stand in the way of the Olema Girl Scouts, collecting Coyote merit badges.**

**Last I heard from her was when we moved to the farm in Penn. after Coyote's dad died. She sent a letter of sorts which pretty much was nothing but quoted scripture. That was so out of left field! I really wasn't clear what her intention was, but start thumping the Bible and I'm GONE! After that I avoided any news of her. No doubt Coyote could tell you. I don't think he has lost track of his female Olema fan base.**

**Name:** steve

**E-mail Address:** silentsteveboyd@hotmail.com

**Date:** 13 Oct 2002

**Eileen ~ . . . Wow, Coyote fan club, . . . ya. Merit badges in . . . hmm . . . Grunting??? Oh, I hear ya. It must have chipped away piece by piece. Hell, Ol' Rasputin was like that on all levels. It was no twisted sexual thing with me; but I, worked on the hair, the pants, the hat, and went so far as to copy the heavy duty no-**

frills “Lurch” styling of his motorcycle. (Which suited his long and lanky frame) not mine. That breaks the first rule of building: It should be an extension of the rider. Well (so much for the dick Vs. fork length issue. (I wouldn’t know). . . .

. . . the Pagan thing was rampant at Olema . . . The old world Celts had a saying, that went something like this . . . Roman Women sneak around with the worst of men; while Celt Girls frolic freely with the Best of Men . . . (but that don’t make it right). Hey, you said a mouth full when you guessed that a lot went over my head . . . I had some difficulty at that time trying to match the Father(s) to the Children. I did how ever dig the concept of the girls as “Mother-Person”; yet, the “Men” seemed rather evasive as to being tagged with anything that remotely resembled a “Father-Person” label.

**I only remember one Child not jiving with “Other” Mothers. That was little Red Haired “Froggy” up at Black Bear. I think he was a Wheeler’s Ranch kid. His Mom was an educated, yet unwashed type, maybe a Berkeley People drop-out. Poor little Froggy was a snivelling bag of conjunctivitas. I never saw so much snot or bodily fluid leave a human being from so many orifices. I did what I could to make that little soul’s existence more comfortable. Christ, seeing some of those kids roughing it in the woods makes me wonder how many of them have an aversion to camping and back packing. (They may be shut-ins to this very day). It was toughing it and then some. . . .**

Anyway. snap, back to NOW. I see that the Olema Era was a pivotal point to so many at all levels and all ages. This nostalgic thing these days, is so sugar-coated “Archies-Bubble-Gum” squeaky-clean hip-hugger Media formulated. In viewing photo spreads of the “Average?” “Hippie” Commune, I see a bunch of “Straight” young white drop outs “Coupling” and really start to realize what a truly unique cross roads of Heavy-Weight Balls to the Wall Mother Fuckers (Ouch; sorry Travis) it really was. It had a gravitational pull that was Spiritual. A road map of souls so to speak. I’m waiting for the significance of the nature of the “Calling” of the Soul Survivors of that “Thing”. Ya, “Our Own Thing.” . . .

**P.S. Hey, I didnt mean to get down (no pun intended) on Stash. She was eatin’ cross-roads like Candy at the time, and wanted desperately to be in your shoes, (which I might add were the white Canvas “Original Tennis, Deck types so popular in the 50’s) No laces or socks. MY WOMAN! . . . opps, now where was I? . . . Oh ya, Stash. . . . Here’s my point, and I hope that you find this observation as a soul salve of sorts. (say that fast ten times). OK; here’s my point: . . . I know that it may seem like a Bass-Akwards compliment, but as a “Unit” of sorts; they wanted maybe not the “Your Man” so to speak; but more over “Your Position in the “Pride” what “You” had; as a “Unit” (and an elite one at that) within a larger; yet Sub-Unit. Those gals were suckin’ hind tit. dig?. I mean think about it. It boils down to the lowest common denominator, Its Primal Social status among virile males and (most likely Ovulating Females). Those were some fine lookin’ gals; and true: Coyote had not only the “MoJo”, but the “Say-So” as well, He had driven himself to physical ruin, sure, but he was far from “Shootin’ Blanks”, You had “Him” and the fruits of your labor. (What an Angel) Bingo.**

**Like I said: While I tripped; Coyote was Peter, you were Wendy and little Eriel was Tinkerbell. I am to this day A Lost Boy. Hell; I ran away the day I was born! . . .**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 13 Oct 2002

Steve ~ (the skiggle is free) **Yes it did chip away. But as you do not attempt to tell it all, cause who the hell wants to hear it? I also am only giving the tip of the ice berg. I thought a lot about what deep shit C. would be in if he hadn't had me there to keep the interest in him at a premium. Boy have I come to understand the mentality of folks that choose to be in "outside" relationships. I could write a book! I've been on all sides now. And even understanding it, it still pisses me off how shabbily I allowed myself to be treated by Peter and the woman that called themselves my sisters... plus the shitload more that didn't call me anything but Coyote's oldlady. There's way to have more than one lover without all this lying BS. You did it... and I've done it. It takes a lot of integrity and honesty to keep the whole thing afloat. And a lot more energy and focus than I have to give anymore. I am totally satiated and done. So where does that leave me? I sit back and watch the show and think about how glad I am to finally be out of any bodies loop but my girls. . . .**

One day last yr I thought, I'm so totally mellow these days I must be enlightened or something. It took me a few days before the light bulb went on... menopause! I don't have my hormones driving me crazy anymore. Blesses relief. No more of this driving need to have same guy knocking down my door. My last was a real cherry on top! Got the best and I'm done. Nice way to wrap things up.

**Froggy? I forget his real name right now. Nicole may be more accurately up to date on him than I. But he's turned out to be a beautiful man. He's a martial artist. I can't remember what else. He was with a beautiful girl I think he was marrying. I ran into him last yr and I do believe he's turned out to be a success story. Now that was a welcome surprise. Yeah, there are a number of kids I had as infants at my breast cause their mom's were too freaked out to feed them. Dad's weren't winning many prizes either as you noted. I've had my bad moments during that time as well. Sort of like trying to raise your kids in a refugee camp and not realizing it. But to be fair I think a lot of us did put our pieces together and got in gear with our kids after a really rugged start. And some really great dad's did finally come out in the wash.**

**Name:** Steve

**E-mail Address:** silentsteveboyd@hotmail.com

**Date:** 13 Oct 2002

. . . Eileen, seriously, I'm sorry if I hit a nerve, . . .

**Hey, good to hear about Froggy, Oh, the "Free Kids" There also a little guy up north, who was rigged up in a cowboy outfit of sorts, he had a little lariat, and western hat. His face was always . . . well, its like he had face powder on. . . . (Maybe Calamine lotion???) Anyway on my vision quest (of sorts) He had climbed half way across a log which spanned a dry wash of the three forks of the Salmon, and he was**

ridin' it like a horse and twirling his lariat, and it was as if I had stumbled across a little ghost cowboy . . . the spirit of the western frontier . . .

**Name:** Mark

**E-mail Address:** Bard382@aol.com

**Date:** 13 Oct 2002

**Eileen and Steve, The doors you are kicking open here with your dialogue have really been an emotional/intellectual prism. For me, who's Digger experience has been peripheral mostly, it cuts through lots of mythology and hits on a much wider plane after all the years past. Much of the turmoil was felt beyond the Diggers, especially in the Bay Area with many of the failings, deaths, and recklessness effecting all who came to play. I can't help being reminded of the body bags being checked in, laid out on the concrete at Travis AFB in 67. I walked past them on my way to military court getting thankfully booted out of the AF and hanging out in the Haight. In particular, the discussion of the young "raised" in this struggle caused tears to come for me as well. The effects of "body drugs", heroin and speed destroyed many and I still have to drive by the graves where some lay. In all I am inspired by the natural endurance of the human spirit to keep getting back up for another whack in the struggle to survive. Thanks for letting your words appear here. . . .**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 14 Oct 2002

**. . . That time at least has given me some real ground to stand on. There's not much that gets by me or for that matter can throw me off. Been there done that. One CAN in fact die. I do remember having no sense of the possibility of dieing, even through friends were dying all around me. Talk about living in a high state of denial! When I see, especially those in their 20's living like a house on fire with no respect for their lives at all I can assure you they have me up in their face. I get tired of pulling them out of ditches, you know? . . .**

And as long as I'm on my bandstand, I want to hold out the observation here. As we learned to home birth our babies together, we now are learning to home care death. I have decided hiding the dieing is the biggest mistake this culture may have ever made. There is so much to learn with sharing that passing. Certainly more respect for life. I really just didn't have any sense of death. Staring death in the face can certainly rearrange the cards as to what's real and what matters. So that's my 2 cents on that subject. . . .

**Name:** Nicole

**Date:** 15 Oct 2002

Eileen and Steve . . . **Jaeger Goode Hill (Rinaldi) aka Froggy** . . . child of Everett (uncle) Hill and Sharon Goode . . . partially raised by Vinnie and Joanna . . . the last time I actually saw him myself was when he and Jeramiah were going to school in Arcata and living at the crew house together. He later was living in Fairfax and last I heard doing well . . .

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 16 Oct 2002

Eileen — **I think everything Peter has written about the Eco Ecuador project is on the Planet Drum web site.** (I wear another hat as PD webmaster and publish all of Peter's dispatches to the web.) If you want a good link to start with, here is the main Eco Ecuador page where I've documented the history of the project, with links to the individual dispatches. If you want to quickly get up to speed with what Judy and Peter have been doing for the past several years, reading these dispatches is a great way:

[http://www.planetdrum.org/eco\\_ecuador.htm](http://www.planetdrum.org/eco_ecuador.htm)

**By the way, you mentioned the farm in Pennsylvania in one of your messages and it reminded me of the letter from Kent to Emmett that I discovered in the archives. I posted it recently if you're interested in delving into the past. (If not, I can understand. It takes enough energy to stay grounded in the present reality.) . . .**

**Letter from Kent to Emmett Grogan, ca. 1972.**

*[Located in the Digger Archives, Catalog No. DP021.]*

dear emmett,

**jus finished yer book and my head is exploding with its past. book like a fuse; head like a bomb, rememberin 10 pages of experience for every one I read. Imagine the cumbersome volume that would contain all of it. I'm sure Berg will never forgive me for this, but I really enjoyed the fuckin thing, in spite of the several moments of outrage, but any good book gives you that. Even now Nina is upstairs nursing Angeline reading it and laughing and calling you names. Everybody wonders why this or that was left out, but I was thrilled to find out things I never new [sic], like what you said to George Romney in the cab of that truck (how we were both unknowing co-conspirators in frying that guy's brain); how you felt about the city hall steps thing; yer rivalry with Berg (even now understanding is incomplete); the incredible account of yer past... Jeez, did we really know each other? I remember when you first came to the Mime Troupe, we walked from the studio to the Panhandle talking about movies and theater... who is this guy talking as heavy a rap as Davis or Cohon, and I still haven't figured out how to say such incredible things. I never knew what happened on the trip to Michigan. I never knew what went on when you guys went to New York and London.**

**I remember when the girls took over the free food after our last tour with the troupe. By that time I was into trucks, so I always maintain that '51 Chevy pickup Jon Glazer gave me, and was the driver. I sat in the truck while the girls made contact with the guys in the stalls, and only came out when there was something to load up. We got more food when the women ran it than ever before, because in spite of the restrictions imposed after the Poetry Bust, the girls were able to get through to the Dept. of Ag. man himself who would go around and tag things for us. As the months went by, one or another of the**

women would grow big in pregnancy and then they'd be carrying the kid around to the stalls. Once the universal joint went as we were about to bull out of the Produce Market parking lot, and I spent all day under the thing fixing it. We never went around delivering it, but set up in a different street each week with a prearranged delivery time. Sometimes we set up in front of Cole Street and after a couple of hectic sessions of grabbing, pulling neighbors competing for first access to the food, I decided on a plan to make things a little more orderly. I pulled the truck up on the sidewalk, and while Vinnie and Peter unloaded the food I ran upstairs and stuck the Hi-fi speakers in the open window. Then I put on a record of Corelli and Vivaldi trumpet concertos. The result was quite satisfactory. People were courteously offering each other this or that choice item, stepping back out of the way, asking if everyone had a fair portion, Oh let me help you pick that up, etc.

In my head, the time in Frisco has no chronology. I can't distinguish the Summer of Love from the summer of riot. Everything is just an assortment of details. How I learned to correctly adjust the valve gap on a Chevy 6, a snowball fight from the top of a 3-story tower on the Vernal Equinox of I don't know what year, playing the piano for the long line of people waiting for Larry Mamiya's free Thursday night dinner at Glide church, setting off an abortive highway flare on top of a water tower in Pacific Heights to mark the Summer Solstice, sitting with Ron Thelin and Arthur Lach [sic] at red-cheeked cloth covered table drinking coffee at 7am on the elevated freeway above the Franklin Street exit with the morning traffic racing by waving and cheering, following meat trucks up third street trying to find one the driver left the keys in so we could drive it to a back alley and unload the meat into one of ours, filling brook's Webster Street storefront with stolen lumber for Morningstar and barely escaping two close inquiries by the police, stealing two arc welders from a construction site, one for Digger, one for the Angels. Building Chariots with Frank Corda for the great chariot races, scattering *troi hoi* leaflet urging soldiers to desert and come to San Francisco all over the Oakland Army Terminal parade grounds with Joel and Mo, two guys back from Nam whom I harbored on Eureka Street, stealing incredible amounts of batteries and tires from the Presidio motor pool with Claude in his Army Truck. You teach me to see these shifting sands as history, with a progression and order of deeper and deeper involvement. Slowly it begins to take more form, but it will take a while. There's still a lot I don't know.

I see what our family is now, how things have developed since the end of yer story, and I'm not sad. The history of the fishing boat, the time we ran the coast guard blockade around Alcatraz and took food to the Indians, the week I spent with Bluecloud preparing the Bear Dance grounds, the time we took water to Pyramid Lake where Bluecloud gawked lecherously at Jane Fonda who was trying to interview him about the new Indian radical leadership, the thanksgiving trip through Briceland with 3 truckloads of food to Black Bear where we narrowly escaped the entrapment of the winter snows, piling up a mountain of garbage and scrap metal in the town square at Forest Knolls (now our family could clean all the scrap metal out of Lower East Side ourselves!), my

**2 weeks with Rolling Thunder in Nevada, running a free garage and parts supply in Forest Knolls, building up 17 trucks for the caravan, my present aches and pains from the daily farm work here; all of it is part of some kind of long development. The end of that story is years away and impossible to imagine. What you've done is lay out part of that development and righteously name the enemies. Much of the detail is wrong, but it needs to be, else we'd be carting around an unreadable 4000 page tome full of footnotes and addenda. The main punch was well delivered, the exposure of Rubin and Hoffman and the beads and incense crowd was stone right.**

**When do we get to see you here? Do you not want to pull big rocks out of the ground, drive tractors in the hot dust and buck bales of hay? The people would like to touch you and smell you for a while.**

**Whenever,**

**Yr brother,**

**Kent**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 16 Oct 2002

Oh OH OH Eric!! I am supposed to be getting out of the house shortly and have just bumbled over to my computer half awake to read your note and slip over to Kent's letter. HO MY! I have goose bumps! This has made me feel so good. Yes, I was there and how sweet and perfectly it says it and conjures up the best of the memories. **I laughed remembering all that went into the flares off to roof solstice fiasco... one of the only truly embarrassing flops we ever pulled off. And I have to get a grip (this is too early in the morning to cry for goodness sake) when thinking this letter was to a live Emmett. What would the world be like if he were alive and clean? He was too dangerous wasn't he?**

Just cause... I want to say I dreamt about him continuously after he died for many yrs. It was if he lived out some of his unresolved business through me. I knew he had finally come to peace when I stopped dreaming of him. Was he murdered? It never entered my mind and he never told me. But he wasn't done, that was clear.

Isn't Kent the best?! I can't thank you enough for offering this up for me/us to start my day with. I get so bent with my own anguish I forget all too easily the goodness and just plain fun we had! Kent always cruised through with such delight. This brought back some of the best of it without the shadows.

**Here's a little story from this past yr to share before I run off into the day. At Judy Quick's wake this summer I came out of hiding (I tend to be rather uuh reclusive) and so many folks were there I haven't seen in so long! I see this really handsome man out in front of me as Peter Burg and I are sharing an unavoidable and uncomfortable hello. I am suddenly swept up by this man very tall striking man with a beard, who is talking to me in a very aggressively friendly manner calling me**



**Sam like he knows me and putting his arm over my shoulder. I'm a bit set back at someone being so forward with me (Ariel laughs at me for being so cranky). I step back and say, "I'm sorry, but do I know you?" As I say it the light dawns... IT'S KENT!!!!!!! I can't tell you how stupid and delighted I felt at the same time. What a laugh. . . .**

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 16 Oct 2002

Eileen —

Yeah, I know what you mean about Emmett. I've had dreams of him watching over things. In fact, that's why his mug watches over every page on this web. I often wonder what it would be like to talk with him for just awhile about what's happening. His raps were so all-encompassing I'm sure he'd have extraordinary insights into the shit going down today.

I thought you'd like Kent's letter. Thanks for your appreciation. There IS a lot of stuff here, but I estimate that I've only got about 1% of the archive transcribed and scanned on the web here. It looks like it's turning into one of those lifelong things. Scary.

**If you liked Kent's letter, you also might like to read Ramon Sender's history of Morningstar and Wheeler's Ranch.** It is extraordinary. It's also a slightly different group of folks than you probably lived with. I find that reading accounts of other communal groups is fun since a lot of the experiences were similar, but it's not YOUR experiences (with all the attendant pain and joy, etc.) you're reading about — they belong to someone else. I guess it's a vicarious sort of thing. Anyway, here's the link to the table of contents page for Ramon's Home Free Home:

[http://www.diggers.org/home\\_free.htm](http://www.diggers.org/home_free.htm)

And here's one of the chapters I particularly like:

[http://www.diggers.org/homefree/hfh\\_05.html](http://www.diggers.org/homefree/hfh_05.html)

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 18 Oct 2002

**. . . I was spoiled for a long time listening to Berg, Coyote and Emmett talk politics. I'm not very politically astute and counted on their view to keep me informed. I always feel a bit at sea talking politics . . . but I read and listen trying to make sense of it.**

Perhaps I am naive, but I think the only thing holding Bush back, is sending body bags back home. There are a lot of people sitting on their hands as long as they are not personally effected. The general "We" seem to remain unaffected to what happens to the rest of the world as long as it's not us. I don't think that will remain the case when our children start dying.

Viet Nam brought a lot of people to their senses. It was the first time that I know of, people in such large numbers protested a war. Up to that point I think it was considered honorable. I don't think so many people will any longer unquestionably walk into this one brewing. Certainly Bush must know this. The protests now are going to be important to draw a large body count. We can't wait until it has started.

**Name:** Mark Hebard  
**E-mail Address:** Bard382@aol.com  
**Date:** 18 Oct 2002

**. . . When I hooked up with Berg recently after spending decades in relative slumber, I made efforts to get myself up to speed. I read the "Learning Plays" by Brecht and "Mutual Aid" by Kropotkin (sp?). I left these works with more questions than answers of course but I still hold to the premise that creative artistic performance (Social Acid) [Peter Berg's concept for the live actor notion? Or is it from Ronnie Davis? Reread the Guerilla Theatre essays!] is a vital way to make the jump to the community audience. Given that we are literally drowning in a media onslaught of words (propaganda) that has reached the level of an impermeable wall between what is and what is being said, the language of Guerilla Theatre may be the only way to effectively side step this shit. . . .**

**Name:** Eileen  
**Date:** 19 Oct 2002

**. . . The Digger, I guess you could call it a plan of action, was to live as if the revolution had already happened. That's why we weren't protesting in the political rallies, but doing all the stuff we were doing (at the best end of it). It was to be an example of the possibilities i.e. to actively create the world we wanted to live in. We were continually brain storming ideas and how to reach the largest number of people and stir their imaginations to something greater than war. I myself have learned, if you fight the demon directly, you only feed it. It did not mean ignore it, but to do battle by offering/inspiring with alternatives. Peter Berg (I think) called it stepping out of the washing machine/creating a new paradigm (or something to that affect). . . .**

**. . . the fly in the ointment of what we were doing as Diggers in the 60's, in what I was seeing, was we were not evolving spiritually. The I Ching says, Society is a reflection of how we treat each other in the home. You can't change the things just by rearranging the furniture. I got tired real quick at seeing us trying to save the world while our homes were in turmoil. Acid was a merely glimpse of what was possible. But one can not live on acid... although we tried! . . .**

I do think we are making our way into a new age and it's damn bumpy! I think people like Bush and Co. are making where the light and dark lines are, very clear. Perhaps he his serving a purpose. I hope it's not to ash can us. If he forces our hand as a country to wake up and deal . . . well that may be what it takes. . . .

**Name:**

**Date:** 21 Oct 2002

Oh you are so damn funny Steve. My dogs are surrounding me here wanting to know what's going on! It worries them when I start laughing it up with my computer. The rigors of having a body! I thought having a body was supposed to be FUN. You're supposed to have the metal out... not you whole FACE!

I have to follow up on the UFO story (are there any guidelines for this board?). Apparently we got off base somewhere when we decided to materialize our spirits into matter, and got so single focused on being physical. But let me begin at the beginning of my story.

In the 60's a bunch of us got together with Sylva's Mind Control, training papers (which were "liberated"... does anyone out there remember the name of the man that did that?) which Sylva was charging hundreds of dollars for, down in Texas. The training was focused on how to do psychic diagnoses. And being true to the Free intention we made an agreement. In exchange for this (free) training we would then train others. (Bet you guys didn't know what a bunch of freaks we REALLY were.) This went on for years, until Margo Adair and Richard Marley started changing the language of the training (anybody else remember this?) cause Sylva's training was boring to the nth degree, based on Old School hypnosis. That's when I picked it up and got on a roll, and started classes that went on for yrs and still do from time to time. Margo eventually went professional in her classes (charging) plus wrote a book. She was a great teacher and generously gave me her rewritten training to work with at that early stage of the game.

Anyway, with each class I began to discover that this alpha (physical) work could go way beyond just physical diagnoses and I started adding my own spin to it, making some pretty huge leaps. Partly working from other channeled books and the info coming (unexpectedly) from students to expand the possibilities. I started focusing on healing the planet, working with and realigning energetic fields in the body, observing, learning from (normally) unseen "others", communicating with those that were working with folks on Dream Time... great up to that point I had not know existed, and a GREAT DEAL more. I experienced Past Present and Future... time as we imagined it, really existing with no boundaries, and that threw the doors open. I was not the only one starting to break through our self imposed limits. I was (and continue) seeing signs of people all around the world making use of this "new" way to go beyond the limits. Something in the 60's that was considered weird, if not rare, has now become an expanded field that I can't even begin to point out the particulars here.

Somewhere along the way there was rumor Sylva was communicating with other planets. Whether this was true or not, from my own experience I knew this must be possible. Because once you get into that alpha space ANYTHING is possible. I gave some thought to what might be done, might be possible on the evil end of this. I'm not talking about magic here. I had seen too much of what I was learning that could be verified, to think we were just playing hocus pocus, and I had some real concerns that the Good Guys were not the only ones exploring this other level of awareness for their own ends. Leave it to somebody to figure out how to ruin a good thing. Yes I am aware of the military "gov't"

not being ignorant of this. And believe me they are messing around with the range of this BIG TIME.

So back to UFO's. There is way too much to say here, so I will simply limit this to (a little) my own experience and what I think is going on.

My communication with "aliens" has been taking place in Dream Time since the 50's. Their problems with our gov't basically stalking them was always a factor in these dreams.

In '84 I had spent time with a Kahuna in Maui, that had told me in no uncertain terms they were real and often seen. Shortly after returning home in '85 I would have an experience that would leave no doubt in my mind. Because I had no way to know for sure what I was dreaming was real. At that time I had a dream (I will shorten this) where I was with 4 aliens and I would go in and out of BEING golden undulating light particles. I experienced TOTAL FREEDOM. There is no way to explain the feeling beyond saying that. The dream was profound and totally real. The following days I was full of an energy that there is no way to describe. I was seeing the life force of everything around me (I was living way in the woods) as golden light. People started showing up asking for my help... I mean, no one had even known where I was up to that point, but they were finding me. A medicine man came and asked me to go to Sun Dance... Miranda (at 6 yrs old) cried for days until I would agree to go. It was getting really intense since I had been your real bonified hermit up to that point. After about a week or so the energy I was experiencing became so intense I finally fell to the ground while the golden light swirled around me. It was beautiful but I was getting way ungrounded in my body.

Shortly after that, the energy began to ease up and I went into town... to be approached by a woman I hardly knew, telling me the same time of my dream she had been up close and personal with space ships for days and needed to tell someone... boy did she look spun! Really this was getting a bit much! I was really starting to feel a bit crazy and I started shutting down. I mean that was all fine and good but I needed to, you know, get my kid to school and wash the dishes, you know? I put up a Kings X and asked for a break.

Through the yrs I have been off and on keeping note of the stories of interactions, of sightings, and of the crop circles. I mean I'm not obsessed, but curious. Watching from a safe distance. Also hearing of the Grays... who do not sound like critters one wants to be dealing with. Apparently not all these aliens are so enlightened. And the big question for me and many others is WHY? Why are they here? Why aren't they sitting down and just chatting it up with us and explaining what's up? Why don't they just land and have a Y'all Come?

Well, I think some of the answers are pretty obvious if we watch the movie propaganda/Hollywood churn. I mean what's THAT about, if it's not to keep us in fear of making contact?? Who's behind that, she says with her head tilted, finger to her cheek.

Well I think they ARE communicating. They are communicating on an alpha level AND are laying out these astounding crop circles and showing their crafts in greater and greater numbers. At least some of the WHY, is getting obvious to me. They are trying to assist our

awareness to a higher level that we have forgotten is possible and are enticing, inviting us to stretch. Not just to play, but to see THE BIG PICTURE, before we really do so much damage to this planet and one another this place won't be worth living on.

I think of it in terms of astrology or even just plain physics. If we think we are effected by other planets, doesn't it stand to reason WE are a planet and effect others equally? But I suspect I am comprehending the tip of the iceberg on this subject, and even then it makes me feel a bit crazy to be talking about it. There is so much more to this than I am able to begin to express. . . .

**Name:** orion

**Date:** 23 Oct 2002

**where's arthur lisch these days? did he ever fix the alignment of the jefferson stone? if so, that doesn't say much about the idea of curing the national ails by realigning the spiritual center of the national capital. if not, then any plans afoot to complete that digger do?**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 23 Oct 2002

Travis ~ . . . I came to this site looking for something that I really can't explain. Yet I did not intend to side track things with "extraterrestrial patter". I went to this subject with the intention, momentarily, to broaden the scope of conversation here, to point out we could, perhaps should, realize there is more at stake at HOW we change this mess in the world we are part of . . . To realize the possible scale of the repercussions if humanity can not evolve beyond this violence to each other and to the planet.

**This is a very male dominated site. I may seem very odd in my interests and concerns (male or female). But I think there are concerns that women have (I certainly have anyway) that get shunted aside as being not pertinent or useful to political concerns. Yet I do not believe spiritual matters and political matters are seperate. If they are, it is nothing short of thinking rearranging the furniture, adding new drapes and pictures, in an unhappy, violent household is going to change anything.**

I am not criticizing tactics nor thoughts. The actions and creativity on the streets, in the forests, etc must be done. I am part of them when I can be. I am a "body", a number to be counted. I am not clever politically or a leader. I do what I am moved to do when I think my presence will help. But the place that I feel I can and do help, is being an anchor emotionally and spiritually. I'm good at tending the wounded and dying. I know how to walk into a potentially violent situation and often redirect it. I'm involved with a lot of native people, Buddhists, psychics and yes, "others" that are holding the line with their prayers and/or awareness. There are many levels of awareness that are on continuous Red Alert now. Do you understand what I am saying?

What I'm offering up here is not religion. This is NOT what this is about. But to realize the changes we want and must make are not JUST about governments. If those changes are really going to bring the peace we want to see in the world, we have to make sure we

are also living it internally. Is it not a constant challenge? All this is very hard for me to put out here at all. But these days I think a lot about humanity and the planet and I am overwhelmed at the suffering. I could not stand it if I felt there was no other way to address this but battle on the streets.

And yes Travis, if you have something personal to say to me over at Discussions I am willing to hear it if you feel it's the place. I came here to learn something more. Yes I am fearful of my blind spots, but I hate having them worse... because I feel them. I have been dragging out the laundry publicly. I don't see I'm exempt.

**Name:** curious is as curious does

**E-mail Address:** somewhere in the briar patch, brer fox

**Date:** 24 Oct 2002

Mark, I felt as though you were welcoming me back to the fight, it felt good. I agree that if two of us cannot find reasonable definition of the issues, then organizing a third, et. al. is probably out of the question. Preaching by any of us to the choir won't build the kind of broad based coalition needed to bring this business to a halt. Those issues may not gather enough momentum, as a sad commentary on the political past, until the body bags start piling up in the American heartland. The great urban centers, though more visible, are also the places where the pace of life is most frenetic, and unfortunately, more apathetic in nature. I could be wrong here, but when that change begins to really sober the face of America, we're going to need an analysis built out of consensus. **Grass roots change is the only way that I can see that is ultimately persuasive to and through action. Not the elitism of small and isolated intelligentsia which was the hallmark of both motherfucker and Digger families.** Furthermore, the kind of threat making belicosity Steve is exploring, persuades only those seduced easily, because they are new to the struggle. **Motherfucker politics, simply stated, was to stand in between the knife and the broken beer bottle, to end fighting among those who we then described as warriors of the rainbow, in order to free ourselves for the united resistance to the man, whose chief means, as always, is to divide and conquer.** Eileen has always been a mender of broken people, perhaps the best at it that I ever saw. It is ridiculous (I risk being insensitive) of her to abjure at the level of some sort of personal tiff with me. I trust her instincts, note her heartache, and wish this whole damned fight weren't coming our way, but I think it inevitable. It is one thing for us to have put our bodies in the line of fire, these years past; but, it is quite another matter, as Steve rightly does point out to see our children be proposed as the cannon fodder. If it is war they want, in-order to accomplish their quest for world domination, then the Draft cannot be far behind. That Eileen is somehow vulnerable, or particularly at low ebb and especially vulnerable to criticism right now, is something that I admit I had not really been sensitive to, anywhere near my ideal of the sensitivity to which she is entitled. Her track record, to be sure, is long and illustrious. If I have wronged her, I plead only ignorance and stupidity — I have enough of that to last a few lifetimes, if you believe in that sort of thing. My attempt was to keep the lines of communication well grounded in demonstrable fact. I grant you that much of life is illusion... and gathered on the porch at Olema I can still remember singing, in rounds . . .

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 24 Oct 2002

Steve ~ "... ask Steve to bring you up to speed on why I believe that there is definitely a difference between personal and public conversations. I have volunteered him, I guess, but I believe that he's up to it, and you still sound very tentative.....Travis."

Do you know what Travis is talking about? I can't help but be curious.

Mark~ I appreciate your diplomacy with Travis. This is medium as you said can sometimes makes it hard to be understood as clearly as we would wish. It can be frustrating.

Travis ~ What I really wanted to say to you was, WHAT???! I apologies for jumping your case. Anger and impatience on my part does that clarify or justify my position or beliefs. **I do not want to see this board drift into "gooby" as Peter Berg used to say**, any more than you do. I spent too many years being angry, and find it rarely serves my purpose to be so now, other than to shut down dialog. But I wonder if there is anything I have said of any relevance at all? If not, I guess there is no more for us to talk about.

Colin ~ I get the impression you are a young man (20's?). I find the politically minded people of your age often to be more spiritually minded and more heartfelt in their approach to problems and their solutions. There is a seeking that is serious and with an awareness and respect for the earth and how we address the problems we face. An honest attempt to reach the humanity in our "enemies". I think it helps balance and slow down our inclination toward violent alternatives. Thank you for the openness and respect you have shown me.

Steve ~ You can cover my back anytime. I share your confusion with Travis. Maybe we're just dummies. But I find when people get too hard to understand it's a choice. **The truth, if to be effectual, must be spoken in a voice anyone can understand. I have sat with Berg who was a for real Whiz Kid, as he actually created a new vocabulary, as the ideas flowed from him. We had some great minds (and still do) but he was over the heads of us peons a good deal of the time. But we could at least catch his drift. If I could follow him, I pretty much figure I can follow anyone! But in the end, I have grown tired of the brain games. Boy could our crew talk the shit! I get too tangled up in the inconsistencies and contradictions that inevitably invite trouble that make you WANT to pick apart just to cut the arrogance. There may be truth in what is said, but who wants to shovel to get to it? . . .**

**Name:** ET Phone Home

**Date:** 24 Oct 2002

Travis~ Thank goodness you came back. Now you are making sense to me. Damn my shitty memory, I do wish I knew who I am addressing. But we have all grown and changed (I would hope) enough that what we can do here now, really is what matters.

I agree with all you said in your last post from the briar patch. ha! I also pointed out somewhere along the line my same concern that it will take the body bags for many

people to wake up. I think it is the only thing making Bush drag his feet as long as he has. As much as I hate to admit it (again) I do not have a head for political analysis. But I have a good ear for it and try to keep people in my life that do, that I trust.

Please be patient with me as I explain myself. I feel I must, if there is even a chance I can be of any use here.

The area I have been most involved in politically quite a few yrs back now, has been trying to save the last of our Redwoods here on the West coast. **By chance I had Darrell Cherny and Judy Barry of Earth First! around me. Most often it was Darrell, as he lived next to me, until a few months before they were blown up in the car bomb.**

**Darrell would often sit with me and talk about his worries and fears and the problems in Earth First! much the way Coyote would share with me, and we would bounce ideas around. I spent a lot of time with him while he and the others planned their tactics, prepared their press releases and was in on many important phone calls from loggers and their families and late into the night conversations. I also made sure when the folks from other states were gathering for an action, everyone had food to eat and a place to sleep when they would show up late in the night or be preparing to leave the next day... in the days before they started setting up camps in the woods. I got to see them when they began to train for climbing the trees to tree sit. Boy that was something to watch! If I had been younger....**

Much I was able to offer Darrell was from my own experiences on the street of what worked (or didn't) or the internal problems we had, being at times similiar to theirs. **I felt there was a real kinship between what they were/and are doing, and the Street Theater of the Diggers.** But there would be times when Darrell would be really frightened and confused, with good reason! and I would talk him down and throw the I Ching, just as I had done so many yrs before. I made him a medicine pouch and brought him into his first Native prayer sweat. Introduced him to medicine men and street Indians to hear their concerns and how they were addressing things. Miranda (my youngest daughter) and I trained in non violent action with Earth First! before going to meet head on with the loggers in the woods. At times Natives would come to pray with them in the field.

I spent 4 yrs in Native Am peyote tepee prayer meetings almost weekly, dealing with Miranda's dad's cancer until I held him in my arms as he died. (Was that 7 yrs already?) I have been deeply involved in Native American ceremony since first meeting Rolling Thunder, along with studying and practicing many religions and spiritual paths through the yrs.

Nichiren Daishonin Buddhism being my bottom line practice for some 27 yrs. It is a practice based on world peace through individual happiness, simply put. The last prayer is always for "... peace throughout the world and the happiness of all humanity... and the Universe". I do not believe in action without prayer. In all practicality, I am of the school, pray to Allah and/but tether your camel.



After Bob Valadez died (remember Santiago from the Red House?) and a bunch of going back and forth to New Mex trying trying to deal with my grief, my Hep C finally caught up with me shortly after I moved to Ft Bragg. After 2 1/2 yrs of almost total isolation but my girls, I have been pretty much focused on just getting well. I am just beginning to "come out". And I have come here to see if I can do some political catch up with something more close to Home I can, if nothing else, learn from.

**I spent many yrs dealing with my rage. I have always been a fighter and through the yrs learned how to do battle with my words and energy, til I could take almost anyone down. I'm good! I mean shit, Coyote was the slickest teacher when it came to talking someone to the ground! I did pay attention. But in the end I was stone cold faced with the contradiction of praying all this time for healing of the world and humanity, teaching people how to heal on other levels and hands on, and tearing someone a new ass hole. Darn and after I got so good at it too.**

So I'm coming out of my cave here and I have to say my social skills are at an all time low ebb and I am on pretty shakey ground in that regard. Yes, you could say I am feeling sensitive. Miss Delicate Flower. But something in me wants to know what's going on here enough to just jump into the fray and see what the stretch is, at the risk of being the freak that just blew by. I know now you want something more solid than space ships... god you're no fun! But I understand now much better if I'm going to talk with the Big Boys, I better get on the same page and forget UFO's might buzz the rally with a high fiver. Hey you never know. Ha!

Naw, I'm just saying Hi Family, there's a freak among you (besides Steve:) and if you ever want some juju sent your way I'm your girl. Really I'm better off in the background since I can't add any great solid political insight here. But now you know what I'm doing there. It's MY form of political action.

**Name:** Mark Hebard  
**E-mail Address:** Bard382@aol.com  
**Date:** 24 Oct 2002

**... Regarding Berg, your description still holds with this guy. The bumper sticker "Sit down, hold on and shut up" comes to mind and I feel at times like I am being towed on skate board behind Dale Jarrett through Turn Four at Daytona Speedway. I have also learned to cut him a shitload of slack to get to the good stuff. . . .**

**Name:** Eileen  
**Date:** 24 Oct 2002

**. . . Concerning PB . . . someone has to love him. He's way lucky he's got such a good mind and person on board. I'm still working on my love your enemies speech. . . .**

**Name:** Eileen  
**Date:** 25 Oct 2002

**Michael ~ . . . This is so frustrating that I can't place you either. Not recognizing Kent at Judys Quick's wake right off, being the absolute worst of it!! I mean I**

**consider him a brother for goodness sake! I even passed Kerby Doyle yrs ago at a family gathering, thinking he was some random freak that had shown up from the streets and didn't recognize him until I heard his voice.** Granted we all change, but that was rediculous! Seems the only way I can circle around when see someone from the past and spend some time (embarrassingly uncomfortable) until something of their face and voice begins to become familiar and the light dawns.

My memory is often like coming out of a dream when you can't quite catch it. But now that I say that, not until I started chanting in those first yrs did I start realizing how turely unconscious I had been.

**At 29 yrs, I did such a total about face, I pretty much walked away from the farm in Penn. [Turkey Ridge] with really shreds of a brain, my emotions and life had been so totally devastated. I sometimes think I am a Walk In from my experience on the caravan, culminating leaving the farm. I have so little of my memory left from that time on back. I seriously mean this.**

**It took a yr for me to, I want to say, put myself back together... but what I really did, was remake myself and it was not back to who I had been. Some of course stayed with me, but there seems to be a great deal gone. Just this short time on this board is making me see yet again how much!**

As I let my spirit guide me, I feel coming here to this site at this time has a deeper reason not only for myself and my own needs, but there is something we will do here together that I'm supposed to be here for. So I am doing my best to just let what comes to me flow. But I've got to tell you, it makes me more than a bit nervous, because I have had to get used to people thinking me a bit odd. I don't thrive on that. But I learned at that juncture in my life at 29, I could no longer afford to deny who I was and what I knew, even if it made me the odd duck in the pond. But I think I'm in good company here in that regard. Ha! . . .

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 26 Oct 2002

Flipper? Ha! Steve~

Been watching Kundun over and over the last 2 days... the Dalai Lama's life til he left Tibet. I've been in a funk and it soothes and inspires me... and makes me cry. I have tried the Zen route briefly but it holds no appeal for me. Tibetan Buddhism is pretty facinating though. I saw the Dalai Lama on a Steven King interview this past winter I think it was. Steven King was really baiting him about China... wasn't he angry etc etc. I have never been so impressed with anyone in my life. I'd love to have a tape of that show just to absorb the Dalai Lama's enlightment. Now if you want to see true non violence and the ultimate strength of it, see if you can track down that interview. More on that in a minute.

Breath. When one chants there is a thing that just naturally happens with your breath... a long out breath quick in breath long out breath etc. Zen and Tibetan both use a different kind of breath cycle. I think the basic one is a long out to the count of 7, and then held 7 then out 7 etc. Something like that. Til you get the hang of it you feel like your going to

suffocate. But Tibetan also uses visualizations that work better for me... I am not an empty mind kind of person. There is the Breath of Fire that yogis use. Yes there are some amazing things that you can do with your breath that your whole being responds to. I have also seen a picture of a lama levitating. The Tibetans can get pretty mystical. We are so fortunate they are here in this country now to teach. If I ever get the chance to see the Dalai Lama in person I'm definitely there! Have you heard their throat chanting. Aah! It really gets to me. I have a tape of that I go to sleep with sometimes.

My chanting practice is entirely based on the Lotus Sutra and Nichiren Daishonin's writings. This is where each form of Buddhism differs... the sutras they study and the kind of meditation they use. Nichiren said the Lotus Sutra was Buddha's highest teaching and where he recognized his own enlightenment. He expressed it with the main chant we do, NAM MYOHO RENGE KYO. All The Buddhist's teachings are so extremely deep. To study them will really stretch out your consciousness. I also have used the I Ching as a teacher for 30 yrs. It is based on the Tao... the Middle Way.

I would like to tell you a story now. I have always had a rather violent nature. In time I got pretty creative with it and figured out some pretty subtle means to take a person down without touching them. Although I have let it be known I'm a good shot and if pressed am willing to make walking difficult... and that's the nice end of it. Being a single mom, there have been times that has come up. I have always, at a gut level believed anger held more power than love. But I had pondered, did love feel so weak because it had not been developed to the degree possible? Could love in fact be used to do battle? In other words, darkness must have an equally strong counterpart. The yin and yang symbol is not unequal.

So here's the story that took place 8 yrs ago. I had been going to Native Am all night peyote prayer meetings for a number of yrs. I had seen and experienced many miracles in there. It is a really rugged way to pray, as all Native Am ceremonies are. At any rate I had just come out of an all night meeting, to find a young Indian man, the son of the medicine man running the meeting, had been beat and left for dead in a ditch in Albq. New Mex. He was in a coma and the doctors had given up on him. So we all prepared to go right back in the tepee that night to pray for his life. This is called a back to back, and is a really intense thing to do. As the night progressed things were getting really out of hand. I'd never seen anything like it. It was getting pretty scary, as the energy of what this young man had gone through and was dealing with, was being worked out through us. There had been a high degree of violence involved and on many levels it turns out, as the tepee seemed to become fragmented with deep darkness. The man helping the Fire Man at the doorway started cursing across the tepee at a young man that held the injured mans fan of Eagle tail feathers. He started messing with the fire, which he had been helping with, and it was getting hotter and hotter until the main rope that holds the tepee poles together at the top of the tepee, caught fire. At that point all chaos broke loose as almost all the men jumped up at the same time to try to put it out, while the women held the prayer. (I have done easier things in my life!) They finally got it out. He was doing everything he could to break the prayer. It was at that time I realized the energy of the violence of the men that had done the beating had moved into him. I had never seen anyone possessed in there. I had my daughters sitting on either side of me. He jumped up

across the fire from me and I could see he was energetically coming after us and saying stuff to me I could not understand. I threw up my Red Tailed hawk fan to protect them and blasted him to the ground on his back, from where I sat. I was in full warrior mode and was prepared to kill him if I could. (This was all happening very fast) It came to me suddenly, this church is based on faith hope love and charity. I realized to do battle with him would be fighting him with the same violence I was trying to stop... I would be feeding the demon. I checked the energy around the circle asking (silently) were there enough of us conscious of what was going on and ready to win this battle with love? That was an entirely new concept to me and I had no idea how it was to be done. I knew I couldn't do it alone. I felt an agreement. From that point on every time he made a move I could feel it being countered with love. It was like was being done much like I had seen a movie of a wolf pack bringing down an animal. It was working with nothing directly said, but clearly felt and you could see it. By morning as he came fully into himself, he said, that was not me and identified it exactly as I had thought. By the time we were ready to leave the tepee a man came into say our friend had regained consciousness and the doctors were amazed.

As I have said here from the beginning. If we want to see society change, if we want peace in the world, we must begin at home. The revolution must be a revolution of consciousness.

**Name:** Nicole

**Date:** 29 Oct 2002

**BTW Eileen, did you know that Linda Gravenitis died? I'm thinking that you knew her pretty well... last time I saw her we went for a drive up the coast (rather down the coast) to a restaurant in Santa Cruz and she had asked about you . . .** I just found myself thinking about her and her great smile and thought I'd pass that along if you hadn't heard . . . ps I hope you are still sewing...

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 29 Oct 2002

Nicole~

A lump in my throat with that news of Linda's passing. Yes, the whole time she was sewing for Janis we were tight. Such a prolific, inspired multi talented hard driven artist and woman. I'm surprised Coyote didn't tell me. I suppose he forgot how much time we spent together (alas his brain slippage is worse than my own, good things he kept notes ha!) When did she die and how? For you of those that might be interested, she designed and sewed all Janis Joplin's stage clothes and probably most of her street clothes. She made some judge his court robe out of denim and who knows what trippy stuff inside and detailing. She was a great inspiration to me as a sister seamstress and designer. Outrageous woman with coffee for blood. Oh there's way too much to tell. But she was a roman candle to our sparklers.

**Steve ~ Coyote and I had a little house/cabin on Cumberland... on the corner behind the jade plants and trees. It was actually 2 cabins built into each other like a chinese**

**box... one side of my house holding the supports and connections to the other. Lynn Brown lived next door. It had been but as refugee cabins after THE SF earthquake.**

Just stopping for tea I am not on the computer I am not on the computer I am not...

**Name:** Steve

**E-mail Address:** silentsteveboyd@hotmail.com

**Date:** 29 Oct 2002

Ya Eileen, Cumberland was a kid freindly street. I got active and helped "PUSH" a residents's petition for speed bumps. Rick Brown owned the whole Bld. He was a retired Actor (the Cooper fim, Veracruz) I spent alot of time on the roof and in the backyard garden. The artist Vaughn Bode (Wizard of ID) was a regular at my place, and the "Marlebourou Man" was seen ducking in and out. (before his acting career took off) Hi Tom! I used to walk over to the Mission and eat at the oldest Mexican eatery in the city. It was all cooked by Mamma, and the girls. There was also a Mob hangout that served the best Veal Scalopini ever, I always had mine Sec. The park was a trip. I also lived across the park on church St. with my first wife. Right before the street car hits the tunnel. God; it wasnt a movie... it was real, wasnt it. Maybe Im' suffering from some sort of drug induced disorder... this site is really taking the weight off. It's good medicine. Well, back to my tea.

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 29 Oct 2002

Hi Nicole~

I appreciate you telling me about Linda. Better I know. I lost touch with her after Janis died and tried to find news of her off and on. Always wondering what projects she had going, you know? Last I heard yrs back she was into stain glass windows... or at least into a project. Now THAT would have been something to see, no doubt.

I was thinking today about something she said to me once when I was struggling with men's pant zippers. I consider myself a classical seamstress. I wanted the finish to be just so. With all I had learned (which was a lot) I had never learned how to put in a jeans type zipper... a pretty complicated affair. I went to her and asked how to do it "right". She said she didn't know, she said she just bluffed her way through til it came out right... she just made it up. Well, that's the way I had always designed and that statement gave me the final freedom I needed and often went through my head whenever I got stuck. It helped me to know someone that was doing the incredible work she did, was just winging it too! The name of the game in the 60's for sure!

I sew very little these days, although Ariel still tries to make me sew up some latest outrageous design she's got in mind. She learned how to sew by watching me when she was little. So when push comes to shove (when she gives up bullying me) she figures out how to do it. For a long time she wanted to go into clothing design, but never got it off the ground cause Coyote had a more practical vision for her... and he held the purse strings. Thus, she is now Dr Coyote. . . .

**Name:** Eileen  
**Date:** 29 Oct 2002

Steve~

Glad to hear you're thinking of a book! It made me think of *Plant This Book* and Free Wheelin's book. I wonder if Eric has them on this site? I bet he's got copies. Those were pretty unusual and had the Real Thing touch and definitely limited editions. But I cringe at the originals of your pictures going into your book. I mean it has a nice feel, but why not make copies and not lose the originals? I sure would love to see your work!

**Name:** Eric  
**Date:** 30 Oct 2002

Eileen:

Here's the full text and scans of *Please Plant This Book*:

[http://www.diggers.org/plant\\_this\\_book.htm](http://www.diggers.org/plant_this_book.htm)

I haven't scanned Freewheelin's free book (yet).

**Name:** Hammond  
**Date:** 30 Oct 2002

Mark - re: Patchen Poem

The poem is shown below. It was first published in "The Love Poems of Kenneth Patchen" (City Lights, 1960). It's also on a recording of Patchen's work: "Kenneth Patchen reads his love poems" (Folkways Records FL 9719, 1961).

Cheers, :-) Hammond

WHILE THE SUN STILL SPENDS HIS FABULOUS MONEY

While the sun still spends his fabulous money  
 For the kingdoms in the eye of  
 a fool, Let us continue to waste our lives  
 Declaring beauty to the world

And let us continue to praise truth and justice  
 Though the eyes of the stars  
 turn black And the smoking juice of the universe,  
 Like the ruptured brain of  
 God, Pours down upon us in a final consecration

**Name:** Eileen  
**Date:** 30 Oct 2002

OOH Eric~ You should scan that Free Wheelin' book for Steve! I bet he would really appreciate Franks work... and I would love to see it again. **Thanks for Richards! The best part of that book was putting it together. That was fun time for us to be working with him. Those pictures on the cover was Calidonia sp?, Joanie and Billy Batman's sweet girl. . . .**

**Name:** Eileen  
**Date:** 30 Oct 2002

Yes Steve ~ . . . **I believe I was in the general vicinity when he was putting it together. Let's see, I believe he lived in the cubby hole in the maze of basement space below uuh was it Hank's place? And weren't Joanie and Billy Batman living upstairs? Frank and I were friends of sorts. I was pregnant with Ariel and living down the hill, was it 7th or 17th st? And Coyote was putting his chopper together that Bryden would eventually paint. Frank was always easy to get along with.**

If Frank is still alive he's probably still living in Southern Humboldt (northern Ca) out in the hills. I moved away from there, and have lost track of him. Sweet and crazy as he always was . . . with a few less synapses firing due to his drug of choice. A shadow of the physical self we knew in his youth . . . imagine his health not the greatest. Still talking poetry and visions. Sane and crazy with lots to say. Always a great big greeting from him. He really has a hold on what and who we were and an open fondness for old friends.

. . .

**Name:** Steve Hemingway  
**E-mail Address:** silentsteveboyd@hotmail.com  
**Date:** 30 Oct 2002

... Hey Eileen, I never met Frank, but it was cats like him who made the Frisco Chapter stand out as Purely Original. I very well may have layed a few bucks on some of the gals and kids of the Bat Clan in S.F. I visited an apartment building at the invitation of a heavy weight bearded cat who had organized the rent strike there. They had painted "Rent Strike" on all of the windows and the only thing that zoned each dwelling was the obvious hallways... other than that it was a free flow mad house. I cant remember if I was riding on my own reputation or what,... but I was treated like a visiting dignitary. I started to flash the cash and I was mobbed by a whole swarm of munchkin's... I dont recall the occasion...

**Name:** Nicole  
**Date:** 31 Oct 2002

I saw Frank a couple of years ago **at Sweet Williams when he was still living on Lombard St.** He gave me a book to read called "*A Crock of Gold*" by James Stevens... said it was his favorite all time book and it has become mine . . . I've read and re read it at least ten times . . . great for reading aloud to kids . . . very magical. . . .

**Name:** Eileen  
**Date:** 31 Oct 2002

Since there's an interest, I called Geoff Davis (out of the Forest Knolls, Kayanne loop) who lives in S Humboldt and got a report on Free Wheelin' Frank. He is alive and doing well after prostate cancer surgery. Geoff says he actually looks better than he has in yrs. He's got lot of friends and support.

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 31 Oct 2002

Eileen and all,

Here are links to a clip from *Nowsreal* showing a street scene and argument at the Straight Theater, and at the end of the clip, Richard Brautigan planting his *Please Plant This Book* in the backyard of Willard Street (?)..

Here's a 56k version (a bit jerky, but only 500k):

[http://www.diggers.org/video/nowsreal\\_street\\_brautigan\\_56k.rm](http://www.diggers.org/video/nowsreal_street_brautigan_56k.rm)

Here's a much higher resolution version (but you should probably right-click and "save" this to disk before trying to run it, since it's a 5mb file):

[http://www.diggers.org/video/nowsreal\\_street\\_brautigan\\_dsl.rm](http://www.diggers.org/video/nowsreal_street_brautigan_dsl.rm)

You'll need Real Player to play these clips. It's free on the [www.real.com](http://www.real.com) site.

Eric

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 31 Oct 2002

Eric~

Just hungrily watched the French Digger video I just received from you. Thanks so much. I will show it to my girls. Wonder what they may get from it?

It is so interesting hearing the now, old time Diggers telling the story, telling the intention. Thank god for the visionaries. I remain in awe of what was done to this day. The ability, the mind set to create the message in the way it was done. Such incredible minds! I don't think one word has changed... nor attitudes. Certainly was a tear in the eye to see a bit of that time, and us once again, before time tracked us down.

**I once again question my own part in it as a bit player. What did I offer of significance besides being there? What did I learn? I designed and sewed clothing, my vision, that dressed loads of people in one of a kind custom clothes fitted right on their naked bodies and gave it all away. The freedom not to have to put a price on my clothing was a lesson in true value. I did not have to worry if it would sell or if it would fit the market.** Now the value of my work is in dollars and cents. Which puts me in a loop that has nothing to do with its true value and puts a judgment on my work... twists it into my ability as a seller, a hustler of wares... not my cup of tea. In the end it finally took all my inspiration the design away. I am now just beginning to go back to material, textile printing. This time with no purpose but for my own pleasure. I am getting quite a stash and in time will begin to give it away.

I finally realized there must be something we do that is not for sale. Something that we love to do that is not motivated by/for money. This must be what the Digger Archives are



for you. And how lucky we are that you make a space for us here, as well as share what you have of our history.

Too bad there are so many photos that never resurfaced. There's one of me belly dancing at Glide Church, I would give my right arm for! I heard it was auctioned off on the street. I always wondered who took it and who bought it. There is a picture at the beginning of the video of a poster in a window taken on Height and Ashbury with 3 people in it. One day last yr I saw that poster there and it stopped me... the blonde woman on the left looked like Ariel to me. I looked at the clothing more closely and suddenly realized the reason it looked like Ariel, was it was me... and being sold! The irony of it!

**Name:**

**Date:** 01 Nov 2002

Mark~

**“My High School daughter can do a killer impression of Ronnie Davis with his hand raised in a disdainful way, discussing the Digger legacy saying “Uh.....I got a problem with that.” That gave me a good belly laugh!! It’s good to have that in there. I’m sure it must have given everyone, including Ronnie, to get their responses on that film. It really added depth and a clearer understanding.** I had heard before about his feelings of course and it grated a bit not to have that fully replied to. It is always useful to have desenting views. That was a well rounded film.

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 01 Nov 2002

I had the occasion to meet with R. Davis a month or so back about some PD stuff. We met at a Grange meeting in Santa Cruz, he is active in the Organic Gardening projects, where he performed a one man vaudevillian show about worms (composting) with a harmonica, two rolling-scroll boxes of hand drawn educational cartoons, wisecracks and even a little dance step or two. He is exactly as you see him in the film, healthy, aggressive in his edgy way, and up to his neck with things to do.

**Name:** Steve

**E-mail Address:** silentsteveboyd@hotmail.com

**Date:** 01 Nov 2002

Hey Eileen;

**... One day while stripped to the waist, you sat behind Coyote on the couch with your legs wrapped around him and combed out and braided his hair. (He was peaking on the Green Acid that I had layed on him). Anyway, I had stuck one of my originals to the left of the piano a couple of feet above the sawed off shotgun, well, as Coyote’s “Fan” club all sat around taking in the “Braiding of His HIGHness”... the picture “popped” off and floated to the floor. It was a picture that I had drawn of my family home in Flint Michigan (with holes in the road that my self portrait was peering through. I had never realized how long his hair was until it was combed out.**

**Boy, if anyone could have freeze Dried the flyers, photos and handbills that were hanging on the wall behind that couch, what a trip! I couldnt figure out half of that shit. I wish that I had asked more questions. . . .**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 01 Nov 2002

Steve ~ **I can't tell you how much I have given away or traded rather than sell it if I can't get the price I want. It is only the Digger mentality that came up with that solution... but it is also pride. My work is worth more than the market will allow and it pisses me off and undervalues my work to the extreme.** I would be competing with clothing and objects of great beauty and enormous time invested, being bought for next to nothing in poor countries and resold here at mass produced prices here. This problem is not only mine, but is what is undercutting the American economy. I have looked into what it would take to mass produce my work and I refuse to do it. It's what made me loose my muse in the first place. It was one of the larger losses of my life. The only reason I do any form of art, which has been widely varied through the yrs, is an expression of my spirit, addressing spirit, to feed the spirit of others. The only artists I know that have really "made it" have had to become business people and it shows in their work. The inspiration is gone and it is just another product. I am just coming back to my inspiration, my muse, and I will not make the same mistake twice. I've had many yrs to really understand how I lost that hold. If there is anything I want, it's the RECOGNITION of my work. I want people to wear it or use it (as the case may be) and love it. I want it to make them feel good. That has always been my intention from the beginning. Everything I made during the 60's was made for and on an individual, from something I saw in them that I wanted to touch... to make them aware of in themselves. When I finally got my work into the music scene (where the money was) I was treated like someone's seamstress... what total egotistical BULL SHIT! They had the wrong dog! And to sew and design to make a living on the market, you are sewing for a coat hanger. When money entered the picture I was between a rock and a hard place... and quit.

Now money is no longer a problem and it dawned on me one day I could begin again. My daughter Miranda is an incredible artist and we are starting to work together. I have already cautioned her to beef up her education for another avenue of income, so she is free to do her art with no pressure. I have come to realize it is important everyone has something they keep just for their own pleasure. The phrase, "Do what you love and the money will come." . . . I say beware what you sell.

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 01 Nov 2002

Hi Joe, glad you joined us.

**"It must have been tough to glimpse Eden and then had it slip away." . . . I can tell you, for many people it was the high point of their lives for way too many yrs. . . . I know a number of the women in the family still have a quiet yearning for the best of what we shared together.** But I have to tell you it was pretty pitiful for those that couldn't let it go.

**There is some part of me that has never stopped yearning for something I doubt will ever be in my life again . . . a tribe. What you have to realize is most of us had not had children yet. Most of us were in some early range of our 20's. I think what we miss the most, were those few yrs where we all lived together and played and created together. The thing that made SF such an ideal place for this, were the Victorian houses. I don't know if you know the city, but these houses are stacked flats, sometimes 2 and 3 stories high . . . plus useable basements. We filled these houses. Whoever had the money paid the rent. I know it wasn't me! We would be going from floor to floor visiting and planning. Tie die projects, and all forms of art and ideas flew! Various kindred souls would find each other and inhabit a house or more and think of themselves as a family. Many would take a name or be known by the street they lived on. There was a certain quality or skill these families became known for. It was just a natural thing that was happening. Once these families solidified and we would hear of one another . . . and eventually seek various households out to see what we could share in ideas. In one of these houses and in this manner we put together the 1% FREE poster. I was there for the collaboration of that. I really enjoyed watching the process taking place between houses. Partly from that, the Diggers extended their sphere beyond the Mime Troupe to encompass other families . . . other houses. . . .**

**Name:** Steve

**E-mail Address:** silentsteveboyd@hotmail.com

**Date:** 02 Nov 2002

. . . Oh those Victorians... layers (years) of over painted wainscoating. We called them shotgun flats. (you could gun down Mamma cookin' in the back kitchen by pokin' the gun through the front door mail slot). I miss the grey rainy S.F. winters. Remember how the steam would rise in columns from the man hole covers at night? . . . and how everyones fresh washed hair would frizz??

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 02 Nov 2002

Steve~

**. . . Yes winter in SF... I distinctly being so high I could run between the rain drops and get to where I was going (pretty) dry. Yes I have always worked with bones, feathers etc. Where you around when I started tanning hides at Olema? Eventually about 13 yrs back a Native friend taught me how to brain tan. THAT is what began to bring me back in touch with the spirit of my work. As soon as I got around those hides something began to come back to me. I also made raw hide drums, rattles, and spirit dolls from horse, buffalo, deer, goat and tanned sheep hides occasionally to use to sit on in the tepee through the night. . . .**

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 02 Nov 2002

Eileen,

**Regarding your question from the guestbook entry of Oct. 31, here is a photo of you taken (best guess) at the Invisible Circus. Can you confirm that? Is this the photo you were thinking of? This was printed by the Communication Company on one sheet with no other text or graphics. It appears to be a Polaroid and I imagine Claude or Helene or Chester used the Gestefax to create a stencil directly from the photo. Any recollections for the oral history archive would be most appreciated. [Photo below posted with Eileen's permission.]**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 02 Nov 2002

Eric~

**Since the only time I “dressed” like this would be for The Invisible Circus at Glide . . . but this was probably done as an add for it or something. As I remember I had some kind my version of a belly dance skirt on at the Circus. The picture I am looking for was when the belly dance took place when I was as someone said, enthralled, dancing with Sweet William . . . not that was a score! I will be glad to detail my memory of that event on the oral history archive, which I haven't been over to yet. . . .**

**Name:** Peter Berg (via Eric)

**Date:** 02 Nov 2002

#### INVISIBLE EXCEPT FOR A NERVOUS SYSTEM

forest bottom  
 thick with hemlock and pine pieces  
 from last fall's roof-breaking wind  
 black rocks floating in brown needles  
 green clean-edged leaves stab through  
 I want to be less than I am  
 porous woods light  
 play over me, warm then cold  
 hidden birds call tease directions  
 fly through me  
 shushing breeze humped field descending in yellow-dotted waves  
 to the night-filled lake  
 slide over me deep underground

*[By Peter Berg, sent via Eco Ecuador Dispatches, 02 Nov 2002]*

**Name:** Nicole

**Date:** 04 Nov 2002

**Eileen, Steve, do you remember Albert Grossman? he was Dylan and Janis's manager and signed me to his record label, Bearsville, later on . . . he gave his offices over to Peter and Emmett to use the phones etc and gave us money to send to Sienna**

**when she was in the Canadian interior . . . became a father figure to me . . . always a supporter of diggers . . . .**

**Name:** Joe

**E-mail Address:** Hey Joe

**Date:** 04 Nov 2002

**. . . I've always wondered[:] when did you realize that the counterculture had gone bad, that it wasn't going to work. By all accounts there was a time when something revolutionary was happening, when hopeful visions for the evolution of culture in a positive direction flourished. When something big was in the air. . . . What changed all that . . . was it sudden . . . was it gradual . . . was it the drugs . . . did it get too big too fast . . . was it just part of getting older and having more responsibilities?**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 04 Nov 2002

**Joe ~ . . . Pretty much yes, to all you suggested. Yes drugs I think were a factor. Hard drugs came on the streets after the first few yrs and slowly ate away our focus. But the first few yrs were something like a new love affair or making a new friend. Everything was new and the outcome unknown and wide open for experiment. With time, more entered the picture and what was an experiment, a fresh experience, started taking on more reality. As Diggers we never intended to strap ourselves to the "play" we were producing. We were developing ideas that we hoped would take on their own momentum. The Counter Culture as a whole could not sustain itself at the degree of just straight up partying that was generally going on. There were many groups though, that had developed enough together of a vision for the future, that they started looking for a way to make it solid. Around I think '68-'69 folks started moving out of the city . . . it was getting pretty harsh and I think we felt we had done pretty much all we could do there. Folks started looking where they could find a home to begin to fill out that vision. Thus the back to the land movement, as it has been called. Communes were established. Each with their own purpose in mind. There was also a fair amount of traveling going on. People started building traveling homes . . . house trucks in the process of looking to where they would settle. As that happened, women started having babies and within a few yrs things started getting more serious.**

**But back up a step here. There was the Red House in Forest Knolls and Olema, where many of the Diggers went. Olema came about because Peter Coyote was there and there was a farm house and land and out buildings. He thought he had gone out there to recover (by himself) from I think his second round of hep. But Peter had something about him that would make people follow him to the ends of the earth . . . and hey, Olema was just an hr out of town. Since he couldn't get rid of us, being a flag bearer of Free and all . . . the place started filling up and we started to see if the idea of Free could be lived out in a different and more challenging situation. I think this was the only commune that came together by default. It wasn't to grow soy beans or have a spiritual family. It was to take the next step of the Diggers out to whatever we could make of it. But you did not ask about the**

**history of Olema. So this is to say the Counter Culture continued to flourish around the US and Calif, although the center was no longer SF and the media didn't have much of a handle on what was going on, so a lot of folks thought it had disappeared. Not by a long shot!**

**I think in the end, it was having children that put the capper on the idealism and really started the next stage of development as the kids got older. Some people just kind of panicked I think and went, now we've got to get real, and went back into what they'd walked away from. But there are many that continued to develop their ideas and looked to where they could be applied in their communities. That has not stopped.**

**Name:** Steve

**E-mail Address:** silentsteveboyd@hotmail.com

**Date:** 05 Nov 2002

**It was a cultural fire-storm, but often the hottest flames cool the fastest. As a true spark of the Revolution, Eileen's embers are still warming many hearts. . . . Things were "Happening". I'm not talking "By the Week" — "By the Hour", "By the Day" . . . or even "By the Minute" . . . Things were "Happening" by the SECOND. It was down to the wire. Even a cat nap during that era seemed like a month in the country. That's where it was at . . . Oh, . . . maybe the fact that the room would fill with an odd eether smell as everyone would slam against the nearest wall, slid down and clump limply gasping for breath as the hair stood up on our heads and our hearts damn near pounded out of our chests . . . Ya, it was second by second alright. . . .**

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 05 Nov 2002

**Joe, that's a really good question. There definitely was a feeling that the world or at least this country was on the precipice of some mighty change. Who's to say it didn't happen? There's a term I use, "persistence of the counterculture" to describe cultural influences that can still be seen today which are a reflection of that change that took place. Mark hit on it — there are still very committed people doing very committed actions. The counterculture was about "lifestyle" and if anything can mark the change in American culture 35 years since the Human Be-In, it is in people's lifestyles. Start thinking about how you live, eat, work, love, recreate. Some of those ways are undoubtedly evolved from the hippies.**

**On the other hand, you are right in the sense that there was a general feeling of disappointment toward the mid-70s. Especially for those on the more political side of the spectrum. The Vietnam War went on way longer than anyone imagined. We never legalized marijuana (to this day, imho, one of the tragic undone items on the 60s agenda). We never completely healed the racial divisions in this country. One of the things I keep meaning to write about is the police repression in the 60s. There were constant busts, and in some ways it drove the counterculture back underground. However, there were new liberation movements that came out of the**

era — women's liberation, earth liberation, gay liberation, etc. But all those things were political. The counterculture was primarily lifestyle-oriented, alternatives-oriented. And yes, there were disappointments at that level. Look at all the 100s of communes that started out strong in the early 70s that never made it to the 80s. Why was that? For some who lived through those changes, it's still too painful to discuss. And, of course, the darker specters of the age — drugs and AIDS killed so many. In some ways it really is as if we lived through a war and the veterans after so many years can finally embrace thinking of their long lost compatriots and what might have been.

Name: Eileen

Date: 05 Nov 2002

As I went to sleep last night more floated up in answer to your question. I forgot to mention the fact that folks were ODing. Yes I did say drugs were messing with our focus. But I think I need to make it clear to anyone that may have missed it . . . folks were dieing. Really there was absolutely no sense of our mortality. So that fire storm Steve mentions . . . death was also part of it and that can really mess with the party. . . .

I think part of the spreading out, was there got to be too many roosters in the barn and too many cooks in the kitchen and too many cooks and roosters mixing it up . . . which can be a rather messy situation. Now now folks, don't saying I'm copping an attitude. I happen to know not all was happy in paradise at all the communes. Yes for many of us THIS is where the turning point took place THAT Joe was asking about . . . because face it, THERE WAS a change. And in my eyes a failure, a face forward stumble . . . certainly a hole in my bucket. I wanted to see communal living succeed. Yes, we did set the ground for communes in the future and yes a few communes made it . . . but not with many of the major players in place. The communes became a brew pot of discontent. And the fact is, if we had stayed nestled in our communes we would have not spread out with the gifts we would bring into other communities. It needed to happen. But I think HOW it came about, was not from a greater vision. We just kind of blew apart because we couldn't get along (and I know this was so at other communes as well) and it took a long time for the rend in friendships to mend . . . if they did at all.

The men individually were developing their ideas and it was getting harder for them to get along. The women were getting tired of the musical chairs in the bedroom, and sharing the kitchen . . . as well as backing their men in the in their own personal visions, if they were going to stay together at all. When you start getting towards the end of your 20's there is what is called, astrologically, a Saturn Return. It's a kicker! It can put a real damper on ones loose ends and really makes you look at your life with a cold eye and serious up. By your 30's you better have your shit together or it's going to be one bouncy ride. We also needed a real way to make, gulp . . . money. We had children that were starting to do more than be cute babies and the free ride was definitely not free. I think in the end HOW we chose to make a living is what sorted the apples from the oranges. And this is where I stay damned impressed. If you follow the lives of not just the Diggers, but of many of the

**visionaries of the '60's you will see in the end they have fine tuned and stayed true to their original vision . . . whatever it was. To me this is the real test of an idea . . . can you live it out?** Do you have the cajones to tough it out when no one understands what you are trying to do and can't see how your going to get the money you need? Or do you find a way to bring in money some other direction to fuel that vision until it can get off the ground. Can you hang in there or get lost in the shuffle? And as I said, these folks have created something of their own making from the ground up and truly given something of value that was not there before and continue to do so. Funny how the Universe can drop kick you where you're needed and you best have meant it. Yep, be careful what you say you want, you may just have to make it happen.

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 05 Nov 2002

Soul Man~

I have held much pain over that time as well. It is why I am here chatting it up and at times addressing these issues from my perspective. I decided to stick with it because by talking about it is giving some relief to the thoughts that I have shelved. Thoughts that a long time no one wanted to hear. We all came into that time with our own needs and expectations. I can't help but wonder if some of the feeling of loss isn't just natural in anyone passing from the idealisms of youth into maturity. Because in the larger sense we did not fail. Consider this. When one does anything that is going to make a REAL change, there is always opposition. Whether it is a change in one's personal basic belief system internally or whether it is a larger change desired in one's society. If that change was not something that was not going to make a real impact, there would be no opposition. Why would there be. One can almost gauge the importance of the change by the amount of opposition.

In some martial arts there is a technique where the force of the opponent is used to throw them off balance or one is able to simply step aside sending them falling on their face. I think that is what we were trying to do as Diggers. For the time we were active on the streets, I think we succeeded. There was also the notion of infiltrating society, just as the gov't infiltrat/ed some situations. I think we have done that by stepping off the street and into the world, implementing the best of our visions where ever we are. Society has changed and we are still kicking up the dust. Anyone who grew up in the 50's knows we threw the direction things were going entirely off course, never to be the same. Up to that point society in general felt the gov't could do no wrong. A lot over time is being questioned and there is a real restlessness for something better. It is the youth now we must continually look towards and make sure they get our support and encourage them to think for themselves, to put our minds and energies together. We made mistakes. We learned from them and have that knowledge to make corrections. We are not asleep at the wheel. . . .

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 06 Nov 2002



... There's certainly no shortage of stuff. Been to the dump lately? (Or my parents basement, your parents attic or my workshop?) I think our problem is a hoarding mindset. As we tried to point out from the get, as Diggers . . . there is enough to go around. But more and more it is getting obvious even within our own families we really need to take care of each other. . . .

Name: Eileen

Date: 06 Nov 2002

... Mark, I hear all the words being said, but in the end there is not enough clear info or enough mind (on my part) to get my mind around all these issues. This is where I always run to Coyote, and no way am I taking this mess to him right now. How about Berg? I admit it, I'm a great follower when something makes sense to me. In the meantime I can't do much to sort this out. I think everything is so connected or overlapped at the edges, if you just start ANYWHERE that you DO have a handle on, it may cause a ripple effect.

Name: Eileen

Date: 06 Nov 2002

... Now I know why my parents "let" me go to Boulder to school . . . they were way ready to get rid o my lazy, back talking, ass. . . .

Name: Eric

Date: 08 Nov 2002

**Steven Palmer** — on your question of the gay/hippie intersection in San Francisco in the late 60s. Have you looked at the Kaliflower publication? That will provide you with a wealth of research. Here is the link to my KF section:

<http://www.diggers.org/kaliflower/kf.htm>

Check out the scans of volume 3 and the tables of contents for the individual issues:

[http://www.diggers.org/volume\\_3.htm](http://www.diggers.org/volume_3.htm)

And, if you haven't read this gem, don't waste a minute, read thoroughly Deep Tried Frees which, apart from giving the history of the Kaliflower Commune, is also one of the most lucent statements of what Free meant to the Digger-inspired communes in the Bay Area in the late 60s-early 70s:

<http://www.diggers.org/kaliflower/df.htm>

Name: Eileen

Date: 08 Nov 2002

... "... to why countries so afflicted cannot probably ever approach a Marxian workers revolution." **I am from Louisiana . . . old school Louisiana. Perhaps only a Southerner could appreciate what that means. When I was first at school there ('62) I was ashamed to say I was from La.** I assumed the world knew how the Blacks

were treated. No one could hardly expect them to rise up in the cotton, cane and soy bean fields (or in all other areas of service) and revolt!! The fact the Civil Right Movement took place and someone like King appeared, is staggering to the imagination if you really had a grasp of how bad things really were. I think the same thing can be said of Chavez and the movement with the crop workers. **The truth be known, The Diggers were far from leaderless. The only thing that might be said is there were a whole mess of really bright men working together. Just as Emmett's name was often a vehicle (I never did figure out how that started) there must be a number of folks right on the brink of a "movement" at the same time.** Just as King, Gandhi (just finished that video after the power went back on last night) and Chavez . . . **there comes a time when there is an idea . . . an idea, an understanding and an over view that is so clear, the action to take becomes obvious, it's need creates momentum and courage to see it through, the bottom line. But from history I know, it does take leaders and when an idea is in harmony with enough people, it catches on and sells like the best movie in town. But you know what? They are always well educated.** This seems an important factor.

. . .

. . . **Hardly anyone can understand the importance of an idea, it is so remarkable." .  
.. what a truly beautiful statement that is! . . .**

**We all create our boundaries and limits and how they make sense of the world for us. . . .**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 08 Nov 2002

**PS School in '62 was in Boulder, CO**

**Name:** Lost Boy

**E-mail Address:** onuntilmorning@thirdstarontheright

**Date:** 08 Nov 2002

. . . **The fact that no one remembers me has prompted me to alter the chapter "The Purple Boy" into "The Invisible Boy" Forget???... how can I forget the morning that I became a person???... I swung from the square framed cut-out and dropped to the wooden floor. One Black Bear girl screamed. I had slept the previous night in the attic crawl space of the main house. They whispered as If unobserved. The question was answered: "He's one of the Olema People". Thats as official as it gets in the tribe folks. I was in. I had Arrived. In reference to my odd activity prior to that great day, I see clearly now the primitive reasoning underlying the act of wearing sherry's fringed suede moccasin house slippers, her dad's (J.P.'s) white painter overalls, and Coyote's hat. It was a subconscious attempt to build a person. Namely, Me. . . .**

**Name:** Steve

**E-mail Address:** hereandnow@earth.nyc

**Date:** 08 Nov 2002

**Mark, when I came in contact with the hybrid off-shot of the defunked Diggers, they were anything but street performers. To tell the truth, that's not the way I wish to remember them or actually view them. . . .**

**Name:** Mark Hebard

**Date:** 08 Nov 2002

Eileen,

. . . I don't mind the sound track out of sync that much, it doesn't take away from what is being said. I am really impressed with Lenore's interview. For those who are interested this film was made in 1995 and isn't just film from the old days.

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 08 Nov 2002

**Yes Lenore is still Lenore even more so . . . thank the irreverent god/ess! One of the few women's voices that was/is truly her own . . . and Deprima and Elsa Marley . . . Kayanne . . . equally right out there yet not known. (I'm really pressing, I want her easily available so badly.) It's the women poets/writers that have held their ground so beautifully. There was a lot of testosterone to contend with for point of view. . . .**

**Name:**

**Date:** 08 Nov 2002

**For those interested in the poetry of KayAnne Pickens-Solem** check out [http://www.poetspath.com/apg/apgls00\\_01.html](http://www.poetspath.com/apg/apgls00_01.html) (toward the bottom of the page).

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 09 Nov 2002

Hi Mark — just to keep the historical record straight. The French film *Les Diggers de San Francisco* was filmed and produced in 1998 by Celine Deransart and Alice Gaillard. It was first broadcast on French cable TV in December, 1998. Peter and Judy received a copy from Alice and Celine in 1999, in PAL (European) format. This was the 90-minute version of the film, longer than the version which was broadcast on French TV. The narration was in French with French subtitles for the interviews. We made VHS copies and distributed them through the web site with a special case and cover design. We also had a showing at CellSpace in San Francisco on June 13, 1999.

Then, this past summer, Jean-Pierre Zirn, the filmographer who shot the footage, sent me a new version of *Les Diggers*. This was the 54-minute version that was broadcast on French TV. However, the narration was in English (although heavily accented). Due to the slow and precise diction of the narrator, the tracking between the audio and video gets out of sync in a couple places. This is on the original copies that I received, don't worry — it's not due to any defect of copying. This 54-minute version is what I offered earlier this summer in the Free Store. The Free copies again were sent out with a special case and cover and labels. At the moment, I've sent out all the copies of this new version.

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 09 Nov 2002

Steve~

Have you seen the old Sci Fi movie of Coyote's, *Time Traveler*? It's a slice of Olema . . . I think he's even got the finger bones on his vest. Really funny movie that I think he must have written most of his own lines. . . .

**. . . don't worry about not being remembered. Who you are now matters a whole bunch more than who you were. You're better off than me in that regard. My whole claim to fame for yrs was being Coyote's old lady. No one knew who I was without that ID. It's a pisser when that's the only door in. . . .**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 10 Nov 2002

Eric~

Have been thinking about writing for your Trip Without a Ticket. Couldn't locate that page, but wandered around your site exploring. Stirred up a lot of pieces memories . . . as that's all I seem to have left. How much of this is due to being stoned on grass 24/7 and how much is just age is no telling. So maybe I'll just throw out some of those pieces here just for the heck of it. So little can be wrapped up in a real story.

First I want to say **I'm a bit confused as to where to put this. I never have figured out how this page and "Discussions" is separated . . . or what your intention is on either.** Was there ever some boundaries to what you REALLY want on them? But since I'm here now, this is where it will go for now.

**The Communication Co was the bain of my home life where they set up shop. The Gestner sp? used carbon paper and it didn't take much time for black smudges to appear everywhere a hand was laid . . . the stove, the walls etc. Paper was often loose and left where it fell. I never figured out Claude and Helaine's history. They both dressed very dark and there was a layer of crud on them at all times they wore as a style. Could this be a hangover from the Beat period or was this something they took on as a proud statement to say they were no hippie clones? Whatever the intention they seemed to generate a mess all over Coyote's shared flat, that I was always trying to clean up. I think they took this as a challenge and the mess grew more daunting with each new printing. Basically I was beginning to feel sub human in their eyes. One day I made the mistake of leaving a note that said, "Please Clean Up Your Mess". As they left that day after running off their papers I walked into a house littered with 100 copies of my note flung from room to room . . . a house filled with "Please Clean Up Your Mess". In time I would come to love them . . . but it was not that day.**

**Years later at Olema, we had all gone to town on a food run to SF (a saga in itself). When we got back to the ranch house, I found a plastic bag with something strange looking in it. On close inspection, much to my horror, it could only be a large fresh**

**chunk of someone's scalp! Considering how out there we had gotten, this was not entirely out of the realm of possibilities. We talked about this for days wondering what it implied. Days later Claude and Helaine showed up asking if we had found their package. We had no idea what they were talking about until they said they heard I was into tanning and they had left me a piece of pig skin from a fresh kill! Typical. Thanks guys.**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 10 Nov 2002

Steve~

Was this Olema or Blackbear? I don't recall any Angels going to Blackbear I could be wrong of course . . . I did miss a trip up there that might have been that time. This sounds more likely to have been Olema. Some of this description sounds vaguely like Samauri Bob. But I don't recall tattoos but at one time he had long hair (who didn't) and he definitely had patch pants. But I can't see Angels in awe of him or playing guns with him . . . but acid does unexpected things. Naw can't be him. I'm wracking my feeble brain and will ask Coyote later this evening. Will get back to you on it. Do you remember the color of his hair or if he was tall or any other features? He wasn't an Angel or do you know?

**Name:** Steve Pan

**E-mail Address:** onuntilmorning@thirdstarontheright

**Date:** 10 Nov 2002

Eileen; **Yes It was at Black Bear Ranch late in the year of 1970. There was talk of an early snow and prior to me scooting on the Studebaker 6X6, a secondary wave of Olema People showed up. You appeared with JP's daughter Sherry. I dont know if you two rode up together or not. The girl who slept in the garage (at Olema) where Coyote parked his bike had already been trucked out due to a blocked intestine and ended up back at Olema. Coyote had ridden up with the wild red haired bastard who owned the old style volvo that looked like a bull nosed version of a 1940 ford. Stash had already been rounded up by her folks. She had run off with her daughter and her agent's sports car. . . . But back to the Spirit Guide. "I" named him "The Exile." A group of Frisco Hells Angels Rode up and pitched camp with us down by the lower end. Among others, there was Little Mike, Julio, Bert (I think) . . . and the real tall officer who asked me If I wanted to "Rape, Plunder, Pillage . . . Or What???" I cant place his name . . . he's in the *Gimmie Shelter* film . . . had red wings, green wings, and brown wings . . . Hey, If ya catch that flick, check out Moose covering Jagger's ass out side of the trailer after that freak popped mick in the face. (combination of Capt. Kangaroo and an adrenelized water buffalo... thats how I want to remember him) HEY MOOSE, DROP IN. Anyway, The Olema tribe was a mixed bag, several wheeler's women. Froggy's Mom was there for the first week, Onanda had her own wheels and was in for the long haul. The Denim Girl slept in the open air on an old matteress. Two of the Hells Angels had their rightious girl friends in tow, they were rich girls from Muir Woods I think. My first night there I crashed in the attic crawl space in the main house, the second night I tripped deep into the three forks and slept on some**

discarded ply wood and covered up with an old piece of carpeting. from then on out, I wised up and buried some blankets in the deep dead leaves near Onanda. It was a Mamma Earth Kangaroo pouch. I fought the cold with tobacco. I dont know if I was typical, but for the most part, I stayed pretty much fucked up around the clock and in doing so (it helped) worked my way into the adult realm. **Olema had been Fools School, but Black Bear was Clown Collage. Not yer' average holiday from reality . . . but then again watching the walls melt at Olema was not exactly nine to five. My daily intake during my coming of age consisted of a combination of apples, berries, home made yogurt, smoked salmon, cookies, Goats milk, granola, LSD, topped off with the now famous Hells Angels Mellow Yellow.** (Their beer and wine was gone by the second night.) OK, back to the Exile . . . hey, I hate to break into a story but as I was escorting Miss Nancy out this evening she was accosted by a **vicious plinker (spare change artist)** . . . OK, . . . the "EXILE". . . he has more of a shadow than a man . . . he was the heavies cat that ive' ever walked with. And when I say cat, he was part cat . . . something . . . I cant put my finger on it. I will address the telepathic aspects of the encounter another time. In closing, during the Black Bear group Photo I stood outside the picture frame (of reference?) with him and the Hells Angels. Me; an Olema man? . . . na . . . a lost boy. . . .

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 11 Nov 2002

RNA~

Ahh, we finally found your song! I will send this info to my oldest. I'm sure she will find it interesting! I have to tell you I would have done more than shriek with the roving poker feeler. But Believe me I have had my share... from AMA doctor (you know the one), ancient Chinese acupuncturist (aah we just got to go in here to fix your . . . haha hope he got herpes of the finger!), from medicine men (helloooo Rolling Thunder... lesson #1, do not assume old men are any different) to Chinese boy in Chinatown ally for exchange of box of tomatoes (can't remember if the tomatoes were worth it) and on and on.

I have found you really got to watch your back (and other parts) with men in power . . . some will misuse it and get away with it cause often no one wants to call them on it. **Of course in the '60s hippy women created the position of being fair game. This is something I have never heard talked about from that time, that was a huge problem. Here we were flaunting our beauty and sexuality without realizing we were doing nothing to protect ourselves. I learned the hard way, as many women have. But so MANY of us have sexual abuse issues in the family, that we are walking quiet victims until that is recognized addressed and healed. . . .**

Steve~I still havn't been able to raise Coyote. But I remember him mentioning there was at least one guy (if not more) that was on the run that he had helped. My guess is this is your man. If that is the case he may not be willing to say more. We'll see. Samuri Bob was a long and close friend and with more thought I know he was not the one.

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 11 Nov 2002

. . . This is, to date, the deepest and most fundamental response to my queries I've yet received. From Casey Walker, Editor of *The Wild Duck Review*, one of the 'indispensable' journals every one of us should be reading. I offer it as a core proposition.

Dear +,

. . . The average American citizen and the general public does not really understand what its interests are or should be.

Every single issue the "left" identifies with lacks intellectual leadership — not because of an impoverishment of ideas per se but because of an impoverishment of independent intelligence. What do I mean by this?

**Today's hero/heroine leader will not focus all or even most of their attention on corruption, extinctions, poverty, injustice, moral fraud, etc. but will get far more radical — wisen-up and power-up intellectually. Which means getting astute about the kinds of ignorance afoot. Understanding the landmines that lead to the kinds of obliviousness with the highest, most tragic outcomes. Pursuing the process of targeting ignorance and transforming it. It means, for the first time in the whole of the human endeavor, taking our present, non-negotiable mandate to learn the terms and conditions for life to flourish (or lose them forever), and set up the means to learn them accurately, swiftly, and well. This is the only use of intelligence more transformatively powerful than power itself. It is the only kind of intelligence that uses power well. . . .**

**Every single issue before us is indicative of how oblivious most of us, left and right, actually are. It should come as no surprise we are all at an ecological/social/military brinksmanship now at this very moment in history. But our response will only be partial (and leave room for destruction to continue elsewhere), or merely palliative, if we don't see the larger, more urgent challenge to take up our obliviousness as personal/political projects of the highest order with the highest, most radical outcomes.**

**What does this mean? It means setting up deep, clear-sighted inquiries that don't stop short of true self-assessment, true questioning of where we are, what we are doing, and where we are going. Every single school child, teen, young adult, adult, and elder should be expected to engage in these questions and to pursue these questions as the ones that matter most. They matter to meaningful educations, meaningful work, meaningful legislation, every conscious choice that determines the future.**

**These questions need to be deployed through inquirers that "live" in the culture at large. Inquirers that take a lead on exposing ourselves to ourselves, not for purposes of recrimination, but as the crucible for pursuing the kind of knowledge and insight that force revelation, create the "ah-ha's" of maturation. They need to have at their core a fearlessness for the raw grittiness of real world conditions and an insatiable desire for a beginner's intelligence.**

These inquiries, in the public interest, will actively reveal what each person's/society's interests actually are.

These are not simple or easy . . . and are contrapuntal to conventions of “problem-solving.”

For example: It means not viewing global climate change first as an emissions problem, but pursuing knowledge of what air/atmosphere actually is to our bodies and minds, to forests, oceans, animals, plants, viruses, etc. in ways so ‘breakthrough’ that make emissions become a no-brainer. It means not viewing transgenic crops first as a pollution problem, but understanding what protein synthesis is to our bodies, minds, forests, oceans, etc., so that deployment of transgenic organisms becomes a no-brainer. It means not viewing cell phones/towers first as carcinogenic, but understanding bioelectricity as fundamental to biochemistry in ways that make the impacts of high levels of radiofrequency transmissions a no-brainer. And so forth. . . .

This all means a serious, radical gestalt shift to questioning our understanding of life itself — which means our prevailing ignorance of it — then deploying the will and dispatch of inquiry to open the human (political) endeavor to the relentless pursuit of knowing and caring for life.

It will take the very people most missing from our political ‘scene’ — the intellectuals, scientists, literary artists, anthropologists, et al, who are actively studying life at the far edges with little to no relevance to mainstream politics. It will take voices from the margin; experiences described from the margin; wisdom shunted to the margin.

And, these people need to be brought in, their intelligence applied, to all of the questions incumbent in issue after issue facing humanity.

These inquiries need to be organized and presented out into the mainstream from an “institute” via radio, print, film, tv, dvd — all the resources available to us — so that they can begin to live in the culture. Ultimately, not only do we achieve a cultural quickening for new understandings of what should and shouldn't be done, but we achieve the very basis for a mature politics — an engaged politics. Indeed, the value of each person's life, his/her informed choices, his/her relations with society/nature should come to depend upon it.

Why are we frozen in a wasteland of ignorance, and worse, apathy; relegated to reactions not true responses? It's not as if we don't have all the media tools available to us, or the people, or the intelligence. All we're missing is the independent vision for an institute of this kind, and the will to enact it.

CASEY WALKER Editor & Publisher WILD DUCK REVIEW P.O. Box 388 Nevada City, CA 95959 530.478.0134 [www.wildduckreview.com](http://www.wildduckreview.com)

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 12 Nov 2002

Eric~



My Trip Without a Ticket story is on the Discussion page if you want to snag it.

**[Note for Eric: Where is it? I'd like to read it.]**

**Name:** curious is as curious does

**E-mail Address:** Quo Vadis

**Date:** 12 Nov 2002

**Eileen, The first time I met Peter was at Olema the day the crew was trying to strip the lathing of the upper out buildings in order to tar paper them as an attempt to make them habitable against the coming winter. The largest colony of wasps I had, up to that time ever seen, was the major stumbling block. A smoker can was ordered up. and made serviceable, having some fair effect, but still a very dangerous operation from the point of view of the very real possibility of someone receiving massive stings and progressing into anaphylactic shock.**

**For that reason I walked up and stopped a full thirty feet or so back and watched with interest, playing with Coyote's personal pair of "numchucks". I found them next to his small tan colored leather pack with the (as I think I remember it) coyote's paw branded on it as an identification. I believe it was more or less under some clothing hung on a coat rack of sorts, I think on an interior wall near the door to y'all's bedroom. The very same doorway that Ariel disappeared through to fetch the jug of wine from y'all's room the morning after, say rather tailing off from an all night party of drums and guitars and dancing, like so many other evenings, that helped refresh the spirits of all concerned—even you, a monumental task when viewed from the perspective of having to clean up afterwards.**

**I know that kitchen got you down, but you and Carla, and the other ladies whose names and faces have blurred into hazy remembrance all share my gratitude now, and did so then, for doing those necessary things that make a home a reality.**

**The shock of at first being resistant to musical form seemingly without form, as when Ron Thelin would play his bass clarinet on the porch, in the softer parts of the evening, and first hear the names of association like John Coltrane, and then hear it accomplished. What fucking magic! (I think it was a bass clarinet, but I was no, and am not now, really a musician.**

**I related the story about Ariel in DISCUSSION [Eric: I'd like to read it.] along with a thought about Caledonia Bat in relation to the scatological humor entrenched in the regular Olema kids, only to then be upbraided by Steve, when he entered the site by responding, I believe to every entry in the Discussion.**

**But I digress . . . So — I am looking at Coyote's pack, and see the numchucks, I think hanging from one of the hooks above, and am warned by one of the women not to fuck with Coyote's stuff. I respond that I didn't really think he'd mind my watching his woods fill up with snow . . . ( I mean that I really didn't quote Frost's line but I hope that this is giving you a glimpse of how my mind works — like when you think I'm being obtuse, even abstruse; because, Peter understood me right away.) So — I'm standing there flailing around with them, carefully, because I too made a pair at**

the cabinet shop in Berkley, or Oakland, wherever it was, but just didn't have mine with me. I had no intent to steal them, only to trip with them for a few minutes. Peter, pretty busy, up to his chest in wasps, never-the-less looks over at me, gaze meeting gaze, and says — does not boom (although somewhat amplified), “What are you doin' with those?” I shrugged, “Playin.” That was about the limit of the conversation, he returned to his task, and I continued, until a really dangerous group jumped the reservation, so to speak, and we all essentially fled for a few minutes.

There were, of course, exchanges of tactical consideration within the group, much as later conversations in the house upon other occasions, where all were invited to share discussion, essentially, as Peter called it, “addressing a problem with *the common mind.*” Do you remember me coming out in the panel that Jeffrey from the Bakery had completed an engine rebuild of, that I think later Vinnie was driving, and that Kathleen, Crazy Michael, and Crazy Bernadette went to Mexico in, and completed their journey by arriving in Bryceland, just in time for the fireworks — that I used to fetch to y'all a load of 4 x 8 sheets of plywood for completion of the beds in the bunkhouse? . . .

Name: Steve

E-mail Address: silentsteveboyd@hotmail.com

Date: 15 Nov 2002

Hey, I just skimmed Carla's story, and Coyote says that we were all evicted from Olema in April of 1970. I got news for ya' I gave em' all the word that Hendrix had just died and history tells us that was in mid September. We had helped scrub the place down with bleach and water, and J. P.'s Flea market had pretty much wound down to where the place was fairly spartan. But as for a inhabitants at that point, we were all far from gone . . . well, we were gone, but still there. Dig?

Name: Eric

Date: 15 Nov 2002

. . . BTW, I hung out with Samurai Bob for the last 6 years or so of his life. Bob got me interested in the anti-nuclear movement very early on. He and Jane Quattlander were founding members of the Abalone Alliance. Bob was always a strange sight among the Quakers and peace activist crowd. We kept the tradition of observing solstices and equinoxes all those years. One of our favorite places for solstice sunrise was Corona Heights (the official name) which can be seen above the intersection of Castro and Market. Hippies like us called it Acid Mountain or Red Rock Hill. One year we showed up to celebrate sunset and were surprised by a coven that showed up at the same time and place. Naturally we joined them and they us. Later that group joined us in the Abalone Alliance and we formed a “cluster” of affinity groups with them and others similarly like minded. This was Starhawk's group, and it was how we met them the first time. Bob and Jane and a bunch of us put together a guerrilla theater troupe called the Plutonium Players which was much fun.

**Name:** Rena Morningstar

**Date:** 16 Nov 2002

Eileen/Sam, is that you, the Sam who had a child with Peter Coyote? I remember meeting you at Olema around July 1970. I've often wondered how you be. I was only there for a couple of days, taking a change from Morningstar. . . .

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 16 Nov 2002

Yes Rena ~ That would be me. I remember you well. All the men were tripping over each other trying to get your attention! Really you must see the new Fr. film out Brotherhood of the Wolf and see if you can guess which woman made me think of you. . . .

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 16 Nov 2002

. . . Eileen you were asking why there are two places on this site where people leave discussion-type messages. It's just worked out that way. When web design first started out, people added "guestbook" pages for visitors to sign. Our guestbook started out that way but soon became more than that. It turned into a back-and-forth dialogue. I added the Discussion Forum, but just like well-traveled paths, people kept coming here instead of the new interstate freeway, so to speak. So, we have two places where messages are left. The Discussion Forum (which is actually the second one — all the messages in the old one are archived on my hard drive, some day if anyone's interested I can post them) is not the best threaded discussion software available. Some day we might have a true conferencing system here. . . .

**Name:** Simon

**E-mail Address:** msimon@xta.com

**Date:** 16 Nov 2002

Land use regulations,

What ever their theoretical desirability to preserve an "ecology" they will in fact be used to drive the hippies off their own land.

Twas ever thus. To expect government to protect ecology is nuts. The rich will always buy their way out and the poor will be dispossessed.

The best deal we can hope for is that property rights will be respected. If we ask that they be disrespected in the name of ecology the first people's property they will come after in the name of ecology will be ours. To expect any thing different is to believe in the tooth fairy.

It is one of the reasons I write for a survivalist magazine on the www. They have similar goals as we do but their methods are grounded in the Constitution not some utopian communist fantasy that always turns in to a tyranny worse than what we have here.

What you have to ask yourself is would Stalin have tolerated hippies as well as America has? Pol Pot? Saddam Insane? The Taliban? — you couldn't even fly kites for God's sake let alone dance or worse dance in mixed company.

I see no need to destroy America because it isn't perfect. I see the need to make it better through voluntary co-operation.

And as for gun control. I don't know what ever happened to the 1%ers. They were always well armed. At least those who wanted to be. Gun control is not the answer and the militia is not your enemy. The police will not protect you. The samurai among you will. To give up strength and arms in the name of peace was never the digger way. At least not the diggers I hung with. Armed non-violence is the best way. Don't tread on me.

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 16 Nov 2002

Steve~

Do you think I am talking behind your back by talking around you? Your gun fighter stance, when you disagree with someone you have just "met" here, does not allow the ground for an exchange of ideas. Which I assume we are here for. You're wrong and I'm right attitude is hardly inviting. It just makes me pissy. I know you can do better. I didn't feel like talking directly to you last night. Obviously you got my drift. No, not everyone that has been abused, is on drugs. I don't think that was the point. But everyone that has been abused at some point or another is going to find it showing up someway, somewhere in their life in an unhealthy way, if not identified and healed... not just over ridden. A new construct must be developed that there is no frame of reference for, as Mark pointed out. Drugs, etc are often the avenue out... a faulty construct of dealing with feeling we are unlovable or dealing with stress, as our lives and responsibilities and needs become more demanding, as an adult... for lack an internally safe place that was never found or learned as a child. Where do we learn this safe place in ourselves... just grab it out of the air? This is something I not only know about personally, but have put good many yrs of study and observation into. I address this issue with a good size back log of information. There are addicts with or without drugs... addicts of pain. People that have identified love and pain going hand in hand. Stress going hand in hand with helplessness. Walking victims trying to get on with their lives, with circuits that have never been hooked up properly, not understanding why they are shorting out.

I don't agree with all Simons conclusions as being complete, or necessarily correct. But know by following conversations with him, I will learn something. There are times when we have a promise that may be correct, yet not lead to what appears to be a fully reasonable conclusion. Has it got to be your way or the highway, no questions asked? I'm assuming we all have something to learn, as well as share. "Share", being the operative word here.

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 16 Nov 2002

. . . Just talked to **Ariel**. She spent the morning with the inmates at Delancy St. Other states are asking them to come and help them set up similar models. Ariel is so impressed with what they are doing, that she is hoping to get on board and be part of that outreach team. She is studying for her psychologist license (while holding a job working with autistic children) and is currently getting her hrs working with her mentor in the prisons . . . which is where she wants to focus her main work. She did her main internship at a place for high risk, arrested male teens. It was an eye opener.

**But she also has a much more advanced case of hep C than Peter or I, as she was born with it.** So far, has only been able to hold it at a low roar with the cleanses, acupuncture and various herbs, vits and such. Interferon yrs ago only made her sicker. She is going to try the new round that has been developed in the last few yrs., that is supposed to have better chances of a cure. But it will cost 20,000!! for something that has a 50/50 chance of working. All this makes her feel she is in a race for time, as the hep continues eat up her energy that she needs so badly to do what she is trying to accomplish. I can barely stand to wrap my mind around this.

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 16 Nov 2002

Mark~

I had to laugh at your barfing memory. Hard enough to get peyote down . . . coming up again doesn't seem quit fair! (They call it getting well.) But it rarely happens if used properly. I also have an innate fear of "getting psychedelic again" ha! LSD left a lot of fear in that regard and I always have to pass thru that door to go on. But peyote is considered a medicine by the Native Am . . . both externally and internally. A meeting is not a free for all. It is structured, as all Native Am ceremonies, down to the last detail, beyond anything most folks could imagine, in order to stay focused on the prayer that has been asked for. It touches and allows a part of your mind, and spirit/heart to open to greater possibilities and clear out what is getting in the way of that. But it takes focus in a manner that takes a lot of concentration not to give in and just trip (THAT will make you sick) . . . awakesness in a place we tend to let sleep . . . hardly a time to play around. It doesn't just run away with you the way acid does. You have to work with it though. The Natives call peyote, the Heart of God. I am very fortunate to have this available to me. It is not always easy to get in. And of course the gov't is doing all they can to mess with this way of praying. We are now waiting to hear if non natives will become illegal to the church, becoming a threat to any Natives that let any non Natives in. This will be decided in Dec. I can't imagine that door being closed to me and my family.

**Name:** curious is as curious does

**E-mail Address:** meanwhile, back at the ranch

**Date:** 17 Nov 2002

**Cast back your minds, brethren, to a distant time when the children were without even a sleeping bag. It was not yet the time of strife, nor of flight, nor of Exodus. It seems in foggy memory as though Alan Hoffman was still alive, and that methane generators were the subject of great interest. Internal combustion engines being the**

general form of powered travel, compressors, and distribution, and filing stations were planned . . . though none were ever built. Truck stops were coming into being, at least within imagination; networks of trade, too, were imagined. Why, even in San Francisco, the Two Coyotes were writing simultaneously, and I cannot even tell you if at this time they had resolved that one would be Coyote, and the other Coyote 2. But Peter Coyote, as he was affectionately known, had resolved that the Digger seed monies would sustain the children in their quest for adequate bedding. I, then a lad new to Digger circles, had no expectation that I would be a recipient. A short journey from the ranch to, I believe it was Berkley, was all that was needed because Sierra Designs (if memory serves) were selling, at the greatly reduced price of 30\$ each, “bleeder” down bags, which were not only serviceable, but were actually luxurious — in contrast to such other bedding as then commonly existed. Gristle was there too, ask him for corroboration. That Peter, alone made the decision, I know not. Neither did I know then, nor do I know now, if Ron Thelin, for instance, was helpful toward this end. Nor do I know of the others equally disposed to such generosity, who might have been consulted — they may have been many. But, Simon, a man must need to sleep, whether he is able to attend his other afflictions, successfully, or no. And by this hierarchy of thought are such decisions reached . . . as I think you already know.

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 17 Nov 2002

T Curious~

. . . I DO in fact have a sense of you NOW, that it makes my present amnesia of so much of the past, all the more bothersome. Therefore please accept my apology of suspicion of your legitimacy as if I have something to loose, as hasty and uncalled for. I continue to watch for something you say that will jar my memory, with expectation. But I have to tell you, I met so many people that claim to know me that came through our scene, you are certainly not on a short list of the forgotten. **I seem to be part of a viewed elite that had an impact on many lives, I had little awareness of even back then. Frankly, I lived in my own world that centered around Coyote and eventually Ariel. And who remains in my memory, is no statement to what value they played in the larger picture beyond my own self interest. . . .**

**To my great shame, my needle use was most active when I was pregnant with Ariel. That alone, perhaps could have weakened her liver enough to give the hep a home. I was emotionally suffering so, I was self medicating, as suicide was looming too closely as an option. It was clear by then Coyote had MANY more interests besides me and the baby I was carrying. The fact I made it to 30, is nothing short of a miracle. I can attribute making it through those years, to mother’s prayers that kept my thin line to life connected. With all the strange drugs I also added to the brew, it’s a wonder Ariel has a brain left! What I carry of value from that time is Ariel, period. Betrayal by all those closest to me, but a very rare few, was what I lived with. A major crisis finally mounted by 29, with my unrelenting Saturn return that demanded I step up to the plate or die, and I stepped out of my madness into an unfamiliar world. And like you, I would not be who I am today without this past . . .**

but I do not cherish it, other than as the catalyst that forced me to remake my life to become more than a victim of it. My story is an unpopular one and does very little to make it be the way others would like for that time to be told. The war that took place in Viet Nam was not the only war that would leave post traumatic stress syndrome in its participants, to heal the dark night of the soul. Some made it. To me this is not just simply about a time in singular history, but a time that was a catalyst that has addressed lifetimes for many. Got MY attention and finally slapped me AWAKE!

**Name:** Joe

**E-mail Address:** Hey Joe

**Date:** 17 Nov 2002

There are no heavies. We are all heavies. You meet people in life that you thought at one time . . . wow they know something about life that I missed or haven't been exposed to or didn't grasp . . . then you find out they are just people like you who muddle through as best they can. Expecting someone to show you the way or shine the light is another dead end. Eileen what you talk about is very important if we don't want the next generations to repeat the dead ends and mistakes of the past.

**Name:** Mark Hebard

**E-mail Address:** Hope@Digger.com

**Date:** 17 Nov 2002

Adding to Joe's comment,

When people head for the "edge of the world" or find themselves dumped there, danger abounds. Casting off or being denied the ropes of the standing culture that lash us to a safer but otherwise obsolete structure sends us floating free. Free to stumble and fall but also free to set new directions or free to die. Overturning what was once relevant and instructing, leaving the paved road for the open landscape, takes us out into the wild, the badlands of human awareness. I found a cold comfort there but the immunizations of the deserted culture no longer held and prices were and are being paid. Dearly paid.

Eileen, like many I sat at a table like you did, used that needle with nothing but contempt for the next sunrise, scoffed at judgment . . . spitting in it's face, spending my gray matter and future like a shitfaced shore-leaved sailor. Nothing but anger. The world of cottons, matches, baby pacifiers, eyedroppers and drawn curtains. No hippies, no Fillmore, no Acid tests, no Makena, no Black Bear . . . just guns, burgled goods, negotiating (?) with Oakland and East San Jose "fences" then the endless waiting for what was needed. A very immediate but totally demeaning existence. Getting down was the way it was said. I have crawled in the bushes on the side of the road, pale and unwashed, soaked from the rain, looking for the "outfit" I tossed out the car window the day before. I have delivered the skinpop to the maternity ward during visiting hours. The child (not mine) did survive, the mother a few years later faded and fell. Her mother screamed at me at the funeral, but I was high. Sometimes while driving in a T-shirt the missed Tuinals that still reside in my

**arms wave at me. Some of us survived scarred and burdened. We are here. We are alive. We breathe in the air of morning. The future is still ours. I am glad there is someone like you who is like me.**

**Name:** Mark Hebard

**Date:** 17 Nov 2002

**Simon,**

**Your post offers an interesting perspective. The convergence of the far left and the far right has been around for a couple of decades or so. It brings to mind the alliance of the Hells Angels and the counterculture way back when. The question remains if and when a change is manifested do these two movements remain allied or since the ends have been realized do we go our separate ways. Your strategies seem rooted in military/confrontational/subversive methods. Isn't this what the left is or has been trying to overcome? Isn't this still playing in the same old ball field when what is needed is to step out of the cul-de-sac mentality?**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 18 Nov 2002

Mark~

In reading your post I had to go find an old t-shirt to wipe the snot and tears. (My dogs pull around me.) Thank you for all that you shared with such realness and clarity. Standing in the midst of cultural change and the way we chose to go about it, left us all with no moorings, and it's a wonder we were able to create anything of lasting value, against all odds. We are all survivors and should receive Purple Hearts!

I think now of the 100 Yrs War. An odd thought in the midst of this, one might think. But if I remember correctly, the yrs of plague had wiped out almost all but the young people . . . and that was the future they created for themselves. (OK I don't know where that came from. That just popped up!) I think people in their 20's tend to set the ground for the future more than they can possibly realize at the time, and I have learned to tend those in my sphere well. I look at young people today and what many are trying to accomplish. Those fighting for the life of the planet. Those trying to educate themselves to have something of value to offer, beyond simply making a living. I know we as parents and grandparents have had, and do have, a hand in that. That we have learned to teach our children to think for themselves and pay attention to the repercussions of their choices. To teach them not to be fearful, but respectful of their life and that of others . . . and what happens when they don't. And I think we have all learned how important it is to keep our children near us and listen . . . even at a distance. Is it something like our grandparents that went through the Depression, that taught the next generation to fear for money? Each new generation in some way being a reflection of the one before. Are we going forward? If so, what looks different?

**We found out the dangers, and temporary fun at leaving all guide lines. I thought long and hard what our parents missed, that threw us so far afield? I had no political head . . . it was not discussed in our family. So that was not a motivating**



**factor . . . and I doubt it was for many of the thousands that had come to SF. What was at the CORE of this unrest? What I came to is, if values are not based on something that recognizes, nourishes and has respect for the creative spirit/mind of ones self and others, there is a slow disintegration of those values.** I would like to think, as Joe suggested, we can help the next generations from repeating the dead ends and mistakes of the past. I think the only way this can be done is by example, and by paying attention. It goes beyond just words and rules. If what we do with our lives, in our jobs, in our relationships and our relationship to the earth, reflects and gives that nourishment and respect, we are going to make the changes we so long ago dreamed of. If not, no political or social rearrangements will stop the unrest.

**Name:** curious is as curious does

**E-mail Address:** The Gary Snyder Institute

**Date:** 18 Nov 2002

Simon, Please don't sell me your conclusions — simply publish your research here, and allow me to draw "mine own." You say that you have changed; but, I don't much see it. I still find you power driving, and pushing a line that is suggestive of the same "Will to Power" politics that you were fond of over thirty years ago. **You still seem to think that your ideas will reign supreme if you can just prevail beyond the limits of the stamina of your opposition.** That, unfortunately for you, just plain ain't so. You also seem to be in some confusion about the inherent differences between the notions of "The State" and "Government." Perhaps you would benefit from reading some of Ken Kanab's comments along these lines, to include his inclusion of Snyder's piece on "Buddhist Anarchism"(1961) From the Bureau of Public Secrets. I have many other thoughts here, but they will have to wait until later. I explained to you in Covelo, that subsistence hunting, of the native deer population, was problematic, in terms of the impact of the demands of that many people on the populations of the nearby forests. It was for that reason alone that I agreed to join you, Claude, Gristle and John Mark, on the feral pig hunt down "Tin Cabin Creek" to the EEL River. You know the results, what you don't know is how I ultimately squared the multiple indiscretions with Elmer. There was nothing honest in how you boys elected the alternative to pork that you employed . . . at least from the perspective of my values . . . That you continue to embrace Mao's analysis, espoused by Rhodes at Bryceland, that "political power grows out of the barrel of a gun" surprises me not at all. urther, that the "petite bourgeois" are not your enemy, also contained in Rhodes analysis, more or less waving his "master shipbuilder's license" in one hand and the Little Red Book in the other, also does not surprise me. That you seek free markets in which to operate is but a surface wrinkle in your essential topography — you only seek to be a little capitalist because you could, or would not, make the jump to robbing banks to support the efforts of the dissemination of your "revolutionary" agenda. Ground all of the commercial and private air travel in the world, thus solving all of the military's problems, worldwide, about controlling air space, and YOU will still have a job. What the fuck is up with that? . . .

**Name:** Simon

**E-mail Address:** msomon@xta.com

**Date:** 18 Nov 2002

All politics is about will to power. Government is about men with guns forcing other men to do their will. George Washington says it:

“Government is not reason, it is not eloquence - it is force! Like fire it is a dangerous servant and a fearful master... “ — George Washington

The difference between me now and me then is that I'd like to see a lot less force in the world. I would rather persuade than enforce. My interest in force is no less it is true. Just my relationship with it has changed. Government ultimately protects those with power and money. Government from day 1 has been the way the rich steal from the poor. I'd like to see a lot less of that sort of thing. The more power given to the government in the name of doing good the more power it will have when it decides to do bad. And sooner or later the government always decides to do bad.

At the core I was always more at home with the bikers than the hippies. 1% free is a biker motto. From my perspective what I see is this: when the Germans come for the hippies they will quietly get on the train. When they come for the bikers they will have a fight. I'm one of those who would rather die on my feet than live on my knees. My attitude is probably representative of 10% or less of all humans. There are still a few of us left in the world though. Surrender is built in to most. We are herd animals at heart and surrender is generally how one stays in the herd (or tribe if you will). The Bagavad Gita is more to my liking than the non-violence of Jesus. And even Jesus suggested his followers buy swords. So I could get along with the don't tread on me Jesus. There are thieves and robbers and murderers. When they meet me I don't intend to submit. Your mileage may vary.

Even Ghandi said that the worst thing the Brits did to India was to disarm the people. Marching is good in a place where the government will listen. We have such a place in America today (mostly). Armed violence is good in a place where the government doesn't listen. I prefer to be ready for any eventuality. I can shoot straight and write a good polemic. Whatever is needed.

The meek will not inherit the earth. They will be slaves of the strong. Twas ever thus. To pretend that it will be anything different any time soon (in less than a century or two) is delusion.

If you don't believe me just look at G. Bush. Or S. Hussein. Or Y. Arafat. Or A. Sharon. The evidence of my premise is what you demonstrate against regularly. In 70+ years of demonstrating it hasn't gone away. I personally think the best you can hope for in the foreseeable future is competing powers. So that one has a choice of the kind of slavery one wants. The slavery of the US of A is not too bad. That of Iraq is not too good.

As Orwell once said about the peace demos in his country in the 30s. The only reason they can demonstrate for peace is because Britain has a strong fleet. He also said that those demonstrating for peace were objectively helping the fascists. If you want peace to get some respect from the pro war Americans the next time you have a demo be just as against Saddam as Bush. Be against all power used to oppress.

One must be on guard against warriors without limits and peace demonstrators without a conscience. Or as Jefferson said: "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." My hope is that neither the warriors nor the pacifists ever totally get the upper hand. The pacifists gained the upper hand in France in 1939 and it took till 1944 for the outside warriors to come to their rescue. The warriors gained the upper hand in Germany and Japan in the 30s and we got a world war. During that time millions were literally enslaved. The camps the German's ran weren't called slave labor camps for nothing. Then the American and Brit warriors came and freed the slaves. We even freed the slavers. Now that was a new deal.

A world with too many warriors would be a bad place. Just as would a world with too few. Yin and yang. In balance. Ever looking for a new balance. The cosmic whirl.

Which is one of the reasons Samurai Bob and I got on so well. One warrior to another so to speak. The news of his passing greatly saddens me.

**Name:** Stainless Steve

**E-mail Address:** lostboys@olema.lsd

**Date:** 18 Nov 2002

**Well, we are of one mind (scary aint it?) as to this web site being a sphere of the collective Digger soul.** That being said; you hit it right on the head. I own up to being disobedient on only one count: That being said, I suffer my own anger and grace. It's just when I get locked between the seperate spheres (Diggers vs. Mother Fuckers for example) is where I move uneasily, intensely, and anxiously along disputed lines of communication. I gain strategical points only by spiritual cunning, and not by a UC Berkely sheep skin. My break-throughs via a key board as apposed to a the full nelson route, can only manifest themselves in the form of passionate spiritual violence. Dig? Fuck their self-conscious ambiguities neatly concealed within their poetical language. In closing; I stand tall in speechless triumph of the Digger Spirit in a world of words without deeds and deeds without words. In closing, I leave you with these words: "Yet I felt no certainty about anything, demanding from every moment a new confirmation of my existence . . . in truth, a disinherited son." FRANZ KAFKA "Each torpid turn of the world has such disinherited children, to whom no longer what's been, and not yet what's comming belongs." RILKE

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 18 Nov 2002

. . . Driving back with no radio, thinking of all our conversations here and all of you . . . the community of sorts forming. Thinking that we have a need to say something that matters to us. How else can we get to know each other . . . again? Agree, disagree . . . much more interesting than silent "oh what an asshole". Steve, you tender hearted guy, I am here because of you. Please go through the twists and turns with me. I see you for way more than one moment and count on you for the same.

Do I philosophize here on these pages? Is that what it is called? A nice word for ranting? In truth, I am finding words to feelings and thoughts that have laid dormant for

so long I hardly know they are there until they come pouring out. It seems I think best when I write or have another to talk to . . . and who would I say these things to. Coyote once said, we do with each other what other people pay hundreds of dollars to a therapist for. Ain't it the truth! The life of a hermit leaves much stored up. I feel safer here at this computer. Yet my statements hold questions. Is my vision, my point of view too myopic? I was told by an astrologer a few yrs ago we were coming into a time when individuals would rally around a cause . . . political, religious whatever. And I thought, (having been raised in a strong Christian household) oh god, how awful . . . NOT ME! Yet here I am waving my flag and I can't help but wonder if it's not a tad irritating? Better tell me now, cause I have my soap box picked out!

**Name:** A good son.

**E-mail Address:** hereandnow@earth.nyc

**Date:** 19 Nov 2002

Oh Mother Witch . . . It is I who am here now because of you. Speaking of Here and Now . . . where, though, where are they, the famous, those crowns of the banquet?

**Name:**

**E-mail Address:** Eileen

**Date:** 19 Nov 2002

We are they, good son. It is now our turn to sit at the table. Did you not call me here? Many do not speak but watch as the table is spread, thinking themselves commoners, with no place. Perhaps they do not realize this is a pot luck and the more makes a grander feast! The others you seek sit at other tables, available only through special code, thinking their jewels too valuable to be seen with our own. Others do not know we are here. But winter boredom will drive them from their lairs. Until then we will feast together in good company.

**Name:** sister

**E-mail Address:** with soul

**Date:** 19 Nov 2002

**Does anyone know where Digger Phyllis is these days? It was good to see her smiling face in *Les Diggers*. . . .**

**Name:**

**E-mail Address:** Eileen

**Date:** 19 Nov 2002

HI All~

Something special is rumbling in the background. Here is a site... The Earth Charter. Countries currently coming together for a new vision! OF COURSE you did not read about it in the newspaper or hear Bush announce it!

<http://www.earthcharterusa.org/ecdraft.html>

Simon~

Just now slowed down enough to take in your piece that starts... “All politics is about will power.” Yes yes and yes. Thoughtful writing. Thoughtful thoughts.

“I’d like to see a lot less force in the world. I would rather persuade than enforce.”... take a look at this site.

“... the hippies they will quietly get on the train.” Someone may, but not the ones you and I knew. PS There are no hippies... but I get your drift.

“The more power given to the government in the name of doing good the more power it will have when it decides to do bad.” Makes sense to me to what we have experienced so far, but what if... consider the info on that site.

Yes you pretty well summed up my feelings about gov’t as well.

**And I remember Bob in the apple grove with Jane and the kids picking apples for us all to make apple wine at Thanksgiving in the basement of Bob Valadez home in SF. It was the perfect Marin County autumn day and we played like gypies! The last time I saw him was with the family crew at the beginning? of winter in Redway (Humboldt County). We were arguing about his anger, and about dying, as we stood by the VW van in the muddy road with his dogs. I do not regret it. We had too many yrs we were friends, to ever regret a moment of it. I couldn’t go to his wake. I was too angry he had died.** I knew he would not be short friends that day to celebrate his passing. I heard it was incredible! A good solid person to have been friends with.

**Name:** curious is as curious does

**E-mail Address:** anarchist row

**Date:** 19 Nov 2002

The whole purpose of reading works held commonly within the body politic is to facilitate a condition, an environment — if you will, that allows one to but mention an author and title, to then make a few remarks either of comparison, or taking a position upon a central theme — expanding the conversation, and in so doing hone communication to a finer edge. Because there seems to be some confusion in regard to what the differences are between the “State” and “Government” I would suggest that those of you with such an interest direct your attention to *War Is the Health of the State* by Randolph Bourne (1918) — which even for its stiltedness and “time bound” qualities, is still an urgent and sweeping crystallization of many things related to the nature of war that you may have thought but never have seen given conscious voice. It is contained in Ken Knabb’s work within the Bureau of Public Secrets (I previously erred in the spelling of his last name). After all the bitichin’ about how what was needed was a quality of relevance within the modern curriculum, I am still amazed at the laziness of those joining the discussion, who are, frankly, arriving without their homework — ask the educators of your children, consult with those who are taking their children in home schooling situations, through the rigors of Calculus and Philosophy. Don’t get me wrong here. No one can be expected to become expert at all subjects — no one could possibly read the body of literature that currently exists, nor even read the literature being produced in any

single year. My point, I suppose, is this: that *Farhenheit 451* and *1984* share common elements. Destroy the power of literature to communicate, either by burning or banning books outright, or by rewriting them in unintelligible “newspeak” and the effects are the same — but; worse, simply allow the knowledge to be lost through laziness and disuse and be forever doomed to reinventing the fucking wheel every time you engage the common mind with a thought. . . .

**Name:** Eileen/Sam

**Date:** 20 Nov 2002

**RE:Phyllis~**

**I'm sure Phyllis is alive cause no one has told me she's dead. I know that's a bit cold but I loose track of her periodically. Generally she has lived in the Humboldt Country area of N CA.** I expect she's still there. Will ask around in a few days. I'll also find out if she does computers and have her check in here herself. Somehow computers doesn't seem her style . . . but you never know.

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 20 Nov 2002

. . . Having a hole in my brain . . . my short term memory has become worse with menopause and often leaves my family astounded. Such is life . . . I do not remember my response to you concerning Haiti. My memories of growing up in the South must have been in some ways similar to your own. **I was born in Beaumont, Tex and visited my grandparents there often enough to know something of the Tex mindset . . . although the Mexican issue did not have a face in that area.** It is living near grape growing country in Ca, and making recent trips to S Ca that has driven the Mex issue home, as well as my time in New Mex. Seeing the Mex's (and other S. Am's) stalked by (EPA?) men, like criminals . . . being humiliated and arrested on the street, pulled out of shopping malls, whole families standing in front of there homes surrounded by men in uniforms . . . it disturbs me a lot. Knowing they were being swept away as if their lives did not matter. The prejudice, arrogance and self righteousness of one culture against another, that our gov't nourishes with laws and reasoning that I believe that is in no one's best interest but it's own, in the name of commerce... as we go into other countries with our businesses undermining jobs here. This makes no sense to me. It makes me think of the mass slaughter of coyotes when the wool business went belly up due to synthetic cloth . . . blaming the coyotes for the failing industry.

With this said, I think you are absolutely correct in the need for us to politically educate ourselves and come up to speed if we are to fully participate in the changes we desire. Joe, it is not a question of taking tests. One does not need to go to school to broaden ones mind and seek out a more full understanding of the issues we face in this country and the world. I think it takes more than saying I don't like this or that. **Without knowledge . . . we are dependant on others to chart a path. This goes against all Digger thought . . . if you care about that. For me, I just don't like to sit dumb, having opinions about things I know I don't fully understand, letting someone else take the lead . . . and with the wrong person, running over me with no rebuttal.**

I have become concerned enough about the world situation that I can no longer be content not understanding how we got here and what part we play in it. There was a long time, growing up, I did not believe what I was being taught was the full picture . . . not to mention what WAS being taught was boring, so didn't choose to take any of it in. But we no longer have an excuse for not being informed. We need to look deeper into the causes of where we are today, before we can intelligently address them.

**Name:** Mark

**Date:** 20 Nov 2002

Eileen,

**Civil literacy is certainly at the center of many problems we face. The level of civil literacy is controlled in large part from a mostly centralized media outlet and the classrooms in our schools are equally tied to similar agendas. Getting the facts out and listened to is the war that faces us and the enemy is huge. Couple this with the intimidating task of an individual to begin re-educating by examining the history and discussion of existence is overwhelming to all but the most passionate citizens with the free time to spend doing it. There are those who take the time and energy to strike out at the beast but to the person punching the time clock being led on by the "american dream" propaganda, seeking simply to make comfort, safety, and financial "security" the goal is a hard row to hoe. They are in fact "tending there own garden" in my view and are insulted when questioned about the validity of their purpose. Today CNN ran a poll asking "Is driving an SUV a moral issue?" . . . the last time I checked it was 87% "NO". My fear of heading for the library is brought on by the sucking vortex that seems to swallow up all good intentions. I really think that this can be a trap, recycling bad or irrelevant information with good, choking down true efforts at change at this point. As an artist I know the importance of not letting your past overcome the future of the work. There comes a time when all the work you have done needs to be shit-canned so all the references that cause repetitive work can be removed. This time may be upon us as culture. Social acid. It could be time to create a condition not study the old one. I want to hear that collective flushing sound. . . .**

**Name:** Eileen

**E-mail Address:**

**Date:** 20 Nov 2002

Mark~

Yes of course you are right in many ways. Well, it makes my ignorance at least more excusable I suppose. But I am planning to read the books Coyote at least suggested to do some catch up. But it is true I have more time and perhaps interest. But I have a daughter that has a really poor education due to all the traveling and moving we have done in her life and I have to say being truly uninformed about our history just as a country. I don't see this [as] a good thing. But it does not stop her from stepping out to save our Redwoods. Yet it helps to motivate her when she knows the issues behind that. It is also important for her to know how the loggers are caught in the middle . . . even if

they are often obnoxious and generally poorly informed of the larger picture . . . it cuts down on the us and them mentality and gives some room for badly needed dialog. Yes, tending one's garden is essential. And to be fully informed empowers. But **it is like fixing the plumbing or electricity in a really old house. You fix one thing to find there's a whole line of connection in the process of falling apart. Do you just continue patch and repair as the next problem surfaces or rip out the whole thing and start all over?** For a few years I was counting on huge earth changes throughout the US (in Ca that's not hard to imagine) to just wipe out all the mess we've either made or by default are part of. But I finally gave that up since it's obviously my own brand of wishful thinking and it's not happening this wk and didn't happen on "channeled" timing a few yrs back. We all figure out some time or another "this" is not going to go away if we just wait long enough. (I hate exposing myself this way.) **I do know if change is made too quickly, before people really understand it, will not last. The changes that are needed do in fact take tending our gardens. If we can only do that we are effecting a much greater change . . . and yet there are the Over Lords. What to do about them, that keep us patching the faulty wiring? . . .**

In the end, I have a great trust in my own intuition and my finger to the wind, so to speak.  
 . . .

**Name:** Mark Hebard

**Date:** 21 Nov 2002

Joe,

You hit a great point. **[Ronnie] Davis [in *Les Diggers*] presents a pivotal moment in the Digger experience. The point is individual responsibility.** I remember Bob Dylan being hounded to death as a prophet, expected to script out the "next steps" as if it was choreographed and only needed to be instructed. **Lenore Kandel draws the focus very clearly in the Digger film. Planting the seed of change was an extraordinary accomplishment, but the core of the Digger offering was the question "Okay, we have created a fresh canvas here folks, the door is open, whaddya wanna do with it?" To take the arrogant position of "dictating" the moves of the culture goes against the Digger effort and begins the destructive cycle all over again. I have to say that Ronnie Davis raising his hand and declaring "Uh. . . I got a problem with that." is one of the most profound statements of the counterculture.**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 22 Nov 2002

Joe~

**Your remark kept floating by last night. I wanted to also add a perspective that may be forgotten as we speak in the present time, of Ronnie's concern of our leaving the battle front (but not the battle). It is easy to forget we were all (mostly) in our 20's, in the 60's. When I say "all" I am saying we were addressing our own age group, our peers . . . we were all in the same boat. Mark explains the intention exactly. If we did our job well, we were not required, after the message was given**



and the example shown, i.e. lived out. We failed if folks were left asking, what do we do next. Also I want to point out, that the on rush to SF of thousands of kids, was instigated largely by the media . . . it was a hot story that went all over the US like a flash to young people to come party. We were well aware early on, an artificial or temporary, by necessity, situation of “Height Ashbury” had been created. There was a concern of the needy situation that was taking place would turn into a disaster for many . . . kids did not come prepared to take care of themselves. Often with little money, no place to go, and little on their back to sustain them but a dream of something better or an escape. There was a song that became popular at that time, that irritated Coyote no end, Come to SF . . . it talked about sun and wearing flowers in your hair, like some dream land brochure (sp?). It was not sunny and warm and it was not easy . . . it was cold, foggy SF and it was city streets, suddenly teeming with kids with no where to go, having no idea what they were getting into. We didn’t want to be seen as the Salvation Army and we were in no position to take an ongoing responsibility for anyone. We weren’t trying to create an easy nest, a safe place no one wanted to leave, but picked up a responsibility the city turned its eyes from and used the opportunity to fuel imaginations with something more than an acid dream. I don’t think we can be faulted for that.

At some point we had to say, the party’s over folks . . . that was the point, at least in my eyes, of Death of Hippie . . . it was a way to tell the media, stop sending these kids here! I think it was a brilliant move and took a while to figure out how to let folks know we had all gone as far as we could go. We didn’t create the situation on the Height, but we ended it. At least we gave them fair warning we were pulling up stakes and moving our tents. The party was over and time to take what had been learned, home.

Name: Eileen

Date: 22 Nov 2002

quickness~

I seem to be the one that has time for this page this morning . . . I don’t mean to be Miss Know It All here and know others will pitch in later. Good for you, you are still questioning what is real and what is a cultural game. So am I at 59. It’s important to always question. **We can miss a lot, if we’re not paying attention. True we have to settle within ourselves what our life track is at some point, our point of view . . . the window we look out of. As stated earlier, NO cultural rules, leaves for a ship with no moorings.**

Personally I’ve had to come to terms with being “different”, even in Ca. Ha! I remain outspoken, so have just gotten better at it. I question a lot when I don’t understand something clearly or don’t like what is going on. My kids still cringe at times with me in public. **I’m not afraid to appear dumb. I hold we are all, just people, and start from there. People still respect “authority” and those that move and speak with authority are very good at sliding stuff by . . . be it a teacher, public figure, etc. . . . or cultural mores.**

To take it to another notch . . . The police are trained to intimidate for instance. They can't do it eye ball to eye ball if you're not going for it. "Authority" is so, only if you're going for it. There's a simple trick I learned about the STANCE of authority when guarding back stage doors at music festivals, from folks trying to get in, that I see applied in many other situations by people trying to claim authority for their ideas and their presence. ACT like you belong there and know what you are doing and MOVE WITH NO HESITATION. If you can slow those folks down with questions, often you already know the answer to, you can rearrange the situation that demands equal footing and revealing answers. It was quite often a tact employed in Digger action. "Question Authority" has never been more important. .

..

**Name:** curious is as curious does  
**E-mail Address:** The Great Dismal Swamp  
**Date:** 23 Nov 2002

While I do not, as a matter of principle, believe in evil I had previously dedicated myself to finishing this piece for your collective consideration: Richard P. Feynman, Nobel Laureate in Physics, a partial excerpt from Frontiers of Science, 1958: Education, For Good and Evil — . . . Once some thought that the possibilities people had were not developed because most of those people were ignorant. With education universal, could all men be Voltaires? Bad can be taught at least as efficiently as good. Education is a strong force, but for either good or evil.

Communications between nations must promote understanding: so went another dream. But the machines of communication can be channeled or choked. What is communicated can be truth or lie. Communication is a strong force also, but for either good or bad.

The applied sciences should free men of material problems at least. Medicine controls diseases. And the record here seems all to the good. Yet there are men patiently working to create great plagues and poisons. They are to be used in warfare tomorrow.

Nearly everybody dislikes war. Our dream today is peace. In peace, man can develop best the enormous possibilities he seems to have. But maybe future men will find that peace, too, can be good and bad. Perhaps peaceful men will drink out of boredom. Then perhaps drink will become the great problem which seems to keep man from getting all he thinks he should out of his abilities.

Clearly, peace is a great force, as is sobriety, as are material power, communication, education, honesty and the ideals of many dreamers.

We have more of these forces to control than did the ancients. And maybe we are doing a little better than most of them could do. But what we ought to be able to do seems gigantic compared with our confused accomplishments.

Why is this? Why can't we conquer ourselves?

Because we find that even great forces and abilities do not seem to carry with them clear instructions on how to use them. As an example, the great accumulation of

understanding as to how the physical world behaves only convinces one that this behavior seems to have a kind of meaninglessness. The sciences do not directly teach good and bad.

Through all ages men have tried to fathom the meaning of life. They have realized that if some direction or meaning could be given to our actions, great human forces would be unleashed. So, very many answers must have been given to the meaning of it all. But they have been of all different sorts, and the proponents of one answer have looked with horror at the actions of the believers in another. Horror, because from a disagreeing point of view all the great potentialities of the race were being channeled into a false and confining blind alley. In fact, it is from the history of the enormous monstrosities created by false belief that philosophers have realized the apparently infinite and wondrous capacities of human beings. The dream is to find the open channel.

What, then, is the meaning of it all? What can we say to dispel the mystery of existence?

If we take everything into account, not only what the ancients knew, but all of what we know today that they didn't know, then I think that we must frankly admit that We Do Not Know.

But, in admitting this, we have probably found the open channel.

This is not a new idea; this is the idea of the age of reason. This is the philosophy that guided the men who made the democracy that we live under. The idea that no one really knew how to run a government led to the idea that we should arrange a system by which new ideas could be developed, tried out, tossed out, more new ideas brought in, a trial and error system. This method was a result of the fact that science was already showing itself to be a successful venture at the end of the 18th century. Even then it was clear to socially-minded people that the openness of the possibilities was an opportunity, and that doubt and discussion were essential to progress into the unknown. (Conclusion — [my words-& depending on your humor the most felicitous word (conclusion) in the language.]) Our Responsibility As Scientists — We are at the very beginning of time for the human race. It is not unreasonable that we grapple with problems. There are tens of thousands of years in the future. Our responsibility is to do what we can, learn what we can, improve the solutions and pass them on. It is our responsibility to leave the men of the future a free hand. In the impetuous youth of humanity, we can make grave errors that can stunt our growth for a long time. This we will do if we say we have the answers now, so young and ignorant; if we suppress all discussion, all criticism, saying. "This is it, boys, man is saved!" and thus doom man for a long time to the chains of authority, confined to the limits of our present imagination. It has been done so many times before.

It is our responsibility as scientists, knowing the great progress and great value of a satisfactory philosophy of ignorance, the great progress that is the fruit of freedom of thought, to proclaim the value of this freedom, to teach how doubt is not to be feared but welcomed and discussed, and to demand this freedom as our duty to all coming generations. . . .

**Name:** Hammond  
**E-mail Address:** in defense of Steve - ditto  
**Date:** 24 Nov 2002

**“Each One Teach One” . . .**

**Name:** curious is as curious does  
**E-mail Address:** focus the attention on the attention  
**Date:** 26 Nov 2002

Eileen, thanks for the response. I am going to follow Peter’s advice and read *The Peoples History of America* (Howard Zinn) and *Manufacturing Consent* (Noam Chomsky). That should give us at least a starting place, in which we will have a common Frame of Reference. . . .

**Name:** Eileen  
**Date:** 26 Nov 2002

Well friends I am going to be out of the loop here for awhile. I just found out yesterday, I’m going to have to make some radical changes in my life sometime this yr that has blown my mind . . . moving. When I thought my gypsy life was really over. This has come as a unexpected shock to me and I am not feeling up to making sense or thinking about anyone else’s mind right now. Thanks for the good company here.

**Name:** Eileen  
**E-mail Address:** I’m sort of back  
**Date:** 28 Nov 2002

I am having my dream Thanksgiving. Well, one I’ve wished for many times. Alone. It’s not the way I want every Thanksgiving, cause I often enjoy it with all the preparation and mainly when I have my family and friends around me. But this one this yr suits me just right. My girls are with their friends and loved ones. So everyone has what they need and that feels good. I hope you all are having the Thanksgiving you want too.

I am beginning to loosen my mind up about this potential move. And RNA is absolutely correct. Today ideas, dreams of the future, and the home I want next are starting to bubble up. I used to enjoy this. I know it will come. I am not under any immediate pressure but what I create myself. So am trying to ease up on that. It’s a beautiful sunny day here on the coast . . . that helps. I’m still rummaging around for the gypsy in me and I know she’s gonna be happy when I find my gypsy skirt again.

Tonto, I see you have given this a lot of thought. Some of what you suggest is very much the way I hear the Japanese run their big companies. I think we have something to learn from them in that regard. I also think those of us who spent time on communes or worked as activists have a pretty good idea of what the kinds of problems come up in trying to create a level playing field. From a simple point of view, small groups work more fluidly than larger. There is something in the back of my head about the size if the gov’t we have created . . . that we have somehow agreed to that has gotten out of hand. Maybe it was always out of hand. I do know it was created to protect those with land and

money from the get go. With that kind of foundation, we started off unequal . . . and it was with intention. I think states should run themselves with their own laws and own central gov't. This country has gotten to big to be run by one gov't. I think until that happens we won't see the changes we need. How we get there is beyond my imagining.

**Name:** Eileen

**E-mail Address:** X Gypsy Travel

**Date:** 02 Dec 2002

. . . I know! I was thinking that very same thing. But **what I find so amazing is we did it in mass. Not one person or their family moving somewhere. We moved in groups, or into groups . . . and to the most random places. Beautiful but random. And do you remember the "houses" at Blackbear? Wasn't Kenoli in a tree, and who lived in a plastic covered dome and had a baby in it (and we all ate the required placenta stew)?! Rose Lee had peacocks walking freely outside her house. Wonder how long it took the critters to find those! I bet they were astonished. BOY, talk about living on faith. It was like the joyful homeless. We just figured together we would figure it out. For yrs I moved with next to nothing . . . things were cheap then and easy to come by, or steal, or pick out of a dump. I never went to Wheelers. I wonder what their houses were like? . . .**

**Name:** Mark

**E-mail Address:**

**Date:** 01 Dec 2002

I was up there [at Black Bear Ranch] summer before last for a look around. There were some young folks staying there. I didn't stay long enough to get a feeling of how organized they were. One couple from Oregon, was working on a house, and the main house shows signs of recent maintenance. Someone rebuilt the covered porch that is on the front and one side. The workmanship was very good but the kitchen area is in rough shape, the old iron stove is sunken nearly into the ground. The place has a junkyard of about 15 old cars and trucks some dating back to the 60's, the fruit trees and gardens are mostly overgrown, no livestock or active sustainability around, the pond is still there and people were swimming in it. The place is pretty fallen down but someone is keeping the thing going. The people I met said it wasn't uncommon for some "oldtimers" to show up bringing supplies of some sort. That is what I did. The living room is in good shape with all the books, musical instruments (grand piano), and artifacts in place. The road is a hell of a lot better than I remembered it. Pretty easy drive once you find it. Sawyer's Bar is in fairly desperate shape as well as Forks of Salmon. I met Petey Brucker in Forks of Salmon and talked with him awhile, I met some folks from Cecilville at a solstice gathering in SF. Cecilville has expanded a little but the rest of the area is in hard times. The ranch still has its potential though and given a few committed souls it could be happening. Many who stayed on have spread out into the community around the Forks of Salmon generally finding their own property, or some seasonal residence of one form or another. The forestry people play big role there in both good and bad ways. Lots of controversy over the years about fire prevention methods (defoliant), Native American rights and watershed management.

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 07 Dec 2002

Dear Mr Dummy ~ Mark could probably give a better answer than I. But without further research, this is what little I have learned by listening and observing. I will have to leave the science part for someone else. With this little info, is when I had the big AH HA about how everything is inter-connected... (yep including us humans that think we are so special). Here in N Ca, we have (or rather don't have) what used to be a rain forest, until we brilliantly cut down all the old growth... but I still can see how it works from what little is left.

So here you go: The leaves take the bad air and gives us good air for starters. Rain forests gather moisture from the air in their leaves. They hold clouds... I think they make them. It is very magical to watch the clouds of moisture captured and rise. Or maybe they call them and catch them... I know they catch fog. The moisture drips from the leaves and gently falls. This is so even when it rains, because the canopy is so thick. This gentleness is important, because it doesn't just pound the ground (more on that in a minute), so it has time amongst the light speckled forest to become moist inside the interior... the space where there are just trunks, as well as keeping the trunks moist. Many birds and critters and plants we are rarely aware of, live in the canopy and in the outside of the bark. But where it gets even more interesting (to me) is on the ground. The water drops (this is the gentle part) on the duff and many plants and keeps everything moist.

So many things live here. Mushrooms and various fungi, newts and salamanders, bugs and animals. These things actively nourish the trees... not with just dieing and decaying, but with their life... their living. Each needs the other to live, for food and for shelter. Also they move things around and bring things to other places with their little shovels and back packs. OK not like that. With that living, the ground stays alive. The earth the roots are in must breathe, and have food... all these things make that possible in their movement within and on the soil. And with that breathing it takes nourishment. The fungi spread far throughout the soil and feed the trees and add incredible nutrients. It is a perfect balance. If say, the newts ALL die, something that depends on them dies. You can pick just one. If any one of ALL or a lot of anything die, it goes like that. It doesn't matter which one. It may mean they have nothing left to eat or have no home.

Since there is so much moisture easily available close to the surface of the soil, these trees (I know this is so in the Amazon too) do not have deep root systems. Also these trees are connected by their roots. Not just intertwined, but new trees grow from the roots more often than from seed that's fallen. You could say each tree has come from one... is only one. (Aspen also grow this way).

So, if an area is cleared with tree cuts, a good storm will blow over the closest standing trees. Also the soil the next layer down is not very rich and is hard pan... not breathing soil, because the moisture was so close to the surface. So there is little it can sustain and will likely never again hold much life. So when they cut and burn they have destroyed all hope... all life. When it rains it mostly runs off the top of the soil, which leaches it worse. And soon there is nothing but dust. These trees take hundreds of yrs to grow to the height

that is needed to catch the clouds... to make the clouds away from the heat of the earth. There is a whole life that must be there to make it possible.

Then the weather begins to change. There is less and less rain. Nothing calls it. Weather patterns change globally and locally and rivers begin to dry up. Other places get rain they never got before as it wanders to find a home. Because these rainforests are the lungs of the earth, the ozone changes and leaves holes in the layer that protects us from the rays of the sun.

All because we killed the salamanders. We are all inter related. As each tree dies, and each creature and bug dies, we become sicker. There are droughts and storms. Our air becomes poisoned, the sun burns the plants and us. We have cut off the branch, standing on the wrong side. All because we think we are separate from all living things. This is why we fight for what is left. This is why people are now willing to put their lives on the line to save what is left. Our lives ARE on the line.

**Name:** RNA

**Date:** 08 Dec 2002

Hawaii has the worst **ice** rate (**smokable meth amphetamine**) of any state. My friend who runs an alternative paper here believes it is because of the ever present Operation Green Harvest. Raids on the pot patches are ongoing. since growers risk jail time and getting their land confiscated, the price of pot has soared. So, the kids can't afford it. But they can afford **batu**. My daughter went to Lahaina on Halloween, the Mardi Gras of the Pacific. she said so many people offered her batu (strangers: her friends are far too hip for that crap) and that **they make it sound like a soft sneeze "tutu" so if you don't know what they are saying/selling, you would just think it was a weird sneeze. It's also called "tutu" as in, "he's a tutu head."** I believe batu is the Filipino word for ice. **That's what the locals call it.**

**I've had several friends killed by random people on batu.** One friend, a father of 9 (!!!!!!!) was riding his bike and run over by a maniac on batu. He was riding on the Hana road. the reason the police found the blitzed out driver was because he left his front bumper AND license plate embedded in my friend. another friend was killed as he was taking a sunset walk in a residential area. A batu man was speeding up hill going 50 in a 20 mph zone at dusk when he ran a stop sign, hit another car which then careened into my friend. People drive like maniacs over here and i'm sure it's because of the tremendous booze consumption and high use of ice.

At school, if kids get caught with pot they have to get pee tested every week. So, these kids then turn to booze which doesn't show up in the pee tests. It's very sad. Pot heads may drive slowly and perhaps forget where they're going, but they're not maniacs on the road. The tourists, too go crazy with the mai tais and pina coladas and somehow forget that Hawaii is part of "the states." I trained as an Emergency medical technician in the 80's and learned that at least half of the people on the road to/ from Lahaina on any given night are legally drunk.

**Name:** Eileen

**Email Address:** don't ya just hate that

**Date:** 09 Dec 2002

**Ahh Asthmador . . . tremors?? . . . took me two weeks to stop hearing voices and seeing things . . . after I regained consciousness. What a horror! How about Heavenly Blue morning glory seeds . . . laced with strychnine (sp?) Seed high, while my lungs only worked if I made them. Sandwiched between two friends (John and Sara Glazer) who lay tight next to me keeping me in rhythm with their breath. And I had almost walked home cause nothing was happening! About killed me. Didn't know in those days they put rat poison on seeds to keep off the bugs. And I laugh . . . how about niacin . . . heard it would get you high . . . ended up at the school clinic on fire hardly able to breathe! Oh the good old days! hahahaha ha How much cough syrup did I drink? God I was so desperate to change my state of reality. Well we certainly got that with acid. Hello, is there someway out of here, said the joker to the thief, I can't get no relief. Freekin' Eddie . . . just throw me over the bridge and get it over with!**

**Name:** Nicole

**Email Address:** willinics

**Date:** 09 Dec 2002

. . . oh God Eileen . . . morning glory seeds, I woke up naked in a tree house on Mt St. Helena after having spent the day eating those things at Harbinger Hot Springs with David (one of the pranksters) I spent the greater part of the night having amazing experiences such as the four horseman of the apocalypse with holves pounding ride through the tree tops . . . their thundering noise had me absolutely cowering . . . then I experienced my birth from being in a warm dark space content as ever to being sucked violently down the passage to first a spot where I saw everything in all of the universe superimposed upon itself in a kind of fiber optic tube and everything was so fantastically serene . . . then the pull came again and I ended up out and born and thought oh, this isn't so bad . . . but then I woke up or came to and I was overlooking Sonoma, Napa and Mendocino Valleys . . . thought I was on the label of a wine bottle and I was thoroughly involved in a Technicolor yawn . . . puking in other words . . . oh was I sick . . . I'm certain I was actually poisoned by the seeds and near death . . . it did give me some interesting things to think about . . . but let me say . . . I am so glad I no long am involved in that lifestyle . . . that I am alive is really something . . . in the end I think I missed a lot because of it . . . although I like who I am standing here today and I am the sum of all my experiences . . . so again . . . what I do know is that I don't know . . . oh man, just now I can think of any given night when I was so toasted I would have rather died than continue feeling the way I allowed my self to get . . . the cycle of shooting heroin and then doing some coke to wake up a bit then drinking enough alcohol to bring you back down then smoking about 600 cigarettes and finally you almost feel normal as before you did anything . . . you are so right . . . WHAT WERE WE THINKING !!!!! with warm regards, I'm still standing, Nicole

**Name:** Eileen

**Email Address:** the Dreamers

**Date:** 10 Dec 2002



Yes Nicole, I still have my workshop as well. A yurt with an open hole in the center to the sky. A low fire in the center of the dirt floor, with rocks around it. One side has an extension of a green house with healing herbs. A massage table is in there too . . . for me. My guide, an old Indian woman with Red Tailed hawk feathers hanging from her white hide dress. She takes care of me, smudges me before and after a reading. She let's me know what I am up for and let's me know if the work has been good and clears me. Like you, I think my yurt will come. Who knows, maybe with this move I will need one. I miss living in the woods and am tired of the complications of town living. But I am not making this move light weight and we need much more than roughing it these days.

**I all but lost my dreaming when I was taking care of Bob. [Bob who?]** After he died I entirely lost them. I have some idea why that happened. I am just beginning to remember my dreams again, after too many yrs. I miss them very much. It is such a help when one receives such clear messages, such as yours. I am hoping a dream will come that will direct me as well, on this quest for a new home. Much can happen with just a shift in awareness. But I have a sense we are on an adventure, that will open up our lives and freshen us.

Thank you for shining on me here.

**Name:** I NEED HELP

**Date:** 10 Dec 2002

**DEATH IS A BEAUTIFUL CAR PARKED ONLY BY RICHARD BRAUTIGAN IS FOR EMMETT GORGAN... WHY?**

**WHY DID HE DEDICATE THIS POEM TO HIM?**

**Name:** Eileen

**Email Address:** huh?

**Date:** 10 Dec 2002

Wow Steve that was great! I didn't understand a thing you said, but it sounded pretty damn impressive. How about this? Have you ever tried looking at someone or something you thought was really special or even kind of magical? That by somehow trying to see deeper, all you ended up with were pieces? Sort of like taking a butterfly apart to see it.

**I think that was actually an interesting question about Emmett and Richard. But you had to be there. As it is, Richard was one that could not be picked apart... I guess not even by Richard.**

**Name:** curious is as curious does

**Email Address:** path rove

**Date:** 11 Dec 2002

.....OOps, I forgot something—where is the **floor plan of the house at Olema?** . . .

**Name:** Steve Boyd  
**Email Address:** silentsteveboyd@hotmail.com  
**Date:** 11 Dec 2002

**You stand in the kitchen door, full wall to the left. the ceiling cuts 3/4 the width of the room then pitches at an angle to rest on the two foot short wall to the right. This is where the doors to the larder are. Grains and communal food stuffs. The sink cupboard and stove are to the right. It held the first wok that I had ever seen. Coyote & Co.'s bed room door was a straight shot from the kitchen door. The table was to the right of their door, and a short run of bead board wall ran from the left which is where Moose and the gang would hang their colors, I wrote a poem about those cut-offs hanging there). That wall ended at the main room door, yet kicked back on the other side enough to fit my mattress which was keyed up against it and Coyote's wall. There was foot space at the end of my bed along the wall which held two windows, the one nearest my island was broken and had a rag stuffed in it. Between the two windows ran a low home made table which ended even with the edge of the kitchen door. This gave a clear run way to the square cubby which held an open air closet nook which was directly across from the bathroom door. The wall to the left as you entered from the kitchen held the old upright parlor piano between two high set small windows. The sawed off stage coach scatter gun was always leaning in the left hand corner. The short couch ran along the wall that divided the kitchen and the front room. The bulletins, hand bills and flyers were posted there. The loft bed was cantilevered off of Coyote's wall above my mattress and several feet beyond the edge of the inset wall. The room was lit during the evening supper with a lone oil lamp. There was two half cut lengthwise timber logs as low seating at the table. The front door was in the corner to the right of the piano. The screen door was still "wounded" from where Coyote had shot-gunned it.**

...

**Name:** Mark  
**Date:** 11 Dec 2002

Hammond,

**Your remarks on drug abuse and use are thoughtful. When I came to drugs it was not in the psychedelic frame but to heroin in the more seedy area of San Jose. Soon after though a junkie truck driver came into possession of a large amount of very "legitimate" LSD and became the dispenser/leader of many consciousness expansion ceremonies. We who were given the privilege of participation in this treated it very seriously. I am grateful to him for the opportunity he provided for me and the experience changed my life forever. He continued to dispense the drug judiciously under clearly defined circumstances for decades. It was never for sale.**

**The governments lawmakers making LSD against the law only spurred on an already suspicious youth looking for and finding clues for other "legal" sacraments in other cultures. This also meant to many that if the government made LSD illegal then all the other drugs on that list must have some potentials for the human experience as well. The door was flung open and the search was on. This was of**

course part and parcel to kicking out the doors of the post-WWII repressive culture. This was done with vengeance. **I think many of us forget how fucking pissed we were then.**

Looking back, I can't remember losing a friend or an acquaintance to LSD or any of the psychedelics. Most of the stranger experiments with things like bella donna were by their effects and side effects one night stands. When the harder drugs like crink and smack flooded the culture the lifestyle came with it, violence and deceit of the drug dealer role, addictions that **drove out the innocence of the search and replaced it with despair.** Even in that change the friends I lost, primarily to heroin, I must admit were victims of their own fates. Destiny seemed to be part of their equation many times.

**In the end, alcohol and cultural drinking ritualism claimed far more of my ex-junkie, speed freak, pot-smoking friends. This to me is the most tragic testament to the destructive parts of our culture. To go through all that we did and fall in the end to the legal drug of established dealers of the culture we tried so hard to change fills me with sadness.** I still can't believe that the loved ones that tripped through the most open and exciting times with me were ground down to this humiliating end. Government sponsored drug addiction through huge corporate dealers remains a corrosive threat to our society. I invite anyone to spend 24 hours at a hospital emergency room and tally the tragedies that appear carrying the baggage of alcohol abuse. It is shameful. . . .

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 11 Dec 2002

Jeeze, a bunch of early birds here. What a treat to start my morning with you all gabbing it up! Let me catch up here. **Steve, the sink was to the left and you are right about the stove placement, I had forgotten . . . guess you can see where I spent most of my time. I also had forgotten about how the kitchen ceiling slanted. . . .**

**As far as acid goes, I would like to add my 2 cents here, (agreeing with everyone). Did anyone notice, even though the quality of acid didn't change, the high did . . . at least for me. I have this theory we were plugged into the mass (consciousness) high. As more people got side tracked with other less enlightening drugs we lost the connect that brought it to such a hugely spiritual experience, and there was more of a flattening experience. Well, maybe that's just me. But I think there was a period there where we were all tripping together. . . .**

**Name:** Eileen

**Email Address:** and then and then

**Date:** 11 Dec 2002

Mmm, not sure about that time. **I was pregnant with Ariel in June of '68, I think. That was a pretty nuts time for me. But I made all my clothes, remember? I would wake, stand there and go, what do I feel wearing like today, and then sit naked at my machine and make my clothes for the day. BTW, I originally came to Ca with a**

**dime in my pocket (in my jeans that were so tight I couldn't get to that dime) and brand new cowboy boots that about killed my feet. HEY, I was just coming in from Boulder too . . . but that was '64. They wore such a bloody mess on the top of my foot that didn't want to heal . . . and I healed it on my first acid trip with Dino Valenti (Nicole you here on this trip?) in Sausalito, by pointing at it and directing the blood to it just by watching it. . . .**

**Name:** Nicole

**Date:** 11 Dec 2002

Yeah I'm here . . . was that at his houseboat? You know the day I met Bob Shoop and Peter it was there at Gate 5 and at that time Cat was spending her days with Dino . . . she was 13 at the time . . . She's now grown up living in Santa Cruz with 2 beautiful daughters . . . her parents were the first houseboat anchored out in the bay Sausalito . . . Bob and Laurabell Hawbecker . . . anyway **Dino has left us too. Brain tumor couple years ago** . . . he had some great lyrics as I recall . . . one song in particular. . . . "ALL AROUND THE CABIN, THERE'S A COLD WIND WINDIN, ALL AROUND THE BACK DOOR LEAVES ARE FALLIN AND EVERY OTHER NOW AND THEN I CAN HEAR SOMEBODY CALLIN... YES IT'S TIME" It doesn't read as well as it sings . . . very haunting melody. I have to say . . . I'm so glad to be back in touch with you . . . I truly am.

**Name:** Eileen

**Email Address:** thinking of Dino

**Date:** 11 Dec 2002

Nicole~ **I met Dino (Let's Get Together and Love One Another, was the only thing that actually got out there) on my first foray to Ca in uuhmm maybe '62.** By that time the Van Damm sp? houseboat scene was over. Buddha was working at a sandle making hole in the wall in Sausalito. And **Dino was jumping around from jail time. He was trying to teach Quicksilver how to freekin' sing and going to the LA clubs and motels to sell pot. 'Bout blew this Louisiana innocent, (spell daring but clueless) out of the water. Learned how to clean pot in a drawer . . . remember the seeds folks? You have no idea how fast that LA scene was and I was still adjusting to Boulder! Total culture shock, and then some!**

**He's the one that named me Sam.** You remember all this I bet. I remember about Cat and you and the guys . . . curse their eyes. Eh hem. Some folks said Dino couldn't sing. **Maybe his Roosterhood was as big as his rooster and he couldn't keep his feathers down and get along with many guys . . . but the man could SING! I do believe I got some of the best of him. He opened the door to all that would follow. I always held an especially warm place in my heart for him.**

Saw him at the Rennissance Faire in Marin yrs down the line... oh my gosh in, you know, costume and tights and the man was . . . oh it was awful . . . fat and scary and still so full of himself . . . he had NO business in those tights! I'm telling you he was NOT CUTE and someone went Oh MY God (probably me) and then **I remembered (you know Steve like I told you how it goes with the past) he had pulled me in the door and taken**

**care of me when I had lost my voice and only trusted friendly dogs (that's for real) and put me back together and then shown me what would be the flickerings of the beginnings of all that the 60's became. Had given me my name . . . so it goes you know, nothing could diminish that time and who he was then. . . .**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 11 Dec 2002

Mark ~ That was a real treat. Thanks for finding that. You can sure see my taste in men in the 60's pictures. He was definitely yummy, but moving way to fast for me. **He used to catch me on the go around. But kept a good eye on me till I couldn't handle all the changes, left and went back to Boulder to catch my breath and figure out what the f\*\*k I had walked into and what I'd walked out of and how soon could I get back!**

I don't know if he did the Harley thing and he did have an odd way of dressing (uniquely his own) sometimes . . . **think it was his carney background.** Nicole would know. Sounds possible. . . .

**Name:** Eileen

**Email Address:** Peaceful Farms/ not

**Date:** 12 Dec 2002

. . . Turns out I hve emphasema and the Dr says it can't be cured. OH I AM SO SURE! My zapper is already lifting some of the weight from my chest and colloidal silver clearing some of the pain. Guess I got to move my dogs out of the house. I'm already having to use an inhaler, but think I can stop that in a few days. Today will start adding food grade drops to my water. How can Dr's even let those words out of their mouths? Incurable just means THEY don't know how to cure it. What arrogance! Any healer knows if they don't know what to do they are another or pass you on to someone who's better. . . .

**Name:** Steve Reeves

**Email Address:** silentsteveboyd@hotmail.com

**Date:** 12 Dec 2002

. . . **Oh, Nicole, the Quicksilver Girl that I refered to was chestnut haired tall and willowy, she seemed to dance as she walked, like Diana Shore twirling through the door, wore very colorful hand stitched cowgirl boots, long gypsy skirts and was always with the Tie-Dye lady at Olema Ranch. Her name may have been Mary. She sang back ups with Quick Silver as late as 69. She always seemed to brighten Eileens day. They used to do their girl stuff with fabrics in the front room. Eileen would rummage through their latest creations with Ariel on her hip. Mostly tie dye on velvet.** "Brothers of the Forest, born on Saturday, . . . one was dark, one was fair, . . . fathered by the hawk, . . . mothered by the bear. . . . "Stranger children you have never seen" . . . .

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 12 Dec 2002

**Phyllis had to be tie dye girl. Your description of the willowy one has to be Senna . . . Natural Suzanne.** I was working on a dress for her from the marble print velour cloth, Carl Rosenberg was developing in the city. The whole thing was pieced together to make the design of the swirls fit exactly to Senna's body. A memorable dress for me. I loved it. And Senna is the only one I can think of that would have had expensive cowboy boots on.

All **the gypsy trucker women** fit your description, so that doesn't help. Although I was fascinated by **Susan Logan's** work, and she and I did some stuff together. I was mainly learning how to do her fancy embroidery (sp?) stitches on the hems and all. **Julie Boone** was in and out, she was doing some killers knitted to the floor gypsy skirts. I can't knit, but I still have the directions for that pattern if anyone wants it. It was too special to loose that one. Remember those skirts, Nicole?

**Name:** Kay Powers

**Email Address:** qksilvr@pacbell.net

**Date:** 12 Dec 2002

. . . My name is Kay, and I'm Dino Valenti's sister. I happened across your site while doing a basic Dino search. I have enjoyed the banter and also a lot of the memories evoked from some of the posts.

I noticed that a few of the posts erroneously suggest that Dino died from his brain surgery and **I would just like to clarify how Dino passed for those of you who might be interested.**

**Dino had his brain surgery in the late eighties and he survived the brain surgery and went on to live another 6 years or so. It was a very hard time for him but he beat it, lost a lot of weight and was on the comeback trail, i.e., getting his full faculties back, putting a band together, and in his never ending search for the "perfect rhythm section" LOL, however on Nov.16th, very unexpectedly, he suffered a major heart attack sometime during the night and was found the next morning. I was at his house earlier in the day, and we were singing and dancing in the street and not a hint of anything wrong, so it wasn't a long drawn out illness. . . .**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 13 Dec 2002

Good Morning Steve~

No, I think you're the only one that has as much free time as I do. And maybe they don't want to play "do you know". And speaking of which, Nicole is correct with the ID of Mary G. But you have looped too many incidences together I think. Yes, **Mary Gannon fits all the discriptions . . . but I don't think I put a whole wardrobe together for her until I was back living in the city (SF) and she was pregnant with her first baby.** But I could be confused with my timing (naw!). Nicole? You remember what yr she was preg? . . .

**Name:** nicole\_wills

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 13 Dec 2002

IMAM, Thank you.

Steve, Baleen at one time was living on land in **Maine** that her family had... or maybe it was her sister... it was a collective that **Peter and I visited on the trade route trip** [?]. . . **the town was Lubec, it's the eastern most point of the continental United States as Petrolia is the western most point** which by the way is where Baleens sister lived... or was that Baleen . . . I can't remember . . . jump in anyone who does . . . that would be a great place for you to visit if it is still happening . . . am I delusional? Still there? jeez nik that was 1972 . . . ah right . . . but it was a hauntingly beautiful coastal place . . . New England style . . . walking at low tide with fog on the sea and mist rising from the rocky crags along the shore . . . green pines and the many shades of gray on the hardwoods . . . it was winter when I was there . . . the colors like an Owl . . . remember your crocheted skirt Eileen, those colors . . . the gray of granite, the brown of earth, the white of snow and the dark almost steel color of frigid water . . . and the moss and sand . . . God I can even smell the salt and hear the sea birds . . . if it is still there . . . I wanna go . . .

**Name:** quickmorph

**Date:** 13 Dec 2002

Nicole —

**On that trade route trip do you happen to remember visiting a tiny experimental college in Franconia NH? I was there in '72 and a couple stopped by with truck that was love at first sight for this boy. Anyway, they were strictly into bartering and appeared to be hoping for some trade with the local White Punks on Dope. Could that have been you & Coyote? There was a commune up the street called the Homestead that they may have visited also.**

Not very likely that you'd remember, but 30 years later I still wonder who were those guys? **The truck was just dynamite...**

**Name:** Nicole

**Date:** 13 Dec 2002

. . . I remember Franconia really well . . . one of the things we did was meet with a woman who was a potter and spent days scraping moss and lichen off buildings to create colors for her glaze . . . and the truck was the "big fucker" Kent and Ninas and had a big plexy bubble in the front . . . my son and Eileen's daughter were on that trip too, they were about 4 & 5 . . . and I'm glad to say we never connected with the punk boys . . . The homestead place as I recall had a beautiful house made of river stone . . . they seemed really together . . . one of the things that trip was for was to establish a kind of route where it could be possible to get place to place (communes and collectives) with out the use of fossil fuels and trade each other and barter for the stuff we needed or had extra of . . . we put together a hand bound

book and sent one back to each place we visited sort of a cross reference document . . . wonder if anyone out there has one of them . . . orange cover with some autumn leaves I think . . . called *THE NOW EVER POTLATCH RUCKUS*

**Name:** Michael

**Date:** 13 Dec 2002

Nicole — **Another farm you stopped at on that trip was in Troy, Maine. We called it Coombs Farm after Eugene Coombs, who owned the place.** Very creative. An ever changing bunch of city deserter no nothings, of which I was one, lived there and tried in our own usually not too successful ways to make it in the New England organic farming world of the early seventies. It was a cultural collision of its own within itself complete with a built in always complaining Granny who, in her own youth, milked twenty cows a day by hand, by herself, in dustbowl Texas. That's how she told it and she was tough enough to have pulled it off. I was on a big city trip when you passed through, but **Kent came and stayed for several months in '73. It's where he met Genie and from where they took off for San Francisco in early 1974.** I was not far behind. . . .

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 13 Dec 2002

**I have debated the mention of it. But here, on that trip you and Coyote took with Ariel in tow, is where my life reached its peak of agony and came down around me. Not knowing where Ariel was for Christmas . . . where she was at all with no way to find her. No word, nothing. Lost lost my girl, and me, alone, can hardly describe. Somewhere in Mexico with Rose Lee, going through my own hell. The pictures of those days, everyone smiling, is burned into my memory. Here is where I must have a bridge, a boat to cross over into this time. It is a bitter story for me. Half a history, half a tale being told. Things were not entirely what they appeared to be.**

**Name:** Captain Crunch

**Email Address:** silentsteveboyd@hotmail.com

**Date:** 13 Dec 2002

. . . Hey Eileen, I'm the softy on this site, don't loose it on us, . . . reflect and come back real soon. I have drained you without regarding your condition. I'm up now on all fronts. Hold on. Got me? **You snapped at me once in the kitchen at Olema and I almost physically folded, but it was odd . . . it was a left-handed reality check. A Queen for a day was being critical of me and you glared at me and said something to the effect "Dont let her or anyone else around here give you ANY shit"**. There was blue lightning bolts in your eyes. (it was an Olema thang') . . . The gal was speechless and also shrunk, . . . It was the greatest balling out of my life. It was a hurt pride, but Pride just the same. Those gals would walk in like it was open range. Man you rounded up a stray calf from the back forty that afternoon. what I'm sayin' is "You Hold What You Held" . . . its not for me to say, but we gauge the good against the bad (times that is) . . . my thoughts on little Ariel? . . . Hell, . . . ) . . . loving her is enough. Read me? The fact that our hearts often get stomped on is actually verification that we have hearts. My tender feelings get mashed daily and I wouldn't have it any other way. . . .



**Name:** Nicole

**Date:** 16 Dec 2002

... Eileen ... I know. I almost edited myself and I struggled over even posting anything about those times ... but it was a reality in our lives and I decided to go ahead ... it was not without feelings for you ... believe me Eileen, since you and I have been having a dialog on this site I have been able to unravel some knots and I'm grateful for that and would not want to jeopardize the communication in any way ... but to skirt around events that did occur would be more harmful to us both I think ... one of the most difficult things for me was losing you ... and finding you again is wonderful ... I've always thought we were connected on a very deep level ... for over 30 years now ... and for me there are plenty of people I have known and loved for years but there are a few that cause an actual sensation in my heart when I think of them ... and you are one of them ... I pray we keep our hearts and minds open and our conversation going ... with deep appreciation, Nicole

Ps I remember coombs farm very well ... also years later on in my musician life I was working with a songwriter Ran Van Warmer "just when I needed you most" and his girl friend was Jeannies sister and what a small world it is indeed.

**Name:** Nicole

**Date:** 19 Dec 2002

Eric... once I said to Sweet William... "My life is so boring..." not that I was bored, but I felt boring... He gave me an exercise... he told me to take a single sheet of paper and pick an arbitrary date and write all of the high points for one year of that date... But I could only use one sheet, front and back... and he said bring it back to me when you are finished... well, let me tell you... I was so hard to do... so much had actually happened in one year that some don't experience in a life time... but what stumped me was trying to put what I deemed important enough to go on the single sheet... because the things that loomed large in my mind were incidents like stopping to speak to an old man about 95 on the way to the corner store by Peter and Judys on Harper street... I had been in a hurry and he asked me to stop, and asked "why was I in a hurry and asked had I looked at everything as I walked along and did I see the sky and how beautiful it was and could I smell the ocean even up there on the hill and was I listening to the birds... and life is good and I should not be in such a hurry... and look how interesting that ice plant is... that it grows triangular and and and... well he changed my life then and there... that was major and then I thought of a lot of reasons why I was not boring... that things didn't have to be major... some times the smallest of incidents are awesome... Sweet William is brilliant that way...

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 20 Dec 2002

Nicole,

Thank you for that story about Bill Fritsch. It reminded me of some Zen stories, and also of that poem by Lew Welch:

Step out onto the Planet.

Draw a circle 100 feet round.

Inside the circle are 300 things  
nobody understands and,  
maybe, nobody's ever seen.

How many can you find?

**Name:** Eileen

**Email Address:** ketchep and pickles

**Date:** 20 Dec 2002

**Nic ~ No, it was nothing you said. You have a life and a history as well and let it blow girl! I just get to process and it's sort of like throwing up and being done with it. I'm not wanting to hem your story into what makes me comfortable. This is now and that was then. I just have to do some ketchup now and then. Please bare with me cause this is way cheaper than a therapist. HA! . . .**

Eric~And as long as we're on Sweet William (he's still with us right?) . . . he talked about the challenge of Doing Nothing. I have to laugh. But when it comes right down to it, how many of us can be at peace doing nothing? This wk of no electricity made it clear, I do not take Doing Nothing very nicely. I think it's perhaps a sign of internal . . . what? Calm, peace, self satisfaction? That thought has always stuck with me . . . and has often made me look at how much we all do just to stay busy and not have to sit with OURSELVES... Yikes!

**Name:** dance a lot

**Date:** 20 Dec 2002

**"Inaction in action... " Lou Gottlieb describing how we spent time at M\*.**

**He considered us researchers of lifestyles filled with leisure. Lou expected cypernetics, robots and computers do be doing much of the menial labor, thus freeing us up for higher pursuits. He realized that so many people don't know what to do with free time.**

Bucky Fuller talked about the abundance that is ours and said we all should have a guaranteed annual income. Enough to provide the basics: shoelter, food, clothes. If you want a fancy car or designer clothes, then get a job.

the biggest do nothing i see is people hypnotized around a tv.

funny, i was never bored at morningstar. there was always that dance of life... and, there was never a tv.

**Name:** Eileen

**Email Address:** No point kicking the sleeping dog unless you want to loose your foot.

**Date:** 21 Dec 2002

Ahh yes, our mothers. I've been processing with mine since I left home. Hammond ~ If your mom had to get this wake up call from you, this late in the game somebody's not been talking to somebody about more than the weather. A book about one's life should always start with the disclaimer:

Opinions Are Like Ass Holes Everyone Has One And This Is Mine If You Don't Like It Write Your Own Damn Book

**Did you read Coyote's book? That pissed off more than his mother (how about almost everyone he mentioned!) . . . and if his dad had been alive, I doubt he could have even written it. His dad would have seriously slapped him up side the head. As it is, his mom cheered him for his book cause she's a good Jewish mom (and it WAS well written) . . . but she was BEYOND angry at the memories that he stirred up and I doubt she ever told him before she died, somewhere around a yr later, (ferocious and brilliant woman). The rest of the Digger family for the most part fortunately? had become too civilized for a lynching party (so mostly took it out on Ariel). . . .**

**Name:** curious is as curious does

**Email Address:** West Point of the West

**Date:** 22 Dec 2002

**. . . I graduated from New Mexico Military Institute, in Roswell ( 1968) — , later, dropped out at U.T. , Austin, (then becoming political) in '69. . . .**

**Name:** Eileen

**Email Address:** Well while we're at it.....

**Date:** 23 Dec 2002

This is my kind of Christmas:

De Twelve days of Crissmus on de bayou...

Day 1: Dear Boudreaux, tank you fo de bird in de pear tree. I fix las' night wif dirty rice. I doan tink de pear tree will grow in de swamp so I swap it fo a satsuma.

Day 2: Dear Boudreaux, you letter say you sen two turtledove, but all I get was two scrawny pigeon. Anyway, I mix dem wif some andouille an made som gumbo outta dem.

Day 3: Dear Boudreaux, Why don you sen some crawfish? I'm tired of eatin dem darn birds. I gave two of dose prissy french chickens to Marie Trahan over at Grans Bayou an fed the third to my dog Phideaux. Marie needed some sparrin partners for her fightin' rooster.

Day 4: Dear Boudreaux, Mon Dieux! I tol you no mo friggin birds! Deez four, what you call dem, "calling birds", were so noisy you could hear dem all de way to Napoleonville. I use dere necks fo my crab trap, an fed de rest to de gators.

Day 5: Dear Boudreaux, You finally sen somethin useful. I like dem gold rings, me. I hock dem at de pawn shop in Thibodeaux an get enuf money fo to fix de shaft on my shrimp boat an buy a round fo de boys down at de Raisin Cain Lounge. Merci Beaucoup!

Day 6: Dear Boudreaux, Couchon! Back to de birds, you coonass turkey! Po ol egg suckin Phideaux is scared to death at dem six gaesses. He try to eat dems aigs an dey peck de heck outta his snout. Dey good at eatin cockroaches though. I may stuff one of dem wit eryster dressin on Crissmus day.

Day 7: Dear Boudreaux, I gonna wring you fool neck de nex time I sees you. Thibeau, de mailman, is ready to kill you. De merde from all dem birds is stinkin up his mailboat somethin awful, yeah. He afraid somebody gonna slip on dat stuff an sue him good. I let dem seven swans aloose to swim on de bayou an some duck hunters from Mississippi blasted dem outta de water. Talk to you tomorrow.

Day 8: Dear Boudreaux, Po ol Thibeau, he has to make tree trip on his mailboat to deliver dem 8 maids a milkin and dere 8 cows. One of dem cows got spooked by a gator and almost tip over de boat... I don like dem shiftless maids, me no. I tolt dem to get to work guttin fish and sweepin de shack an dey say it was not in dey contract. Dey probably tink deys too good to skin nutrias dat I caught las night, too.

Day 9: Dear Boudreaux, Wat you tryin to do, huh? Thibeau had to borry de Lutcher ferry to carry dem jumpin twits you calls “lords a leapin” across de bayou. As soon as dey gets here dey wanted a tea break wit crumpets. I don know wat dat mean, but I says, “ Well, la di da, you get chicory coffee or nuttin.” Mon Dieu, Emile, Watta I gon feed all dese bozos? Dey too snooty for nutria an de cows have done gone an eat up all my turnip greens.

Day 10: Dear Boudreaux, You gots to be outta you mind! If de mailman don kill you, I will fo sho. Today he deliver 10 half nekkid floozies from Bourbon Street. Dey say dey be “Ladies Dancin”, but dey don act like no ladies in front of dem limey twits. Dey almos left after one of dem got bit by a water moccasin over by de outhouse. I had to butcher two cows to feed toute le monde an had to get toilet paper. De Sears Catalog wasn’t good enuf fer dem hoity toity lords royal behins.

Day Eleven: Dear Boudreaux, where you be? Cheerio and pip pip. You eleven pipers piping arrives today from de House O Blues, secon linin as dey gets off de boat. We fix snuffed gaeeses and beef jambalaya, finish da whiskey an we havin a fais-do-do. Da new mailman, he drink a bottle of Jack Daniel an he havin a good time dancin wit dem floozies. Thibeau, he jump offa da Sunshine Bridge yesterday, screamin you name. If you get a package in de mail an it be tickin—Don open it!

Day 12: Dear Boudreaux, I sorry to tell you, but I not you truelove nomore, no. After de fais-do-do, I spen de night wif Jaque, de head piper. We decide to open a gentleman’s club on de bayou. De floozies, excuse me, Ladies Dancing can make \$20 fo a table dance an de lords can valet park de boats. Since de maids don have no mo cows to milk, I train dem to set my crab trap, watch my trotline an run my shrimp business. We probably gross two mebbe one million clam nex year.

c'est la vie.

**Name:** Eileen

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 23 Dec 2002

Nicole, I often have gotten myself through when I felt like a complete loser as a mom, with the thought . . . "you have no idea how bad I COULD be". We have to get points for hanging in there, at the very least . . . whether we got it all perfect are not. Anybody get it perfect? . . .

**Name:** Nicole

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 26 Dec 2002

**IMAM, One night in Woodstock NY, Peter, myself and a couple of friends Martin and Susan Carey sat around a table and came up with a TV pilot about a truck full of digger folk who pull into a relatives driveway to fix a problem they were having with the truck . . . of course when they open the truck door about 14 people pour out along with kids and dogs and who knows what and the tag line was," How long can it take to fix a truck?!?!?"** It was very funny . . .

**Name:** Nicole

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 27 Dec 2002

. . . and still I wear white cotton underthings . . . or maybe they should be made out of hemp . . . **possibly this all stems from the time riding with Mary Ann and JP Pickens in Farasita, New Mexico a bolt of lightening about 2 feet thick struck right in front of the truck and even seemed to knock asphalt around . . . and well, it could have been that time I . . . oh never mind . . . but back to the truck stop . . . part of the story is that even though they have the truck up on blocks for 3 months at the cousins house in the 'burbs (obviously he doesn't keep working on it because he loves having his hands in grease . . . he just doesn't KNOW what he's doing!!! and he doesn't even have a Chiltons manual) and so that's why cousin Bart grimaces when dude says," let me have a look at that broken snow blower of yours . . . yeah right. . . .**

**Name:** Nik

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 27 Dec 2002

**excuse me . . . that's Farasita, Colorado... the Huerfano Valley**

**Name:** Eric

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 27 Dec 2002

Nicole,

**When were you in the Huerfano valley? Was that when the Caravan came to Ortiviz Ranch? I was there part of the group that bought the Ortiviz Ranch that had come out from Cambridge in the summer of 1970. I remember the Triple A band (Anonymous Artists of America), the big dome that the Red Rockers built, and the Libre Commune. I'm sure I've told the story how I became a vegetarian when we threw a Thanksgiving dinner for the other communes in the valley and I was put in charge of killing the chickens.**

How long were you there? Do you know what ever became of Triple A?

**Name:** Eileen

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 27 Dec 2002

**Eric ~ I lived at the Red Rockers before the caravan took place . . . just before Olema shut down in April. I think that was mid '71 when Ariel was 2 1/2 yrs. I also had my black Great Dane, Crow and we lived in a sheep herders lean-to, a good walk away from the dome. There's QUITE a story there. Then came back to CA just in time for the caravan. I don't know what became of the scene there, and would like to know as well. Ben and Chipita are the only folks I have had any contact with since then.**

**Name:** Nicole

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 28 Dec 2002

. . . ps Eric... **I was there with the caravan. . . .**

**Name:** Mark

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 28 Dec 2002

Eric,

I read an article yesterday (interview) about **Jack Nicholson. Nicholson talked about Richard Brautigan and the infamous jar of torn up currency he keeps in his living room to this day. Apparently this was started when Brautigan tore up two 50 dollar bills and tossed them into the jar in 1970? Nicholson regards it as an artwork has done since then.**

**Name:** Woodstock lady

**Email Address:** prefer no emails to my office

**Date:** 28 Dec 2002

**Dear Sam/Eileen, I have this wonderful memory of meeting you and Peter and Emmett one amazingly beautiful spring (or was it summer) day, in 1969. It was on a huge piece of property — literally hundreds, if not thousands, of acres of fields and hills and valleys with long grass and wild flowers, somewhere near Woodstock, upstate New York. There was either one or two other women with you. All of the**

ladies (not the men) were naked, dancing with flowers in your hair. I was young, shy — rather intimidated by your remarkable beauty. My “old man” and I had been introduced to your group by Rick Danko. We lived in Woodstock. We became quite friendly with Emmett who later introduced us to Howard and Jones Alk, Mason Hoffenberg, & Albert Grossman. Later, I had a fling with Emmett in NYC when he was staying at The Chelsea Hotel and later at Leonard Cohen’s loft in Chinatown. Emmett also introduced me to both Pearl & junk. In any event, I really haven’t much to offer here, I just thought you’d like to know that my memories of meeting you, Peter and Emmett have stayed with me all these years. Do you remember that trip to New York? I enjoy reading your entries and learning about the woman you’ve become. You are ever delightful, insightful and warm.

**Name:** Eileen

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 28 Dec 2002

Woodstock Lady~

**Always a nice surprise to hear from someone who watched us go by. Yes I remember being there. But it goes by in my memory like a blur. Yes, Emmett left everyone he touched it seems with the taste of junk.** You and Nicole are likely to have crossed paths out that way as well. You have a great deal to add if you’re into it. There’s no limits here. Just common interests. Thank you for your lovely words to me. . . .

**Name:** r n a

**Email Address:** ha ha

**Date:** 30 Dec 2002

Aloha. i just received a wonderful transcript of an interview with Lou Gottlieb, done a few months before he died. Ramon Sender sent me the transcript. Lou’s brilliance shines through, and it sparked multiple memories and laughter bursts.

I’m concerned it is too long to post here, plus a copy/ paste would probably result in sloppy copy.

i did send a copy to Eric. perhaps he can post it somewhere. . . .

**Name:** Ohio girl

**Date:** 02 Jan 2003

**I first saw Haight St. in 1967 and was amazed by the beauty of what I was seeing and amazed that the Diggers were really living the philosophy I’d heard of, amazed by the idea (and by the simple act of eating) the free food. I lived in the Haight mostly from 1968 to 1971 when it and I kept changing for the worse in most ways. Last year for the first time I was back there, and Haight St. was strange and commercial but I loved walking around the side streets and the park. I even found the church where my late, first husband and I got married in the fall of 1969, on Waller St. I’ve since looked it up on the internet and learned that this church, All Saints, was very receptive to Diggers and hippies and in fact, a Digger headquarters (?) which caused**

**some controversy within the church. I remember that the minister was really hip, he said we could pay for the wedding whenever we wanted, if we didn't have money we could pay with candles etc.** Having by then progressed from speed freaks to junkies we of course never paid him. I have always wished I could make that right, and finally I've done so, we just mailed them a small contribution. A lot of what I remember about the Haight, I really don't, I was basically so drugged-up I was unaware of the bigger picture, it was too much ground zero. . . .

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 02 Jan 2003

Ohio Girl:

**Leon Harris was the minister at All Saints Church who opened the doors of the church to the Diggers. I interviewed Father Harris and his wife Bunny many years ago. They were both still completely ebullient about their experiences with the Diggers. (Unlike the experience I had when I tried to interview Margot Patterson and John Doss recently. Both of these couples were older than the average age of the hippies and were drawn to the scene in the Haight by a variety of circumstances. Both couples ended up collaborating closely with the Diggers.)**

**There was a room in the back of All Saints Church which Father Harris gave over for use as the "Diggers office". There's an article on the web here that he sent me which describes the scene in the spring of 1967:**

<http://www.diggers.org/diggers/digart1.html>

**The main contribution the All Saints Church made to the Digger movement was the genesis of Digger Bread. Walt Reynolds taught the Diggers how to bake whole wheat bread in the ovens in the Church kitchen. I have a page on Digger Bread, which mentions the Church, here:**

<http://www.diggers.org/diggers/digbread.html>

If you come across any more information about the role of the All Saints Church, I would be interested. **There was some factionalism involved in the Diggers who were staffing the so-called Digger Office, and others. The Communication Company broadside titled "about time we started doin' our own livin' and dyin' mentions this schism:**

[http://www.diggers.org/asp/bibcit\\_fulltext.asp?BIBLIO+ID=35](http://www.diggers.org/asp/bibcit_fulltext.asp?BIBLIO+ID=35)

Hope this helps. And, happy new year everyone.

**Name:** Eileen

**Email Address:** and I would like to say this about that.....

**Date:** 04 Jan 2003

. . . Black Bear will have it's own problems. But I do think communal living is starting to look better and better to me. Certainly having the option to be self sufficient, to develop ones home, ones piece of ground. But **I happen to know from all the work I have seen**



**David Simpson and Jane Lapiner put in to at least trying to be self sufficient . . . it's damn hard work! I'm still of the mind of Road Warriors and the idea Coyote was originally working with, Way Stations.** I am not ready to head for the woods yet. There's certainly a certain mental health to being there. But if I'm going to make that leap it's not going to be hard core, face in the dirt, you know? It's the difference when we first started exploring health food . . . remember the Lead Bread that would break your foot if it dropped on it? We've come a long way from there. There's no reason we can't make this really beautiful and a better way of living without trashing the planet. But I don't think we can afford to think we can turn our back on the battle. . . .

**Name:** Mark

**Date:** 09 Jan 2003

I am reading Hammond's book and have had the portion regarding his encounter with Emmett Grogan resonating in me for a few days. I will quote a part of it hoping that Hammond doesn't mind, seeing he is out of town until tomorrow.

**“Emmett encouraged me to “take the moment without expectation,” and to “act” from my “imaginative heart without representation or acclaim, in an increasingly nonverbal, anti-artistic world, infested with unyielding corporate greed.”**

I find these words quite illuminating and would like to hear from others as to the relevance of today's mess.

**Removing the “ownership” from an act allows the act to retain its inherent power without being diluted or disfigured by an interpretation of the applied owner. . . .**

**The issue of ownership and the acceptance of an “act” seems to be at work here but I sure would like anyone's enlightenment on how these two ideas might fit together.**

**Name:** Eileen

**Email Address:** new me

**Date:** 09 Jan 2003

Friends ~ **Just got back from hospital. Had appendix out and am not yet OK but getting there.** This a quicker way to reach those of you I would normally mail individually.

**Name:** Mark

**Date:** 11 Jan 2003

Hammond,

Your book is a great source of information and leads. In searching around I located this article on the Dutch Provo's that also has some photo's that are great. **Do you know of any of Grogan's connections to the Provo's, it has been a while since rereading *Ringolevio*.**

**Name:** Hammond

**Date:** 11 Jan 2003

Mark — Yes that is a great site on the Provos — **The first picture on the site is of my friend Jasper — a great influence on me. We are still in touch and I lived with him and his wife Thea when I was in Amsterdam for most of 97. Somewhere on that site is a shot of our mutual friend Kess who still operates the Lowlands Weed Company. This is where I landed in 1970 or so — and as I mentioned in the book — it might have been from Emmett that I knew about Kess as the person to contact when and if I got to Holland — but to this day it remains a delicious mystery.** Sadly — and in the main — many of the Provos have passed away — but some are still quite active in the living arts — though they do this magikal weave in relative anonymity. Jasper and Ari still make rafts out of Styrofoam blocks and canal detritus — and Kess still sells pot plants for 1 guilder at the Lowlands Weed Company. . . .

**Name:** Nicole  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 17 Jan 2003

Mark, I first met Bobby Keys while doing some work with Paul Butterfield in Woodstock....and last saw him with Levon Helm... but he's worked with everyone it seems from Fleetwood Mack to John Lennon... great sax player...

By the way, I used to go to hangout alot in the Santa Cruz mts... Ben Loman, Boulder Creek etc... around 1969... Felton too... I mostly was there with a crazy guy named David who's last name I can't remember... he was part of the Kesey crew... one of the pranksters... does that ring a bell... we'd go up to Harbinger Hot Springs and then go to Santa Cruz area... or Big Sur.

**Name:** Mark  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 17 Jan 2003

Nicole,

Now you got me thinking, if you were around the Ben Lomond area during that time we may well have crossed paths. I also moved back there after leaving Makena. I don't remember a guy named David now but it may surface. Kesey people were all over the hills around Santa Cruz and of course up in La Honda. Friend of mine, Keith Kaldenbach took me up to a prankster house in Soquel and also to Ron Bevirt's place. Cassady was around, in fact in the earlier years he worked at tire shop in Los Gatos on University Avenue. I worked with his daughter Kathy decades later at a local hospital. I worked off and on at Brookdale Lodge and Boulder Creek Country Club in the kitchens. Very heavy meth/smack scene at that time and I left for Black Bear to get away from it. That idea didn't work. I lived in Ben Lomond when the Monterey Pop festival got "moved" to the Santa Clara County Fairgrounds in San Jose. Hitched down to San Jose to see Hendricks and found the tickets sold out and a protest illegal concert taking place a few blocks away at the San Jose State athletic field. Steve Miller, The Airplane, and some local bands, South Bay Experimental Flash came and played late into the night. Damn Bikers showed up and started pushing people around. I can't remember if it was the Angels or the Gypsy

Jokers. The Chateau Liberti was a place for some notorious events and music also. Hot Tuna, the Airplane, Doobies and others.

**Name:** Nicole

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 17 Jan 2003

Oh yeah I'm sure we crossed paths now... same time frame... it's such a small world... did you go through Olema... by the way did I ask you if you were at Bergs 60th birthday party... or Oceans wedding? and Makena, yeah, I initially went over there with the Christine Healy (Dan Healy did sound for the Dead) and their daughter and my son, both babies then... we traveled over with the Airplane who were doing a show at the Hula Bowl... we stayed in two huge houses in Diamond Head... that was fun... there was a big press thing cause Kantner was arrested for pot... but eventually Chris and I and the kids took off on our own and went to Maui... there was a rich woman there from Sausalito... a sort of patron of the arts... older bohemian type who let us stay with her for a while... but we eventually made it down to Makena... it's hard to believe Jeramiah was 2 1/2 when I left and he's 34 now!!! Jaysus, time flies... actually it's nice thinking about Hawaii when it's 15 degrees outside... Nik

**Name:** The Invisible Man

**Email Address:** Olema 1970

**Date:** 17 Jan 2003

**The last time I saw Michael Bloomfield he had fresh shampooed hair, new levis and an embroidered Hill Billy Hank Williams style shirt on. He was sittin' on the wooden stoop outside the kitchen door plucking on JP's banjo. He had tuned the red electric hollow body earlier that mourning and Marshal was sawing on the fiddle, . . . Eileen floated through observing details, stockingless, wearing her 50's style girls tennis shoes with no laces in them, an India Imports style wood block printed cotton sheet wrapped around her waist with a scant linen top on (Eriel in tow) most of the gang were going about their daily affairs and took no notice . . .**

**Name:** RNA

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 17 Jan 2003

Mark, that was me you saw at Morningstar, pregnant with Lou's baby, our son Vishnu. for the record, I was never his wife. I never wanted to involve the government in our relationship. We were certainly soul mates. and, **that's Vishnu and me in the Diggers movie, naked, nursing Vishnu while confronting the cops at Morningstar. . . .**

**Name:** are en aay

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 18 Jan 2003

Lou was not a motorcycle guy. He was a philosopher and a visionary (not that these qualities are exclusionary.)

The only time I rode a Harley was with Sweet William back in the late 60's. there was a party at Olompali and some rock bands played all night long. a whole bunch of Hell's Angel's descended on the place to party with homecrowd. Bill "rescued" me and took me to some poet friends pad in North Beach. We rode from Novato to North Beach in some rain on slippery roads. Bill really could handle those roads. It was an adventure I'll never forget.

I am sorry to know he paralyzed in some kind of encounter. Best Wishes to you Sweet William where ever you are.

I really liked seeing Lenore Kandel in the movie. Wise Woman. . . .

**Name:** Ballista

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 18 Jan 2003

**SUBLIMINAL MESSAGE** Who provided the drugs that swamped the anti-war movement and the college campuses of the United States in the late 1960s? The organized crime infrastructure which had set up the Peking Connection for the opium trade in 1928 — provided the same services in the 1960s and 1970s it had provided during Prohibition. This was also the same network Huxley had established contact with in Hollywood during the 1930s. The LSD connection begins with one William "Billy" Mellon Hitchcock. Hitchcock was a graduate of the University of Vienna and a scion of the millionaire Mellon banking family of Pittsburgh. (Andrew Mellon of the same family had been the U.S. Treasury Secretary throughout Prohibition.) In 1963, when Timothy Leary was thrown out of Harvard, Hitchcock rented a fifty-five-room mansion in Millbrook, New York, where the entire Leary-Huxley circle of initiates was housed until its later move back to California.

Hitchcock was also a broker for the Lansky syndicate and for the Fiduciary Trust Co., Nassau, Grand Bahamas — a wholly owned subsidiary of Investors Overseas Services. He was formally employed by Delafield and Delafield Investments, where he worked on buying and selling vast quantities of stock in the Mary Carter Paint Co., soon to become Resorts International.

In 1967, Dr. Richard Alpert put Hitchcock in contact with Augustus Owsley Stanley III. As Owsley's agent, Hitchcock retained the law firm of Babinowitz, Boudin and Standard — to conduct a feasibility study of several Caribbean countries to determine the best location for the production and distribution of LSD and hashish.

During this period, Hitchcock joined Leary and his circle in California. Leary had established an LSD cult called the Brotherhood of Eternal Love and several front companies, including Mystics Art World, Inc. of Laguna Beach, California. These California-based entities ran lucrative trafficking in Mexican marijuana and LSD brought in from Switzerland and Britain. The British connection had been established directly by Hitchcock, who contracted the Charles Bruce chemical firm to import large quantities of the chemical components of LSD with financing from

both Hitchcock and George Grant Hoag, the heir to the J.C. Penney dry goods fortune, the Brotherhood of Eternal Love set up LSD and hashish production-marketing operations in Costa Rica in 1968.

Toward the end of 1968, Hitchcock expanded the LSD-hashish production operations in the Caribbean with funds provided by the Fiduciary Trust Co. (IOS). In conjunction with J. Vontobel and Co. of Zurich, Hitchcock founded a corporation called 4-Star Anstalt in Liechtenstein. . . . This company, employing “investment funds” (that is, drug receipts) from Fiduciary Trust, bought up large tracts of land in the Grand Bahamas as well as large quantities of ergotamine tartrate, the basic chemical used in the production of LSD.

Hitchcock’s personal hand in the LSD connection abruptly ended several years later. Hitchcock had been working closely with Johann F. Parravacini of the Parravacini Bank Ltd in Berne, Switzerland. From 1968, they had together funded even further expansion of the Caribbean-California LSD-hashish ventures. In the early 1970s, as the result of a Securities and Exchange Commission investigation, both Hitchcock and Parravacini were indicted and convicted of a \$40 million stock fraud. Parravacini had registered a \$40 million sale to Hitchcock for which Hitchcock had not put down a penny of cash or collateral. This was one of the rare instances in which federal investigators succeeded in getting inside the \$200 billion drug fund as it was making its way around the “offshore” banking system.

Another channel for laundering dirty drug money — a channel yet to be compromised by federal investigative agencies is important to note here. This is the use of tax-exempt foundations to finance terrorism and environmentalism. One immediately relevant case makes the point.

In 1957, the University of Chicago’s Robert M. Hutchins established the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions (CSDI) in Santa Barbara, California. Knight Commander Hutchins drew in Aldous Huxley, Elisabeth Mann Borghese, and some Rhodes Scholars who had originally been brought into the University of Chicago during the 1930s and 1940s.

The CSDI was originally funded 1957 to 1961 through a several-million-dollar fund that Hutchins managed to set up before his untimely departure from the Ford Foundation. From 1961 onward, the Center was principally financed by organized crime. The two funding conduits were the Fund of Funds, a tax exempt front for Bernie Cornfeld’s IOS, and the Parvin Foundation, a parallel front for Parvin-Dohnnan Co. of Nevada. IOS and Marvin-Doorman held controlling interests in the Desert Inn, the Aladdin, and the Dune — all Las Vegas casinos associated with the Lansky syndicate. IOS, as already documented, was a conducting vehicle for LSD, hashish, and marijuana distribution throughout the 1960s. In 1967 alone, IOS channeled between \$3 and \$4 million to the center. Wherever there is dope, there is Dope, Inc.

**Name:** r n a  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 18 Jan 2003

billy hitchcock visited Olompali in the days. late 60's. i was there. . . .

**Name:** Eileen  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 18 Jan 2003

. . . **Natural Suzanne** is now a lawyer in Sacramento would you believe? She always had a way of talking us into whatever it was that she wanted with the most off the wall reasoning you ever heard . . . but usually got her way. So this seems a natural direction for her. She remains an amazing person, fighting for the underdog. Perhaps Nicole can fill in a little more detail. She has always been a rather private person so I hesitate to say more . . . other than last I knew, she was doing well. But who at this point and time has such a simple life it can be wrapped up in a few sentences?

**Name:** Eileen  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 20 Jan 2003

**I hope with each rally there is much learned and applied. I think Eric is correct in remembering how the Diggers kept a great deal of the action off stage and actively creative at ground level. That was always a big issue, so folks didn't start getting the idea somebody else was going to be in charge and take care of everything . . . which is how we got ourselves in the mess in the first place! Our 2 cents at the Be In (wasn't that where that was?) was a huge chicken BarB-Que from a ground pit for free... direct action.** I'm sure there's more I lost track of that was done (besides my brain that day). There was always this issue with the stage action . . . separating. The crowd making the main focus be the stage that made anyone up there somebody MORE than you. Like they somehow hung the whole thing together.

I was in Europe at 19 (a zillion yrs ago) and got to see the soap box speakers in Trafalgar sp? Square. Yes literally standing on boxes shouting what ever they had to say. I think that is high enough and allows for everyone to be heard with no one being able to take over. That's what the Mime Troupe was always about. BTW were they there SAT? I think keeping the cross section of folks feeling like there is a place for everyone is really terribly essential and will be an immeasurable loss if it just becomes an "extremist" action with the stage making or breaking the intention. Yes and speakers on stage need a 5 min time limit there, with an electric cattle prod. Does ANYBODY ever want to listen to people rag on a day like that? No, give them the soap box.

So for me the question becomes who is organizing this? Who took care of the stage and speakers and MC and all. They have to get a big Thank You and then see if they're open to help. (Oh yes Mark gave us the site . . . I've lost it.) Like the Digger Days I doubt they need suggestions, but the hands on I have an idea and am ready to take responsibility

for it, if there's a need to say anything at all. And Mark weren't you the one that said more booths for food and info etc were needed? . . .

**Name:** Mark

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 20 Jan 2003

Eileen,

**I would like to see more on the Digger's take on demonstrations. Your earlier post has me thinking. I know some Diggers like the Pranksters shunned political demonstration. I might be helpful if this could get explained. You seem to have a good handle on that. Eric, could you offer some light?**

**Name:** Eileen

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 20 Jan 2003

Mark~

OK fingers working again. **First off I'm no authority on Digger ideology. You would probably do better to talk to Peter and Judy or watch the video again in answer to your question. Now I got to think. But what I got out of the no war protests stance, was this: The protests against war were viewed as more a distraction from making the real changes that were needed. In that regard the protests could be said to have been ineffectual, because folks just went back to their lives, business as usual . . . which we viewed as feeding the machine. If you break it down, I suppose it must come down to feeding the cause of the war. But I need someone else to fill this part out better.**

**I think we wanted to lead the parade our own way. And we wanted to do something on the street level on a daily basis, not just occasional marches. In retrospect I think everything anyone did was a necessary part of saying we are not into this war, we are not OK with this gov't. (Frankly I think there was a bit of snobbery with the Digger attitude at times. OK we're human and we were/are not short on egos.) But I do think, as I suggested, the basic ideas we were working with were and are applicable to any group activity. I think we could have taken what we were doing right on the street with the war protesters. I think we just had our hands quite full already and the fact is, we WERE protesting . . . just not with placards and walking down the street. But we certainly did a ton of theater that I think I saw reflections of at the WTO protests. I think you could say we were looking for our lives to be the protest.**

I sense there is something more to say to our situation now. But I can't quite put the dots together. I feel like I'm missing a step in here. Personally I think elitism among groups as to whose ways are most correct or most effectual is BS. I think what I would like to know is did any of this make any difference to the ending of the Viet NAm War?

**Name:** Eileen  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 21 Jan 2003

Mark ~ Yes it would be great to hear from either Berg. I think I hit on it more completely with my post to Beautiful Boy. And I think what B Boy has to say is excellent, whether he is just stirring things up or really believes what he says. I think it's good to look at that mind set in all its flaming colors and have to think outloud clearly why that thinking is a bad idea and skewed. Certainly there must be pieces of that thought that most of us have to put aside. Sometimes it's good to lay it all out there and claim it and see if that dark stuff that floats around is really how we want to live and be. If it is, all it does is perpetrate itself. I would like to wipe all the alcoholics and wife beaters and child molesters off the face of the earth. I would like to wipe out the pissed off poor homeless people and the folks that do drive by shootings. I would like to get rid of violent cops and the folks in Washington that are spending our money we didn't want to give them for things I don't want to spend it on. I would like to wipe out my neighbor down the street that hassles us every day and anyone that doesn't let me do what I want. In fact I would just like to shove all the folks I don't like to the other side of the planet... but that would cause the planet to tilt. Better yet go back to the days when we could just off whom ever we didn't like. What are we going to do with all these awful people?

**Name:** Mark  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 21 Jan 2003

Eileen,

**Nobody is alone really, even if we want to be. Berg was explaining, he does a lot of that, to me a month or so ago when I lost an old friend that they really never leave. The influences and patterns developed over a long relationship continue as part of the inventory of life's experience. They don't go away but are really part of the accumulated "DNA" we carry. When I am alone sometimes the conversations are with those friends and lovers. They make pretty damn good company when the ones around me aren't connecting or I am not ready for "prime time". . . .**

**Name:** Michael  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 22 Jan 2003

I landed here Nicole, from points east first (grew up on Staten Island), then points west. . . **What I don't have, and would love to get a copy of someday, is the Road Crew tape with you singing, among other things, "I Fall to Pieces". Kent took off with the one I used to listen to, oh so long ago. Well, it was his.**

**Name:** Nicole  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 23 Jan 2003



Michael, you mean the job I had in SF as a city school farmer gardener . . . yeah, I'm trying to place you . . . jaysus I hate that . . . **I have a copy of the road crew . . . Charlie Degelman recently fixed it up digitally and sent me one . . .** give me your snail mail address and I'll send a copy . . . and I do remember the blanket yr speaking of . . . where did you live back then Michael? . . .

**Name:** Mark  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 23 Jan 2003

Eric,

**Can you point me to anything in the Archives that illuminates the Diggers stand on demonstrations?** Thanks.

**Name:** Eric  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 23 Jan 2003

**. . . The Diggers didn't do demonstrations. They did Events. They kind of looked down on the average run-of-the-mill demonstration. One of the best descriptions of the Digger idea of events is in an interview that Marty Lee and I did with Peter and Judy in 1982. It touches on this topic:**

[http://www.diggers.org/oralhistory/pb\\_jg\\_0482.htm](http://www.diggers.org/oralhistory/pb_jg_0482.htm)

Unfortunately I am only 1/4 of the way done transcribing it. If only there were one or more free transcribers willing to tackle the dozens of hours of taped interviews in the archive.

**Another bit of archive on the topic of Digger events was a brief phone conversation between Sweet William and Peter Berg that is heard in the film *Newsreal* as the camera pans around Bill's and Lenore's apartment. This was the day after one of the big events at the Straight Theater or the Caroussel and Fritsch is just beaming on how right the Digger event ideal is compared to mass demonstrations. I will try and find time to create this part of the film as a video clip and post it here if you're interested.**

[*Avatars of Direct Action*]

**Interview of Peter Berg and Judy Goldhaft**

**April 29, 1982**  
**By Marty Lee and Eric Noble**  
**(Peter & Judy's Home)**  
**San Francisco**

**PB: I don't usually reminisce about this sort of stuff, so you have to ask good questions.**

**ML:** I'm glad we're doing this finally.

**EN:** We were both interested in to what extent there was a conscious playing out of anarchist tradition. There seemed to be an immediate recognition on the part of anarchists, especially in England.

**PB:** You mean historically? Or the contemporary?

**EN:** The contemporary.

**PB:** Let me do historically first. Of the dozen initial protagonists of the Diggers, probably only myself had anything like a radical political historical sense. The other people weren't radical, political traditionalists, which is what attracted me to what we were doing. That's what pulled me into it that people were accomplishing what radical traditionalists might want to accomplish without even knowing the background. So I was sort of a resource for that sort of stuff. I was the only one who had read Kropotkin, OK? Or the Situationiste material thoroughly.

But the Provos in Amsterdam had a very strange influence in that for example if you read the book *I Jan Cremer* Jan Cremer is an individualist radical. He's a self celebrating egocentric maniac and most of *I Jan Cremer* is not believable. But he was one of the figures in the Provos. He probably made up most of the book. But it has this individualist radicalism about it. If there was a living character like the Jan Cremer that Jan Cremer describes, it was probably Emmett Grogan, who had a similar background. Second-generation American, Irish, rebelling against Catholicism, took off for Italy when he was eighteen to become a filmmaker. To study at Cine Cita, "Cinema City." And Emmett then got into the Army, was drafted into the Army, didn't resist. But once he was in the Army he did things like take a thousand pictures of himself on the picture-making machine and even used his photograph as photographs for new recruits. Just absolute Jan Cremer-style individualist rebellion. So, Emmett, who had no political background disliked the Left "creep communist" would be something Emmett might say, very easily.

Somewhere along the line, Billy Fritsch, who has a left-wing, longshoreman, Communist Party, good Jewish boy, Jewish progressive radical from Brooklyn, background. Peter Cohon is very articulate, very smart, but very glib. Not particularly hanging onto any idea. Didn't think in traditional terms, at all. Not particularly consistent. Didn't want something to happen because it had never happened before. Simply wanted it to happen because it would be different, or whatever.

And various women. Nina. Nina's dad was a CP member. Jane Lapiner's folks are notorious, old CP'ers. She was brought up in CP camps when she was a kid. She's not particularly "communista", Jane. Judy Goldhaft, socialist tradition. Her whole family is socialist, from the word go. Jewish

socialists, chicken farming, successful, socialist, southern New Jersey. So there were all those threads that you'd think of, as like a lot of people shared those. But Judy never read much political stuff. Jane dislikes it. Billy Fritsch rebelled against it. Living with Lenore Kandel at the time, who was another political rebel. Not at all like her dad who was a red writer who was banned. The only one that I knew in that group I mean I was sort of recognized as the person who was actively trying to tie things into the historical tradition of left-anarchism. But the Provos had this funny influence in that the Provos did things like put white mice under Queen Juliana's carriage, and that gave them three seats in the Damme by doing that. But to give you an idea of who they were, Jan Cremer was one of them. To be as individualist as Jan Cremer was is very radical in Europe, even now. Europeans are not as individualistically inclined. If you went to Denmark, and you looked like you were ill in the street, fifty people would stop to help you immediately. Danes are very communalist. Even, . . . in the countryside at least. Even the English are. But Americans are not, as a rule. Americans stand around and stare at murders, whereas Europeans try and figure out what's happening.

Does that answer that question?

EN: OK.

ML: I'm intrigued by certain ideas, catch phrases, like "social acid." "LSD as hard kicks" rather than, say, as a panacea. Not that "social acid" and "LSD as hard kicks" are necessarily ...

PB: Well, the Digger group were more social oriented than revelatory. No question about it. Regardless of their backgrounds. Things were real when people did them, and what people do has to relate to food, shelter, economics, employment, creativity, etc. Big social motivation not "what is the inner truth and mystery of life?" So, if someone took LSD to find out the inner truth and mystery of life, that kind of individual was disregarded or derided by the Digger people. The Digger people saw drugs in terms of individual personal fulfillment within a social context. I have a right to get off, hard. I have the right to get off hard. And to be among people who do this similarly. So sex wide open sex wide open drugs wide open creativity get you off hard. Right? Play a flute, make out, drop acid, and go do something social. That would sort of be where we were at. So social acid relates to that. "Free" is social acid, because it disorients and distorts ideas people have about social relationships. For example, class, or consumerism, or financial status, or professional status, or whatever. Give the doctor acid and the doctor will be down on the ground eating grass, literally eating grass. Billy Fritsch once was eating grass during ... He was eating grass, on his hands and knees. He was grazing. [Laughter.]

JG: A lot of people ended up climbing trees and perching there, and meditating.

**PB:** People nested, and he grazed. I thought I was so clever because I wasn't doing all those things and then I found myself taking off my clothes. But we saw the act of taking off your clothes as being social. It said something. It said, "you can walk around naked." And walking around naked was good because it was expansive. It heightened individual experience. See, what's social about it is that society, from our point of view, was essentially repressive. Society wanted you to work, society wanted you to pay, society wanted you to be good, wanted you to repress other people. So, if you weren't going to be doing those things, didn't you represent an alternative society? That was our point of view. An alternative society is active — it's not "go sit on the mountain and take your clothes off." It was "give speeches on city hall steps" during the Alioto regime.

**EN:** In that context, what did Free mean to you? In reading accounts of that period, there seem to be two points of view of what Free meant. There was the merchants' take on it — that it was this aggressive, cynical . . .

**PB:** Socialism. Yeah, cynical — they thought it was cynical.

**EN:** The other is a very idealistic view of what it meant.

**PB:** To me, personally?

**EN:** To you, and to people who were doing it?

**PB:** It was just a great thing to do for theater. You could theatricalize any social event, any economic event, any personal event, by injecting Free in it. Because it just blew out the parameters. Free meant wilderness to me. It was just like having a forest in the City, suddenly, if you said Free. If you said "you don't have to pay for something — here's your food, and it's free — here are your clothes, and they're free — and here's you, and you're free, and what are you going to do next?" — was so catalyzing as a theatrical ... as a life act. You just couldn't beat it. If you said "Red" it would hardly touch it. If you said "Vietcong" you wouldn't even get near it. If you said "Black" you wouldn't get near it. "Free" could be applied to any of those other things. Just put Free in front of anything and do it and it would be interesting. It would be better than what we had then, and it would probably lead to some sort of revelation on your part, and social revelation for somebody else. I saw what we were doing as being a guerilla theater troupe who performed free, got people involved with it, and had them perform free — so that waves of it would go out from there. That's from me. There were people — there were some figures during the Digger period, Tobacco was one, a guy named Tobacco, and a couple other people, saw Free as meaning "Bum." It just meant "bum" — it was the cigarette tree, and the lemonade springs and that kind of thing. They wanted to realize, "I don't have to do shit the rest of my life." I think the merchants were probably cynical about those people, and they read that on what we were doing — which was incorrect. I actually always thought they were stupid for not just being entertained by what we

did. They should have just been entertained by it. Some of them were. Ron Thelin was so entertained, he became one. He became a wave. You know he was a merchant.

JG: The merchants had a reason to feel pretty defensive about it. It was them that we were asking to give us stuff to give away free.

PB: Sometimes.

JG: So we were cutting into their profits. A lot of them were quite nuts about us.

PB: One of them just volunteered to pay the rent on the Free Store. I don't know if that's a well kept secret or not. What was the name of that shop? It was the one that started Cost Plus, then she started this big bead shop. And she just walked in one day, and she said "What do you guys need?" I said, "I need the rent every month for this Store." And she said, "You got it." She just wanted to do that. She thought it was interesting.

JG: And the guy who had the other shop, way down past Masonic.

PB: The Phoenix.

JG: The Phoenix. Always gave us stuff for events. You know, flutes and bells ...

PB: We would just walk in and tell him what we needed, and he'd say, "Sure, just take it." So if we were going to have an event in the park, and we needed 3000 wooden flutes because somebody's idea of Art, or Theater, was to have people play wooden flutes for 15 minutes in the scenario of what was going to happen that day — which was the way we designed those events. I don't know if you are aware of it — they weren't wide open. They were built to make wide-openness happen. So one time, Lenore Kandel thought it would be the greatest idea in the world to hang 500 sets of glass, Chinese chimes in every bush around Marx Meadow — that if we did that, people would discover them, take them home with them, play them and be entertained and felt elegant for the event. So, we went in and asked Tosh for 500 sets of Chinese chimes. He said, "Sure. Just take them."

JG: Wind chimes.

PB: Like those. And Lenore spent hours stringing them up in the trees. Some of the stuff came from them, not all of it did. By no means did all of it. But, there were these people that were like . . . The other merchants thought it was a profiteering scheme. They thought 1% Free meant we were the mafia. We'd beat them up if they didn't give it to us. [Laughter.] And being around Billy Fritsch would give you that impression. Billy or Emmett. Both of them could perform "I'm going to kill you." Fritsch performed that on Bill Graham once with marvelous results. Graham was writing checks like mad,

and gave us the Fillmore theater one night to perform a Digger event. He was scared to death of Fritsch — thought Fritsch was going to kill him. And Billy never said anything like that. He just wore this black leather and lurched. Sort of a trick he did. Yeah, if you looked at it from the outside, you'd say, "He's threatening Graham." But I knew Billy, and Billy would've acted like that anyway. He liked to act like that. He liked to be menacing. [Chuckles.]

**ML:** Digger events.

**PB:** Digger events.

**EN:** You already mentioned a bit about the events. There was something always in rereading, and in the oral tradition that I got living at Kaliflower, was that there was something special about the Digger events.

**PB:** Well, they were theater.

**EN:** What was that?

**PB:** They were scripted and performed.

**EN:** What was the script? What are some examples?

**PB:** Here's one that worked really well. We wrote up a playbill for the event, and the playbill read "Carte de Venue" — which means your card to go someplace — and "Street Menu." That's all it said. It didn't say playbill, it didn't say theater. It just said "Carte de Venue and Street Menu."

**JG:** Because it was a street theater event.

**PB:** These were all handed out on the street. They listed social ideas and principles, and things that would be done about them right that day. I wrote it, but I forget what it said. One of them had to do with money. The Death of Money and the Birth of Free would be one of the events. And for that ... these bills were passed out, and people were told — which wasn't very difficult, because they were all on the street anyway — there were tens of thousands of people on the street, so it was very easy to do this kind of thing. And they were told at a certain hour, this event will begin. So they said, great.

**JG:** That was the beginning of the event, giving out the cards.

**PB:** About an hour before it happened. What happened was that Roberto Morticello had made these enormous animal heads, like five feet high, of goats, various things, bears and so forth. A group of people wearing these animal heads, dressed in black, carrying wands with silver dollar signs on them, that were high in the air, and a coffin with enormous coins in it, walked down the street.

**JG:** Xerox reproductions blown up of quarters and silver dollars.

**PB:** Walked down the street singing “Get out my life why don’t you babe” to the Requiem. So it went, [sings to the Funeral March Requiem tune] “Get out my life, why don’t you babe.” Right? For, like, five blocks down the street. This was quite a procession. There were women in front with candles lit wearing black. Altogether about twenty-five people in this cortege that went down the street like that. There was a group of people behind them who gave out penny whistles and flutes, and so forth. That was the next thing on the thing, was going to be this orchestration. And that was based on the public nuisance law. That you weren’t allowed to be a public nuisance. So, Act II said “Public nuisance is public newsence.” [Spells newsence.] And people were encouraged to play these flutes, and so forth, by people who were quite good at it — who would go along and just teach them how to do it, and then set up banks on both sides of the street of people playing. None of this would be really spectacular unless you understand that it’s like ten blocks of people and the sidewalks are jammed, and altogether there were just thousands and thousands of people, all doing this. And Act III, or the third thing, said “Liberate the park.” So people started yelling ... You know, I don’t remember this exactly, I remember the flow of it. People were encouraged by various cheerleaders and instigators to go liberate the park. So this whole crowd quit playing music, let the funeral cortege go its way, and ran to the Panhandle. So the Panhandle suddenly filled with all these people. And at the same time, I think some rock band, maybe the Grateful Dead, had agreed that they would bring a truck down at that same moment, which they did. They sort of like led people to the park. They were all young careerist rock musicians at the time — having a crowd of ten thousand suddenly materialize is quite a boost for your ... whatever. Whatever reasons they play rock music. They played a couple sets, and then at a certain point there was this other thing. You would go back to the street and perform this thing called “The Intersection Game” where the street would be effectively closed to all traffic by the presence of ourselves doing a very strange game. People actually left the rock concert, left the Grateful Dead, not all 10,000, but about half of them, and started streaming back to the street for this next event. All of this was just word of mouth, that this would happen. To get to the street, Judy and I held marbled paper that was ten feet long and four or five feet wide across the sidewalk, so they couldn’t pass unless they leapt through it. We started out with a pile of a couple hundred sheets of this stuff. As people jumped through it, we’d say, “In the same way that you’ve had to take the sidewalk, you can take the street.” By that, everybody was all for it. They were all for taking the street. And we’d get to the street and there would be giant puppets, one named In and one named Out, who would argue about whether or not they could walk in the street. Out, who was in the street, finally convinced In to stop being in and drop out. By then, the streets were full of people. Nobody was on the sidewalks anymore. Then, the sun was going down and somebody had gone to a junk yard and had gotten a couple thousand rear-view mirrors from junked cars, and those were passed out and people were encouraged to go up on the roof and reflect the setting

sun onto the street. I mean this was all ... this was orchestrated, but at a certain point, you lost control of it. People were very good at these things. They were very, very good at them. They wanted to know what they were going to do next.

**JG:** And people did more than what was suggested.

**PB:** Then, a chorus of women — in everything like silver hot pants and Bolero tops and tie-dyed outfits — stood on top of a rooftop and another group on the street — chanted this poem that was held up on some marbled paper that Lenore had written for this event. And thousands of people were chanting this poem and bouncing lights down on the street. It was quite incredible. By then, the police had arrived, which was really why we had bothered to do the whole thing. The police arrived to try and get people out of the street. [Laughs.] Which was fuckin' impossible. That's what were called the Haight Street Riots. But, our intent was to fill the street up with people who were in such a mood that they would prevent the police from removing them. And, we were quite successful. Three or four times we did events like that, that just had that same number of elements in them. If the cops ever did grab anybody ... one time they grabbed Phyllis and Chocolate George, and a couple thousand people marched on the Haight-Ashbury police station. That was all part of the event. That was the Now! event, where everybody had little cards that said Now! And Phyllis stood on the back of a motorcycle with a big sign that said Now! Everybody somehow knew what all this meant. You could call it from an interior point of view we all had theatrical backgrounds, and it was kind of like trying out this new amplified street theater. We wanted to make street theater an art form. A social, active art ... you know, a social opera, in which some in which some social fact would be established afterwards, like "the cops can't come on the street anymore" or "hells angels don't get busted anymore" — whatever the theme was. We wanted to exercise these elements of theater to allow that to occur at the end. All our events were like that. By the time it got toward the end, people would come and ask us what to do next. [Laughs.] No idea — just do whatever you like. People thought — they knew it was theater and they thought, well, theater ends at a certain moment. We had no idea. Just turn on the spigot and let it go. We were good at turning on the spigot. We knew how to... And the people were there. If they hadn't been there, we couldn't have done this. We would've looked vapid. We would've looked like art-theater or something, you know? But it was mob theater. It was just terrific. Very high events.

**JG:** If people thought that the Digger events, or Digger productions, were different than other productions, it's because what we did is we picked a certain amount of props and a certain amount of structure without demanding anything of anybody, and let people use whatever they wanted to do, to do whatever they wanted with the stuff, including take it. Peter made an outline for how the Rolling Stones should do their event — the event that



ended up at Altamont. What the outline of it was were providing interesting things for people to do and breaking up the situation of everybody sitting and watching one group of people perform — because that didn't seem like a lot of fun.

**PB:** For example, a truck with dummies of the Rolling Stones on it, that would go around playing recorded music, while the Rolling Stones themselves would do whatever they wanted to do, including play music. [Laughter.] And, 5000 seedlings would be given out, and 5000 yards of blue velvet. It was going to be in Marin, in a valley in Marin, and the trees would be planted, and so forth. But they didn't like the theater of that. They liked coming in with a helicopter into a Speedway. I went climbing that day. I knew that would be a disaster, man. Imagine sitting in bleachers, yech. Not our people. Not at that time. They were just too liberated. They thought they could do anything. They thought they had a right to do anything. Brautigan did an event one time called the Candle Opera. I think there were 5000 people carrying around candles and singing various parts of poems and stuff like that. And one of them was called End Of The War in the Straight Theater. We got the ... we hard nosed the ... the Straight Theater people also were terrified of Billy Fritsch. Billy Fritsch was just good at looking menacing and saying "We want your theater tonight." The End Of The War had posters of Lyndon Johnson and Ho Chi Minh with their arms around each other, and Bruce Conner was going to run for ...

**JG:** He was running for mayor.

**PB:** For mayor of the city. He gave a speech. His speech was apple pie, chocolate ice cream. He went on ...

**JG:** These are the things I'm for.

**PB:** Yeah. We had a searchlight. The Communist Party sprung for some of the money for this. They trusted me, man. And the Democratic Party sprung for some of the money. We had a searchlight. It said "The End Of The War" on the marquee. It was on the solstice.

**JG:** We had somebody make ... we had a potter make up free money to be given away and they were wonderful ...

**PB:** Flying cocks on them.

**JG:** Flying cocks on them.

**PB:** A ringed cock is the free money to get in. Everybody is given free money in order to get in. The Up Against The Wall Motherfuckers set up a table with ammunition right around the ring of it. A card table with .38 bullets and 30-30 bullets. Amazing. Somebody walked around with a rifle all during this thing. When you went inside what you saw was a film that people had really gone to some trouble to prepare of fast-time photos of plants growing,

volcanoes erupting, waves coming in, islands appearing and disappearing off Iceland. All of these things. A soldier getting shot and falling. Real documentary footage. Then they were speeded up and then they were played on three projectors at once so the images got all confused together. Then Steve Miller's band played although it wasn't announced. The theater was overwhelmed by then. There was no form to it so people are everywhere and Miller and his group had to fight to get in to play and they played. Lapiner's did a dance which people thought actually was a bunch of people high on acid. They really didn't know it was a dance. And there was a cargo net. We put a cargo net in the theater so that people could climb up the walls. And they were climbing up the walls. What was far out about this whole thing with all the berserkness going on in the theater ... I mean people were also handing out acid tabs so it was guaranteed to be absolutely berserk ... was that we had put a bunch of cuttings from the park they had pruned and we put all these branches around the walls of the place. It was a vernal equinox, that's what it was.

JG: You have to remember that when we describe these things it's impossible for us to separate them in our minds. And so it may be one event or it may be another event that happened in the same space.

PB: This happened, this one. Oh, this event started ... when you got into the theater people obediently sat in their seats and then a group of women went around, this was amazing ...

JG: That was the equinox. That didn't happen at the End Of The War. That was a different event.

PB: OK, I'm sorry.

JG: It was the same place.

PB: The End Of The War what they do, they danced with these pruners. People just took them and began dancing with them. So the band is playing and people are dancing with trees and bushes. Five hundred people could get on the floor of that theater. That was quite amazing to see. Nobody could have told them, "Now dance with trees." I mean, if you had said "Dance with trees" they would have said "Fuck you." But somebody got a tree and started dancing with it and everybody thought it was such a neat idea, they just got rid of their partners and grabbed a tree. All these people were dancing, bogeying with trees. I went home at that point, I thought "They're going to be fine. We've succeeded. We've succeeded." It was a social event.

JG: It's just providing the props to do something is what actually happened. And sometimes somebody would do something that we didn't even expect and it was just wonderful. Like when we left the End Of The War, I remember leaving the End Of The War because it had gotten so heavy in there, it was really strange. The Steve Miller Band, what they played was

**“When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again” and they played it really strange.**

**PB: They played it as an orchestral sort of piece.**

**JG: I don’t even know how they played but it was really strange.**

**PB: Kind of the way Hendrix does The Star Spangled Banner.**

**EN: Right, I was just thinking about that.**

**JG: Peter looked at me and I looked at Peter and we said, “It’s time to leave this place.” But when we walked outside ...**

**PB: People dancing with trees and [sings in deep slow cadence] “When Johnny comes marching home again.” ... Bye, turn off the searchlight.**

**JG: Good bye.**

**PB: People carrying around flying-cock money staring at it. Quite bizarre.**

**JG: Somebody, I don’t even know who did it, I don’t even think it was anyone we knew, but somebody had taken silver sparkle and thrown it outside of the theater so that when you walked outside not only was the spotlight still going around but the whole sidewalk was sparkle with glitter, with silver glitter. It was like a bomb of glitter had dropped and all over the sidewalk and all over the street there was this glitter, which was something that wasn’t in our script but somebody had put it in the script and it was great. And that’s what just providing the ideas or the outline did to people ... is that the next time somebody went to an event they said, “let’s get something together and do it and it will be really crazy and wonderful.” And people did do that. Like we didn’t expect people to take the trees off the wall and start dancing. But we thought that the theater was such a cold space that it ought to have ... let’s bring some greenery in.**

**ML: It sounds like you really would come away from that buzzing for a few days, someone who would wander in ...**

**PB: I was about to say that I would guess to be realistic about it that maybe 25% of the people involved would be confused. Like at this End Of The War thing, the Reds that showed up because they had paid for some of it, were confused. They sat in the balcony in a little group together. It was very funny. And they were quite confused. And Julian Beck’s group was there doing “I can’t travel without a passport, I can’t smoke reefer...”**

**JG: “Paradise Now”.**

**PB: “Paradise Now”. And they were so confused, because they would do this, they would do the lines and people would just write “Passport” on a piece of paper and hand it to them.**

[Laughter]

**PB:** Or they'd say "I can't smoke marijuana" and you'd give them a joint, right? So their little theatrical thing sort of broke down. They'd had a lot of success with this in Europe, but it wasn't quite making it. And they had a meeting up on the balcony, in fact in the dressing room like good actors. We thought they were very funny. Because all the real actors at this event were all out in the crowd. I mean they were doing crazy things, just bizarre things. But these people were acting like a theater troupe, which at that point was just kind of ridiculous to be doing. And they said "Well we want to help the community form itself and get together. How should we do that?" I just started cracking up. I was hopeless. I couldn't answer. I was loaded, you know. I was struck so much by the irony of it. You know, Julian Beck's group is supposed to be like a social radical group, and they were incapable of dealing with this situation. They were wearing jockstraps doing this thing, you know. "I can't walk around naked" and someone says "Pull down your jockstrap". "I want to see your dong. Just pull it off." It had just gone out the window for them. But somebody else patiently explained that what they should do is go down and mingle with the people and have a good time and do spontaneous things and do whatever all these other crazy people were doing. Certainly the Julian Beck group had no more credentials as artists than Bruce Conner, Steve Miller, any of these other people who were there.

**But about 25% of the people would be confused or . . .**

**Name:** Mark

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 23 Jan 2003

. . . Berg gave me a copy of *Newsreal* and I never knew whose voice it was during the sequence you mention. I will play it again. **Is it possible to make an audio tape of the remaining untranscribed interview from 1982?** I would be interested in your take on the current warmongering and the Digger perspective regarding anti-war demonstrations.

. . .

**Name:** Eileen

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 23 Jan 2003

Hey Mark~

Why don't you ask P Coyote this question about Diggers and demos? More to the point, I am curious what he would have to say about how to proceed now. I bet you will get some response. You could ask if he would be willing to discuss his ideas with us here. Let him know we've been chewing on it. You're so good at framing your ideas, I think you're the one for the job.

**Name:** Mark  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 23 Jan 2003

Eileen,

... I really think there is some "gold" in this stuff for us now and I wish that the "players" were more willing to help focus the history. Maybe you and I could talk about it over lunch Saturday, on me of course. Another member of those early birds looked over what you posted the other day and said you had a pretty good handle on it but remarked that there was a more intentional effort involved. Sweet William seems to me by my readings to have a real track on this. Do you know if he still communicates on that level? I have thought about contacting Lenore Kandel, she was so impressive in the film. but feel uncomfortable barging in as it were.

**Name:** Eric  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 23 Jan 2003

Mark,

I think the marches and rallies in the past few months have been remarkably similar to the early anti-Vietnam War marches. There's a lot of very positive reinforcement going on for the participants, that's one of the main benefits. I mean how energizing was it to see 200,000 like-minded souls in the streets with you this past weekend? It's a great way to overcome the isolation that seeps into our lives especially for anyone who lets the poison of mass media into their lives. The early anti-Vietnam actions were that way. Suddenly there were 1000s of people who realized that they shared a common goal, stopping their government from committing the atrocity they knew the War to be.

The problem with the anti-Vietnam War movement came when mass demonstration after mass demonstration had little effect on the War after five or more long years. No matter how many people went to jail or how many draft cards were burned, the War continued, and thousands more people were needlessly dying in the insanity.

**This is the point where the Diggers offered an alternative to mere protest politics. The Digger sensibility was all about creating alternatives to the society that was capable of the insanity that the War represented. Instead of demonstrating in the streets, protesting the government and thereby in some way validating that very government, the Diggers were saying "create the condition you describe". By assuming that the revolution had already happened, and living life as you would once that had occurred, the Diggers created a street theater that energized people's lives in ways that the protest politics had failed to do.**

After the strange fizzling out of the Sixties, due to a whole slew of reasons not all of which are clearly visible even now to me, **I think the emergence of the Anti-Nuclear Movement in the late 70s/early 80s represented in many ways a synthesis of protest politics and digger action politics. Actions were based on affinity groups and**

**decision making took place through a consensus process. The typical Clamshell Alliance anti-Seabrook nuclear plant action or Abalone Alliance anti-Diablo Canyon nuclear power plant occupation or Livermore Action Group anti-Livermore Labs nuclear weapons blockade — all these actions were informed by a strain of digger politics even though most of the participants had never heard of the diggers. Eventually, these type of actions became the model for many environmental groups.**

Now, with the rebirth of the Anti-War movement, we come full circle to the type of early demonstrations that were seen in 1965-67. It will be interesting to see how they evolve. I personally think that if we are to avoid the same problems again, that there needs to be an infusion of the Digger type sensibility in these actions. . . .

**Name:** Eileen  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 23 Jan 2003

. . . Let's just withhold all judgment on Digger. The only real mistake that was ever made is one common to all of us. You hit it right on the head . . . My Ego . . . but without that we take a good chance of getting lost in the shuffle. . . .

Mark ~ I have to say on second though PC is pretty sensitive these days to laying his stuff out on the line. But yes, we should talk more perhaps, before you approach him. Maybe we could put our heads together, cause I really would like to get his take on this and don't want to scare him off. And the fact you are working with the Original Ming might throw him off entirely. Sweet William? Huum. I don't know. That's another one to ask PC about. Lenore . . . maybe we should talk to Vicki and sound her as to whether to try that. Seems like everyone is becoming precious. . . .

**Name:** the river of truth  
**Email Address:** let it flow  
**Date:** 24 Jan 2003

Lenore is a grand lady. Please contact her direct. she is a wise woman. go to the source.

**Name:** Eileen  
**Email Address:** samileen@mcn.org  
**Date:** 24 Jan 2003

Yes Lenore is wise. But she has not been well for a long time. I think it best to first check in with someone that spends time with her and approach with care. If you are close to her, please identify yourself here or email me.

**Name:** Nicole  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 24 Jan 2003

. . . **Mark, I speak to Sweet William on a regular basis... if you need his number let me know...**

**Name:** Mark  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 24 Jan 2003

Eric,

Thanks for your words. I agree that we are in a time similar to the early stages of the antiwar protests against the Viet Nam war. I also remember feeling the mass demonstrations seemed to have little direct effect on the government's actions. I often wonder what would have happened if there were no protests. To me, there are some fundamental differences now and these differences alter the situation significantly. The Viet Nam thing was a kind of creeping revelation thing slowly coming to the public eye. Questions started being asked and the answers weren't good. . . .

**Is the Digger sensibility or action to stand outside the protests scoffing at the futility and possibly running the danger of elitist posing? Or has the Digger method been so fully assimilated into the culture, mainly through the movements you mentioned, that it can't be considered social acid any longer? If so a neo-Digger sensibility or Digger Part Two seems in order. To somehow, transform the effort to apply to now.**

**In the Haight we had an audience and the media was spending much effort watching and reporting that audience participation. We don't have that now. The war feels like it starts with attracting the media, now hopelessly centralized, and its gaze. This will take some crafty tricks, events or stunts to catch the media and fool it into participating in the performance. Not an easy thing to do, although Clonaid comes to mind. . . .**

**Name:** Eileen  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 24 Jan 2003

Nicole~

You're in touch with Sweet William??? DO TELL! (And please tell him I said hello!)

**Name:** Nicole  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 24 Jan 2003

Eileen, up until I left SF 3 years ago we saw each other all the time . . . he had an apt on Lombard just before the bridge . . . Peter got him moved over to O'Farrell . . . to a bigger spot . . . he's still an amazing man. I called him just now but he was still sleeping . . . I'll e-mail you his phone number.

**Name:** IMAM  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 24 Jan 2003

**I think the Digger difference is that demonstrators usually only work out on weekends and at special events vs. just doing it all the time by virtue of one's daily actions** (our daily bread?) — and (though I fully support the efforts) demonstrations have a singular politically induced message vs. a style of living that excludes any form of war from the get go. . . .

**Name:** Nicole  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 24 Jan 2003

I did just speak to William, he is such an awesome man . . . he's looking forward to hearing from you Sam.

**Eric, I had posted a thing I wrote to William once a while back . . . maybe a year ago... and I was looking for it to send to him and I can't find it . . .** I tried doing a search . . . I found it by accident once but can't remember how and I never kept a copy for myself . . . I can peruse the guestbook, or FFR can't remember which had it . . . any help here?

**[Note for Eric: I'd like to read it.]**

**Name:** Eric  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 24 Jan 2003

Nicole,

Is this what you're looking for?

[http://www.diggers.org/discuss/\\_disc/00000053.htm](http://www.diggers.org/discuss/_disc/00000053.htm)

**Name:** Nicole  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 24 Jan 2003

**Mr ME, When my son was small he thought a mirror was a me-er... “cuzz, mama, when I look in one, I see me!!” . . .**

**Name:** Eric  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 25 Jan 2003

**Updated the Digger chronology to include the dating for the beginning of the Black Panther Free Breakfast Program, inspired by the Digger Free Food Delivery Service. I've been seeking a definitive date and found it in a Black Panther bulletin in the Bancroft Library's Social Protest Collection.**

[http://www.diggers.org/asp/chrono\\_diggers.asp](http://www.diggers.org/asp/chrono_diggers.asp)

(To find the entry for the Free Breakfast Program go to January, 1969).



**Name:** Eileen  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 26 Jan 2003

. . . I would also like to say, I have struck upon my own plan for thinking about this question we have been rolling around about demonstrations versus non demonstrations. I have a great deal to say about this. I am hoping maybe Mark will capsulize it cause I don't know if I have the fingers for it, if he found anything of use from what we shared.

But what I have moved onto is listening to the poets, musicians, and artists and watching and listening very closely to what goes by any kind of way. I have put it out to the Universe that I am trying to understand the Voice, the other level (as in under) of those that are addressing this political atmosphere . . . that more and more is becoming a cry for Consciousness and spelling out all the steps. A lot is also coming back from the '60's in speeches and music. I am listening with a different ear. I am waiting, adding it all up and listening. I am looking for where we are Really going with this. What it is adding up to with The People that are paying attention. The wave is building. I feel very strongly the artists in all phases, are going to be very important in this time and they are needed.

I am looking for something that I have no words for yet but I am moving within it paying close attention and gathering. This time I will not just feel a spectator to our actions, not understanding cause and effect because **in the '60's I couldn't get my mind even sort of around the Big Picture. I just knew what we were doing as Diggers felt deeply correct.** I don't intend to go through this round like that.

**Name:** Mark  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 28 Jan 2003

Does anyone have an opinion or rant on the "Black Bloc" anarchists group that apparently did some damage in SF during the recent antiwar march. I didn't see them there. I read an article in today's SF Chronicle about the group and their methods in Seattle during the WTO protests. I haven't heard of this group before but they offer some controversy for the "movement".

**Name:** Eileen  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 28 Jan 2003

Mark~

I think they may be mentioned in the article I meant to copy for you. Will get that in the mail to you ASAP. Yes there was a fair amount of discussion about those folks because of their aggressive tactics during the WTO whatchamacallit. I think we need to get a closer view, cause they are really pissing off the cops and folks that we don't need to be pissing off if we want to get out of this in one piece . . . cause the shit falls on everybody near, when these guys start rolling. Have you by any chance done an internet search?

**Name:** Nicole

**Date:** 29 Jan 2003

. . . Eileen, Those black blocs you mentioned . . . 2 years ago here in NYC there was a very well organized, very peaceful march and demo in support of Leonard Peltier . . . from Union Square up 3rd ave to 59th st. Suddenly around 45th st all hell broke loose when about 8 people dressed in black (like ninjas) started pushing and shoving etc. . . . they were arrested and thrown into a passing city bus and driven away . . . but the damage was done . . . it put a bad light on the march . . . could they be one in the same?

**Name:** curious is as curious does

**Email Address:** somewhere down that crazy river

**Date:** 30 Jan 2003

Ohio Girl, I never really got to converse much with Peter Berg at Black Bear, but I was told that he had (and this is a tenuous memory at best in the details, but) I believed made a documentary film about the Gypsies in Canada, who when one or some of their people had been, I think imprisoned, all began to camp on the grounds, awaiting their peoples' release. It may have been a provincial facility or something of the like. The point is that they went there to secure a release, and were prepared and in fact were camping "Till hell freezes over" (my words) and had both the temerity to do so and the tenacity to stay where they were, until a solution could be found. Pretty far out — I hope I got even a little bit of this right, there should be people here who can supplement my poor remembrance.

**Name:** Nicole

**Date:** 30 Jan 2003

Just came across this quote by KK and thought it somehow appropriate.

**"The answer is never the answer. What's really interesting is the mystery. If you seek the mystery instead of the answer, you'll always be seeking. I've never seen anybody really find the answer— they think they have, so they stop thinking. But the job is to seek mystery, evoke mystery, plant a garden in which strange plants grow and mysteries bloom. The need for mystery is greater than the need for an answer."**

— Ken Kesey

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 30 Jan 2003

Travis —

**I've been trying to recollect all day and I think the group you were thinking of is the Doukhobors in Canada. Hundreds of the Sons of Freedom faction of the Doukhobors camped out and lived for 10 years by the gates of the Agassiz Prison in solidarity with their imprisoned brothers and sisters.**

**What I don't recall is whether Peter Berg visited this encampment as part of the cross-country caravan in 1971 when he was filming video of the various communes they visited. It sounds very reminiscent.**

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 30 Jan 2003

For anyone interested in more than the tidbits commonly available on the Web about the Sons of Freedom faction of the Doukhobors, here's an interesting article:

[http://www.globalhemp.com/Archives/Magazines/high\\_noon.shtml](http://www.globalhemp.com/Archives/Magazines/high_noon.shtml)

**Name:** curious is as curious does

**Email Address:** and rich are the tapestries of the collective mind

**Date:** 31 Jan 2003

**Eric, thanks for the additional information on what was the barest thread of a memory. I'm almost sure that the Doukhobors are the group that were central to the story, told once and briefly in passing, that I remember — but as with dim recollections I cannot be certain — still I'm pretty sure. Thanks again, The Sons of Freedom faction sounds pretty interesting — and I'd love to meet the two old ladies that are still carrying the torch.**

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 31 Jan 2003

**Peter and Judy confirmed it was the Dukhobors and Peter did make a video of the Sons of Freedom encamped outside the BC prison. This was the winter of 1970-71, before the cross country caravan the next summer. The video camera had been laid on Peter by a Hollywood director and Peter used it on the caravan for the filming of the Homeskin video postcards.**

**Name:** Hammond

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 01 Feb 2003

. . . FREEWHEELIN FRANK

Freewheelin Frank Reynolds died at 1:00 in the morning on January 30th, 2003, at sixty years of age. He maintained his humor and enjoyment of living in his cabin in the redwoods by his beloved waterfall, in company with his cat, the deer, the foxes, and a passing bear. Those who have seen Frank recently, found him in clearness of mind, Zen expectancy of death, and manly resolution. Frank was the Secretary of the San Francisco Hells Angels in the 60's, in his middle years he began practicing Zen meditation, He has been a Zen hermit for many years. Bruce and Asche who were his longtime friends and caregivers for the final months said Frank's passing was smooth and peaceful. Frank died of liver cancer. His cabin was in northern California.

**Name:** Eileen  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 02 Feb 2003

Hey Patrick~

Actually Boulder was the jumping off place for me. I came a bit before . . . somewhere around '61-'63 as I remember. **Had lived all my life (21 yrs) in Shreveport, Louisiana and finally escaped from there to Boulder.** Total cultural shock for me! (If you haven't been to the South there's no way to explain.) Caught the tail end of the Beat scene . . . which in Boulder was more a style than a reality, Kennedy was shot and the Civil Rights Movement took place while I was there. Took a few yrs to acclimate being out of the South and then I got bored with the small college town it was in those days . . . ALL there was, was the hill. Kept getting word drifting in from San Francisco, something was going on. Finally left (hallucinating from a speed come down) in the middle of winter in mid '63 to SF, and the rest is history.

So in answer to your question . . . yes I was there but your story was nothing but rumor to me . . . it sounds familiar. Want to tell it?

**Name:** Woodstock Lady  
**Email Address:**  
**Date:** 02 Feb 2003

Dear Nicole, No, I don't believe we've ever met. **I had met Sam, Peter and Emmett when I did live in Woodstock years and years ago — had some special encounters with Emmett during 69/70.** Also knew some of the guys in The Band as well as Tim Hardin & Howard & Jones Alk, to name a few of the Woodstock folks from back then. I sort of fell out of touch with the Woodstock scene when I went abroad for ten years or so. I still have a huge fondness for everything I've ever heard that The Band has done and would be interested to hear some of the stuff they'd done that I've yet to hear. I'm not too optimistic that I'll ever find the Japanese box set — but you never know. . . .

**Name:** Mark Hebard  
**Email Address:** Bard382@aol.com  
**Date:** 08 Feb 2003

Okay, here is something I have been thinking about posting. **I had the pleasure of viewing some film footage of the 1971 Caravan filmed by Peter Berg. It is my opinion that this stuff is very important to the Digger legacy. There are about 20 hours of tape, some 1 inch broadcast tape and some 1/2 inch tape that needs to be saved.** The film is deteriorating and it needs to be transferred to VHS or some stable format. These are on 30 minute reels and the film has to be treated (baked) as the emulsion is separating from the tape before it can be transferred. The cost depending on the condition of the tape can run from \$80 to \$200 for each tape. 40 tapes and you can do the math. Finding someone capable and trustworthy for stabilizing the tape and transferring it is the first step. Money is the second and possibly negotiating with an

appropriate film archive could be the next. If someone wants to talk about this email me using the address above.

**Name:** Steve

**Email Address:** knee deep

**Date:** 18 Feb 2003

**. . . Sixty years ago in April 1943, Dr. Albert Hofmann decided to try his latest, synthesized discovery: Lysergic acid diethylamide. After an hour, he got on his bicycle and went home. His trip became "The Trip". Hofmann's ride began a journey that has altered the mass consciousness, to this day. . . .**

**Name:** Eileen

**Email Address:** my one minute claim to fame

**Date:** 19 Feb 2003

**Ok. OK! I cooked fried chicken for Richie Havens. It was not the most memorable time in my life but he liked the chicken and I was glad to have the opportunity to cook for such a sweet (and famous) person. It was the first month of having moved to the Height. I lived with the photographer Edmond Shea... well, he took me in off the street. I would meet Coyote and go off with him that night. The beginning of that chapter of my life...**

**Name:** Eileen

**Email Address:** Thinking about the beginning of it all

**Date:** 24 Feb 2003

IMAM~I've been fascinated by the idea of the orgone box but never saw directions for it. That was such an interesting period in time, **When I was going to school in Boulder ('61-'63) was where I first hear of Reich, Stiner, Crowley. I was also coming across old people that we the freaks no doubt of their generation that were into natural healing . . . herbs, pendulums, the most incredible psychic I ever met, chiropractors, rock hounds, folks that knew the land, as well as ghosts and aliens (UFO types). In those days Boulder was a stew of the folks hidden out in the hills and were some of my first teachers. You have to understand, coming fresh from Louisiana having lived there for 21 yrs I stepped into something that felt beyond anything I had ever heard of and also felt like I had stepped into a nest of people one only dreams of.** There was much I had been learning by samosis from the Blacks in Louisiana all my life without realizing it was anything unusual until I left home. These folks and the info that was out there . . . well I was a duck in water.

A few yrs back I came across a book that was a somewhat smaller but very significant gathering of info by some of these folks, I guess you could say, in the realm of Stiner and these old time "freaks". *Secrets of the Soil* by Peter Tompkins, Christopher Bird, Christopher Baird, and William Thomas. These are the guys that wrote *Secret Life of Plants*. These are books that are not just for gardeners . . . really stretches ones mind to the possibilities as to how we actually relate to the soil and plants in a way that goes beyond your run of the mill organic gardening . . . ha! to say the least. Not your

downhome gardening. I consider this with *When God Was a Woman* by Merlin Stone, on my required reading list for anyone that has missed these books. I'm serious. This is, you might say a much more esoteric book in the realm of the Fox Fire books. Remember those great books? . . . they're still available. . . .

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 24 Feb 2003

Correction . . . learning by samosis . . . hahahaha, osmosis. . . .

**Name:** bob

**Email Address:** Ahah!

**Date:** 24 Feb 2003

**That elusive title is: *The Foul and the Fragrant: Odor and the French Social Imagination* by Alain Corbin 1988 Harvard Univ Press. . . .**

**Name:** Mark

**Date:** 06 Mar 2003

Welcome Cat,

It is an interesting introduction you have posted and your Union work is a positive move in what seems like a less positive world at this point. From your first post I would also recommend reading *Totem Salmon: Life Lessons From Another Species* by Freeman House. Barnes and Noble has it so Amazon may have it too. He and several other former Diggers have dedicated themselves to this effort in Northern California. Hammond Guthrie, a regular here on the list, has a new book out *As Ever Was* which is a great walk through those times giving lots of insight into the evolution of the 60's. **Peter Berg (the Hun) and Judy Goldhaft founded Planet Drum Foundation in 1973 in San Francisco which began the Bioregional environmental movement which was an extension of the "back to the land" movement that came out of the early communes of the 60's.** They are very active now and their website is: [www.planetdrum.org](http://www.planetdrum.org). . . .

**Name:** Nicole

**Date:** 07 Mar 2003

Cat, some of us have known each other for 30 + years, some of us have met here . . . it's run by Eric Nobel who I just met for the first time Wednesday evening as he's out here doing some research . . . I met Steve here in NYC last year after meeting him here on the site . . . Eric showed us the digital photos he took at the NY public library reference dept on wednesday of the original 1600's manifesto of the original english diggers . . . what an awesome thing to see . . . he'll post it here when he gets back to California. Sounds like you have a pretty interesting life Cat, let us keep hearing from you okay. . . .

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 07 Mar 2003

So here's the first pix taken this past week that I pulled of the digicam showing one of the original Digger manifestos from 1649. This copy is in the Rare Book room at the Fifth Avenue branch of the New York Public Library.

And to prevent your scrupulous Objections, know this, That we Must neither buy nor sell; Money must not any longer (after our work of the Earths community is advanced) be the great god, that hedges in some, and hedges out others; for Money is but part of the Earth: And surely, the Righteous Creator, who is King, did never ordain, That unless some of Mankind, do bring that Mineral (Silver and Gold) in their hands, to others of their own kinde, that they should neither be fed, nor be clothed; no surely, For this was the project of Tyrant-flesh (which Land-lords are branches of) to set his Image upon Money. And they make this unrighteous Law, That none should buy or sell, eat, or be clothed, or have any comfortable Livelihood among men, unless they did bring his Image stamped upon Gold or Silver in their hands.

And whereas the Scriptures speak, That the mark of the Beast is 666, the number of a man; and that those that do not bring that mark in their hands, or in their foreheads, they should neither buy nor sell, *Revel. 13.16*. And seeing the numbering Letters round about the English money make 666, which is the number of that Kingly Power and Glory, (called a *Man*.) And seeing the age of the Creation is now come to the Image of the Beast, or Half day. And seeing 666 is his mark, we expect this to be the last Tyrannical power that shall raigin; and that people shall live freely in the enjoyment of the Earth, without bringing the mark of the Beast in their hands, or in their promise; and that they shall buy Wine and Milk, without Money, or without price, as *Isiah* speaks.

For after our work of the Earthly community is advanced, we must make use of Gold and Silver, as we do of other metals, but not to buy and sell withal; for buying and selling is the great cheat, that robs and steals the Earth one from another: It is that which makes some Lords, others Beggars, some Rulers, others to be ruled; and makes great Murderers and Theeves to be imprisoners, and hangers of little ones, or of sincere-hearted men.

And while we are made to labor the Earth together, with one consent and willing minde; and while we are made free, that every one, friend and foe, shall enjoy the benefit of their Creation, that is, To have food and rayment from the Earth, their Mother; and every one subiect to give accompt of his thoughts, words, and actions to none, but to the one onely righteous Judg, and Prince of Peace; the Spirit of Righteousness that dwells, and that is now rising up to rule in every Creature, and in the whole Globe. We say, while we are made to hinder no man of his Priviledges given him in his Creation, equal to one, as to another; what Law then can you make, to take hold upon us, but Laws of Oppression and Tyranny, that shall enslave or spill the blood of the Innocent? And so your Selves, your Judges, Lawyers, and Justices, shall be found to be the greatest Transgressors, in, and over Mankind.

But to draw neerer to declare our meaning, what we would have, and what we shall endeavor to the uttermost to obtain, as moderate and righteous Reason directs us;

seeing we are made to see our Privileges, given us in our Creation, which have hitherto been denied to us, and our Fathers, since the power of the Sword began to rule, And the secrets of the Creation have been locked up under the traditional, Parrat-like speaking, from the Universities, and Colledges for Scholars, And since the power of the murdering, and theiving Sword, formerly, as well as now of late yeers, hath set up a Govenment, and maintains that Government; for what are prisons, and putting others to death, but the power of the Sword to enforce people to that Government which was got by Conquest and Sword, and cannot stand of it self, but by the same murdering power? That Government that is got over people by the Sword and kept by the Sword, is not set up by the King of Righteousness to be his Law, but by Covetousness, the great god of the world; who hath been permitted to reign for a time, times, and dividing of time and his government draws to the period of the last term of his allotted time; and then the Nations shall see the glory of that Government that shall rule in Righteousness, without either Sword or Spear, . . .

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 07 Mar 2003

. . . **Richard Marley. Elsa called tonight and it sounds like he's about to leave us now.** Prayers and thoughts to him and those caring for him. A warrior/lover, another good man passing.

**Name:** Mark

**Date:** 08 Mar 2003

Steve,

You're right about some of those older teachers but they have mostly gone on to their reward, whatever that is. There is still some around but they are a serious minority. I live in a "liberal" region and parrots posing as teachers don't really cut it here. And some of them know of the Diggers. In fact a known Digger is a high school teacher in this area. Angela Davis is on staff here at the local UC and Huey Newton taught here before his fatal return to the hard streets of Oakland. Mike McClure is or was a teacher at the college I attended. I am not making a list here as NYC has some of the best. I do agree that that academia can be narrowing and there is nothing like the streets of life to make serious lessons come home but the teachers who we have today are a long way from the propaganda wielding hacks of the past.

**Name:** Steve

**Email Address:** silentsteveboyd@hotmail.com

**Date:** 09 Mar 2003

. . . **I use to run with a much older crowd who were very tight with Paul Goodman. They all went back to the Chicago collage days if I recall. The reason that I bring it up, is that I once read that Paul had done some writting about the Diggers. Now, I assume that the article was refering to the Original English Clan. Any input on that? Is any of Goodman's writting logged into your archive? . . . you might want to**



run that down. Hammond; I will definitely finish reading *AsEverWas*. (I have a dead line now.)

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 10 Mar 2003

Steve, thanks for the suggestion. **Paul Goodman wrote a piece on the Diggers (something like “Diggers in 1984” I believe — I’ll have to look it up when I get back to my library). I think Goodman was entranced by the Diggers, but the feeling wasn’t mutual. Grogan was his impertinent self to most older left-leaning politicians, especially those who had made it. Mostly, the only older generation that got Emmett’s respect were the Beats.** I could be off-base here, if anyone takes exception to this characterization, please write back. In any case, Goodman’s piece didn’t impress me when I read it, but I should go back and check it out again to see if that’s still true. . . .

**Name:** Eileen

**Email Address:** taking a break

**Date:** 11 Mar 2003

Eric ~ Read over the Black Bear reunion story. Made me once again remember the smell we all had from living with the out doors and fire . . . wood burning cook stoves, wood for heat and open fire pits. There was a smell I miss on all of us. When I brain tan and smoke my hides I set up a tall tripod much like a tepee, that the hide goes over to capture the smoke. I have to keep it going for hours. It always makes me yearn for those days together. **Also made me think of Richard Marley. I wonder if he is still hanging on or has passed. I have put him to the side of my mind until this moment. It was too painful to hold him so close in my mind.**

**Name:** paterpower

**Email Address:** bonedigger9@yahoo.com

**Date:** 11 Mar 2003

We was in N.Y.C. after the arrival of our firstborn, it was 1970 anno di cane we were at a bar on bdwy. saint Adrians ,below the bdwy central hotel, it was cold and I was another pauper volunteer, as i surveyed the rm, another ex expat amerrikkkan sat next me and we began a discussion about a free store play in the works, 1970 year of the dawg, nixons mid-term and free dumb now shit, the play “red lips” aka red lips for stalin was gettin hashed out and the director? asked me if i wanted in, consulting ,art or what not, his background was tech lites etal and i figgured “free theatre” so i listened and he pitched the storyline, so as i criused the local not free cineplex and made entry after entry, only to find more cliched crap, exitos mas exitos, i stopped hunched down and watched steve martin duh... and queen latifah , of the gladiator sandals do a rip off for not free of the for free, sorta; play “red lips” when the still sea conspires in amour, when a street wise black gal “bigassed’ meets up with mister got it all togetherwhite bread , sparks ensue sure and we rewrote days of thunder and called it the race for racists or whatever’s write where’s the freestore theatre nowadays. . . .

**Name:** Hammond

**Date:** 11 Mar 2003

Rena — Assuming the Drop City book you mention is the one I have read excerpts from on the web — I found it very disappointing — not exactly well written — and did not accurately represent the Drop City I visited long ago. Then again UI was never a resident — just passing by so to speak. at the invitation of an old hobo — Beat acid head traveler whose name I can't remember. He looked like Robinson Crusoe in pelts and spoke like an Angel. When I arrived in Drop City the place was full of LSD and geodesic variations made from sections of automobiles and 50 gal. drums. First communal situation I had encountered as a young lad on the road to where ever it led. . . . The story in this book briefly touches on the place I visited but from there the writer's story and the place described seemed very alien to me. I think that this book at least is about the later day Drop City and not the original tribe. . . .

**Name:** Silent Steve

**Email Address:** Black Bear early September, 1970

**Date:** 11 Mar 2003

**Eileen, that front room [at Black Bear Ranch] is where we parted company. The Hells Angels had all pulled up stakes and rode out of the Olema campsite at the lower end a few days before you came up with Erial. Coyote had resurfaced from a run to a free store on the night of your' arrival that and teased you by offering you some "Witch Shoes". You turned up your' nose at em" (I know that look) . . . I said: WOW; can I have em? ? . . . I also scarfed a cool pair of English Invasion tight striped pirate pants to match my new Checkered Demon Lucky Boots. In early '71' I Incorporated both Items into a J.P. style "Found Things" sculpture in San Francisco. Hey, . . . check out the rockin' chair . . . (are you thinkin' what Im' thinkin'???) . . . Folks; sometimes life gets interesting. Fortune favors the bold.**

**Name:** rena

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 12 Mar 2003

**. . . Hey... did anyone ever find Digger Phyllis? Taj made me think of her because she used to watch his first set of twins way back when. . . .**

**Name:** Nicole

**Email Address:** reminiscing@memory.lane

**Date:** 12 Mar 2003

**Rena, Phyllis is in Arcata.** my sister Jenn sees her sometimes . . . she's doing well. I lived at Treat Street with all the sisters for a while . . . **vicky, Julie, Phyllis, Sienna (natural susanne) and Taj** . . . when the twins were just born . . . he actually really was paramount in my entering the music biz . . . and years later I would run into him at either a gig of his or one of mine . . . the world is so so small really. . . .

**Name:** Nicole

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 13 Mar 2003

... I need some advice and direction ... I've been asked to give a talk at the Tisch building at NYU by my friend who teaches there. It's a workshop on performance, but relative to something ... for instance I saw a lecture by an environmentalist who has written several books but also stages events to bring media attention to different issues. They know of my involvement with the San Francisco scene and asked if I would speak on it ... so I said yes. Because the diggers are "life actors", it fits into their performance format. ...

**Name:** Eileen

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 14 Mar 2003

... I can't do Richard's passing justice in the hurry I'm in and will have to get back to this a few days down the line. Sorry. He died yesterday (Thur) morning and the whole family was there and it sounds like it couldn't have been more perfect. We are learning how to be with our dieing as we have had to learn to birth our children. We are learning.

**Name:** John

**Email Address:** intuit777@hotmail.com

**Date:** 15 Mar 2003

Just read Peter Coyote's tome about Emmett and had to respond. He doesn't mention Oliver Stones assertion that Emmett died from the drugs he ripped off from Stone. Also can't understand Stones claim that Grogan was nothing but a rip-off junkie. I have read *Ringolevio* and any thing else I could find by and about Emmett, even got an e-mail from Ken Kesey stating what a stand-up guy Emmett was and denigrating Oliver Stone. Where does Peter weigh in on this smack?

**Name:** Eileen

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 15 Mar 2003

**[Eileen's assessment of Emmett Grogan]**

When discussing a "legion" one can quickly get in trouble. But I knew Emmett to some degree and would be willing to throw in my 2 cents here. I would like to say he was a friend but I don't think I qualified for some reason in his book although he tended to watch over me when he felt it necessary. I may have even known him before heroin. It's hard to say. If you wish you can chalk this up to an opinion. OK, did I cover my back well enough?

Emmett was a junkie. Every woman he got involved with, perhaps his last wife being the exception, ended up strung out right along with him, big time. He left a wake and it amazed me some of the women that gave in. Not all of them lived

through it . . . Paula McCoy being a prime example. She was the most intelligent high toned woman in the scene. God was she smart and politically hip. I never in a million yrs could have seen those 2 together, But that's another story. He was a hustler to the inth degree and sneaky as shit. But he was not so good at the sneaky part, so he would simply disappear or hide out in his house when he was getting too high profile. He dug himself a very deep hole with his habit and borrowed money out of the LA scene to the point I think that's what killed him . . . simply cause he was so way over his head in debt in a manner that only a celebrity can open doors to. I think he'd gotten himself in a blind alley he had no chance of gettin himself out of and certainly knew it. The man could talk the talk! You should have seen he and Coyote together. whew! Boy were they bad! There was a high respect and competition the likes of king roosters. Towards the end it had started to grate to be with the 2 together. I think it was a credit to strength of their friendship they hung in there as long as they did. They were so different in their background, but both had that east coast intensity that made them move through the world differently and I think they recognized each other as similar creatures. Talk about a phenomenal karmic blend from the best to the worst possible with two men that loved each other. Did someone kill him? I don't suppose that's out of the question. But as I said before, he came to me in my dreams often for yrs and never let me know. But that never entered my mind. Even before he died he was in my dreams as a messenger. I learned a lot from him both awake and when asleep. Peter told his story about himself and about Emmett in his book, pretty straight up. But they were so close there's a lot I don't think he could stand back and tell. When they finally got into serious battle and let their egos and habits get the best of them it was a disappointing and hard thing to witness. But that was a bad time with all of us. Emmett no doubt had a lot of enemies. I am sure there were men that were totally threatened by him and he would use that if it served him. To me he always had a boy air about him. An innocence, a delight that I think was part of what made him so much fun. He would come up with the craziest stuff. But in the end he always felt like a loner. Heroin I think does that to you. One might wonder what he would have been like without the junk. He never got that far and he was who he was and being clean never looked to me to be out there on the horizon. I don't think he could have stood to be that awake in the world he had created. I have never missed someone so much as I did him even before he died. I always wanted more than I think he was willing to give anyone other than maybe Peter. Maybe everyone felt that way and was part of want opened so many pathways to him. Like Peter he was someone you always wanted more of than he was willing to give.

**Name:** Mark

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 15 Mar 2003

Eileen,

You did it again. Lay it out there in its raw and beautiful rich truth. Does smack make you a loner or do outsiders find junk for solace? My experience is the latter, loners find the comfort that can never be given to them by another. I have seen the others who come

to heroin full of life and slowly turn gray and weak but I think they have the equipment to overcome it. The outsider is an archetypal personality that has walked through human existence trying but failing to make contact. This is a unique individual perspective, though pain filled, accumulates a store of information glossed over by most folks. Outside-looking-in is a sentence to isolation, loneliness and the ability to be cold and cruel but also offers an “objective” cultural view that exposes many frailties and solutions not available to the rest. Grogan may have been a citizen of that world. Tormented by distance, driven by its harrowing needs and fascinated, even seduced by the facility to walk in a parallel reality. The world of a junkie is complex.

**Name:** Nicole

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 17 Mar 2003

**. . . One day Albert Grossman picked up Emmett, Peter and I in a limo and took us out for lunch or something . . . you know treated us like royalty introducing us to all of his music biz cronies and at some restaurant, the two “boys” went off somewhere for a minute and came back nodding and puking and just plain fucked up, I remember being jealous of them at the time . . . can you believe that? . . . now it just seems so embarrassing. So happy those days are gone . . . the nature of the beast is to keep and create chaos in the life of the user . . . it just stops all real emotional feelings . . . clogs the chakras so to speak . . . blocks the door to any interaction with reality . . . but of course those experiences got me to this very spot I’m standing in so I really can’t say I have real regrets. Mostly, wasted time. . . .**

**Name:** Nicole

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 26 Mar 2003

**JAG, I got to San Francisco the spring of 67 myself and I got there from Orange Co. I went to school in Anaheim . . . I got involved with everyone pretty much after the main events happened in SF, although I attended those events, not as an organizing member. . . .**

**Name:** Mark

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 27 Mar 2003

RNA,

Rosemary Woodruff passed away from a heart attack on Feb 7, 2002. I didn’t know her and it was a quiet passing. There were some mentions of it in the press but very little. She was attempting to archive Leary’s stuff at the time and I was thinking of offering to help, I was working on similar stuff for the Bergs, but she passed before I got it together. I remember reading that someone else is or was working on an archive but I don’t know who it is. Here is an SF Chronicle article.

Rosemary Woodruff — LSD guru’s ex-wife

Susan Sward, *Chronicle* Staff Writer Saturday, February 9, 2002

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Rosemary Woodruff, former wife of the late psychedelic guru Timothy Leary, died Thursday in her home in Aptos at age 66.

Surrounded by friends, Ms. Woodruff died of complications from a heart attack she suffered a week earlier.

Born April 26, 1935, in St. Louis, she grew up in that city and dropped out of high school to marry an Air Force officer when she was 17. That marriage ended quickly, and she moved to New York in the 1950s.

She told friends later that it was there that she received her real education, living in the bohemian community of lower Manhattan that was populated by jazz musicians and artists.

In 1965, she met Leary, a former Harvard University psychology professor who was the host of weekend events where participants took LSD at a country estate in Millbrook, N.Y. Leary — who coined the oft-quoted phrase “turn on, tune in, drop out” — had been dismissed from the Harvard faculty in the early 1960s for his experiments with drugs.

Ms. Woodruff moved in with Leary and was co-host of the events, which were attended by numerous celebrities, psychologist R.D. Laing, actor Peter Fonda and artist Saul Steinberg. She became the third of Leary’s four wives in 1967 at an event that the *New York Times* reported was directed by Ted Markland of “Bonanza.”

Kate Coleman, a Berkeley author who wrote a recent profile of Ms. Woodruff, said, “Rosemary was known by the nickname ‘Ro.’ She was the epitome of hip and beauty. She knew everyone — Yoko Ono and John Lennon. She kept in touch with Huxley when he was in L.A.”

Coleman said Ms. Woodruff told her that she helped her husband escape in 1970 from a California state prison where he was serving a 10-year sentence for a marijuana conviction.

Ms. Woodruff told Coleman that she raised the funds that financed the escape, in which Leary made his way to a prison roof, traversed the prison grounds on a cable and then jumped to his freedom on a road outside the prison.

The Weathermen, a revolutionary youth group, helped Leary pull off the escape, Coleman said.

The couple then made their way to Algeria, where they were given sanctuary for a while by Black Panther leader Eldridge Cleaver in his compound there.

The couple's marriage broke apart in the mid-1970s, and Ms. Woodruff traveled throughout Europe and Latin America before "living underground in Cape Cod for 14 years" because she still faced a pending drug charge in Laguna Beach and her former husband had told the FBI about her role in his escape, Coleman said. Leary himself was captured by authorities in Afghanistan in 1973 and remained in prison in California until he was released by Gov. Jerry Brown in 1976.

In 1994, authorities in Orange County dropped charges against Ms. Woodruff, and she surfaced in Half Moon Bay, where she ran a bed-and-breakfast establishment for five years until her health failed, Coleman said. Ms. Woodruff then moved to Aptos and gave some guest lectures at the University of California at Santa Cruz.

Leary died in 1996 of prostate cancer at the age of 75. In Leary's last months of life, Ms. Woodruff and her former husband were reconciled and she helped care for him, Coleman said.

Friends said plans have not yet been finalized for a memorial service.

**Name:** Nicole

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 27 Mar 2003

. . . **Martin Carey, the artist who drew the Mandala for the original digger papers lives in woodstock** with his wife Susan and I know they bought the house together with Paul Krassner . . . But I never had the pleasure of meeting him . . . they still have the house there some 30 years now. . . .

**Name:** Lily Pond

**Email Address:** justlilypond@hotmail.com

**Date:** 27 Mar 2003

**I lived in the Free City house on Willard Street in the Spring of 1968.** I ended up there because several people I had known in Detroit were staying there. David Savage was one of them.

While there I met David Lloyd-Jones who was transcribing a Buckminster Fuller (a guy he had known growing up, if I recall correctly) lecture to be mimeographed in the free city basement for distribution.

**I remember sitting on pillows around the huge dining room table stuffing Brautigan's seed packets.** I remember dining each evening on a donated whale (wow 'long time ago, eh?) from the freezer.

I remember going to Canned Foods with Paula, and getting "throw-away" fruit from the little grocer on the corner. I remember Hilda's (was that her name?) familia, eaten with milk and honey for breakfast.

I remember being joined by my friend Mark who was also from michigan and he ended up going to Black Bear to live and I never saw him again. I still have photos somewhere of him helping paint trashcans purple to put in Golden Gate Park.

I remember the women's rooms upstairs, Judy? Was it? And two other women who sometimes I can remember their names and right now I can't.

**I remember thinking the upstairs was the women's part and the basement was the men's part and the basement was more interesting, printing 1% free cards, and stuff like that.**

I remember sitting on the steps of city hall while peter coyote read letters from friends in hawaii who had trees growing right through their houses; this was a protest day because someone had been arrested for wearing an american flag so a lot of people were wearing american flags on the city hall steps that day.

I ended up moving over to stanyan where peter also lived; that's where I saw on tv johnson give his "I will not seek, and I shall not accept" speech.

I remember kirby doyle and his son. I remember tasting zuchinni for the first time. I remember the heady smell of eucalyptus, and the sea breeze, and that kitchen, and I am almost transported again.

**Name:** Ohio girl

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 28 Mar 2003

. . . Lily Pond, a grocer who ran a tiny grocery with his wife, an Oriental man, used to give me "throw-away" fruit, I can clearly picture walking out into the soft black night with a box of loose grapes, looking back at the yellow light through the door of the grocery. It was the same part of Haight St., I wonder if it was the same store? That grocer saved me from a diet consisting largely of speed and orange soda, I've always remembered his for-real generosity. Was that the dented-can store where you could buy cans the label had been lost from, and it was really cheap and always a surprise to open the can? It was downtown or something, someone took me there once, a food warehouse before the idea was as widespread as today. Peace

**Name:** Nicole

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 28 Mar 2003

Lilypond. I lived on the corner of Fredrick and Ashbury and remember that corner store as well . . . not too far. while reading your post I could actually feel the fog in the air at the mouth of the park on stanyan st. . . . I know that these memories we are all having must have a healing affect on what all of us must be experiencing due to the current world situation . . . so please everyone...send some more.



**Name:** Turning over in my grave

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 29 Mar 2003

The digger men have been playing with their lavoliers since '66. The women always did do all the work, all the men ever did was talk. Blah Blah Blah.

**Name:** Nicole

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 30 Mar 2003

**. . . in regard to "women did all the work" I believe that everyone did equal parts at different times . . . some times words are what is needed and sometimes it's plain ol' elbow grease, sometimes brainstorming but ALWAYS men and women contributing what ever it is they can and are willing to at any given moment . . . balance . . . yin and yang . . . positive negative . . . working, standing still, talking, being silent . . . men & women. . . .**

**Name:** Nicole

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 07 Apr 2003

. . . I'm conflicted right now, the rape trial starts today, from my attack last August...I don't want to put someone in jail...but he did put me in the hospital...it also ended my relationship with the theater (he was the janitor there and attacked me in one of the prop cages) and they were afraid I'd sue them, which I never would...the fact that he wants to go to trial in the first place is nuts, I mean they have the 911 tape of him attacking me a second time...at first I got away and had run into the office and locked the door and he came in throught the box office window and was attacking me while I was on the phone with 911...idiot, the DA said it's a pretty compelling tape...he never succeeded in actually raping me, but I was pretty beat up in the process and was taken by ambulance to Beth Israel where I had to stay a couple of days...so someone tell me that I'm doing the right thing...okay...or not. . . .

**Name:** Nicole

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 08 Apr 2003

**. . . thought I'd share my correspondence with her on this day . . . She and I had gone to Emmett's wake together in the first week of April as it turned out . . . she and I were living next door to each other in Willow, small town just outside of Woodstock, where she still lives . . . we had both recently spent time with him prior to his death.**

——— Original Message ——— From: Nicole Wills To: Janine Pommy Vega  
Sent: Thursday, January 30, 2003 12:14 PM Subject: Hello

Reading a story about John Garfield this morning spun my memories around to your wonderfully insightful poem for Emmett . . . his own dark shadow upon the wall . . . I think was the line that sparked the truth. Would love to

see you . . . do you get to the city? I live in the west village at Westbeth . . . I work mid town . . . give me a call if you come in and I'll do the same next time I go north . . . with warm regard, Nicole

From: "Janine Pommy Vega" <jpvega@ulster.net> | To: "Nicole Wills" <nicole\_wills@yahoo.com> Subject: Re: Hello Date: Sat, 29 Mar 2003 14:24:20 -0500

March 29, 03. Hey Nicole! Sorry to be so long in replying, been on the road, and some health issues restricting time and motion. Anyway, am coming down to the city for one night Friday April 4 to do a gig at Holman's Bowery Poetry Club at 7 or so, then for a week April 11 to the 17th. I'll be staying with my friend Ilka Scobie, tel ###.###.#### What's your telephone number? I'd love to see you! My plans are one gig at Bkln Library 4-6 Sat. April 12, take in some of the People's Poetry Gathering, maybe a museum, a show, see friends, shop, as though I were going to a foreign country. The news so overwhelmingly bleak and controlled, thank God for the internet and connectedness. Big love to you. janine.

**Name:** Nicole

**Email Address:** re Kirby Doyle's journey onward...

**Date:** 23 Apr 2003

Kelly, I'm sorry to hear that news, I knew your father well. In 1969 I lived in an apartment above the art supply store in Pt. Reyes and **Kirby [Doyle]** and Tracy lived down the hall. Somewhere in my belongings I have a drawing I did of him . . . just a head shot . . . I'm not an artist but I was able to capture Kirby's spirit . . . I went back and forth between the houseboat in Sausalito, Olema and the Pt Reyes apt. . . . Shannon and Kirby would come by the houseboat sometimes on fishing expeditions (at least that was what they said they were doing down at the water front) I would love to come to a memorial for him . . . truly . . . and if for some reason I cannot leave NYC to attend, I'd like to write something or participate in some other way . . . Your father had a magnificent laugh . . . please let me know if I can help in some way, with warm regards, Nicole

**Name:** Tim Hodgdon

**Email Address:** StopSpamHodgdon@StopSpam.BrunNet.net

**Date:** 27 Apr 2003

**. . . I was browsing through the guestbook, and discovered that there had been some talk of Digger women putting together a book on their experiences. . . .**

**Name:**

**Email Address:** Ricl and Emmett.com

**Date:** 29 Apr 2003

<http://www.bigmagic.com/pages/blackj/column9a.htm>

**Here's an arcane article about non-other than Kenny Wisdom**

**Name:** John Chase All Saints Church SF  
**Email Address:** proctor@worldnet.att.net  
**Date:** 08 May 2003

Fascinating project: **As you are well aware, All Saints' Church was the headquarters of the diggers during that period.**

**Name:** Kelly Doyle  
**Email Address:** Kellyw455@att.net  
**Date:** 09 May 2003

. . . I'm so sorry I did not check again when I posted my news about Kirby. But it's not too late to attend the memorial. It will be in SF on May 16 at the New College Cultural Center at 7p. Any an all are invited it's going to be a Poetry Madness Wake. . . . there should be many of the old crowd and the poets, artists, and general vagabonds attending. To Nicole, I'm truly sorry my email address did not work for you, but please try again as it is working and has been for years. I check it daily. I would like to tell you some news and get some news from you re: Kirby and Tracy. I just found via the internet, her long lost daughter and my sister, Kirby's other baby girl, after 30 years. thank you all for your condolences and I hope to hear from any who knew Kirby at the email address I listed here. Please one and all attend this very special good old fashioned Irish Wake (well sort of) and Poetry Reading.

Kelly Doyle

**Name:** Eileen  
**Email Address:** the middle of it all  
**Date:** 10 May 2003

Kelly ~ Oh I feel the tears welling up to see the implication Kerby has passed on. I am glad I knew him and know he lived a full life and has left good stuff behind for us. I hope he did all he wanted. And I would love to know more about Tracy and the rest of the family.

I wish I had time to really read all these posts and follow through adequately . . . but I don't. I so look forward to when I am not pressed for time. But from my brief scanning . . . thanks Hammond and hello to you all.

By the time we are all really ready for a gathering, consider the area I'm in. Hey it's practically the middle of the US . . . well it's certainly the friendly part . . . and all you water logged mildewed persons can come dry out. The only mildew anywhere around is what I brought with me and it doesn't stand a chance.

My mouth is burning from the green chillies in my lunch, the sky is blue, the air clear and the mountains around me . . . aah the mountains around me!

**Name:** dian hill melzer  
**Email Address:** dmelzer@richlandone.org  
**Date:** 13 May 2003

I had moved from Haight Street down to 1832 Page Street, right across from the library and closer to the Panhandle. This was a conscious move on my part as I wanted to be closer to the Blue Unicorn and Digger's HQ on Page Street. **Emmett was one of the bright shining stars of my life. His ongoing continuing reaty rap was always remarkable. I ran into what was left of him at a bar called Yellowfinger's on Third Avenue sometime around 1972 or 73. I slammed down some pretty potent bloody mary's and we speedrapped, ducked out for a toke or two then went on back to the bar for more fun and games. This was the last time I ever saw him alive. I read in the *Village Voice* that he'd overdosed on the A train back to Brooklyn. It didn't seem like the proverbial "fitting finale" to me, even though Emmett certainly wasn't the sort of man I'd ever think would die in bed at a ripe old age. GODSPEED, DUDE, WHEREVER YOU ARE!!!!**

**Name:** Nicole

**Date:** 13 May 2003

**. . . Dian, By the way, the cop that found Emmett on that A train was quoted in his report as saying, "Even though the guy didn't have any ID on him, I knew he was SOMEBODY." Even in death. I saw him just before that happened and although he was still chipping and perhaps that killed him, he was being extremely creative at the time, writing a lot of songs and having great ideas . . . he was still vital . . . he was Emmett.**

**Name:** Nicole

**Date:** 14 May 2003

...one regret I do have...I had a boyfriend around 1976 who asked me to burn ceremoniously, all correspondence from the men of my past (I had kept all my letters and notes etc.) We went out to the garden and I made a pile and I burned all of it . . . That was a mistake I truly regret . . . I let his (and my own) insecurities dictate to me . . . there were some incredible letters . . . not just love letters but real heart felt advice letters from Peter and Emmett and one from Paul Shippee written completely in berry juice with a quill that was a beautiful work of art . . . letters from the famous and the infamous . . . I save everything now for various reasons, and I did learn more than one lesson from that experience . . . funny I still have all of his letters . . . maybe I should burn them.

**Name:** Hammond

**Date:** 14 May 2003

. . . A memorial poetry reading for Kirby Doyle will take place on Friday, May 16 at 7pm. The poetry reading will be held at 7 p.m. at the New College of California Cultural Center, 766 Valencia St., San Francisco. There's a good article here:

[http://www.sfgate.com/cgi-](http://www.sfgate.com/cgi-bin/article.cgi?file=/chronicle/archive/2003/05/14/BA310444.DTL)

[bin/article.cgi?file=/chronicle/archive/2003/05/14/BA310444.DTL](http://www.sfgate.com/cgi-bin/article.cgi?file=/chronicle/archive/2003/05/14/BA310444.DTL) I don't know the entire lineup of poets who will read but Michael McClure, Jack Hirschman, and Tisa Walden will be among them.

Name: Eric

Date: 17 May 2003

Attended the rousing Poet's Wake for Kirby Doyle last night. Kelly, Kirby's daughter, was there and spoke with heartfelt love. Kirby's longtime friends and fellow poets spoke, read from theirs or Kirby's work. Michael McClure read a prose reminiscence he had written yesterday morning about Kirby's apartment in 1958 and the scene that revolved around their Fillmore neighborhood ("we were all thieves and outlaws, but innocent souls"). Peter Berg spoke extemporaneously, his great skill as orator, about the tragedy that Kirby's work bespoke. He mentioned the influence that "Ode to John Garfield" had on Emmett Grogan, another Irishman "dislocated from the American Dream." He recalled the "Candle Opera" that Richard Brautigan staged in the Panhandle with everyone lighting candles in the audience while others read favorite poetry. Emmett read the "Ode" and afterwards Peter handed him a pistol that he'd been given and said to Emmett, "Here you're going to need this." Others talked about Kirby's drinking and meth habits. And Kush, the angel who organized the event, read Diane DiPrima's *Revolutionary Letter No. 11*, (which Diane had requested be read, she having a previous engagement last night in the Sierra) talking about riding with Kirby on a Free City food run up the San Joaquin valley. Kelly talked about growing up at the Red House in Forest Knolls. Vicki Pollack and Tony Urrea were there. Neeli Cherkovski. Allen Cohen recounted how Kirby and Emmett had convinced the *Oracle* staff not to hold a Summer Solstice Be-In on Hopiland in 1967, and read a piece of Kirby's they published. Several different musicians played saxophone arrangements they had written for the occasion. Food and drink were aplenty. A representative of the Digger Archives handed out a reproduction of the Free City News sheet that Kirby wrote for the Easter event 1968 (FC-05) "BIG HUGE LUMINOUS THE FLOWING EYES OF GOD PLAYING BEAMS OF INEXHAUSTIBLE LIGHT".

Name: Eric

Date: 17 May 2003

Hammond —

Here's the link to the full text and BibCit record for the Communication Company sheet in which *Ode To John Garfield* first appeared. The version in Kirby Doyle's *Collected Poems* has additional material. I will transcribe the longer version into another message later. . . .

[http://www.diggers.org/asp/bibcit\\_fulltext.asp?BIBLIO+ID=45](http://www.diggers.org/asp/bibcit_fulltext.asp?BIBLIO+ID=45)

### ODE TO JOHN GARFIELD

John Garfield is strong brother  
 John Garfield snarls tough like a tiger  
 John Garfield never wore no necktie  
 John Garfield built my first 12 years

**John Garfield bid me weep in the trees of my 1930's**  
**John Garfield sneers and punches Assholes around**  
**John Garfield hard vagabond cat walk'n down the**  
**tracks with your jacket over your shoulder**  
**hold'n onto it with just one finger in the collar**  
**John Garfield share'n stew with the Bo's and pass'n**  
**his last smokes around**  
**John Garfield swing'n off a boxcar in the big city**  
**and don't give a fuck who sees him**  
**John Garfield tramp'n down the highway and stop'n to**  
**change a flat on a Lincoln for a chick with**  
**class and a sweater full'a tits**  
**John Garfield meet'n her polo play'n brother**  
**and his snake friends with pencil mustaches**  
**and not take'n none'a their high-toned crap**  
**John Garfield meet'n her mother who don't dig him**  
**because he ain't their type but he don't**  
**give a damn and don't take no crap from her neither**  
**John Garfield be'n offered a fancy job by her**  
**international banker father and take'n**  
**it because HE DON'T TAKE NO CRAP FROM NOBODY**  
**John Garfield breath'n all over the rich chick in the**  
**grass on a hill beside the roadster under the**  
**trees with the top down (& her fling'n her legs**  
**up around him!)**  
**John Garfield (dies of an OD in bed with a crawling**  
**nymph...) PUNCH'N THE WORLD RIGHT ON ITS ASS!**

**O John Garfield—**

**Life loved—**

**my hard hero & Handsome—**

**proletarian vagabond...**

**Look, your lessons blossom!**

**Kirby Doyle**  
**for the DIGGERS**

**DUPLICATED BY the communication**  
**company—member of UPS**

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 17 May 2003

Hammond — after looking closely at the table of contents in Kirby's *Collected Poems*, it seems that the material I thought was part of *Ode* is actually a separate poem even though

it doesn't have a separate title. And reading it closely doesn't show any internal connection to *Ode*, so I won't add it here. If you have the *Collected Poems*, it starts on page 27, the first page after "Ode to John Garfield". The first line is: "What damaged brains O Garbage man?"

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 18 May 2003

Someone might want to reply to a 19-year old whose having reincarnation 60s flashbacks and wondering who/where she was that is causing these visions. She left a plea on the Free Store:

[http://www.diggers.org/asp/freestore\\_search\\_recent.asp](http://www.diggers.org/asp/freestore_search_recent.asp)

**Name:** Nicole

**Email Address:** upinthebalcony@movies.yeah!

**Date:** 20 May 2003

**One morning in the 70's Peter and I decided to go to movies all day . . . I think we saw 5 or 6 that day. We saw *Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors*, *Children of Paradise*, *La Strada*, *King of Hearts* and *Dersu Usala* all in one day . . . going from art cinema to foreign film house and so on . . . it was a great way to spend a rainy Sunday . . . and traveling by cable car . . . San Francisco really is a wonderful city.**

**Name:** Nicole

**Date:** 20 May 2003

hammond, yes, hello? When we have our meeting we should make a movie...I am so excited to think we could all meet up...Maybe I could do some research and get everyones expenses underwritten by some anthropology dept somewhere...that would be a digger do...as Berg would say...a friend of mine who is a professor of anthropology at Vassar, Colleen Carey Cohen, did her doctoral thesis on Beaverland, the woodstock commune of Martin and Susan Carey and siblings...Martin did the mandala pen and ink for the original digger papers...Colleen spent time at Turkey Ridge and knows a lot of us...it isn't out of the question...

**Name:** Linda Fletcher

**Email Address:** belriver@aol.com

**Date:** 23 May 2003

**I lived at 1775 Haight Street when it started, after it moved from Frederick Street. I was a part of the Diggers. I got married to Rodney Fletcher. I was part of the free food, free store, etc. experiences . . . and also the Black man's free store. I was there during all the many confrontations with the police, remember all the food donations and a guy nicknamed Whitie and others who use to go and get food from the wholesalers, use to drive around in free cars picking up food, etc. . . . and from this the Free Store came into existence. I was there the night CBS came in with all their cameras, etc. Also, remember a guy named Rafael, Arthur Lish, and Lenny. Remember the days when the press just destroyed the neighborhood and the Influx. . . .**

**Name:** Rachel

**Email Address:** ibewild@hotmail.com

**Date:** 23 May 2003

Hello everyone!! There is such a wonderful friendship on this page between you all — I'm surprised there is no chat room of some sort. Hmm . . . Hello Nicole and Mark, Bob, McMingus and everyone else. I'm glad to be spending my quiet nights here with you all. It's a good comfort. You have all been a great help, and much more excepting of some of the things I've posted than most people I know. The way I came upon the site . . . well, After I had watched this movie about the 60's, there was a certain part in this movie where one of the characters goes off and does the hippie thing and spends a lot of her time in Haight and Ashbury. There was some footage from back in those days as well, mixed in with the rest of the movie. (kind of like forest gump??) Anyway — when I saw this part in the movie I was taken back a minute and couldn't breathe. Then I heard this noise — like a big "swoosh" and a bang and I closed my eyes and a bright light flashed. After that I was really freaked out and went upstairs to meditate. This was an unusually long session and I heard lots of voices, and laughter, and as I went deeper into my relaxation I saw this woman, she had long blonde hair, a beautiful smile and held her hand out to me and said "I'm glad you've made it back to us . . . come" And she laughed like a little girl and ran away. That night I had a dream me and my dog were swimming in this big river. It was SO BEAUTIFUL. It was the bluest blue I'd ever seen and there were gorgeous mountains and fields and along the bank were these women who were like . . . ancient priestesses, and they were all dressed in white throwing flowers into the river. I tried to communicate with them but none of them would look up except the last two. One standing on one side and one on the other. The river split in half and I had to make a choice to go either way. Incubus (my dog) went one way and I tried to follow her and I was crying for her and screaming and reaching out for her. I tried to see where she was going but couldn't. The other way led to this place that was full of these people telling me to come with them. One of the people told me to come to their free store and I would find Incubus there. Another person told me I was "late for the bake", and another person asked me to "carry my white balloon at Woodstock" and he looked like Roger Daltrey, then I looked at the woman in the white dress and she looked at me, smiled and said "Come and see what you will find with us here" And her eyes were purple. She stared at me so hard it scared me and I woke up. SOOOOOO. . . later that day I got on the internet — typed in "free store" (because losing my dog really bothered me, I had sweat coming out of my eyes from crying) and got to this website. It only felt right to become involved in it somehow. I don't know what any of this means and I swear to you all I'm not nuts. But — I've found a certain comfort in this site reading about everything and meeting you all. I'm sorry to make such a long post . . . but thank you all for listening.

**Name:** James R. Davis

**Email Address:** james.davis@coconutcomm.com

**Date:** 23 May 2003

. . . I'm wondering if any of you remember a childhood buddy of mine, named Bob Stubbs, who used to run a place called The Blue Unicorn on Hayes Street and also a place called The Phoenix on Haight Street from the mid 1960's to maybe about 1980. He died



earlier this year. I'd like to share what we remember about him and his businesses and what he thought about things if you'd like. I was in SF for the Bay to Breakers event last Sunday so came down to the Haight Ashbury area again and boy have things changed. Even if you didn't know Bob personally maybe if you frequented either of those places maybe you could tell me more about them and how they fit into the mosaic of life during those times. Peace be with you, James R. Davis, Sacramento, CA  
<mailto:james.davis@coconutcomm.com>

**Name:** Eric

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 24 May 2003

Rachel —

Let me add my voice of welcome. I started this website in 1993 and this guestbook page has evolved into an online discussion group. Sorry it's not real sophisticated but it seems to serve the purpose. I've thought about setting up a true conferencing system, but so far haven't seen anything that works with MS Frontpage.

Wow, that's some dream you had, with the free store. Very powerful vision. The Free Store for many of us is a magical place. For you to dream about it without knowing what it was, well, that truly sounds like some reincarnation flashback. During the Vietnam War, many soldiers who deserted would come to the Free Store and change their uniforms for hippie clothing. Visiting the Free Store was a very effective way to have an instant lifestyle change.

**Name:** Eileen

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 24 May 2003

Hi Rachel ~ I have to say your dream gave me waves of goose bumps. That was quite a powerful dream! I know those dreams. Welcome. You came to the right place. In meeting my neighbor the other day she said . . . I wish I had known you in the '60's, I know we would have been friends. I realized, no that's not likely cause who she likes about me is now . . . not then. So don't think you've missed anything cause it's all here in it's new and improved form. As we used to say . . . Be here now! It's not just memories. . . .

**Name:** Brad Martin

**Email Address:** [bmartin@bryant.edu](mailto:bmartin@bryant.edu)

**Date:** 29 May 2003

For an upcoming book (Univ. of Massachusetts Press) on *Public Performance in the 1960s that contains a chapter on the Diggers*, I need an 8x10 b&w photo print of one of the Digger public actions/street performances in H.A. I have no budget to speak of — I can cover expenses, but the main recompense is the knowledge that you have contributed to scholarship — if you really feel like helping me out in this effort, then I see that as perfectly consistent with the D's idea of "free." In return, you would get my

undying gratitude for having saved me from shelling out the exorbitant repro & rights fees charged by professional photographers. Thanks!

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 30 May 2003

. . . Biggest accident outside of Albq I have ever seen. No I was not in it. I feel like I'm flying a bird after driving the bus all this time. Not sure I will get in that bus again except to sell it. 111 degrees + thru the desert yesterday. The water in my water bottle became too hot to drink to I kept pouring it over me. . . no I don't have AC. I didn't know it could get that hot!

I feel like a different person from this journey the past month +. I mean really different. But I haven't got a clue how that is going to manifest yet beyond living somewhere I never expected to be and starting all over from the ground up. Nothing, including myself feels familiar and all I can do is roll with it. I have needed this.

Nicole ~ Thanks for the effort. Spoke to Kent . . . couldn't reach Charlie. Ended up staying at a Best Western . . . Gray Hound in Long Beach is in the worst neighborhood possible and have no idea how a BW ended up there. But after walking a few blocks realized I was in danger and give in to paying for a motel. I needed the rest and it was a safe place. S CA is SO not my cup of tea. It just amazes me . . . yes appalls me the places people choose to live. I couldn't get out of there fast enough. I was afraid to breath the air. It's scary what people get used to.

Then as I drove across the desert . . . stopping in needles to get aspirin for the headache the heat was giving me. I once again over and over had to ask . . . why? What is it that makes people live in the desert in trailers, prefabs in clusters with no tress, no water, in ugly houses? There are so many places that make me realize how incredibly different we all are and how much I really don't understand.

There is, BTW a major drought going on that being on the coast made it all quite unreal. It's real and folks still are building and moving into area (like Albq, Phonix etc) that are not going to be able to sustain more use. Also trees are dying from some blight in great abundance and I see it is even getting the juniper here . . . I didn't think anything could touch them! I see huge changes and it seems so few people are aware of what is going on and is about to happen.

Going through Navaho/Hopi country I had this pull to understand more of how they have in the past chosen to live on the land. It is a relationship with the land that I don't even feel with the old Hispanic settlements. Yes Eric, Chaco Canyon and many other places call to me as well. Now that I have a way to get around that's easier I plan to explore, with time, many of those places. Now there were the people that best understood living with the land. There is still much to learn I think even though the people are not there . . . I'm sure their spirits are.

I am thinking by getting into either weaving or pottery, and growing corn, squash and beans for starters, I can slowly find a more organic way to go into these settlements and have a deeper understanding. There is something I have always felt . . . something that I

tasted on the caravan cooking over a fire for every meal and living pretty much outdoors while on the move, of living in a way that makes me feel clean and in harmony, much closer to the land in a way that makes me feel strong. There is much to learn about living here that is being abandoned due to the many pressures of land grabbing and the changing lifestyles in order to survive the dominant/ing culture. But some is left and I want to learn what I can.

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 31 May 2003

Eileen (and everyone)

Just realized that the link I gave to Pam Hanna's *Morningstar Chronicles* was to Part I (California). Here is Part II, which is the New Mexico story:

[http://www.diggers.org/most/mstar\\_chron2.htm](http://www.diggers.org/most/mstar_chron2.htm)

I'm not sure that the email address for Pam is still good. Pam — if you're lurking, let me know and I can update your address on those pages.

**Name:** Rena Morningstar

**Email Address:** who's Pam?!!!!

**Date:** 01 Jun 2003

Pam is one of the founding sisters, mothers, lovers of Morningstar. She was the first to welcome me when I first set foot upon Morningstar. Pam has birthed her children au naturel on the land. been a great spokesperson for alternate lifestyles and ecstatic evolution. I enjoy knowing her and consider the words that fall from her lips to be jewels. We were communal sisters back in the late 60's and early 70's. Pam has lived at Morningstar, Wheeler's, where she moved after a gnarly bust at M\*.... Pam was extremely pregnant and the cops came and started to arrest her then husband Larry. 5'1" and very pregnant, Pam put up quite a fight. She was so pregnant when she went to court for attacking police officers. She moved into the deep east canyon at Wheeler's to birth her second child, Psyche Joy Ananda, where she felt safe from police. It was so remote. Fortunately the birth went great. Her first is Adam Sidhartha, #1 hippie kid, as Lou used to say. Later Pam moved to Morningstar New Mexico. She is a great historian and qualified to write the Morningstar book, especially with all the stuff between the lines.

What a joy to know Pam!

**Name:** Spunky mother

**Email Address:** the real Pam

**Date:** 01 Jun 2003

just a note... an addendum to my post below about Pam . . . She is actually 4'10"  
Visualize this very pregnant fiery petite woman attacking the cops who were busting her husband.

**Name:** James R. Davis

**Email Address:** james.davis@coconutcomm.com

**Date:** 02 Jun 2003

. . . I'd like to collect actual recollections about the Blue Unicorn on Hayes St. in the Haight-Ashbury are of S.F. What do you recall about the activities there and when (what years) they occurred? What do you recall about the proprietors? Is anyone old enough on this guestbook to remember . . . ah . . . this place?

Maybe a few parameters might help. When did it start? When did it close? Who were the proprietors and when were they there?

Here a few bits and pieces I have found so far.

In 1962 Sheila McCafferty has a restaurant or sandwich shop where the Blue Unicorn was later located. She may now live in East Bay maybe Castroville. She closed and the Blue Unicorn was opened by Stubbs in 1963.

Bob Stubbs had a store on Frederick and moved to Hayes. [I wonder if his store on Frederick was also called the Blue Unicorn?]

In my address book it says The Blue Unicorn Coffee & Book Shop (with Book crossed off), 1927 Hayes St. (Ph SK2-6710) and the proprietor was Bob Stubbs and I'd say this was about 1963 or 1964. I observed incense sticks and chess boards there when I visited. You could buy coffee and sandwiches at the counter. Politics was discussed. There was a bulletin board. Some writers called the B.U. the first Coffee Shop in the area. [I wonder if this was true?]

Poetry was read at the Blue Unicorn on Wednesday nights for some time.

Musicians also played B.U. and learned their trade.

Budding artists drew murals and portraits on the walls.

Graffiti was densely packed on the bathroom walls.

Some people used this for a mailing address away from home and could come back once in awhile to pick up their mail.

Sometimes people were allowed to stay over night at the B.U. when there was no where else to stay.

Marijuana use started in Haight Ashbury in 1965 with LSD shortly thereafter. Stanford had been testing LSD since about 1961.

In September 1965 the San Francisco Examiner had an article on the Blue Unicorn and the author used the term hippie. The Health Department closed the Blue Unicorn in September 1965.

Peter Cosgrove, a tall Irishman, worked the counter at the Blue Unicorn for some time.

The Psychedelic Shop existed from January 1966 to October 1967.

The Summer of Love happened in 1966, I believe.

The *Oracle* published 12 issues from September 1966 to February 1968.

In November 1966 the guy behind the counter at the B.U. was Herb. Another person said Herb and Ann took over before 1967.

Musicians were still playing at the B.U. in 1967.

There is a Blue Unicorn Journal. (Poetry) I think it started about 1977. Might there be a connection between it's founders and the Coffee Shop? [Does this journal still exist?]

After Bob Stubbs sold the Blue Unicorn he had another shop. (The Phoenix, head shop). The Phoenix was at maybe 1377 Haight. Below or near The *Oracle*. I have a little more on this place but I can leave it till later.

If you actually met and knew poets, artists, musicians who succeeded and got their start or enhanced their skills in Haight Ashbury please feel free to do some name dropping. Maybe I can add to this later if this proves to be of interest. . . .

**Name:** Maui knows

**Email Address:** another passing

**Date:** 03 Jun 2003

Bob Stubbs died recently. He owned the Phoneix on Haight Street.

**Name:** Donna

**Email Address:** tenantsrights@sbcglobal.net

**Date:** 03 Jun 2003

Hey I worked with the Diggers in 1966 & 1967 to serve food in the Haight Ashbury panhandle when they lived on Central St. Love to find old friends from 1966 — 1972 there.

**Name:** Mark

**Date:** 03 Jun 2003

Eileen,

Here is a quote from Freeman House's book *Totem Salmon*. (pg. 158)

“Belonging,” writes Paul Shepard, building on psychologist Erik Erikson’s work, “is the pivot of life, the point at which selfhood becomes possible — not jut belonging general, but in particular. One belongs to a universe of order and purpose that must initially be realized as a particular community of certain species in a terrain of unique geology.”

I haven't been a great fan of “belonging” since I was a kid as it seemed a subjugation (sp) of the self. This has often run interference in my ability to reconcile the paradox of self

and community. It always seemed to me that as soon as a committee or community was realized the political shit would hit the fan. What do you make of this?

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 04 Jun 2003

Mmm Mark. Good question. Sorry . . . I know will not be a short answer. I have chewed on this issue probably all of my life. Coming across the desert this last trip I once again found myself going over it. This idea of belonging has frankly been a problem for me all my life. For some reason I have never been able to find my nitch with others of a group comfortably no matter how hard I have tried. I've always been a bit strange . . . even with the strangest. I can't even live with a mate comfortably for goodness sake. I have all but given up wanting to be among others rather than be hurt trying.

I started thinking about the nomads in the desert having a thing or two to teach us . . . I mean it was 111 degrees + that day and I was thinking about the music actually, that comes out of the Stans and how suited and necessary it is to have a way to keep the desert from swallowing a persons sanity and entire identity. I was thinking of the nomad tents and all it takes to move as a group like that. That progressed to thoughts of the gypsies . . . at least some notion I have created of them and **what it must be like to have a tribe that can move together and what it must be like to have such a strong identity as a people and be able to recognize one another. It made think how much I wish I could find my own "kind" . . . I know they must be out there. It was like when I found out what the Diggers were about, it was instant recognition. But yeah . . . we weren't short of ego battles and politics. So coming full circle.**

**I looked long and hard after the farm in Penn. fell apart for me, at what the difficulties had been in all the communes and what might be done differently. Because very few of them made it more than a few yrs. First off, space is essential. I noticed over crowding a house or a place, really maxed out everyones good will pretty quickly. The kitchen becoming a battle ground.** The I Ching says if folks are in accord spiritually all cause for problems is already fixable . . . or something like that. The way it finally worked out in my mind is everyone needs their own space/house and the only rules are don't hurt the land and if your going to fight, I don't want to hear it. A communal garden would be great but not required . . . as well as communal meals. A spiritual compatibility is a huge help. I still don't know anything about intentional communities and how they are fairing. I know there are enough places that have passed the time test there must be some useful info. It seems having a way to make money from something done together at the place can be a more cohesive factor as well.

I just know I'm so damn bossy I need enough room and the guiding vision of the place to be clear, and shared enough I'm not driving myself and everyone nuts.

In the end, not all of us are of wolf mentality. And I'm still not sure what creature I am yet. And you? What are you, do you suppose? Do you wish for a community but know you're not suited for that or have you just not needed it? **I thought the IDEA of Olema was the perfect answer to us restless folks by being a Way Station. That way we got**

**it all. Both the place and the outside action. I think there is something to it that could still work.**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 04 Jun 2003

. . . I like living in a group situation too . . . I just haven't figured out how to do it yet. I am not extremely flexible . . . but I have definitely mellowed and improved my attitude. . .

I just need to be able to drop in and drop out. But that's the way I want to do things anyway. I have this weird thing . . . It's kind of like parallel play that children do . . . where they play next to each other rather than with each other. I want to do things around other people, but I don't want to be required to interact. If I'm not messed with I sometimes will slowly move into the situation. Ariel says I'm shy (would you believe?!) I just always thought I was cranky. . . .

**Yeah Tomas . . . I think we've all gotten more tolerant and certainly have learned how to live with others better. I don't think women are feeling the need to be so heavy any longer about creating their place. It's not so much in question as it was back then . . . at least not in my world. . . .**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 08 Jun 2003

Mark ~ The description of your family . . . i.e. growing up time seems a dream. I think . . . no, I know I would be a very different with such. **My family really was high profile socially and they really could not stand my attitude from early on. The final straw is when they expected me to do the debutant thing at 18. In the South as with many things there they really BELIEVE in Dixie and that stuff that comes with it.** After having met me, you may well imagine how that set with me.

Yeah intentional community immediately implies someone's boss and there are THE RULES. Yeah Blackbear like most places had the Male/Macho ideal well in place. But I have to say there is a moment I go back there to . . . Samurai Bob and family cooking oatmeal and toasting sunflower seeds over an outdoor fire. I remember a set up for a large wok. Salmon in the smoke house. S. Bob rolling me tobacco in a corn husk and watching the smoke waft in the morning light. All those feelings that call me so deeply when stripped down, all come from when we spent camping at various times as a group. The Rules always seemed to evaporate at those times and it felt timeless. I am heading that way again. I don't know quite how it's going to happen . . . but it has never stopped calling. Yet another part of me yearns for an old house . . . a real house life my grandmothers. Yeah somehow I want it all. The people? Tsk I don't know how that one's going to mesh yet. To be continued. . . .

**Name:** Nicole

**Date:** 09 Jun 2003

For those of you who don't get over to the discussion page...this was posted on the 8th of June...

Hi all, Al Rinker was the founder of the Height Ashbury Switchboard

I am Adam Rinker. Al's son.

I am very saddened to say that he just passed away last month of bone Cancer.

He had changed his name. That is why know one was able to find him.

He spent the last 31 years living in the foot hills of the Sierras "Gold Rush Country" in Calaveras County on 30 Acres of pristine land in the middle of know where. He spent those 31 years helping others and building his dream house off the land. For 25 years he used lanterns for night light until he finally got a solar system installed.

He wrote a book which was never published called "Beyond Haight."

I could go on and on but I just thought I would let you know where he was and what happened. . . .

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 11 Jun 2003

Hey, all —

I tuned into KFOG on the Internet this morning just in time to hear **Scoop Nisker talking about the Diggers. He mentioned the mirrors-held-up-to-the-tour-bus-windows episode, among other comments. I really wondered what the context was . . .**

So — does anyone have Scoop's email address or a web address? I'd really like to know what he was saying, he being one of the consummate commentators on the counterculture of the Bay Area.

**Name:** Hammond

**Date:** 14 Jun 2003

. . . back to City Lights — **great memory to have and such a perfect place (and way) to hook up with Emmett. — Your anecdote reminds me that on one of my earliest visits there I was standing outside by the used paperback rack that used to be there and out comes this wild lookin character who goes up to the parking meter and sticks in a dime — then takes a pair of pliers from his pocket and bends the dime — then of course jams into the slot. He turns to see me watching him and he says: "Thats how a Digger does it!" and walks back inside. "Diggers?" I thought to myself and went looking. . . .**

**"Seek and Ye Shall Find" became reality as I walked through the frame of reference for the first time and what a great day in the life that turned out to be! - PS and there is a decent title for a book of our vignettes: "First Frames of Reference" by a Family of Diggers and Friends. . . .**



**Name:** Nicole

**Date:** 17 Jun 2003

. . . the “if I’d have known” thing reminds me of an actual conversation I overheard an actor friend of mine, **Michael Opedisano**, having with friend of his who’d come to see a show we worked on together . . . the quote, “**if I’d have known my life was going to amount to this much nothing, I’d have fucked it up in a much more interesting way!**” he died shortly there after unfortunately.

Jag, I still have the video Hammond sent to me of **the Elysian Fields Love In . . . 1967** I was looking for myself as I was definitely there . . . Hammond can I send it to him? . . .

**Name:** Nik

**Date:** 01 Jul 2003

**Happy Birthday Judy Berg Goldhaft!!!! July 2**, I’ll be calling you tomorrow

**Name:** Hammond

**Email Address:** Paul Foster c/o heaven

**Date:** 02 Jul 2003

**June 23, 2003 — Prankster Paul Foster moved into the next playground**

<http://www.pranksterweb.org/fosterrrip.html>

A merry lad he was -

**Name:** Hammond

**Date:** 09 Jul 2003

Nic — you continue to blow me away with off the cuff comments. “Silva spot” eh? Now where and when did you come in contact with the SMC folks? I first ran into them and their way during my speed enhanced largely mindless wanderings on Hollywood Blvd. in 65. . . .

**Name:** Nik

**Date:** 09 Jul 2003

**Hammond, a whole group of us did it together in 69 I think, Elsa Marley, Phyllis, Sienna, (natural suzanne) Lenore, Sam and me . . . a few others also, I can’t remember if any of the men did but a lot of us wimens. a great tool.**

**Name:** Nik

**Date:** 10 Jul 2003

Someone told me that since my parents and all my older bros and sisters are Canadian, that I can opt for dual citizenship? even now? There is a state park in eastern canada called Battle of Chrysler Farm State Park, that was my great grandfathers home stead, David Dexter Chrysler . . . the first time I tried to go they wouldn’t let me in, but years later I played gigs in Montreal and I loved it there . . .

**Eileen, remember when Sienna horsebacked into the interior with the babies during the draft resistance days? Maybe she has some good insite as well.**

**Name:** Mark

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 20 Jul 2003

. . . Eileen, I saw Vicky last night if SF and gave her your email. She wants to reconnect with you. Saw Eric as well. Your recent nomadic itinerary was the subject of conversation. . . . **I also met Random Factor, or Gristle as his digger name. Anyone remember him?**

**Name:** Eric

**Email Address:**

**Date:** 21 Jul 2003

**Eileen — I was the one who mentioned your recent Big Circle Trip to Sienna out of respect for the sheer Karmic nature of the story. It's tales like that which became the Migration Stories of the Hopi People. Please don't take offense. . . .**

**Name:** Michael Simmons

**Email Address:** munz@mindspring.com

**Date:** 03 Aug 2003

Dear Diggers: I grew up in NYC in the '60s (born in '55) and was philosophically influenced by Digger theory. I was also one of those long-haired young teens who'd follow the Yippies around at demos as if they were rock stars. I'm now a journalist dwelling in Los Angeles (a predicament I plan on changing soon). I'm a Feature Writer for *LA Weekly*, Contributing Writer for *High Times*, and have scribed for *LA Times*, *Penthouse*, *Rolling Stone*, *The Progressive*, (latter day) *Crawdaddy*, and many other periodicals. Penned over 100 articles on politics of medical marijuana. **I'm aware of the enmity between the Diggers and the Yippies. I'm working on a history of the Yippies (Stew and Krassner are close friends).** I have a well-known agent in New York who is shopping the book proposal. If any Diggers or associates (or anyone with any pertinent info) would be interested in talking to me about YIP, Digger v. YIP, or any related subject, please feel free to e-mail me personally at munz@mindspring.com. Currently, I'm wrapping up a book on the MC5/White Panthers for Creation Books in London. As soon as that is completed, I'm on to YIP, triumphs, flaws, and gray areas included. Although I'll always be a Yippie at heart, the book will not be hagiographic. I don't want to get into mindless flaming. If people have pointed critiques of YIP, I'm interested. This Digger website is — for my taste and interests — one of the finest on the web. Thank you (whomever you are!) for doing a swell job. Best, Michael Simmons

**Name:** Hammond

**Date:** 04 Aug 2003

. . . One and All - I can vouch (safe) for Michael Simmons as writer and as being a very good friend of Stew Albert's so please do send him any relevant thoughts such as this one from me: "Abby Hoffman connived, stole (ripped off) and borrowed Digger

philosophy/tactics/connections and then used them to promote his own NYC Abbie Hoffman agenda as “Abby Hoffman” writer, prankmaker, savant ringmaster of dissent and politically psychedelic frontman vs. using them ‘anonymously’ to essentially help and expand his community infrastructure et al. Instead he used them to promoted the free wheeling (*Time Magazine* seeking) concepts of “Abbie Hoffman’s Yippie!” — and you can quote me on that one — but it is just an opinion mind you. Stew and I have spoken at length about this very thing and the Digger — Yippie (conflux) both the bad (as above) and the good — yet the same old differences between The Village and The Haight were always there — and greatly divided the two in terms of application in the streets. Personally I never liked Abby very much — Stew however is quite another man all together, a brother in arms and spirit — both then and now. Krassner as you all (should) know was far more than a Yippie co-hort (no slurr on Michael’s note) and crossed “all” boundaries for the betterment of one and all (and still trucking after all these years ) — a 3rd Page contributor (yes) — a Prankster (yes) and a Digger — \*publisher (yes) and bar none — a man of his word. . . .

**Name:** Jenn

**Date:** 29 Aug 2003

. . . A thought from Walking Buffalo: “We were a lawless people, but we were on pretty good terms with the Great Spirit.” . . .

ps Eileen . . . **you were with Michael the jeweler, Nicoles brother when you came to our farm in Red Bluff (Little Texas, Boloxi, any of too many towns). It was about 1974, and you only stayed overnight. It was so hot that you immediately completely disrobed and hosed off in our front yard, but the water was too hot too. We really shook up that community in those years! Hairy pitts, skirts with boots. Organic? Whaaaaaaaaaaaaa? A huge delivery truck used to deliver whole grains and bulk out to our farm for the community, and we’d split it in our garage. Peter and I dug up and collected coyote carcasses from fence posts, buried the ole’ bodies and made toe bone earrings, the ranchers there would give you \$25 per skin of the critters, claimed they cost them big \$\$ in livestock. Right. So we were on a mission to set their souls free! I’ve since lost my earring, but not the hole he jabbed through my lobe with a small pick! . . .**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 13 Sep 2003

**I danced with those guys Mark found on the lawn, my freshman year at LSU. 18 yr old virgin, first time away from home without my family that tested every boy for proper upbringing that came to our house. In Shreveport I could not escape being Dr Ewing’s daughter . . . in Baton Rouge I was just another hungry white girl. Came the night we drove across the river (Mississippi) and I knew I was stepping into the land my folks had kept me from. All I remember of that night was the boy with hair and clothes and a manner that would have never made it past our front door, pulling my body against the length of his and sliding his leg between mine. We danced with sweat and heat with a voice on the juke box I would never get to**

**play at home. That night I knew I would have to get as far away from my parents as possible and anywhere in the South would not be far enough.**

**Name:** Eileen

**Email Address:** let's get real

**Date:** 16 Sep 2003

**OK let's talk a minute about The Money Thang. Being a Digger site maybe we could use a little refresher update reality check. Who here DOESN'T want a lot of money? Raise your hand? Everybody got their hand up? As I recall, it basically came down to robbing the rich, each other and even yourself and buying drugs. Ok and finding there were a lot of folks that were looking for an outlet for their abundance and found the Diggers a good conduit. We definitely irritated the shit out of the gov't and had a good time in the process. The philosophy's great, although we would have been more better (can I put those 2 words together) called Robin Hoods Merry Pranksters with a Huck Finn back. Such a bunch of hustlers with a great idea. We did have fun! Onward . . .**

I have to admit to a long struggle with the idea of Spiritual necessitating Poor. Yet I believe this is some way back past life karmic belief that I am still trying to undo . . . to spiritual AND flamingly rich! Ha! . . .

**Name:** Mark

**Date:** 19 Sep 2003

**Sam, I mean Eileen, Peter told me your birthday is the 23rd.** Any truth to that statement?

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 23 Sep 2003

. . . I'm kind of stunned to celebrate 60. I think I'd like to stop counting now. I'm having such splits in reality lately (I'd prefer to think them as mystical energy shifts), not keeping track of my age any longer may not be too hard. . . . 33300 Pacific Way, Ft Bragg, 95437.

**Name:** Nicole

**Date:** 26 Sep 2003

**. . . Eileen, I'm October 4th and Peter is October 10<sup>th</sup>.**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 26 Sep 2003

**Told ya the Diggers were Libra rich! Lou and Coyote share same birthday?! Wonder if all Oct 10th folks are larger than life? I have this theory about early in Oct Libras . . . they are all pretty spectacular and very To The Front. And Sweet William? There's another one, as well, Jane Lapiner and I share the same day.**

**Name:** Nik

**Date:** 26 Sep 2003

**Today is Sweet Williams bd and he's in the hospital, St Lukes. I just got off the phone with him . . . he had a very close encounter with the other side . . . please include him in your thoughts...He's such a marvelous man.**

**Name:** gilda

**Email Address:** gilda@pacificanet.net

**Date:** 27 Sep 2003

. . . My memories of my days and nights at the Blue Unicorn are vivid and rich. However I was quite young, although I spent a good deal of time there between the ages of 16 thru 18 and I was still very focused on how the world affected me so my memories are very personal and I do not think I can fill in the chronology very well.

I am trying to locate Herb Jaeger who I last spent time with about 5 years ago if anyone is in touch with Herb I would appreciate if you let him know. Herb I believe took over the unicorn in late 1996 [1966?]. He is a wonderful man, a teacher, mentor, musician, friend and lover. We were friends before he met Anne so I know he owned the Blue Unicorn prior to 1997. Our friendship continued through the years even though our lives took us on very different paths. I married 4 years later and had the good fortune to have shared a wonderful and rich life with Moe then a music producer until he died suddenly 4 years ago.

The Blue Unicorn was a place where you could get a cup of coffee and brown bread and butter for free if you were hungry and in need. The conversation was always flowing and something was always going on much of which may be best to keep off a public forum. Folk Music, open mikes, poetry, politics, the Sunday morning motorcycle ride to Point Reyes were all part of the rich culture. Everyone was welcome, there was an unspoken code of consideration to others that was understood and created a rich atmosphere.

I was young 16 (1966) when I first walked in to the Blue Unicorn and I felt at the time I had found a home. My Big Brother owned an antique store in North Beach called The Attic, I had spent hours and hours in City Lights Books Store writing poetry since I was about 12 and hanging out at Enrico's watching people and sipping coffee. It was so nice to be surrounded by poets, musicians and philosophy at last without being known as Johnnies little sister; the culture was younger, hipper and more exciting than my old haunts.

Herb was a patient man who lived his life with amazing integrity. He was not co-dependent but he was also willing to help and support friends and his customers at the Blue Unicorn. He even talked a man out of mugging him and took him out to breakfast instead. He would answer my questions with thoughtfulness and sensitivity and never made me feel awkward or gauche although I am sure I was. I recall one day we were crossing the street and he asked me if I would like to move in with him. In all my young wisdom still suffering from catholic guilt I remember saying "What and not be married?" To which he burst out laughing and hugged me so tightly easing by embarrassment. He

then went on to explain there was certainly no shame in sharing your life with a person without being married. Considering we were lovers it was a peculiar and a rather funny comment on my part, not an easy one to help someone come out of without feeling very foolish, but Herb had that gift.

That was part of what made the Blue Unicorn and my early times in the Haight such a wonderful place. The culture was generally accepting, “one wayism” and judgment which can become a strong part of the culture in groups that spend a great deal of time together, was not nurtured in The Blue Unicorn, respect for humanity was. My experiences at the Unicorn shaped my life and the lives of others in many, many ways. It was a springboard for artists, poets and musicians, inspiration, idealism, generosity of spirit, hope and passion filled the place.

I do not recall the exact nights events occurred but there was open-mike on one night and poetry on Wednesdays. I drifted away to new adventures when I was put on the guest list at the Avalon Ball Room, I was at the concerts 3 days a week, dancing , listening to incredible music. I met Moe there and entered a new phase in Marin County and I was not around when the Unicorn was sold. I do know Herb shared the profits with all his long-term employees.

I would love to connect with some of the people from the Unicorn please feel free to write, There was Mike a school teacher and friend of Herb’s, Forrest and so many names that escape me. So many people who probably have no idea that they are gifts I have carried through-out my life. Thank you.

**Name:** Rena

**Email Address:** doin nothing

**Date:** 06 Oct 2003

**Lou Gottlieb used to call it inaction in action.**

**He professed that doing nothing is important work: we are the leisure experts, and we are showing others how to enjoy free time. not glued to a t.v., or stuck playing solitaire . . . Lou said many Americans don’t know how to handle free time. So, he called us researchers. Way back when (late 60’s) Lou would talk about cybernetics taking over so many jobs. He didn’t realize that we would export so many jobs to third world countries . . . anyway, he foresaw a future where leisure would be compulsory. Soon, he proclaimed, a machine will be doing your job better than you could. The challenge is what to do, or not do, next. At Morningstar, where we could live free rent (just ask the owner, God, if we could stay . . . God welcomed us all . . .) and we shared all resources, there was no need to work. Sometimes it was only rice and soybeans, no tamari, but it didn’t matter. we could dance and love all day all night. make music, investigate other religions, build non conventional, non code houses. gardening was a pleasure, not a chore. Dinner was never dependant on whether or not someone had put in his fair share or x hours of work. . . .**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 06 Oct 2003

**. . . Having been in the heart of the 60's movement (or whatever you want to call it) I know how that "myth" was created . . . one individual at a time . . . then coming together, with those of like mind, to expand on it. We became the hero or the heroine of our the story. Of course the media is always looking for a good "feed" and took it from there. We simply USED it for our own means, a good part of the time. But without the media many would not have known what was going on and would have missed it. We are in a very fruitful time that is drawing many people together in various ways. Especially politically. And if there was one factor that was the motivation of the Diggers, it was political . . . and it pointed directly to how we wanted to live.**

For myself, I have come to a time that demands I recreate MY OWN myth. This is not something that can be done from the outside . . . my own vision of what I want to do with my life and my creativity. Who am I now? What do I have to offer, unique to myself? What direction do I want to take my life and my work? What is "my work" and **what do I want my life to look like, from the outside?** What community do I want to align myself with? Does it exist? For a long time I have not cared about the "outside", but I now feel called once again to "come out". In doing that I know I will draw or find those of like mind.

**I am like a story teller internally, that asks for pictures to go along with the story. "There was an old witch, that lived by herself in the woods. Herbs hung from the rafters for medicine and dyeing. Everything around her was simple and beautiful. Hides, bones and feathers decorated her home. Pots cooked on the stove of many colors to dye cloth and wool. The things she made for herself and others were like nothing they had seen before and many wanted the unusual clothes she made. There was something about them that made them feel good when they put them on."** Really the story for me hasn't changed much . . . but is being revived . . . re-remembered. What is your myth of yourself? What of you . . . unique to offer? **I dressed those of the 60's that was part of the myth . . . our clothing became part of the story. That was not my intention, but it was what I had to offer.**

**As each of us delves into our own mythology/vision, for a better way and place to live, we have something to add. I think when enough of us come together with what we have to offer, creates the strength of a movement yet, if you will, the myth comes after the fact. It all begins at home.**

**Name:** Bruce Martin

**Date:** 10 Oct 2003

**. . . Hi, Sam. Remember me from Olema? Is Steve the person who Coyote brought Rolling Thunder down from Carlin, Nevada to heal? That was one helluva ceremony! I remember it vividly. . . .**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 10 Oct 2003

**Oh Bruce! Thank you that was so beautiful! I just now saw your poem. Yes, I remember you . . . but not as well as I would like. What a nice way for you to walk in here. You came in with . . . Sara? As everyone knows here, my memory has large holes in it. You may as well know that right now. No, Coyote brought Rolling Thunder for . . . give me a minute . . . Kevin. He was hole up in the gun room off the kitchen. He was always pretty crazy, but by then it was clearly he was seriously possessed. I mean weren't we all? But this was scary . . . a very violent spirit. Remember the hatchet through the door . . . I think when Marrienne was flipping out? As I remember Peter talks about it in his book. A hard to forget time even for me. That ceremony was amazing and I took in every bit of it . . . I remember it vividly as well. It was certainly a turning point for me. In time would lead me into Native AM ceremony I am still active in today.**

Steve I don't remember. So far no one remembers him. It's bummed him out. I wish I did. I wish SOMEONE would. He has become very dear to me . . . to all of us. Maybe if I saw him it would jog my memory . . . which is often the case. I'll be with someone for awhile and their voice and gestures come over that old part of my brain and I strain to catch the rest. Usually it comes. Not so much what we did, but at least who they are. I don't pretend knowledge until it comes and I know it is very disconcerting to the person on the other side of my eyes. It's very frustrating. That time was terribly hard for me. I was pretty crazy. I got way worse at Turkey Ridge. I made a huge breakthrough at 29, just before I left there, that changed my life. But I lost a lot of my history in the process, leaving only names and a lot of lost memories. Not all of them were bad. But the baby seems have to have gotten thrown out with the bathwater.

I have seen some of Jed's pictures. If you could part with them for awhile and send them to Eric (our site master), he would post them. We would love to see them. Ariel has a large framed poster of Gypsy and Jouquine's sp? gypsy truck. It's such a treasure. She let me borrow it for awhile. What a time eh? . . .

. . . vacuum is EXACTLY the word. . . . **It suddenly made me remember the times folks would leave Olema in mass, leaving the few of us left to wander around like lost dogs. It usually took a week before the next wave came in.**

**Name:** Bruce de la Luz

**Date:** 10 Oct 2003

The path that took me to Olema and Blackbear:

Grindstone/San Francisco/Sea City/Morning Lusted

you and I roll from our beds disgusted/vain affluent mime kids/tricked up on the new/in old washed out houses/who cares who built

over drunk half demon/who owns all this desire/wasted out strung out/huzzle day forever

nothing eternal/about your cut off feet/lazy body ripped brain/ total being eternal center/fucked up but it runs/



Lord have mercy!/I is funky today/I is splendid, displaced, dinky dream boy/meat and bone love dance/work it out right.

San Francisco, 1968

**May I call you Sam. I've never been in a chat room before and doubt I'll ever be again. It's wonderful. Yes, Keven with a beard. I saw Rolling Thunder suck black gunk out of his shoulder and then go into the bathroom. We heard his pukeing sounds. . . . You made me a light green paisley blouse sleeved shirt so me and so Virgo my mind is still stunned. The reason you don't remember me that well is because I lived there from the fall of 1969 to the end and nobody hardly knew I was there. I created the plural. The time I liked the best was when JP moved in on Bryden and Phillis and Bryden lost that roll of the die and had to leave. Bryden hugged Running Deer's appaloosa, turning to look at me, he told me I'm positioned in the middle of the road. Then Kent showed up from the Red House in his big White truck. Bryden entered the back of the truck. The truck pulled out. The doors flew open and Bryden leaped out, landing on his feet. When he passed me, he said calmly, "I forgot my flute." On the wall of the living room, he wrote, "Is this anyway to treat a brother?" I saw it as a battle between light and dark. JP wanted to put in skylights and Bryden wanted to stay behind curtains. The bottom line, I thought, was JP had wife and kids, Bryden didn't. After Olema, I went to live with JP until he died.**

I set to tune my steel string strung/With my timidly tight feelings/ Complekating/Shatter like rainbow glass/And flecks of gold

**JP stole a Volkswagen and stashed it in Bryden's basement garage. Bryden got me to cut it up.**

River I recall/Running down the right of me/Likity hell/Life around me/Swirls in currents/Quicker still

**JP saw duality in fours. Love was positive-positive and Fear was negative-negative. Between them was wants and needs.**

The sunshine's damn right, mean old man/to warm the sides of my house/on the cliffs outside/below the edge/my tomb/break at noon

**As Diggers, without leaders, and no rules, by the mid-70's we all went adrift and landed wherever we jolly well were. On my way back to San Francisco to end my life at the rising sun with Tom Brame, I met Janet.**

Mummified morning faces bend like dyin' clay/smiles break away/in the mirror I can't but say/"Is there anything I can do for you?"/Pitied-pitier/Pat my face-feeling better/Intensity dust on the wake rising/I've had to hide away/Till something positive comes my way.

It's difficult being nobody but I wouldn't trade it for somebody. You gotta get your priorities right, I think. The only original thought I've ever had states, "Who you love,

loves you.” I really believe that’s true. I can’t deal with unrequited love. I came to believe there was a dishonesty with myself or someone that caused such a phenomenon. **Coyote would sing, “Without love, it doesn’t mean a thing.” It’s true. Without love, it doesn’t mean anything. There’s no money, no houses, no country. Just us.** We create that stuff. Like the song says, “Come on people now, let’s get together, gonna love one another, right now!” That’s Bhakti Yoga.

A bird calls between me and trouble/A thunder truck passes ringing a bell/Up the street a man shouts it all down/My ear’s keeping track of every sound/My eye can follow an unbroken line/My heart’s swallowed in this world I walk around.

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 11 Oct 2003

God Bruce I’m stunned and nothing I can say can really cover all you just did. Of course, yes you can call me Sam. There are a few old friends that still call me Sam, and it has a sweet feeling for me to hear it every once and again. It implies a knowledge not many people have of me any more. If I made you a shirt, I KNEW you and have no reason not to remember. I will know you when I see you . . . it will come . . . and no doubt we will see each other again. I hope so. . . .

Now I know why your name has stayed with me. Kayanne’s one of my very closest sisters. Bob Valadez (Santiago . . . remember?) and I were married and had Miranda, now 24. Are you up on any of this?

**Also I had a hand in Bryden leaving. I remember the day. Coyote was gone. I remember Stash was there getting in my way as usual. Bryden was baulking and I put my foot down. I knew he had something waiting for him and it was time for him to move on.** Do you know about he and Joanie living outside of Taos? I saw them a few yrs ago and they were so dear, so beautiful. Miranda and I stayed with them for a few days out on their land on the mesa. They were building from the ground up their own adobe home, living in a tent. They were great people all along . . . and now add being clean for yrs. Such wonderful people. Angel beings. . . .

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 13 Oct 2003

No Nicole . . . no CD. Give it one more day.

I’m easy.....

My history of and about the the Tarot and how we got there and how it got here (flaws and all):

Technially, the outstanding difference in cards are their reprints. Their color . . . some are poorly colored and do not do justice to the impact of the intended originals. The Crowley decks often are a good example of this. The color of the Waite/Rider decks have always waffled around. Unless one is familiar with these cards, they won’t know the difference..or could care.

I have made a dividing line to the meat of WHAT, Tarot cards are about and info on a few decks, if you don't want to plow through more personal history of the cards and time than you may be interested in. Having time to burn this morning (which you may not) I decided to tell you how they came to be. I will not be offended if you do not find this of real interest. But on the chance you might, I offer it up to you.

I begin in the middle:

When I came on to the street ('63), there were a few decks circulating. I think I have seen them during my search and most are still in print. I think maybe the Waite/Rider decks were around early on. But mainly there were some old French decks that were very mystical looking, very old reprints. But for anyone (all of us) they were very frustrating. Beautiful, but with no word explanation like the Rider/Waite decks..the minor arcana were just symbols and the major arcana, pictures that meant little. There was no way to understand the meaning of the cards and no books. I remember one whole French deck was pasted on a bedroom wall, just for the beauty of it. None of us really had a clue about cards to start with.

It was a time of searching, for many of us, of the "old knowledge". Acid (LSD) had "informed" us there was more than what our religions of the time had to offer. I felt there was a fine line between magic and religion (and still do). Many of us were trying to bridge our acid experiences with something we had no vocabulary for but, "WOW!" and "peace". Buddhism (Zen, the first to come, thanks to Alan Watts' essay on Zen Buddhism) and religion from India, would soon come in the form of gurus, was not known by many . . . would begin to develop what we were looking for, the following yrs. I had a feeling there had to be a great deal more I could also find from Europe. But I am ahead of my story.

**By 21, I discovered, after leaving home, I had gained knowledge of magic from the "Negro help" by osmosis during my growing up time in Louisiana . . . and I began to use it. While at a 3 yr stint at the Univ of CO, in Boulder, I quickly became known as a witch, without being particularly overt about what I was up to. During that time I began to have info offered up to me about the old, what shall I call them . . . the old Masters/warlocks/magicians/mystics, from England that made me hungry for more knowledge. There was next to nothing available. Before I left for CA, at 23, I would meet the old people in the community in Boulder, who had knowledge of medicinal herbs, how to use a pendulum, found old psychic card reader, who was the best I have ever come across, using playing cards, and my first teacher; a very strange dark skinned man named Sigisman, that would begin me to set me on my path to a long quest for psychic ability, healing knowledge, herbs, and eventual deeper spiritual knowledge. A very fruitful 3 yrs.**

**So, back to the street. You have to understand that in '63, there was practically NO knowledge of anything besides old school white America religion and certainly nothing mystical. It's hard to imagine. Until the "New Age" info began to unfold, none of this was common knowledge . . . and what an outpouring THAT became . . . to the point of over load! Astrology was almost an unknown. There was only one old brilliant Englishman that we began to seek out for that information, whose**

**name now escapes me. You get the picture. But acid was leading us into realms that had to have more explanation. The coming time would give us the vocabulary and a much larger frame of reference.**

I think it was still in '63 I was taken to the Russian Embassy in SF . . . a very imposing and unusual Russian designed structure, I'm sure you have seen. I have no idea how I got there or how I was picked out. Through dark, long winding stairs, I was taken to the very top, which looked high over the city. In a small dark anti room, was shown slides of Lady Frieda Harris' paintings, which would soon become Alister Crowley's Thoth deck . . . not yet in print. I was one of the few people that knew these paintings even existed!

I was blown away! Nothing had prepared me for the intensity of what the pictures implied. Acid did not invite darkness . . . and these cards held more than I was ready for. As I grew older, in time I would come to understand, for many reasons, why that particular deck needed to be taken into consideration. Light and Darkness must be acknowledged and dealt with, if it is to be balanced . . . Yin and Yang. We are both . . . life is both and cannot exist with just one. Many people saw Crowley as a Black Magician and felt those cards represented that. I disagree. Therefore, for a serious reading, that deck comes out. I don't like using it much, but it has it's place. Onward. The big stumbling block with the Thoth deck, is Crowley's book . . . the *Book Of Thoth*, takes an adept to understand, and is really of no use for reading more deeply into the cards. You are left to your own devices to translate the pictures. There are other books that have followed trying to work with those cards . . . but none I have seen come close to the knowledge I feel Crowley titillatingly holds before us. This deck is very much in print . . . both rather large, and normal size.

The Morgan deck, while funny and often a consternation, is a compilation of much of we gathered during the spiritual investigation of the 60's, plus the best of acid gained knowledge, certainly the basis of this deck. I must say I am amazed at Robbins' ability to compress so much potential thought causing info, in seemingly silly cards. I sometimes use it the way the Angel cards are used, to pick just one, to mull over for the day. I also have used this deck for a quick read for someone I know is not ready for a hard core reading, by picking 3. Even then, they can be a challenge to work with, because they often defy verbal explanation. At the very least, they are good for a laugh.

I did not come across the Brotherhood of the Light deck until much later. Again that is a deck harder to suss out of the whole panoply of real tarot decks. And really **REQUIRES** the book and takes a lot of study. Plus the deck has little beauty to it. So, I imagine it fell out of use because of that. In reflection, I may get the book just to deepen my study of other Tarot cards even if I don't acquire the deck. I had forgotten about it.

Ultimately, the tarot cards were considered in my understanding of them, as flash cards. A way to study the knowledge they represented and to lead one into deeper thought. Or for the neophyte to study along with teachings. It is my guess the **REAL** "fortune telling cards" as such, were actually and simply, playing cards.

I have heard and read there was a lot of hubris over these original cards . . . particularly Rider/Waite (there was another I can't right off remember) and Crowley's, being made

available for public use, by the Old School of English mystics. They felt this was secret knowledge that could be misused in the wrong hands. It was explained away, by the fact they had not placed the numbered cards correctly and left out certain pertinent symbols.

The real upset came from those quarters, with Crowley's deck. He corrected the numbered cards and put in the whole nine yrds as only he could have done, being considered the top of the heap of the mystic schools of Europe. He said he had done it for the "New Eon" (that would be us). He saw the time coming and felt we would need the knowledge. He made significant corrections and additions . . . although I would have thanked him more if he had given us a useable guide. But when one reads his text, it is clear there it would have taken a lifetime to write all he held in his head. An impossible task. There is more history to this, but I will restrain myself.

The MAJORITY cards today are mostly aids, hints, anchor to focus, if you will. They have nothing AT ALL to do with The Sacred Tarot (as it is actually called), and have no deeper knowledge to offer at face value, other than ones imagination or to inform of other culture's symbolism . . . and even those lack a great deal. This are called "tarot" for lack of understanding what The Tarot was/is about.

In closing, as I have included myself in this journey of information, I rarely use cards except for myself. People being "read for" put too much of their needs of their life on the word of the reader. I use the *I Ching* if I need WORDS. In the end I have Nichiren Shosu Buddhism as my spiritual daily practice and am involved in Native Am. ceremony. That's more than enough. The cards fall into the background, until I am mulling over something to give me a little more to consider. They are an old time friend, but not the bottom line.

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 13 Oct 2003

I seem to be running behind these posts tonight. McMing ~ The *I Ching* Workbook by R.L. Wing is a pretty good translation for those not into the more mystical language. Both my girls use it. I met the sister of the woman that wrote it and was so impressed to learn about this person. I would have never guessed it was by a woman. She surely must have past life knowledge. I have used the (can't spell it) . . . other *I Ching* (yellow book) for 33 or so yrs and I guess the language just grew on me until I understood it. I have just found a new one that I am really excited about by Taoist Master Alfred Huang and has made me put the other aside. It is by far superior to any I have seen. It is a huge leap for me that has been a long time coming. I think it's as accurate as we'll ever get. He is an old man and he was taught as a young man in China, by the old men. Which is to say his info goes way back. He says more about the progression and history of the *I Ching* that I don't want to burden folks with. But if anyone's into the *I Ching*, I strongly suggest you get this one.

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 15 Oct 2003

There is the thought the heart is where we think from. Now I'm not necessarily saying the emotional heart. This may be a Chinese concept. I can't remember. But I do remember it was from an avenue that made me consider that seriously. I've been chewing on that thought again with this discussion. I think this has to imply to something, certainly beyond the heart as an organ. Consider the possibility thought is not originally within the body at all . . . or more specifically thought moves from within, for lack of another word, the ethers, and the brain becomes simply the receiver and the storage container an assessor . . . to how clearly that comes through. Proceeded by the cultural bend and patterning, we early on set the program for what we receive and how we "listen". When a culture (and all do this) sets the rules for what is "real and what's not, we retune our "listening" for what is acceptable.

I just spoke to Ariel to get her thoughts as she has done a great deal of study and contemplation on this being a psychology (sp?) major, as well as a very spiritual person. She pointed out the apparently unique ability we have as humans is to watch, observe our own minds. Then one has to ask The Who or What of us is doing the watching/observing. This is certainly not a new question, but I feel worth bringing up.

In scanning the material McMing has offered . . . I will now have to dig into it. I think part of the issue here is the cultural bend. In my reading of the 14th century, shows not much has moved forward. Desire of religion and politics (money) is to keep the general status quo "in line" has not changed. The tactics just become more complex and insidious. It takes, as it always has, the renegades to Call It and keep things moving forward and exposing the intention, and demanding explanation.

Hammond ~ I would like to add a response to your last post. As Ms Rice has shown us, women in politics is not always any different than the men. Yet there are a few that are making a ripple. It is my belief what is lacking, is a good give and take of men and women together, to put things on track. I DO believe women are more capable, more willing to see the necessity of this. I find it grounds for thought, that many Native Am tribes held a woman as chief. It was when the Whites stepped in,(and the attitude towards homosexuals as well) there place in their society was changed. They could not relate talking to a woman chief. There were also men held in high regard that conferred and had their place in the whole. They eventually were given more power by the Whites, in time undermining the order within the tribes.

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 18 Oct 2003

. . . Warren, welcome ~ Did you go through the pictures linked below? I had a good solid moment of nostalgia looking at those pictures, I try to avoid. It truly was a time I am 100+'s grateful I didn't miss. Thank God/dess not the ONLY high point, but has been a hard act to follow. I was at the Be In. I figured after that, who needed Woodstock?! There was a note with the Be In pictures . . . we saw at the Be In, how big the movement actually was! I hadn't really thought of that at the time . . . I KNEW how big we were. But in retrospect when I see those pictures, it IS amazing.

**I have to say, I have wished as Diggers, more times than I can say, we hadn't been so down on camera use (it was a hard core issue). I can't believe now, the few pictures I took, I threw away in time. What I would give now, for more pictures of US! If it hadn't been for the media and a few lone photographers, Tom Wier, and Casey, we would have next to nothing of the Diggers. I keep wishing Tom had a site of his work then. Does anyone remember him or know where he went?**

**Name:** Mark

**Date:** 24 Oct 2003

. . . I did an interview on KPOO in SF with Peter Berg yesterday with a guy you all may remember, Diamond Dave. He is in the Digger Documentary Film at the end exhorting the Digger treatise at a Food Not Bombs table on a sidewalk in SF. We also ran into a guy named Terry Collins who talked about his experiences at the Black Mans Free store and Emmett Grogan. At 66 years of age, Diamond Dave is still pushing the Digger thang as hard as ever. Each one teach one. . . .

**Name:** Mark

**Date:** 25 Oct 2003

Heading out of Aptos for San Francisco in a few minutes to try to get in the last part of the anti war demo and then over to Berg's to begin the preparations for tonight's celebration. Doors open at 7 pm show starts at 8 pm. All Digger types will be around and the weather is just perfect, 90 degrees today in SF. I love this place.

Here is the link again with the info celebrating 30 years of Planet Drum Foundation and the Digger legacy. 934 Brannon at 9th Street SOMARTS Gallery

<http://www.planetdrum.org/events.htm>

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 26 Oct 2003

McMing ~ Need a good writer to inspire? Here it is.

***Totem Salmon: Life Lessons From Another Species, by Freeman House? Do yourself a favor and READ IT! Pure poetry. Freeman's a brother of the 60's, and I had no clue what a truly beautiful writer he is. What a surprise! He tells the story of the Mattole watershed when he Nina, Jane Lapiner and David Simpson (all forefront Diggers) came there during the time I just mentioned, when all we went our own way.*** When they moved to Petrolia, Ca they saw the salmon were almost gone. I remember them trying to figure out how to carefully catch the salmon for their eggs and breed them to restock the wild salmon. It started with no information and no help. They were doing from something no one knew a thing about and developed to a full fledged project, with no money but what they could scrape together. In a long battle they got grants to continue their effort that was taking more and more of their time and developed a pilot program many would come to study and work with. Also is the story of the lives of the local Indians and how their lives were entirely guided by the salmon. This is the book of the great love and respect for the salmon that enveloped their lives. Nothing I

can say can do justice to this book. Freeman's writing skill alone makes it worth the read. It's a book hard to put down.

**Name:** Mark

**Date:** 30 Oct 2003

Coyote forwarded this article to those who would be interested, it is a provocative analysis of the use of "frames of reference" in the current political landscape. I posted it on the Free City News page because of it's length. It is good.

"The Cognitive Science of Political Dialogue Framing a Democratic Agenda," By George Lakoff, *The American Prospect* September 24, 2003

Sam Hamod, very compelling imagery, I could smell the wet burned wood in my mind. I **kept thinking of Berg's discussion of the "Homeskin" context** throughout your poem. Thanks for putting it up.

**Name:** claude

**Email Address:** chayward@plateautel.net

**Date:** 31 Oct 2003

**. . . Whoever posted about Roz Payne and trying to find out about the motherfucker family in its New Mexico phase:**

I wrote her to see what's up, as I have, as it turns out, a lot of memory about that time and place. Can anyone fill me in on what those folks were up to in NY (lower E.side) just before they left there in late 1970? All my experience with them was after they (and I) got to New Mexico. Except, of course, for meeting Ben the first time at Black Bear at the equinox in fall of 1970, which some of you will remember, I'm sure. Anyway, she has a friend who's writing a book; it's a helluva story.

Just started making fires at night, here in our adobe on the edge of the prairie; being a long slow drift into what I hope will be a slammer of a winter with oodles of snow (dream on) to break our drought. Got a HUGE stack of firewood on the porch.

Solitude available

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 31 Oct 2003

Hi Claude ~ **I met Ben and Chipita around that time as well. They came to Olema, I guess on their way to NM and we got to be friends. In '71(?), 3 months before Olema shut the gate for good; Ariel then 2 1/2, me, along with my Great Dane, Crow, hunted them down, finding them just as they breaking winter camp. They had spent winter in deep snows in a large wikiup, having backpacked horses into the NM wilderness with several couples and a baby called Fallna (fawn) . . . the mom a beautiful redheaded woman. Ha, I remember much to my surprise, a dog eating beans. (This summer a neighbor's dog in Questa ate beans . . . guess it's a NM thing.) They were loading the horses to head for the Huerfano Valley . . . where in**



**another month they would ride into my camp, a good walk away from the Big Dome. Anyway, one of their horses had died during the winter and they asked for us to travel with them for awhile, and carry gear in my pink VW van one of the Angels had given me. I would drive ahead, gather wood and begin camp for them, and they would catch up in the evening. I remember those days together with such fond memories, that has to this day has touched my life. Once the caravan arrived in the valley, we would later do our first peyote meeting with them. And you know the rest.**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 01 Nov 2003

correction: That would be, Fallana.

**Name:** CLAUDE

**Date:** 01 Nov 2003

Eileen

That little red head was Felana, who was the daughter of Barry and Laurie Spiegle. Laurie was known as "red-haired Laurie" and she stayed around forever afterwards, becoming an RN and working for years and years at Taos County Public Health. I built her a house in Taos in the early nineties. I think she went back east lately, haven't seen her for a year or two. Barry was killed in Albuquerque, around spring of 1972. He would have disappeared into a pauper's grave under an alias, had I not happened to be in town that day and killing time idling thru the newspaper and noticed a minor news article that mentioned his alias. I actually called the cops and asked to see the body, to verify that it was him, saw that it WAS him and then asked to see the pistol that has been found with him, because he had stolen my pistol only recently, and I wanted to be sure it wasn't mine they were holding. The gun was Barry's, in it's distinctive buckskin holster. Then I drove up to Ojo Sarco and told his family about it. He is buried on a hill overlooking Ojo Sarco, with a view to both the Continental Divide (the San Juans) and the Sangre de Christos. My brother now owns the land, and Laurie and Fatchie (that's what we called her then) put up a headstone there a few years ago.

We heard about the horse that had died that winter in a letter Ben sent us that we got at Briceland on the spring equinox, 1971. You remember, that was the morning H'lane stopped traffic on the Briceland road by walking around nude, stoned on Mescaline in the parking lot of the Truck Stop. We had to drag her off into the woods before the cops came. That winter in Northern New Mexico is still legendary; it has never again been that cold. It hit 38 below zero in Ojo Sarco the first week of January, 1971.

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 01 Nov 2003

**Yeah, we caught the edge of that winter, and it was damn cold still . . . not to mention I was fresh out of Ca! I forget how many camps we did with them. But at one stop, we were surprised by another snow. Ben would use the cover of the wiki up, a very versatile lining from a military tent from Alaska (a design I have since**

copied for a sweat cover) that had loops on the outside that could be tied to surrounding trees, to bed under. All our firewood got wet and we couldn't cook very well and were hungry. We were all left to huddle under blankets to stay warm waiting it out. We were bored and restless, rolling smokes and talking. Ariel remembers that as the day she was taught how to roll tobacco and got her first ride on a horse with Ben. One of the men went out foraging and came back with a squirrel's nest full to the top with dry mushrooms. There was some talk of eating them, but we quickly decided that was a bad idea, not being able to identify them. I felt bad the squirrel had it's winter store robbed for no purpose in the end. I had a road kill, soft fawn skin with the hair still on, with me, I had skinned and tanned. While we were together I added red velvet for a little dress for Felana. I was very taken with her. I remember now, I talked to Laurie thanks to you, several yrs back when we were (yet again) living in NM, looking for work. Much to my surprise she remembered me and said she had always wanted to thank me for helping her regain her health, as she had gotten very sick before they pulled camp, with herbs I guess I had brought with me. I had no memory of that, but it made me feel good I would be remembered for that. I wish I had a chance to meet her, and you again before we left. I talked to Griz as well, and he tried to sell me a dead bus he had . . . ha, didn't he wish. Didn't get to see him either. I do hope, with expectation, we will all come together again.

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 03 Nov 2003

. . . We had the best when we got welfare and it was enough to live on, as we did in the 60's and 70's. (Hello out there, remember?) How do you think the 60's was POSSIBLE if all those kids (us) had jobs? Ha ha, the wicked will play! We were able to stay home and raise our kids, do our art, or whatever, hang out and brainstorm and yes, play. THAT'S called leisure. We explored free time with a vengeance, and I can't say we were bored. It was not what "they" had intended. We weren't SUPPOSED to be having fun! . . .

**Name:** claude

**Date:** 09 Nov 2003

. . . seriously, encountering Winstanley was my own personal "St. Paul on the road to Damascus" moment, back in 1966. As I lay there in the (metaphorical) dusty road, dumbstruck, I realised that the battle had been going on for the last 350 years and was still unresolved. 35 years later, that's still true.

**Name:** Lillian

**Email Address:** lillian@vhconcepts.com

**Date:** 09 Nov 2003

. . . This is my first time on this site. I am looking for John Simon, the author of *The Sign of the Fool. Memoirs from the Haight-Ashbury, 1965-68*. He wrote this book about his trip and adventures with Motorcycle Richie to the Haight. I was Richie's lover when he died in the late 70s at the Chelsea Hotel in NYC. He was the love of my life and I do not

have one photo of him to remember him by. Please forward this message to John if you know him, and John, if you're out there: we met once or twice and I know you remember me, if only vaguely. I'd appreciate your contacting me by email and I hope this finds you and your family well and happy. Lillian (formerly aka-Brandy)

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 10 Nov 2003

Lillian — sorry to hear about Richie. I would've liked to meet him. John Simon occasionally checks in here. The last time he left a message was in 2000 and he gave his email address as: nomisnow@hotmail.com. I doubt that's still current, but you could give it a try.

By the way, I put an article into the Digger archive here which I ran across by pure accident from the New Yorker in 1967 which described the Free Store in New York and it gives a brief bio of Motorcycle Richie. You can read the article here:

[http://www.diggers.org/free\\_store1.htm](http://www.diggers.org/free_store1.htm)

**Name:** Lillian

**Email Address:** lillian@vhconcepts.com

**Date:** 10 Nov 2003

Thanks to Eric and Eileen (Sam) for giving me some energy in my quest to locate John Simon and get my contact info to him. I am following up on any leads and will keep you posted. It has been 26 years since Motorcycle Richie died in a fire at the Chelsea Hotel, and I am now ready to deal with the fallout from that experience. I'd like to have a picture of him since my last and clearest memory of him was what I saw when I unzipped the black body bag in the back of the emergency vehicle in front of the hotel that night. There was a funeral, but I blew by that time in a fog. My life has changed radically but some things remain. Thank you for your kindness.

**Name:** Nicole

**Date:** 13 Nov 2003

ah synchronicity again . . . When I asked if anyone remembered David (prankster) and also that we hung out at Longreach Ranch, Billy Hitchcock's place . . . well, One night at that time 1968-9, we had eaten (stupidly) some morning glory seeds (ugh!) David left and I climbed up the hill behind the house and went up into a tree house. I became gravely ill . . . I was so poisoned . . . suddenly there came a huge horse and rider through the branches and leaves of the tree . . . I heard it coming . . . it was thunderous, hooves pounding, dirt flying, the tree shaking so hard I had to hang on for life . . . after that I went into one of those hurling through a tunnel things, filled with fear I could barely breath and when I got to the end of the tunnel there was coming from the sky at a great angle a sort of tube, that was translucent and transparent at the same time . . . with all of history and everything future inside of it in little compartments...and at that moment I felt fantastic . . . euphoric almost . . . definitely at peace. then I found my self on the ground naked and puking over looking the napa valley from mt St Helena at the bottom of the tree house . . . an

awesome experience . . . and I always thought there was a real important message in that experience because it was sooooo real, much different than an acid trip.

**Name:** claude

**Date:** 19 Nov 2003

Speaking of the Stanley family, I love to hear any word on an old friend, Michael Augustus Stanley, who came out of Chicago in the mid sixties. I first met him in LA, around the LA Free Press, where I worked a couple of years before I moved up to Frisco in late 66. He called himself "Lovable Ol' Doc Stanley, played some guitar and new all sorts of stuff about the insider politics of LA. He always claimed kin to the Stanleys, and thought Augustus Owsley Stanley was a cousin of his. From him I first learned the name of Gene Bisqualiuz, a legendary Hispanic Sherrif of LA County in the fifties and sixties. He know Hugh Romney, Del Close and those Second City folks, and Doc once took me over to the house in LA where Romney was staying, where Tiny Tim was a house guest, before he made it big. Tiny Tim played his Uke for us. This would have been, I think, 1965, about the time the Acid Tests got to town. Doc was the one who got me to check that infamous AT of Tom Wolfe fame, down at 111th and Alameda, that has passed into mythology. For that lead alone, I owe him. **Doc was the first person I knew to pick up on the Diggers and declare them of crucial social significance.** During his LA times he was hanging out with a teeny cupcake-blondie folksinger (they played the Troubadour and other venues) named Diane Star King, whom he called Jellybean.

Anyway, Doc was up in the Haight from the first, and I remember distinctly his going to the Free Frame of Reference (was it Page St?) which was the first manifestation of the Free Store. He picked right up on the deep significance of Free Store. Last I heard of him, he had gotten into some kind of trouble up in Mendocino area, I think I heard he had shot somebody, and did some time for it.

**Name:** claude

**Date:** 19 Nov 2003

**. . . I was living in Echo Park for a while in the spring of 1965, about 5-6 blocks up EP Blvd from Sunset (Pioneer Market and Pioneer Take-Out on the corner, always bustling.) Lived in warren of rooms and outbuilding some anglo guy named Bill something had. He lived there with his whole family, married to a Hispnic lady and they had some young lids, Bunch of us lived there for a while. This was while I was working at the Freep, yup, in the basement of the Fifth Estate. Al somebody ran the Fifth as an under-age nightclub/coffeehouse and it was always packed with kids. I walked in the door with the lead article for issue #4, an interview with Mario Savio, fresh down from Berkeley. I interviewed Mario for KPFK News, where I had been helping out as a newsroom volunteer. I was 19. Anyway, I transcribed the interview and trundled it down to Art Kunkin, and the next thing I knew, I was working for the Freep as well. Art was staying (illegally) down in the basement, and there were always a bunch of people coming in for one thing or another. A very happening place for a 19 yo to get to hang out in. I did a little every thing, a bit of reportage, typesetting on such (now) antique dinosaurs as a VariTyper and a paper tape controlled justifying typewriter called (it's coming back to me) a Justo-writer,**

which gave the paper that pro look of the columns equal width. This was a big deal for Art to get. I also set a lot of type for the ads, learned all about paste up. Then Art would drag the whole pile of camer ready copy down to a printer in Long Beach, and then drag all the printed bundles of Freeps back uptown to distribute, all in the old pickup camper (was it a dodge) that ran on five cylinders. On mornings when cash subscriptions came in in the mail, we would get to go eat breakfast just down the street. I should def talk with Art, if he writing a history.

You guys were there then, let me ask you about something I observed back then, see if you agree. It seemed to me that one of the seminal events in the early coming together of the way-spread-out and largely unaware of each other freak community scattered through the ghettos and canyons and hills of the LA metroplex, was the Renaissance Pleasure Faire, a moment when all these folks who had come to try that one on got to see how many other folks there were like them. I remember walking around at the first one, out in the Malibu hills somewhere, the Paramount Ranch, and sharing this utter euphoria over feeling surrounded by other freaks. Something clicked there, I think, for a lot of people, a realization of how many freaks there were and the power of coming together. Those were a couple of very densely packed years for me in LA. The remnants of the Venice West scene, the Strip when the first long hairs started hanging out, long before it degenerated to riots and stuff. I remember the Artists' Protest Tower that a DiSuervo, perhaps it was Mark, or Tony, erected on a vacant lot between Ciro's and Whiskey. A tensile structure of rods and cable and bright cloth. And right up the street, for a magical moment of a few months, The Cafe Fred C. Dobbs, (I don't got to show you no stinkin' badges) a semi tragic happening of a little hole in the wall on the north side of the strip. It was the dream of Bonnie and Ivars, who were sweetly in love and putting this cafe together. Just before the place opened, Bonnie and Ivars went down to TJ to get some stuff for the place, and Ivars was killed in a car wreck. Bonnie came back alone and bravely went ahead and opened the place. A bunch of us helped out. I would cook there occasionally. I think I cooked a burger for Dylan, who made an appearance on one of the nights he sat in with the Byrds at Ciro's while Tamborine Man was on the charts. I never knew why, but the place closed down after a few months, Bonnie went on to meet Hugh Romney and become part of the mythos. I can't remember how I got involved with those folks, what the connection was, but I got to be a Byrds groupie for a while, which meant that I got to do them favors, like drive Jim McGuin's girlfriend back to Palos Verdes, or was it David Crosby's girl friend?

Yeah, acid. That was all mixed up in the time as well. All these folks seeing stuff, peeking thru those doors of perception. When I first ran into it, it was still legal. You could go down to Mexico and get the pure Sandoz, came in a little glass tube about as thick as a pencil, maybe inch and a half long (you could easily stick it up yr ass if needed), had 250 hits in it. Sugar cubes. Anyway, so by the time the Pranksters rolled the bus down to LA to bring us the word, I was right there for it. Part of the publicity machine. The first one was for the liberals and academics, at that wonderful oniondome church up in Northridge, out in the Valley, Unitarian, I think. They set up and did the whole deal, kool-aid and all, but minus the lectricity. The next weekend they pulled out

all the stops down on Alameda. Legend has always had it that Paul Foster (RIP) dropped a decimal point in dosing the kool-aid that night, so everybody got a 10x dose. IIRC, H'lane got this tidbit of info from him when she and I and Clane stayed at the Hog Farm up in Tujunga for a couple of weeks in the summer of 1967. **Eileen will remember when we all came back from that LA trip and wound up crashing at the Pine Street house for too long, because the CommCo had imploded while we were gone.**

I had brought a young Freep volunteer, a nice Jewish valley high-school girl who was walking a bit on the wild side. I can't remember her name. I invited her in the spirit of adventure and she was up for it. I don't think she had done any dope before. I am driving this stripped down, bare metal 1954 Jaguar XK 140M with no top and problems, but tamed enuf to drive around. One of the great beasts of the road, and I had raced all the way to Deadman's Curve in it. Anyway, we get there and it's funky and not too crowded. Some people I know are there. Doc Stanley. Clair Brush. Lot of milling about, not an inch of plush in that old warehouse. The multi media is swirling all around. They bring out the garbage cans of Kool-aid and I have a couple and Bring one to my date. The Dead start playing and we go sit against the back wall with a bunch of people. Beyond that, it starts to get all hazy. I distinctly remember a moment, after the band took a break, getting fixated on this distant light, which I got up a checked out, which turned out to be the glow of the Dead's big McIntosh amps I found out as I stumbled through the mikes and stuff. There was, of course, the unforgettable "Who cares?" cries of despair. I had thought at the time it was Clair Brush calling out. but I never found out. It went on forever and as the dawn came, the cops did indeed come around, some guy in a suit did hand out Kool cigarettes, and I remember telling myself I was supposed to be scared. Somehow I found the girl, who had survived intact, somehow, and seemed to be fine, although she thought she ought to get home. The Jag, of course, had a dead battery, but there were plenty of people reeling about in the street and they were willing to push us, as the cops cheered us on, and off we motored, somehow safely getting her home. I have never seen her since, but I would love to hear what her take on all that was.

**I left the Freep in late 1966, bound for San Fran with an angry ex-husband on our heels, the Jag traded for a pickup to haul us up, H'lane's daughter Modi (Modi is now an indy filmmaker in LA and recently a mom herself.) and H'lane pregnant with Clane. . . .**

**Name:** claude

**Date:** 20 Nov 2003

There were a number of people I got to know in Venice. The public portal to the scene was the Venice West Cafe, run at that time by John Haag and his wife Anna. Dawson McGouch (not sure that's how he spelled it) made the coffee and sandwiches. VWC was seedily authentic, books, chess, poets, dim lighting. It was there I fell under the wing of Vaughn Marlowe, who said he used to run the bookstore next door, and was then paid staff at KPFK as News Director, IIRC. He invited me to volunteer there and there I was. I worked for a while with Leonard Brown, who, I was told, had produced, or created or something that seminal tv show "77 Sunset Strip", which was what passed for hollywood cutting edge hip at the time. The Hipster as folk Hero and The Hipster Detective. His girlfriend was Clair Brush. I remember being at their house one time for dinner and

getting more stoned on reefer than I had ever thought possible. Yes, Venice was def where I caught reefer madness. Leonard brought me into this radio documentary called “Five Nights in the Ghetto” he was producing for Pacifica, which involved five sequential shows of interviews, man-on-the-streets, and grim warnings of dire consequences from the Watts and South Central communities, aired during the spring before the Watts Riots. THAT was an eye-opener for this young sprite, walking around the ‘hoods, trying to get people to talk to a scared long-haired white kid on tape about what it was like down there. Freep had also just done some work on publicizing the Watts Towers, trying to save them, so I had already been down there. Of course, when the riots came, I had to go back, and I wound up driving Yorum Getzler’s white VW beetle with him, cameras aready, following a stream of cop cars down the Harbor Fwy and getting off right into the middle of a street confrontation just off Alameda Blvd. Cops at one end of the block and a mob on the other. The mob threw rocks at us and the cops threw us on the ground, not impressed with my home-made LAFP Pree Pass. They let us go right away, they were very paranoid, to quote St Dylan.

What really stood out then was these folks, who were not young’ns, had all recently been through the Hollywood Blacklist scandal and the McCarthy Committee hearings and this was all fresh in their minds. These were old line lefties, and all that New Left ferment was just a glimmer on the horizon at that point. Goldwater had just been soundly chased back to his cave, and LBJ was serving up the Great Society. . . .

**Name:** claude

**Date:** 21 Nov 2003

and today, on DemocracyNow, there is a film clip of Mario Savio’s mythic speech on the Berkeley Campus, the “. . . bodies on the gears . . . and on the levers . . . and stop the machine!” (somewhat paraphrased) speech that was heard round the world. Sent chills up and down my spine. In that year (1964) and the few preceding, Americans students had confronted the beast in the South and brought that fervor to bear on the University Administration. The students, fresh from the Freedom Summer in the South, wanted to organize on campus, hand out literature and fund raise in support of civil rights activities; the admin. forbade (hard to believe , now) them this activity. What I had not realized was that this was the first (according to Amy G.) time that the cops actually got called onto campus to arrest a student for handing out lit. Cop car rolls onto Sproul Plaza, they stash Jack Wiesman in the car and 3000 students (and these are all clean-cut white middle class young ladies and gentlemen, suits w/ties and proper dresses) sit down around the car for the next day and a half. By the time they got it all settled down again, they had closed down the whole campus, faculty included. Thousands of cops, a major big deal in it’s time, radicalized a lot of students, spread all over the country. Mario was so young and so earnest, clean-cut student type on the cusp of the future. A Catholic, raised in the honorable old tradition of organized Catholic social justice activism; Dorothy Day and all that extending back to the turn of the century. He was speaking then specifically of UC Berk, but his words apply to our present situation here in America. My beloved country, under the thrall of fear and the yoke of the Military Industrial Complex.

**Name:** Doc Ray

**Email Address:** watergoddoc@hotmail.com

**Date:** 29 Nov 2003

Howdy. **I was one of the young runaways in the Haight in 67. I came up there with a hippy named Tobacco from Strawberry Fields Commune in Malibu Canyon. He had** something to do with the *Oracle*, I writer I believe. Anyone know what happened to him? I also stayed at Morningstar for a time and at Wheelers. T here is a pic of me in the book 'The Summer of Love' by Gene Anthony. Page 63, I'm the one in the leather jacket. Curious if anyone recognizes me. Would like to connect with folks who were there to share foggy memories. Peace Doc

**Name:** Hammond

**Date:** 29 Nov 2003

Doc — I heard back from Allen — who does remember Tobacco — with the following note — to all that he will soon be writing about his adventure into Liver Replacement land — sorry he couldn't be more help and good luck finding your friend.

From Allen:

Hammond

Soon I'll be able to write a letter about the adventure. But to answer inquiry — **I knew Tobacco but he didn't write for the *Oracle*. He was a Digger who got crash pads together for Summer of Love.**

**Name:** Eileen

**Email Address:** PS

**Date:** 01 Dec 2003

**In the 60's Peter Berg got picked up by the cops, I think it was in Texas. He had really long hair and they took the liberty of shaving his head.** I always laughed at that. Peter is not one to mess with and had an attitude I would not wanted to uncover in such a manner. All it did was really piss him off . . . imagine stepping on a rattlesnake. I think there's a picture here at that time, in the archives. **We called him The Hun, for a long time after that.** But to be the wrong color, from the wrong state or not have the right color underwear on is no joke.

**Name:** claude

**Date:** 03 Dec 2003

**In regards to Fu Berg**

**so that must have been late '66 or early '67, I'm thinking, was that on the same tour where the Mime Troupe got busted in Calgary? Or was it later, when (?) he went on that truck ride out to somewhere out there to get wheat for the free bakery?** because I *think* I remember seeing him both ways.



What struck me then and still does, to see the photo, is how much he looked like Lenin, which, I thought, fit the bill perfectly because Berg was the articulate dialectician, the man with the rap. Just bloody decades ahead of the curve. **Peter pointed me at Winstanley and at larger-picture thinking in general. And some Japanese scholar, Watanabe, IIRC, who was also dealing with disturbing implications of cybernation becomin visible in the sixties.**

**They're still not talking about stuff he was seeing back then. He shared some really visionary stuff around the notion of dealing with the philosophical implications of there not being enough jobs, and never will be. He saw us as liberated from slave drudgery by the machines, which was just becoming visible back then. That all deserved the dignity of a living, the means to at least get by,, via free stuff that the machines made, and that it was the inheritance, our inheritance from the centuries of humans who HAD slaved and drudged and also those who were brilliant and manipulative, all of them having created this machine age which was to free us from the horror.**

**The issue is our old friend, the Protestant Work Ethic, which states that you are without value if you can't produce, can't feed yr family etc, a value system so strong and endemic that it is shared by Baptists and Jews and bikers, too. So when there are no jobs, yr fucked. Trash. Ought to be a way of looking at it as somehow retiring for the good of the community, stop competing for the jobs, get some decent little pension so he/she doesn't have to starve or beg in the streets. The landlord gets a tax break if lowers their rent, or the bank if it forgives their mortgage. Some how stop having this economic evolutionary process we are all in from leaving all these broken people in it's path.**

**Berg's great vision was that "it was free because it was already paid for", that those generations' suffering had paid for it. It's the dignity thing, the absolving of the shame of those who lose their jobs. This is, of course, not the sort of shift in thinking that happens over night. But there is about ziltch out there in terms of discussion of this whole issue, other than mumbling about "job retraining" and other bullshit that is never going to give that person back his/her dignity. So you give them some stipend, and services, health care etc, and let them find something to do, not out of desperation, but out of interest.**

**I'd really like to discuss trying to shape a vision of society, a story of who we are, if you will, that honors existence rather than product. How do we get there? . . .**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 03 Dec 2003

**Claude ~ This (the Peter story) I think was around Olema time . . . 68-69? The Mime Troupe was busted just before I met Coyote . . . sometime as I remember in '64. I brought the no need to work notion etc up here not too long ago but didn't remember it being Berg's. And you did a much better job of remembering it. He always blew my mind. I'm not sure many of us could figure out what he was talking about a good part of the time . . . not to mention he was creating new words along**

**with new concepts. [See Leonard Wolf's interview as an example.]** I always figured some day I would grow up enough to be able to look back and go . . . oh, that's what he meant.

A vision of society? If we aren't all living it to some degree or another by now I would guess we don't know or have run out of ideas. Myself my need is still tribal and back to the land. Oregon has been working on a barter system for some time now. Considering their economy, they may well succeed. Of course the problem with barter is figuring out the value of anything if money is not in the factoring. This is the twist with money. For instance, there was a time when money was not in the picture and when it did come in it was interesting how they figured out what was worth what. **A good book, *Frozen Desire*, talks about what money IS and how it came about.** Very enlightening. I think before we can really make the necessary change (no pun intended) it makes it easier if we can get our minds around this history of money and take the veil off.

**Name:** Mark

**Date:** 03 Dec 2003

Claude,

Great stuff about the damn dollar, Berg and the work "ethic". I was driving him to a radio interview in SF a few weeks ago and in his often sudden cryptic way began a related riff on a woman who was panhandling in the median at a traffic light. He was going so fast and I was trying to negotiate traffic just hoping to at least grasp the concepts that were flying about in the truck. **The pictures of him in front of SF City Hall here on this site are to me very descriptive of his personality. Part visionary and part, as Eileen said, rattlesnake.** I wish I could keep up with his intellect and digest his ideas but he just blows right by me some of the time. I think your explanations and observations posted here could help focus for some of us the issues and revelations of what he is pointing to. . . .

**Name:** Mark

**Date:** 03 Dec 2003

Regarding the posts about Bergs vision of change I reread "Dialectics of Liberation" in the Digger Papers section here. I must remember to read that every month or so.

**A Speech: Dialectics of Liberation**  
— Allen Ginsberg

**I think we've seen this year a magnification of all our own anxieties and paranoia and terror under attack of conflicting image ideas on our bodies, and the use of language patterns and their associational affects almost scare us out of our bodies, white or black, finally.**

**Given this kind of awareness or consciousness, or this insight into our own emotions, habit patterns, and our conditioning — the conditioning which everyone has complained of: Carmichael in his own way, complaining of the white definitions of identity imposed on the black man as a form of**

conditioning the consciousness of the blacks; the whites suffering their own forms of conditioning, equally horrible — we find ourselves all in the same boat, in that sense.

This year I've been impressed by Gregory Bateson, talking about the scientific apocalyptic aspect of the anxiety syndrome that we're suffering from. He said: Given the present rate of infusion of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere, the mammalian-human aspect of the planet had a half-life of 10-30 years because in that time the carbon dioxide layer over the atmosphere (which apparently is opaque) admits heat but doesn't let it bounce out; so, given the present build-up of this gas over the surface, a temperature rise of 5 degrees is possible.

Irreversibly after 30 years — the 10 to 30 years therefore the half life — the polar ice caps melt and the continents become inundated with 400 feet of water, this being only one of the many threats to the human-mammal.

If there's 400 feet of water over the continents, that'll leave more room for the porpoises who have nervous systems, brains, and a language that is as complex as ours. So ultimately the universe doesn't need our exorable yowling for the continuance of its own life.

So okay, but there's no purpose or reason for us to get off the earth, if we can make a go of it. And as long as anybody's willing to make a go of it . . . and this is "To be or not to be?" which is as deep a question as ever, you know, do you want "to be" or not? I don't know, sometimes I don't want to; I don't give a shit, I'm going to die anyway. Which everybody feels occasionally, from Shakespeare on down to the lowest chimney sweep in Blake.

So, assuming that we're willing to suffer more and continue our existence on the planet, on to more pragmatic things, aside from the metaphysical void — getting out of the void, back into the illusion.

One aspect of the illusion, then, one of the sensory possibilities, one thing we can see is a basic mood which most people have stumbled on at one point or another: the aesthetic experience, the religious experience, the peak experience, the mystical experience, the art experience, identity experience, unitive experience — an experience of One, of all of us being one — not only ourselves with varying color of skin and mysterious ego-origin or whatever we are, also one with flowers, also the very trees and plants.

So we have a unitive experience, and my conception of, or my feeling toward this fact that we are all one is that there are just many eyes staring out. *There are no hierarchies, there are no categories, there are only many eyes staring out.* Which is like a very mysterious situation, constantly to be facing these many eyes, and it leads me to imagine that this is where *paranoia* comes from originally.

So paranoia is probably good because it's the recognition that everybody is part of a giant conspiracy; and possibly the paranoid has recognized it, but thinks that he's the *only one* that has recognized it, and he doesn't take signals from others that they also have recognized it. So that once it's recognized mutually, it begets absolute delight, as recognition builds up for me — we're not the whites, we're not the heroes, we're that same glimpse that everyone has — and a glimpse which can be the center of consciousness and also the center out of which political activity begins.

Now, political activity linking up with social-construction activity — there's the old tribal statement from China that Pound constantly quotes from, I guess, Confucius: "To straighten out the nation, straighten the provinces; to straighten the province, straighten the city; to straighten the city, straighten households; straighten your household, straighten your family, straighten yourself."

If there is a large group of younger people and older people working in older traditions, who have come to some basic ground of consciousness where they do all feel one, where they have glimpsed that, then we may have possibly the beginning of a friendly communism, or communion, or community, or friendly extension of self outward; if they have glimpsed that and if they are willing to trust that.

But that trust has to be such a calm thing, and such an assured thing. But the weird thing is that—tearfully so, almost—many younger kids have that trust. It's the one thing that they have arrived at, I think, which makes a possible, beautiful moment, then, for history — or maybe, you know, the last moment of recognition before the giant comedy ends with an explosion.

So, have we, or have they, that much care for ourselves and for each other that we're willing to accept each other then, to work without fear, without paranoia, and enjoy ourselves finally? Begin to play again, get out of the system, not answer the machine back, not escalate the machine, but actually join together and set a completely other pattern going, wipe out the old — simply wipe it out?

Because it's conditioning, and conditioning can be deconditioned. How, is a miracle. It happens naturally sometimes; somebody wakes up on top of Fern Hill, or hears Blake, or however you first got laid, or whatever the catalyst is: it opens up the realization. Or, it is now as so often, the precipitating chemical — pot, grass or LSD.

So I would say that the privacy thing — *private?* — that we don't know enough gossip, which is the actual history. From the mere public image you cannot generally figure anything out.

J. Edgar Hoover wondering about little girls walking home from schools and being attacked by the stranger outside the schoolhouse? He used to put big

pictures of that, signed by J. Edgar Hoover, showing little girls walking past trees in America, telling them they should not go out on the street during the day time, alone — creating this anxiety all over — preparing the children for Vietnam, actually, by that kind of traumatic attack on their trust, that phantasy — that's *his* phantasy.

Then what's his sex life, who was not married? He masturbates? No, probably not. Makes it with men? Who knows — his second in command, maybe? Maybe he likes girls but he can't make it? He's not married, and it's against the rules, in the FBI, for men who like to make it with women, to make it with women; I think one FBI man got bounced for that recently, for making it with a woman he wasn't married to. And Hoover ain't married, that means he'd have to be chaste, probably, and if he's chaste — you know, you got to think about that.

What does he think about when he's naked, standing in front of a mirror? That's something the citizen doesn't generally get to imagine. Probably in phantasy also citizens *do* imagine that, but that isn't public, that imagination.

So then finally we come to tactics of psycho-political action. The private must be made public. The public hallucination — which all along was a hallucination — history as it was known, the front symbolisms, the speeches that I make or Stokely Carmichael or J. Edgar Hoover makes or Mao tse-Tung makes, those speeches which are made to manipulate people's consciousnesses, obviously don't represent the full spectrum of our awareness and consciousnesses.

None of us public speakers who are the very form of a conference, since it puts us up front as priest-hero-politician brains — in front of you as Gods — and that immediately freezes us and our consciousness, and our identity-role . . . and so we find ourselves sitting talking, and of course like in order to maintain that identity-role we've got to stay right here, frozen in this relationship instead of whatever other phantasy we might have, like an orgy, or whatever else we would like to do.

So that everybody is forced into their different roles: spectators, the conference participants, and the preachers. And that automatically altered reality, altered any interpretation of reality, or conditioned any interpretation of reality, or outer apparency. Well that's obvious, everybody's known it and complained of it, all this problem of loudspeakers and the conference and the format it should take.

Ian Sommerville, a friend of Burroughs and an electronics expert, said that he tried to think of the model, an electronic model, for a totally democratic conference and oddly enough it wound up resembling the UN — in the sense of the desks, and everybody earphone connected, everybody being able to speak and be translated, and everybody talking at once. So we have an overpopulation problem, obviously, that we've got to deal with.

I'm going to get on now to praxis — practical plans. Social action and plans have been cased in autonomy, it's a correct term — in the sense of correct in its power and literal as to some of the new activists' techniques. And the original style seemed to rise up out of the streets: "Standing on a street corner waiting for no one is power" — along with the phrase: "Make San Francisco an electric Tibet."

The methods used, then, have been somewhat similar — as you could guess at from Burroughs' paradigm: Don't escalate the hostility, don't escalate the anger, control your mind, watch what you're doing, be aware — totally.

It isn't love that's being sought here, it's not love that's being offered — it's *awareness* of what your own feelings are, and the movements of your own mind, including the movements towards hysteria, including the movements toward the acceptance of words that don't have any reference — acceptance because of affective reverberations of the tone of voice (how they're pronounced) — and also acceptance because of the fear of opposing what seems to be inevitable, what you're told is inevitable, either by Black Power or by Mao or by Johnson or by Burroughs or by anybody — or yourself or your brother.

**Autonomy is Power! *I mean you've got to make up your own mind!***

Just because everybody else is screaming the same thing, it doesn't mean that you have to join in or be lost in the universe. You're still there, in your belly — unless you get out there in a phantasy, out of your body, and you cling to that phantasy as being the *only* answer — as the man attacking you, the policeman or the capitalist who's attacking you is *attacking a phantasy* of you, his phantasy, his image.

Because if you're there neutral, not intending him any particular harm, actually, but trying to straighten him out and get him out of his bag, and he projects on you a monster phantasy, say, like where you're going to like rape his mind or destroy his entire universe in some way that'll leave him without a universe, or without feeling good in the place where he is — in other words, if he feels *threatened*, and if you *threaten* him, by God he's going to feel threatened and he's going to take the appropriate action that any madman in a nuthouse will take when he feels threatened.

He'll strike back at you. So if you get into fights with people in the madhouse, you're probably there as a patient, I would guess — or a doctor. You're in a madhouse, the world is a madhouse and everybody's nuts, so what do you do in a madhouse when somebody says that you're a spy? You internalize it and assume that it's so? Or you reject his charge and hit him?

You realize that he's making a movie of you, he's projecting an image on you, and if you accept his image you get trapped in his game and pretty soon,

***bam!*** The two of you are up in this paranoid universe battling it out — for the language!

Who's going to control the language? You know, who's going to control the microphone? As if anybody who controls the microphone controls the language: all they can do is control the sounds that come over the microphone, and they can condition you — but once you're deconditioned then you know that you're just hearing sounds, and that those sounds are just sounds.

And are they pretty sounds? Do they make you feel good? Do they lead to any constructive action? Or are they sounds that give off bad vibrations? And are they going to lead you to feel bad? And make other people feel bad? And escalate the booby trap till "the whole fucking shithouse goes up in chunks."

That's one view. There might be the other view that violence is absolutely necessary as a means of therapy; a different form of therapy than the one I've been proposing. That may be so, I'm not a psychiatrist. That seems to be the psychiatric interpretation. Dr. Cooper said, "Don't give Che Guevara LSD, he might stop fighting." So I said, "Well, how do you know he won't fight more efficiently?" Of course, that was my con man's answer, actually.

If one were to continue fighting after LSD it would probably mean that the situation would require that. I suppose. All things being equal, which is the safe place where we can be here together, not the unsafe place where some of us have to be destroyed so that the others can be here. But if we're going to have one place, if we're going to be here on this place then we have to make place for people in bodies, for everybody that's got a body.

Otherwise, you're going to have these bodies scared of being destroyed: as has been projected by the white race, you know, the threat of destruction of the yellow life form or the black life form. So they're reacting obviously to the hypnotic threat of the whites, and the reaction is completely a *mirror image* of the white presentation. Mirror image, except that actually there's old tribal wisdom still operating, with the blacks in America, that hasn't been presented either/or accounted for.

But what's necessary is active imagination, active Black Power, Digger Autonomy — active manifestation of the understanding, manifestation, active things, not sitting around on your ass: active poetry, active use of language, the first Boddhisatva's vow: "Sentient beings are numberless, I vow to enlighten them all."

Because the whole universe can't make it, nor will happiness be complete until we *all* enter Heaven. Otherwise there's always going to be the Hells to be aware of that *we* have created for *others* to be in. So does somebody want to go to Heaven and leave the others in Hell too? Big deal! Big deal! Jesus!

Big deal! Well I guess maybe that might lead to . . . like, you know, the porpoises. *They'll* go to heaven and leave *us* out.

On the other hand the *overactive* search for Heaven and all that energy gone into it is also a fuck-up. It gets in the way of awareness of what's actually going on in the actual . . . sort of like calm in the middle of all the violence and murder that's actually taking place, that undertone of calm that's always there. As for Prince Bolkonsky under Napoleon's boot, on the battlefeild as he lay there dying, in *War and Peace*, looking up past General's horses' asses at Heaven, indifferent to the whole fucking Franco-Russian war, looking in the sky . . . amazing, like if you went out on the streets with a switchblade and started the revolution, but then got shot down and you had 20 minutes to realize where you were, and you dying! And the whole struggle faded out into a totally other vision.

So from that level of consciousness that's where manifest action can take place. Then finally we come to the fact that it's possible for gangs of young people together to live communally, form their own organizations and begin to address themselves to the anxiety-ridden outer world.

Where would you begin? Well, in San Francisco it began to some extent with, say, the media people; which meant a tacit conspiracy of everybody to take them all to bed, to turn them all on, to turn them into friends. I mean, what's the point of having enemies when you can have friends? To de-control them, de-hypnotize them. Deconditioning them — sexual deconditioning, music deconditioning, dance-hall-media-happening-deconditioning, LSD deconditioning, orgy deconditioning.

When you have a lot of people working together with the same insight, that insight reinforces back and forth and is reflected back and forth and grows deeper. Whereas one lone nut saying "I am the Lamb" and "I am the Lion" can be clapped in jail, but one cat coming up among 5,000 people dressed in caps and bells saying "I am the Lamb" and "I am the Lion" and they all jump, and there are a lot of people shouting "I am the Lamb" and "I am the Lion" and *acting* on it because they're not afraid to be the Lamb or the Lion because they know that everybody knows it already.

So you can begin operating in the external world on that basis, that *you are not alone*. Because the insight is real. Because that is the reality of the entire universe, that's the ground of nature, that's what Being itself is, and if you ain't in Being where are you? Out in your head in a phantasy of not being in Being but, you know, having lost out and having to fight your way back into the material universe to gain possession of it.

So, you already *are* the material universe. You want a better relation with it. That means better relations, then with "the Squares"; means then the bringing over of all consciousness, all human consciousness into just one place where all consciousness can be one and be, feel, safe there, being one



with the other ones. Where it won't be shut out and be the one lone consciousness while everybody over there in the other dimensions is having a big ball together.

It means, then, inter-personal *Boddhisatva* conduct, infiltrating outward on every occasion continuously, through all strange forms of being, all strangers, all other persons; treating a person as person and not as role, not as uniform, not as cop, not as capitalist, not as communist, not as Maoist, not as Allen Ginsberg, not as "self" — recognition of that One which extends outward from the bar and grill to the university across the street, outward to everybody in America, obviously.

So then one would have to start making it — or *we* got to start making it — or *you* got to start making it — on that one level where you do address others to their eyes, directly, without fear, and with the realization that they are there. Well, now, a lot of people are going to bust up and hit you on the nose — though I think it depends on the amount of anxiety you project whether or not they have a negative reaction.

You know, I think that's the big key: the amount of anxiety, fear, trembling, nervousness that I put out, I know determines people's reactions to me, whether it's trust, friendliness despite appearance.

So then, what if all the people who had that insight were able to begin combining forces, totally neutralizing all negative affect, totally letting it drop into the void, hence transforming all that energy into conversion of consciousness to friendly nature — you'd then have autonomous communities rising as they do in San Francisco which involve kids living together and inviting other people in to join them for an evening or longer — it means the amassing of people together as in giant human Be-ins: not so much to demonstrate their *force* to others but to demonstrate their tranquility and quietness and *presence* to others, and to themselves; to reinforce the awareness, to exchange *Upaya*, skillful means, trade secrets of communication-forming proposals — proposition not opposition — proposals for a new society based on new consciousness, and then putting them into operation on a small scale, mutually, into operation as an *example*, rather than waiting for pie in the sky, rather than waiting for pie in the future, rather than waiting for Utopia to come through revolution.

Practicing on the basis of what's known already, so we have the development of free stores in San Francisco, free food in the parks, the Diggers' extensions of energy, the anonymity of most of the Digger people, the Communication Companies or the Free City news services which mimeograph and print the daily news for the people so they get it fast, etc.

Where there's going to be a rally, where there's going to be music, where there's going to be free food, where you can get sleep, where you can get jobs, where you can go out into the country free so you can straighten your head

out or freak out among true friends — so you can decontrol yourself of the city conditioning, calm yourself for a while and return to tribal-mammal origins in the original ecology for which we are fit, which is not the noisy, metallic city, as Leary has pointed out very radically and wisely: “Put all the metal underground, back where it belongs.” If there’s going to be bridges and buildings and machinery, then don’t let that displace the living, organic material which is our natural friendly life form.

Obviously the surface of the planet has got to be replanted back to some sort of living delight, instead of dead vibrations. Get to work. You are the Free City planners.

So there is an autonomous idea of what Utopia is, ecologically, as something to work for, and concretely possible toward that sense. Goodman’s suggestion: applying immediate social welfare ideals and principles — *pay* people to live in the country — like people on New York welfare. Give them the same money, and say: “You don’t have to live in New York, you can live *out* of New York.” That’ll depopulate New York, remove the pressure on New York, straighten many heads out, calm everybody down to some extent. Have a healthier life — the “underprivileged,” they’ll get in the groove of being way out in the country and walking with clouds and stars, and talking with trees. And also save all the giant bureaucracy costs of the city.

But the only thing that will allow each of us to create his or her Utopia is praxis — and the pooling of our resources to free each of us to pursue our individual activities and strengthen the autonomous boundaries of our free cities of the now.

[end]

Name: Eric

Date: 11 Dec 2003

Claude (and everyone):

With the scanner that Joe gave me for my birthday I’ve been playing around with various long overdue projects. **One of which is the Com/Co sheet that Phyllis gave me before she moved out of the City up north. She said this piece was done by Emmett, and it sounds like Emmett.** Any recollections? I have a whole series of entries in my digger chronology relating to the street events on Haight at the end of March, early April. Here’s the scan (below). Click on the image for a larger res version. [I’ve been thinking about your and Marty’s comment, Claude, that I need more graphics on the web site. I’m thinking of setting up a gallery of the Digger posters and images.]

**[Note for Eric: Which ComCo sheet are you talking about?]**

Name: Eileen

Date: 11 Dec 2003

Eric! What a great idea!! My poor little laptop struggled to download the larger picture, but made it. Was worth the wait. Good suggestion Claude. Claude's the one that's most likely to remember who did that. Can you imagine these days, putting a phone number on the papers CC was putting out? Surely the FBI got around to tracking that . . . if not calling and coming over! **Phyllis. Now there's someone that keeps coming up with the surprises. Would you believe she was the one that held the original of Tom Weir's photo of Peter and me (naked), Peter used in his book?** (Ariel now has it.) I have no idea how she got that, and as glad I was she had it, it sure pissed me off she had sat on it for so long. On the other hand I'm sure there would have been more than one time I would have shredded it. Oh well, funny the things that come back around. But I bet there's more goodies in her treasure trove.

**Name:** Nik

**Date:** 11 Dec 2003

Thought some of you might like to read this article Emmett wrote about The Last Waltz if you hadn't seen it yet. . . .

**The Band's Perfect Goodbye  
A Behind-the-Scenes Report  
by Emmett Grogan**

*This article on The Last Waltz first appeared in Oui Magazine, 1976/77. The text is copyrighted, please do not copy or redistribute.*

**On December 6, 1969, I attended a concert at a race track in Livermore, near Altamont, California. Three hundred thousand people gathered on the grounds to see and hear rock performers on a crowded stage. Several cameramen were positioned at various angles to record the event as part of a documentary on The Rolling Stones' concert tour of America. One of the cameramen got lucky. His lens was focused on the right place at the right time. The scene he recorded — the murder of an audience member by Hell's Angels "security men" — became the dramatic highlight of the documentary *Gimme Shelter*. Like the photographing of this scene, the Altamont concert itself had happened by accident. And most of it went wrong. Nothing was planned. Everything was winged, improvised on the spot. Like life. Like death.**

**Six years passed before I went to another concert in the San Francisco Bay area, and this was an orchestrated event in which nothing was left to be played by ear, not even the music. The Band's Last Waltz was as calculated as a pension. Every aspect of the production was carefully charted, as were the planets governing the stars. Nothing was overlooked or given space to simply *happen*. The planning was meticulous, the affair thoroughly cased, like a Willie Sutton bank job.**

**The Last Waltz was not only a hit, it was a major-league home run with the bases loaded. A grand slam. The *Los Angeles Times* called it "the most**

prestigious collection of rock stars ever assembled for a single show.” An elegant rambling moved Eric Clapton to remark, “Don’t think there will be anything like it ever again. Ever.” He’s right. There won’t be another gathering quite like it. In the year of Nadia Comenic, the timing was perfect. According to a professional astrologist, the day was excessively rare. The sort of day you wait for years to happen. The kind of day that won’t happen for perhaps another decade.

Like Hotspur, I don’t have much truck with astrological charts. To those who do, however, Thanksgiving Day 1976 was special. There were four planets in Sagittarius, all being ruled by Jupiter, the planet of Great Fortune. There were no negative aspects to the Sagittarian planets. The sun, Mercury, Mars and Neptune interacted with positive force, showing a tremendous amount of guarded energy, protecting the musical event from misfortune. During all the time that The Band was onstage, there was only one technical flaw: At 10:35 p.m. The Band’s lead guitarist and composer, Robbie Robertson, broke the E string on his guitar. It was replaced in 40 seconds. Nothing else went musically wrong the entire night. For that, you can thank the lucky stars, or you can know better.

Now, the bottom line of what has been called the greatest indoor concert ever held was work — hard work, mainly by five musicians who’ve been together for 16 years and have been known as The Band for the past ten. Anyone near them during the month of November was attracted by, then drawn into, the communal effort. Anyone who disdained hard labor was invited to leave. Amateurs were not extended an invitation.

The major way stations to The Last Waltz were choreographed at Shangri-La, a ranch-style house off the Pacific Coast Highway in Malibu, California. The roomy residence was renovated into an austere funky recording studio with a 24-track board and beds everywhere. It was The Band’s sixth, and perhaps final, home.

In the sound studio, The Band was working: Rick Danko on bass; Garth Hudson at the organ; Levon Helm on drums; Richard Manuel at the piano, Robbie Robertson on guitar. They had spent half their lives together this way, playing these and other instruments.

Seated in the center of the studio alongside Richard and facing Robbie, Joni Mitchell was rehearsing the three tunes she’d chosen to play at The Last Waltz. She picked at the strings with the smooth, effortless confidence that has made her so good that many musicians don’t want to play with her; their fear is that, in the company of Mitchell and her satin accuracy, they’ll sound sloppy.

The Band intended to back Joni as she’d seldom been backed before. To guarantee their success, they had composer/musicologist John Simon sit alone in a corner of the studio and transcribe the session onto sheets of

paper. He'd later compose arrangements that would bridge any gaps, cancel any flaws. He'd also write in parts for a horn section.

The rehearsal lasted three hours, with Joni leaving unconvinced that The Band could play behind her properly. But by the time she returned for a second session on Monday night, John Simon had already written and rehearsed his musical arrangements with The Band. They played her music brilliantly, following her lead, maintaining her sound.

Most of the guest artists were rehearsed in the same manner during that pre-concert week at Shangri-La, including Dr. John, Neil Diamond, Van Morrison, Neil Young and Bob Dylan. Other guests' rehearsals were held in San Francisco.

There were 37 songs scheduled to be played on Thanksgiving Day in Winterland. Of these, 21 were completely new to The Band — including Robertson's last-minute composition, *The Last Waltz* — and were the signature tunes of guest musicians whose sound is precious to them and familiar to the listening audience.

For two weeks, from noon to six a.m. daily, The Band learned these new songs, as well as the music John Simon arranged on the spot. They also rehearsed the horn section, led by Howard Johnson on tuba and slide; Larry Packer on a brilliant violin; Tom Malone on trombone and slide; Jim Gordon on his tenor horn; and two Hollywood studio musicians who arrived with their trumpets, complaining that the limo was dirty, that there wasn't enough beer or coke, and reminding everyone that George Harrison had treated them each to a thousand dollar bill in appreciation of their presence at one of his concerts.

Rick Danko rose to the occasion, telling the pair of trumpeters that the remedy was on its way. "When it arrives, just get in, and it'll take you straight to your desires." "What is it?" asked the trumpeters. "A taxi," Rick said. There's only one sign posted on the wall of the studio at Shangri-La. COWS MAY COME; COWS MAY GO is all it says. And the trumpeters did, as soon as the taxi showed.

The rules laid down at Shangri-La were as strict as those in any class barroom — "Be good or be gone." As simple as that. And if you pulled up lame, there was always someone around to direct you to the nearest hospital. Besides learning the new musical arrangements and rehearsing their own material, The Band was cutting an album for Capitol Records. And also helping director Martin Scorsese write a 300-page script for the filming of *The Last Waltz*. There was no sympathy for the devil at Shangri-La.

Scorsese had completed shooting his seven-million-dollar production *New York, New York* only a week earlier, and now he was bringing his Academy Award — winning production designer, Boris Levin, plus seven of

Hollywood's top cameramen — including Laslo Kovacs (*Easy Rider, New York, New York*), Michael Chapman (*Taxi Driver*) and David Meyers (*Rolling Thunder Revue*) — together to film rock music as it had never been filmed before. Each line of every song was scripted so that Scorsese could focus closely with any of his seven 35mm cameras on the main protagonist of each lyric during each of the 37 tunes. A first.

The Band is familiar with firsts. On their debut album, *Music from Big Pink*, with a Bob Dylan painting on the cover and a group photograph of their “Next of Kin” inside, the liner notes read: “A pink house seated in the sun of Overlook Mountain in West Saugerties, New York. Big Pink bore this music and these songs along its way. It's the first witness of this album that's been thought and composed right there inside its walls.” Most people think that the notes are a poem. They're right. The poem was written by the woman who is married to Robbie Robertson, a Québécoise whose name is Dominique. It was the first time she'd written anything in a language other than her native French.

The first television appearance by The Band was in 1970 on the *Ed Sullivan Show*. They'd chosen that show from among many more lucrative offers because The Band had decided to perform only on live television. Their second TV appearance was in 1976 on NBC's *Saturday Night*, which is also telecast live. They had been absent for six years from a surefire medium for promoting record albums.

Further proof of their sense of commitment became evident over the weekend prior to the Thanksgiving Day farewell performance. After rehearsing for the concert from noon to midnight Sunday, The Band called in engineer Ed Anderson to help them lay down the final tracks for their new album, *Islands*.

The Band was a gang in a rumble fighting exhaustion, giving heart to one another, making every punch count.

The effort was enormous. Everyone was confidently polite, courteous without ever saying “please” or “thank you.” They were careful of one another but not skittish or overly cautious. Each individual gives his best shot. Garth Hudson strains an eerie groan while playing the organ. Levon Helm grunts as he works the drums, like a boxer laying into a heavy bag. Richard Manuel pokes the keyboard with his calloused fingers, wincing a melody on the piano. Rick Danko huffs abrupt notes, pounding the beat from his bass. And Robbie Robertson is tightlipped, his body contorted as if in a *grand-mal* seizure, humping his guitar, picking through chord changes. All of them in a contest with fatigue, struggling to get the tune as right as clockwork.

With Rick Danko at a microphone in the sound studio trying to punch in his harmony around Levon Helm's taped vocal, with Robbie Robertson at the board inside the control room, they were the only ones left standing; the

others had completed their parts and staggered off to bed. This is how the battle sounded:

Robbie: "You might stay on the same note."

Rick: "But I hit through..."

Robbie: "Yeah, it wasn't quite right."

Rick: "Maybe just staying up there might be the thing to do."

Robbie: "Why'n't you come on in and hear the voices. It might be easier after listening to Richard and Levon's tracks."

Rick: "Boy, it's a weird one. Like two melodies against each other. Gotta create another one. Like in unison with Levon, or maybe a straight thing ending on Levon's unison note without bumping into him, you know."

Robbie: "Go ahead and land an octave higher than Levon, then it might work."

Rick: "Let's try it. Punch in as close to Levon as you can, 'cause it's a tight squeeze. We gotta hit the mark to make this change, it's so close."

Robbie: "We'll hit it once more, gotta smack dead in on the tune."

Rick sings: "Life goes round like a wheel. You never know if it's real."

Robbie: "I didn't hear a clash. You're either singing the same note as somebody, or you got it right."

Rick: "Got any inspiration, anybody?"

It went like this, until Rick got his harmony down perfect. It was six in the morning. Wired with nervous energy, Rick wanted to continue polishing. Robbie sat motionless, staring at the knobs on the control board. There was a long moment of silence; then Robbie said, "If I don't go home right now, I'm going to cry."

No one laughed. He wasn't kidding. Everyone hurt. The weeks of long hours, the strain of orchestrating the guest artists and the horn section and the album, the Thanksgiving Day event itself was painstaking and beginning to take its toll. Yet nobody's nerves were racked. Everyone was just overwhelmingly tired, glad to leave, perhaps to sleep, strengthening the muscles to tackle another 18 hours in the studio before departing at midnight Monday on a flight to San Francisco.

At San Francisco International, everyone climbed from the aircraft and into a rented Winnebago for the half hour drive to the Hotel Miyako. Two members of The Band were not present. Levon Helm had decided to drive up with his children and friends in a mobile home. Garth Hudson had remained at Shangri-La to finish his work on the album. Even as the curtain was falling, they remained the two most independent members of The Band.

Consider Levon first. Levon spent a semester at the Berklee College of Music in Boston, Massachusetts, during the winter of 1972 to increase his independence and flexibility. "Wanted to be able to do something about what I heard in my mind. To play what I was thinking. Timing is what it's all about. Split-second timing. You get that down, you're set." When he did get

it down, he began constructing his own production facility in Woodstock. In the middle of wooded acreage, he spent \$250,000 building a spacious studio-residence entirely of prime lumber, including the wooden pegs that hold it together. The name of the company is R.C.O.: our company.

Garth Hudson took time last year to help Yamaha develop a new polyphonic synthesizer, the CS-80. A unique, two-channel instrument that will sell for about seven grand when marketed, its public debut was at the Last Waltz. Among musicians, especially those who employ synthesizers, Garth Hudson is considered a craftsman whose music approaches the cosmic. He's also a master of dowsing, using a divining rod to locate underground water. When not working, Garth sometimes frequents a Hollywood night club called Ali Baba's, where he watches the belly dancers and listens with pleasure to the fine oud players. Besides a deep sense of humor, Garth also has a healthy respect for eternity, which is possibly why his organ recitals linger ever so swiftly.

Rick Danko, on the other hand, has only recently discovered his chops as a soloist. Last summer he supposedly signed a million-dollar contract with Clive Davis at Arista Records to produce his own albums. Rick plays other instruments besides the bass, but none better than his own voice. He sings like an aviary.

Robbie Robertson found himself soon after he dropped Jaime from his name. As a guitar player, he ranks high among the world's top dozen. As a songwriter, he's more of a storyteller than a poet. He narrates the changing times, the soul of history. But it's as a producer that Robertson's full range of curious talent will ultimately be expressed. Whether in music or in films, or a combination of both, you can bet that Robbie will someday produce a masterpiece all his own.

Pianist Richard Manuel has long been fitted with the jacket of Poor Richard. But when he's in shape, the voice of Richard Manuel is the voice of every human emotion all at once. After he sheds the skin of giggling adolescence, Richard will ripen into a piano-playing singer par excellence and will no longer be considered "poor" by anyone.

A short distance from the Miyako Hotel is the aging ice palace that is Winterland — an ancient auditorium located in the baddest part of a rough-and-tumble town. Employing a staff of 518, legendary producer Bill Graham worked for two weeks to prepare the interior of the spacious hall so that it would look right for what he considered a major historical event in American musical history. The transformation of Winterland meant renting the sets from the San Francisco Opera's *La Traviata* (sets which themselves used seven chandeliers originally designed for *Gone with the Wind* and several Greek-Roman statues borrowed from the prop department at 20th Century-Fox); draping the lobby in red velvet curtains; placing a fountain amid a cluster of bushes in the ticket foyer. All of which Time magazine would later



regard as “lavish trappings,” a description that does not do justice to the contrast between the sophistication of The Band’s Last Waltz and the usual outdoor free-for-all.

Marty Scorsese and his 45-member film crew had no trouble relating to the Visconti-style opera set, and they took great pains to conceal their seven cameras and not interfere with the audience. They sank one camera several feet into the subfloor to make it less obtrusive, constructing a gazebo around the base.

At five p.m. Thanksgiving Day, November 25th, the first of the 5000 ticket holders swept through the front doors, gaping at the unexpected splendor of the hall, feeling comforted that they weren’t about to be nickel and dimed, much less shortchanged. The preliminaries included a full-course meal eaten at rows upon rows of long tables covered with white tablecloths, strewn with flowers, glowing with candlelight, and with roses placed 16 inches apart. The diners consumed 220 turkeys, weighing 5600 pounds; 90 gallons of gravy; 200 pounds of peeled yams; 40 crates of lettuce; 18 cases of cranberries; 70 bunches of parsley; 500 pounds of onions; 500 pounds of celery; 240 pounds of butter; 350 pounds of croutons; five quarts of garlic; ten quarts of sage; one quart of thyme; 20 gallons of apple cider; and for vegetarians, there was a special menu of 300 pounds of Alaska salmon, courtesy of Bob Dylan and “Minnesota” Lou Kemp; a cornucopia stuffed with six crates of fresh vegetables; 400 gallons of apple juice; and a dessert of individual pumpkin or mincemeat pies.

During the meal, entertainment was provided by the 38 stringed instruments of the black-tied Berkeley Promenade Orchestra playing Viennese waltzes directly in front of the stage. The dinner completed, the tables were removed and the entire hall dimmed. Couples in flowing white gowns and tail coats waltzed in shadow on the dance floor. The orchestra left and, while the house lights slowly dimmed some more, a grand curtain of shimmering confetti lit from all sides was let down in front of the stage, like a waterfall brilliant in the sun. Chandeliers were then lowered to a position above the stage, glowing brighter and more radiant as they descended.

Suddenly, in the dimly lit darkness, strong mantralike sounds bellowed from the depths of the stage. Then a spotlight picked out Levon Helm, who kicked things off at 9:07 p.m. with a “Good evening” — then straight into Set I, starting with *Up on Cripple Creek*, nonstop through *The Shape I’m in* and *It Makes No Difference*, with Garth Hudson doing a powerful saxophone solo that Robbie Robertson acknowledged to the howling audience with a simple “Thank you.”

Robertson introduced the members of the horn section, the crowd went further wild, and The Band played *Life is Carnival*. The Band’s fifth tune was an extraordinary rendition of *This Wheel’s on Fire*, sung by Rick Danko. This was followed by *The W. S. Walcott Medicine Show*, with Helm and

Danko sharing the vocals beautifully. Then Richard Manuel nearly blew his pipes, singing *Georgia on My Mind* in a voice that had the crowd roaring “All-fucking-right!”

Next, the lights softened, and Levon Helm peeled the lyrics of *Ophelia* from his throat like sap from a tree, and on *King Harvest (Has Surely Come)*, Richard’s voice bottomed out, leaving Rick and Levon to carry the song backed by bristling, crisp, Robertson guitar solo. The horn section led the way into powerful *The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down*. The crowd swayed in unison. During the thunderous applause that followed, the theatrical lighting again began to change, until Rick Danko stood in the center of a stark spotlight singing *Stage Fright*. The surreal lighting effects were made breath-taking by Garth Hudson’s organ solo, which nearly drowned the hall in poetic lunacy.

The Band closed Set I with the high voltage of *Rag Mama Rag*. With Rick on acoustic fiddle, Richard on an added set of drums and Garth at the piano they kicked out all the slots with knuckle-funky energy, blasting open Set II, greasing up the slots for their invited guests.

“As you might have heard,” Robbic told the crowd upon completion of the first set’s last song, “we got a few friends joining us tonight. We’re gonna start with someone we played with 16 years ago — The Hawk!” Onstage bounced the man who organized The Band as his backup group in 1960 (calling them first The Hawks, then The Crackers), Ronnie Hawkins, in his fabled cowboy hat, shouting “The big time! The big time! Whadda y’all know ‘bout that? God-damn!”

It was 10:09 p.m. For the next 100-odd minutes, guests paraded onstage, singing one or two songs and then returning to their audience seats. Ronnie Hawkins downed through a funky rendition of *Who Do You Love*, fanning Robbie’s guitar with his Western hat, chastising the organ — “Take it easy now, Garth, don’t you give me no lip” — finally exiting with his back to the audience, his arms spread in a wide goodbye.

Wearing a suave beret and a pair of dark shades, Dr. John sat at the piano like a Cheshire cat, dancing his fingers across the keyboard, marvelously singing *Such a Night*. Finished, the doctor shuffled from the piano to plug in his guitar as Robbie introduced “another great songwriter from Louisiana. The man who wrote *See You Later, Alligator*, Bobby Charles!” For the first time in more than 20 years, Bobby Charles came onstage to perform, singing *Down South in New Orleans* with Dr. John joining him on the vocal.

Paul Butterfield arrived next, his vigorous harmonica-playing on *Mystery Train* tearing up the house and shifting the music into a high gear it was to maintain for the rest of the night.

Muddy Waters pushed things further with *Caledonia* and his dancing, jumping, smoking, searing version of *Mannish Boy*. The crowd became hysterical, moving Robbie Robertson to go to the microphone and shout, “Wasn’t that a man! Muddy Waters!”

Somehow Eric Clapton managed to follow Waters’ act. At first, he was stiff, nervously tight, holding back, overly conscious of The Band’s presence during *All My Past Times*. Then the strap slipped off his guitar, leaving Rick and Robbie to fill the lead into *Further on up the Road*. Clapton adjusted his strap and returned smoothly to the song, Robbie yelling “Kick the fucking shit out of it, Eric; go on!” And he did, belting out the tune with spectacular precision, ending in a fired-up guitar duo with Robertson that would’ve had them in the aisles, if there had been any aisles.

By this time, The Band had collectively lost several pounds in sweat. They were thoroughly loose, ready for anything. Neil Young fit the mood perfectly. He took a moment to frame himself for the audience: “Before I start, I’d just like to say that it’s one of the great pleasures of my life to be on this stage with these people tonight.”

Amid the applause, The Band warmed into Ian Tyson’s composition, *Four Strong Winds*. Backing Neil Young’s performance, The Band was fearless. Richard Manuel even managed to shout a few loud “Ho!-Ho’s!” Rick joined in on the choruses, blending lightly with Neil and Robbie on a single mike while Garth bobbed his head like a mad monk at the organ, maintaining the level of high harmony.

The audience began to realize that The Band was changing musical styles constantly. To hear them stand solidly behind Muddy Waters was one thing; to hear them provide the same quality backing a few minutes later for Neil Young, whose music is as different from Muddy Waters’ as his skin coloring, was a measure of the width and breadth of The Band’s talent. Their professional musicianship became particularly clear with Joni Mitchell’s appearance onstage. On *Coyote* and *Shadow & Light*, Robbie Robertson’s lead guitar and Rick Danko’s bass-playing lifted Mitchell’s performance beyond its normal brilliance, and, adding an exquisite touch, Larry Packer’s violin smoothed the subtle surface of her songs, while Levon Helm brushed a solid backbeat on his drums. The pure tones of Joni’s voice were superbly carried through the lyrics by John Simon’s sophisticated musical arrangement of each of the tunes.

*On Furry Sings the Blues*, Robbie invited Neil Young to join them onstage. He did. But during the song, he stared at Joni Mitchell, became entranced, missed his cue. It didn’t really matter, since the song didn’t work from the start. There were just too many complicated time changes that were smothered by The Band’s amplified background.

It was during this third song's shapeless performance that the audience began speculating about what guest stars were still to appear. It was the first time that the 5000 spectators had done so aloud all evening. And it never rose above a murmur. No one yelled "Where's Bob Dylan?" or bothered any of the celebrities sitting in the audience watching the show. The key word to describe the atmosphere was — is — maturity. Everyone at The Last Waltz acted his age. The only bones anyone chose to pick that night were the skeletons of the 220 turkeys left over from the Thanksgiving dinner.

The highest-priced entertainer ever to perform in Las Vegas was introduced by Robbie Robertson. "OK," he shouted, "here's somebody you all know for sure — Neil Diamond!" Wearing sunglasses, a gray suit over a pearl buttoned shirt with only one button opened at the neck, Neil Diamond came onstage, addressing the audience. "I'm gonna do one song for you, but I'm gonna do it good". And he did, singing *Dry Your Eyes* without plugging in his guitar, leaving The Band to fill in his music alone.

As Neil Diamond left the stage, John Simon took over the piano, while Richard Manuel began to sing an Irish lullaby, *Tura Lura*. During the first verse, the crowd started a mellow chant, softly voicing its growing expectations, mouthing a rhythmic series of strongly positive "yeses." Then, at the sudden entrance of Van Morrison, the audience's total affirmation of the musical event was vigorously confirmed. Clad in a maroon suit and a bright-green shirt, Morrison pumped the audience with his movements, burning up the floor boards, singing the song as a Ray Charles lullaby.

Surprised by Morrison's first public appearance in more than three years, the audience went wild, cheering him at the song's finish. He kept the flame up, cutting directly into *Caravan* with the horn section blasting, The Band's volume high, and his voice blending triumphantly with their music. Morrison's talented exuberance sent The Last Waltz whirling beyond its showcase-of-stars structure, transcending all categorical boundaries, crossing the frontiers of stardom to effectively celebrate The Band's music, as well as his own.

Robbie Robertson sought to push the experience even further, shouting for Van Morrison to "turn on your radio!" demanding that he "kick the goddamn shit" out of the tune. Not only did Van belt the song to the rafters, he took Robbie literally, kicking his leg into the air, cakewalking a stylized cancan, dancing offstage.

Van's exit caused an eruption; his performance had stunned the crowd into a frenzy. The hall was charged with emotion, and Robbie Robertson capped the electrifying moment by crediting the singer who'd already left the stage, actually introducing him for the first time: "Van the man!" was all he had to say. Then he quieted the house a bit, announcing "Gonna do another Canadian song for you. With two fellow Canadians." Levon Helm sang the introduction to *Acadian Driftwood*, his voice sounding as rough as tree bark;

Joni Mitchell and Neil Young formed the chorus, with John Simon conducting the horn section.

The song ended and each member of The Band looked wired, but drained. Their hair was matted with sweat; their rented “costume clothes” were drenched with perspiration. Robbie Robertson stepped forward, telling the audience, “We’re gonna take a short break. Be back in 20 minutes.” Nearly exhausted from their 155-minute, nonstop, marathon performance, they hurried from the stage without announcing that there’d be no formal intermission, that the activity would continue onstage, that what might have been an interval would be filled by several poets who’d accepted The Band’s invitation to represent the city of San Francisco with a recital of their poetry.

After being introduced by Bill Graham, I walked onstage and spoke for a few minutes, drawing a kind of frame around the poets, explaining who they were and what they meant to our generation. I felt honored to introduce Sweet William, the first of the poets, a Hell’s Angels of a man with whom I’d ridden to Altamont six years earlier.

After reading his poem carved in wood, Sweet William introduced Lenore Kandel, who talked of *Joy!* Michael Mc Clure followed and was roundly received for his recitation of Chaucer. Then Diane Di Prima read three of her works, each poem dedicated to a specific year: 1965, 1970, 1976. Robert Duncan swooped classically onto the stage, leaving his wool cape in the wings, and read with resounding resonance. Freewheelin Frank strode out next, planting himself at center-stage in a spread-eagle stance that added power to his forceful statement. The recital closed with a satiric prayer by *capo poesia*, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, whose City Lights Bookstore is the sole physical monument of the San Francisco poets’ renaissance of the late Fifties.

Within minutes of the poets’ recital the lights dimmed, the house went dark the music began again. Garth Hudson improvised a long, stately intro to *Chest Fever* that was followed immediately by the piece that Robbie Robertson had composed specifically for the occasion *The Last Waltz*. Finished earlier that same morning, the spanking new lyrics had had to be written on cue cards for the vocalists, Rick Danko and Levon Helm, in order for them to sing it. The Band then hit directly into their signature tune, *The Weight*, performing it with an urgent confidence.

Finally Robbie introduced the only “guest artist” to follow the San Francisco poets. “We’d like to bring on one more friend,” he said. “A very good friend of ours, Bob Dylan.” The crowd roared as Dylan came on, immediately plugged his guitar into an amp and struck the first notes of *Baby, Let Me Follow You Down*. Where most other guests had been overly respectful, nearly reverent of The Band’s presence onstage, Dylan hammed it up in a high-crowned, pearl-white hat, bopping about the stage like a pimp on the make. He swaggered his lyrics into the mike with a biting power that was beyond being nasty ever again. Without breaking time for even a single note,

Dylan segued into the slowpaced *Hazel*, then noisily into *I Don't Believe You* and a hard, rough version of *Forever Young*, then closed his performance by repeating the opening song, *Baby, Let Me Follow You Down*.

The formal end of The Last Waltz was the grandest of all rock-concert finales, with Dylan at center-stage, backed by The Band, singing *I Shall Be Released* and joined by what was undoubtedly the single biggest collection of rock stars ever to perform on the same stage at the same time. All the guest artists reappeared, clustering around microphones: Ronnie Hawkins, Bobby Charles, Paul Butterfield, Eric Clapton, Neil Young, Joni Mitchell, Van Morrison, Dr. John, and Neil Diamond vocalizing on the same mike.

Sung by that high-powered ensemble, *I Shall Be Released* stunned everyone, including the singers, with its strange paraphysics. Ringo Starr began laying into the drums, lickety-splitting a funky rock beat as all the musicians quit the stage except Levon Helm, who fell in on his set of drums, and the jam was on. Ronnie Wood popped up from nowhere, plugged in and picked his guitar. Eric Clapton came back, as did Dr. John, Paul Butterfield, The Band, Neil Young and, for the first time that night, Stephen Stills.

The jam went on for a half hour, ending around 2:20 a.m. The Band playing *Baby, Don't Do It*, and Robbie Robertson signing off for the group. "Good night and goodbye" were the final words said onstage at The Last Waltz.

In Room 1511 at the Miyako Hotel, Sweet William had left a message for me. The words **BEWARE THE DEADLY UNDERDOSE!!** were written on a bathroom wall. I understood what he meant. I also understood that I need not be wary of The Band's last waltz. It was a perfect count.

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 11 Dec 2003

Nicole —

Thanks for the link to the Last Waltz article. I have come across references to that piece. I think it must be one of Emmett's last articles, but I could be wrong. Reading it made me sad in some funny way. It brings up the whole question which has always been a mystery to me, what was Emmett doing the final years of his life? Hanging around with rock 'n roll stars seems so incongruous to his life 10 years earlier. I probably should be quiet or else someone will take offense, and I of course think nothing ill of The Band or any of the musicians mentioned in the article. But compare that article to "Post Competitive Comparative Game of Free City," which Emmett wrote eight years before The Last Waltz. There's a certain discontinuity there. Why wasn't he living in a commune, creating an intercommunal free culture as so many people were who had been inspired by the Diggers? I would love to hear your insights.

*The Digger Papers (August 1968)*  
*The Post-Competitive, Comparative Game of a Free City*

By Emmett Grogan

**Our state of awareness demands that we uplift our efforts from competitive game playing in the underground to the comparative roles of *free families in free cities*.**

**We must pool our resources and interact our energies to provide the freedom for our individual activities.**

**In each city of the world there is a loose competitive underground composed of groups whose aims overlap, conflict, and generally enervate the desired goal of autonomy. By now we all have guns, know how to use them, know our enemy, and are ready to defend. We know that we ain't gonna take no more shit. So it's about time we carried ourselves a little heavier and got down to the business of creating free cities within the urban environments of the western world.**

***Free Cities* are composed of Free Families (e.g., in San Francisco: Diggers, Black Panthers, Provos [substitute "Red Guards" in *Ringolevio*], Mission Rebels and various revolutionist gangs and communes) who establish and maintain services that provide a base of freedom for autonomous groups to carry out their programs without having to hassle for food, printing facilities, transportation, mechanics, money, housing, working space, clothes, machinery, trucks, etc.**

**At this point in our revolution it is demanded that the families, communes, black organizations and gangs of every city in America coordinate and develop Free Cities where everything that is necessary can be obtained for free by those involved in the various activities of the individual clans.**

***Every brother* [add "*and sister*" in *Ringolevio*] *should have what he* [substitute "*they*" in *Ringolevio*] *need to do whatever needs to be done.***

***Free City:***

**An outline . . . a beginning  
Each service should be performed by a tight  
gang of brothers and sisters whose commitment should  
enable  
them to handle an overload of work with ability  
and enthusiasm. 'Tripsters' soon get bored, hopefully  
before they cause an economic strain.**

*Free City Switchboard/Information Center*

should coordinate all services, activities, and aid and direct assistance where it is most needed. Also provide a reference point for legal aid, housing, machinery, etc.; act as a mailing address for dislocated groups or individuals and guide random energies where they are most needed. (The work load usually prevents or should prevent the handling of messages from parents to their runaway children . . . that should be left up to the churches of the community.)

*Free Food Storage and Distribution Center*

should hit every available source of free food—produce markets, farmers' markets, meat-packing plants, farms, dairies, sheep and cattle ranches, agricultural colleges, and giant institutions (for the uneaten vats of food)—and fill up their trucks with the surplus by begging, borrowing, stealing, forming liaisons and communications with delivery drivers for the leftovers from their routes . . . best method is to work in two shifts: morning group picks up the foodstuffs and the afternoon shift delivers it to the list of Free Families and the poor peoples of the ghettos. everyday. hard work.

This gang should help people pool their welfare food stamps and get their old ladies or a group to open a free restaurant for people on the move and those who live on the streets. Giant scores should be stored in a garage-type warehouse equipped with freezers and its whereabouts known only to the Free Food Gang. This group should also set up and provide help for canning, preserving, bread baking, and feasts and anything and everything else that has to do with food.

*Free City Garage and Mechanics*

to repair and maintain all vehicles used in the various services. the responsibility for the necessary tools and parts needed in their work is entirely theirs and usually available by maintaining friendly relations with junkyards, giant automotive schools, and generally scrounging around those areas where auto equipment is easily obtained. The garage should be large enough and free of trippers who only create more work for the earnest mechanics.



*Free City Bank and Treasury*

**this group should be responsible for raising money, making free money, paying rents, for gasoline, and any other necessary expenses of the Free City Families. They should also organize and create small rackets (cookie sales, etc.) for the poor kids of the ghettos and aid in the repair and maintenance of the machinery required in the performance of the various services.**

*Free City Legal Assistance*

**high-style, hard-nosed, top-class lawyers who are willing to defend the rights of the Free City and its services . . . no honky, liberal, bleeding-heart, guilt-ridden advocates of justice, but first-class case-winners . . . turn on the best lawyers who can set up airtight receivership for free money and property, and beat down the police harassment and brutality of your areas.**

*Free City Housing and Work Space*

**rent or work deals with the urban gov't to take over spaces that have been abandoned for use as carpentry shops, garages, theaters, etc., rent whole houses, but don't let them turn into crash pads. Set up hotels for new arrivals or transients by working out deals with small hotel owners for free rooms in exchange for light housework, porter duties, etc. Big warehouses can be worked on by environmental artists and turned into giant free dance-fiesta-feast palaces.**

**A strong trio of serious business-oriented cats should develop this liberation of space within the cities and be able to work with the lawyers to make deals and outmaneuver urban bureaucracies and slum landlords . . . one of the main targets for space are the churches who are the holders of most real estate and they should be approached with a no-bullshit hard line.**

*Free City Stores and Workshops*

**nothing in these stores should be throwaway items . . . space should be available for chicks to sew dresses, make pants to order, recut garments to fit, etc. The management should all be life-actors capable of turning bullshitters into mud. Important that these places are first class environments with no trace of salvation army/st. vinnie de paul charity rot. Everything groovy.**

Everything with style . . . must be first class. *It's all free because it's yours!*

*Free Medical Thing*

should be established in all poverty areas and run by private physicians and free from any bureaucratic support. The Free City Bank should try to cover the expenses, and pharmaceutical houses should be hit for medical supplies, etc. Important that the doctors are *brothers* and do not ask to be salaried or are not out to make careers for themselves (witness Dr. David Smith of the Hippie Free Clinic in San Francisco who is far from a brother . . . very far).

*Free City Hospital*

should be a house converted into bed space and preferably with a garden and used for convalescence and people whose minds have been blown or who have just been released from a state institution and who need the comfort and solace of their [add "own" in *Ringolevio*] people rather than the cold alienated walls of an urban institution.

*Free City Environmental and Design Gang*

gangs of artists from universities and art institutes should be turned on and helped in attacking the dank squalor of the slums and most of the Free City Family dwellings . . . paint landscapes on the sides of tenements . . . fiberglass stairwells . . . make crazy. Tight groups of good painters, sculptors, designers who comfortably construct environments for the community. Materials and equipment can be hustled from university projects and manufacturers, etc.

*Free City Schools*

schools designed and run by different groups according to the consciousness of their Free Families (e.g., Black Man's Free School, Anarchist's Creative Arts School, etc.). The schools should utilize the space liberated for them by the Free City Space Gang.

*Free City News and Communication Company*

providers of a daily newspaper, monthly magazine, free Gestetner and printing of [delete "of" in *Ringolevio*]

notices for other groups and any special bulletins and propaganda for the various families of the Free City. The machinery should be kept in top condition and supplied by any of the various services. Paper can be scavenged at large mills and cut down to proper working size.

*Free City Events . . . Festival Planning Committees*

usually involves several Families interacting to sponsor tours for the kids . . . Balls, Happenings, Theatre, Dance, and spontaneous experiments in joy . . . Park Events usually are best set up by hiring a 20-foot flatbed truck for the rock band to use as a stage and to transport their equipment; people should be advised by leaflets to bring food to exchange with their neighbors; banners, props, balloons, kites etc., should be handled by a committee; an electrician should be around to run the generator and make sure that the PA systems work; hard work made easy by giving responsible people the tough jobs.

*Cooperative Farms and Campsites*

the farms should be run by experienced hands and the Free Land settled on by cottage industrial people who will send their wares into the Free City. The farms must produce vital food for the families . . . some free land that is no good for farming should be used as campsites and/or cabin areas for [add "Free" in *Ringolevio*] citizens who are in need of country leisure, as well as kids who could use a summer in the woods.

*Scavenger Corps and Transport Gang*

is responsible for garbage collection and the picking up and delivery of items to the various services, as well as liberating anything they think useful for one project or another. They are to be responsible for the truck fleet and especially aware of the economic strain if trucks are misused by tripsters.

*Free City Tinkers and Gunsmiths, Etc.*

will repair and keep things going in the houses . . . experienced repairmen of all sorts, electricians, and carpenters. They should maintain a warehouse or working space for their outfit.

*Free City Radio, TV and Computer Stations*

demand Free time on radio and TV stations; demand a Free City frequency to set up your own stations; rent computers to call the punches for the revolution or use them in any constructive way possible.

[following text in original, not in *Ringolevio*:]

*Free City Music*

*Free Music*

*Where is the place that your music comes from  
do you know*

*What determines the rest between phrases  
The Interval that grows from the cluster  
of sounds around it*

*Hanging behind the beat*

*Clipping the front of it*

*That's the gift*

*The thing that blows through a body that responds to spirit  
and a*

*mind that doesn't lock itself*

*It's that thing*

*We're all made of, forget about, and then try to grab again*

*That thing that's all there and all free*

*The fretless infinite string banjo has invented new means of  
music*

*which it must buy from itself to sing*

*\$ \* \$ \* \$*

fat man owns the carnival and all the booths play business. he double hypes the want glands, lets you buy in and then displays what's available to the crowd. all of a sudden you got something to lose. he spreads the news and pays for it by telling kids they're ugly blemished smelly unimaginative and dull . . . then sells them cures, says to you, "here kid, change the name, change the games, do anything you want, but don't give it away." that game's called vested interest and it can apply to anything.

fat man runs a crumby joint, but it's the only joint right?  
*He'll be there until we free the goodies*

*Art forms and life forms interact*

look at fat man's *Life*

look at fat man's *Time*

look at fat man's forms

*The record industry, dance-hall promotion rackets and the artist- star-celebrity-hero roles they support and promote are fat man forms and are cramping the number*

the dance-light show package hasn't changed since its form crystallized and it became business. it reached the end of its evolution. kids don't dance they watch, because the bands are pro now and you don't play with a pro. when you pay to go to a dance the medium is business . . . the problem is to free the form and the carnival.

*Some Ideas for Liberating the Ferris Wheel:*

*A) Contracts could demand free cuts on all albums*

a name group might take one side of an album and divide the other into sets of two tracks each of which they would give away. give a brother a piggy-back over the business-shit to the ears of our people. two truths don't compete

*B) A certain number of records be released in plain white folders.*

saving all art and printing costs and leaving free space for local artists to use. Ready makes would cost more.

*C) Scrap liner notes and "photos-of-the-band"*

print charts of the tunes, diagrams of cheap amps and pick-ups so local wizards can plug in more kids, good poems, clothes patterns, recipes.

*D) Add 1% to all royalties to be used for free forms*

equipment for free rehearsal rooms  
sound systems for free concerts  
musical communes for non-working cats.

*E) Send other bands on your publicity junkets*

after all its not just your sound is it? its the sound you're all part of. make that clear to people. free fat man's star trip by giving away your names. how many times can you go to Des Moines?

[end]

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 11 Dec 2003

Hammond,

**I often wonder how things would have turned out differently if all those we held dear were still with us — Martin Luther King, Jr., Janice Joplin, Jimmy Hendrix, Huey Newton, John Lennon . . . Emmett certainly is on that list. Especially Emmett. I can only assume the strange silence of his last years was the effect of smack. Assuming he had survived and overcome that particular disease, can you imagine his voice today?**

It makes me appreciate all the more those who have survived and continue to speak their truth.

**Name:** Jag

**Date:** 11 Dec 2003

**Emmett was my first intro to the Diggers, I was aware of those dudes in the pan-handle dishing out stew and I had met a few people who claimed allegiance to the concept of “Free” and social nihilism that seemed to be the core of the Haight, and the Diggers were without a doubt the social conscience of us all, but until I read *Ringlevio* I didn’t grasp the profound depth of what it was all about. Being a naive eighteen and easy to rebel against anything I perceived as lame I didn’t embrace much of anything except my need to get out of my childhood and all the lies I had been subjected to. In that sense the Haight fulfilled my needs admirably but I could have learned a lot more had I only looked. Story of my life**

**Name:** Mark

**Date:** 11 Dec 2003

. . . I read the *Oui* article by Grogan with relish. That was a wonderful account of the Last Waltz and thanks to Nicole for posting the link.

**I have to commend you for asking the hard questions regarding Grogan’s life after the Diggers. I only met him once and it was at Altamont, hardly an illuminating event, so I find myself a little unqualified to put forth a thought but I will in a general way. In my opinion, after reading *Ringolevio* I found a serious BS component in Grogan. I mean that in a good way. He was a con. The question really is what was the goal of his con at the time. He knew how to do it and he could apply his talents to whatever he felt important. As far as him living in a communal environment I think that was far beyond his personality. This guy ultimately was a loner whose thinking really was a product of that. He was a strong individual who drew upon his own inner strengths to get by. Individuals of that makeup tend not to live in groups but continue to walk outside the lines even if they understand the importance of the life they cannot live. Lets face it people, we who lived through this stuff have walked both sides of the street extensively.**

**Another point is that Grogan was not alone. There were and are many unnamed who were seminal in the Digger spirit. With all the splits and discords within the Digger “family” the contributions of those who “did their part” quietly formed the momentum of the effort.**

I took a shitload of heat on this guestbook some years ago for suggesting that Grogan was before everything, a fallible human being. I was shocked at that response believing that the Digger way meant not edifying an individual. I would think that Grogan would expect that we would question his life and his apparent failings. That is the only way to keep the “thang” going, not to do it would be an exercise for the ego. Hey, I could be wrong.

**Doing smack certainly has its moral debilitation going for it but I don't think Grogan was totally consumed by it. He had the potential to be a good writer and/or journalist and I think he was searching for an audience.** Heroin is a demanding physical thing but his writing in the Oui article shows that his insight and communication skills were still intact. . . .

We are, after all is said and done, walking paradox.

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 11 Dec 2003

Mark,

**The Free Food Family communes which were the direct descendant of the original Digger movement (read the essay here called “Deep Tried Frees“) contained many members who were strong individuals who could have been called loners. Primarily they were artists, just as many of the Diggers, including Emmett, were. But the communal imperative, which in large part the Diggers had inculcated, demanded a putting aside of that individualistic outlook. It always seemed ironic to us that the Diggers continued to maintain an aura of machismo that their successors dropped in the wave of women's/feminist/gay consciousness that took place in the late 60s. I think many of the original Digger men got stuck in some Wild West Outlaw mode which made it difficult for them to live communally, truly communally, not just as a group of couples. This may be an unfair characterization. Certainly many of the women felt strong sister bonds. But I'm not sure the men had that same bonding. This all may be bullshit. I'm sure many of the men had strong feelings for each other. But I hope there's no harm talking about it.**

**Deep Tried Frees**  
*Kaliflower, N.S. 3, April 30, 1978*  
by Irving Rosenthal

**Three hundred thirty years ago, in England in the throes of the Puritan revolution, a mystic named Gerrard Winstanley began issuing manifestoes against the clerical and manorial establishments. He believed that God manifested directly in everyone, that knowledge of Him through Scriptures was second-hand, that the priesthood was superfluous and venal, that since all were equal in Godliness, none should oppress, tyrannize, or reduce others to poverty, that penal, corporal, and capital punishment should be abolished, that private property both tempted the poor to steal and killed them for doing it, that the Earth should be held in common by all who labor it, creating a common treasury from which all could draw according to need**

(including those incapable of working), that none should give hire or take hire, and that buying and selling should be abandoned, as it had become the art of thieving and oppressing fellow creatures. In a vision, Winstanley heard the words, “Worke together, Eat bread together, declare this all abroad.” He [p.2] thought that the best thing a man could do was quit his job and till the earth together with others, on the common lands, which at that time nearly every English village still had. A few months after the publication of his fifth and most radical manifesto, Winstanley decided to practice what he preached, and on April 1, 1649, he and a group of co-workers began tilling common land near Cobham in Surrey. Within three weeks they had been arrested and released twice, had had troops sent from London to disperse them, had gotten an audience with the commander-in-chief of the English army, to explain themselves, had gotten their explanation printed in a London news-sheet, and had written their first joint manifesto, *The True Levellers Standard Advanced*, “a declaration to the powers of England, and to all the powers of the world, shewing the cause why the common people of England have begun, and gives consent to digge up, manure, and sowe corn upon George-Hill in Surrey; by those that have subscribed, and thousands more that gives consent.” During the next year they continued tilling at several different sites and even succeeded in putting up some houses, in spite of lawsuits, arson, and beatings. However the pitch of the harassment increased, until their crops were trampled and their houses torn down, and, when criminal indictments were brought against them, the movement was effectively stopped. They called themselves “Diggers” or “True Levellers” (in contradistinction to a less radical and more popular party of the time called the “Levellers” — i.e., those who wanted to even out class differences).

Twelve years ago a handful of socially conscious actors, inspired by the work and ideas of the Surrey radicals, called themselves “Diggers,” and (among other things) began giving out free hot meals in the Panhandle of Golden Gate Park. Besides chicken-neck soup, the latter-day Diggers provided or inspired others to provide free groceries, free clothes, free breakfasts, free crash pads, free medical services, and an assortment of free cultural events, from 1966 on. The Diggers’ clients — if such a word can be used — were the growing hip population of San Francisco, and in particular the street people. The Diggers acted with wit and good humor, incredible speed and appropriateness. It is moot whether the times crystallized the Diggers or the Diggers catalyzed the times. They worked anonymously, had their own newsheet and word-of-mouth communication methods, and lasted a year and a half, in a constantly [p.3.] shifting, hallucinatory scene, involving thousands of people. The last event directly sponsored by the Diggers took place in June of 1968, but free events and services in the same spirit, including sporadic hot meals in the Park, continued for several years longer, even as hard drugs moved in and the focus of activities moved off the street into the various communal households. The street, as it were, burned down.



The soil the Diggers of 1966 tilled was not real earth but the garbage and surplus of a wasteful, affluent city. Otherwise their work was remarkably similar to that of the English Diggers: it was not merely an effort to help the poor but to free them from wage slavery and show them what they really deserved and how society in the ideal could operate. It is this political quality that differentiates Digger work from the missions, poorhouses, charities, madhouses, and hospitals, which have been free in every civilized country for hundreds of years, as begrudging institutions of last resort.

In 1966 I was in New York, putting together a print shop called Carp & Whitefish. By mid-1967 I had one book printed (Marshall's *Transit Glory*) and another in the works (Whalen's *Invention of the Letter*). The Marshall book was a fancy little contraption with a drawstring that pulled the pages up from a pocket. It was to sell for a dollar, and I was hoping to distribute fifty or a hundred copies to each of the half-dozen or so bookstores in New York City that specialized in modern poetry. As I was planning to move to San Francisco, either temporarily or permanently, I was eager to unload as many books as possible in the East before I left. But the first (supposedly hip) bookstore I approached placed so miniscule an order, that I resolved to sell the book on the streets myself, and bought a two-dollar City of New York Peddler's License. But I was too busy collating and binding the Whalen book to sell the Marshall book. A month after I got my license I was on my way to San Francisco with both editions.

I arrived in San Francisco in early October of 1967, and by late November had helped organize the commune I now live in. The commune grew rapidly, and early in 1968 the Diggers started delivering free produce to our door. In April, following a Digger rally on City Hall steps, Dave Simpson and Vinnie Rinaldi convinced me to send for my New York print shop and set it up in San Francisco as a free operation. The conversation ran something like this: "I hear you [p.4] have a print shop in New York." "Yeah." "We could sure use a free print shop in San Francisco. " "How could I get it here?" (Vinnie:) "I'm willing to go to New York and bring it back." It seemed like a hyperbolic offer, and I doubted whether someone would actually go to that much trouble, but Vinnie did. I knew everything we printed would be free from then on, but thought I had contractual-type commitments with the authors to sell the two books I had brought from New York. In fact, authors' royalties had already been advanced, so that was no worry. In May Richard Brautigan pointed out to me that free was just as good a way to distribute a book as any other, and in reflecting on it, I realized that a book could be given away to its rightful audience in one fell swoop. On June 14, and with the author's blessings, commune members handed out 900 copies of the Whalen book into the audience of a big free poetry reading at Glide Church, just as Philip Whalen came to the podium. Free Wheelin' Frank's book 666 was handed out by the Diggers at the same reading. The Marshall book was given out later at a couple of early gay liberation events.

As early as August of 1967, the “Mutants Commune,” a long poetic essay about American materialism corrected by Haight-Ashbury culture, including free, had appeared in the *Berkeley Barb*. It spoke of the new communal culture as having lasted only from September of 1966 to April of 1967, when it was done in by media, tourism, commercialism, hard drugs, and violence. Certainly by April of 1968 these factors had established themselves on Haight Street to the extent of taking away from the Diggers their main stage and auditorium. Even before then, looking for a Digger was like looking for an honest man: nearly everyone claimed to be one. The term was picked up by the media and little by little abandoned by those who had borrowed it from English history. This group, still rather small and tightly knit, began to think of themselves as the Free City Collective, and in fact their eyes were moving from the Haight to the City. In April the two main Free City projects were daily rallies on City Hall steps (a form of picketing) and the taking over of a Victorian doomed by the Redevelopment Agency, on Verona Street, in what is now the Yerba Buena Gobi. The daily rallies had the purpose of demanding that city-owned empty buildings be restored to the people for them to rehabilitate and live in freely, that surplus welfare food and materials be distributed [p.5] free through ten autonomous neighborhood free stores rented by the city, that presses and trucks be made available for the dissemination of free news, that resources be provided for autonomous neighborhood celebrations, and that no permits be required for holding events in parks and other public spaces. City Hall ignored the Free City demands; and the building on Verona Street was demolished. On May Day a magnificent Free City Convention was held at the Carousel Ballroom — an all-night acid-bathed dance. Then, a few days after the Glide poetry reading, Free City sponsored its last event, the 1968 summer solstice celebration, which was to take place in parks all over the city but . . . just didn’t. The Diggers had spearheaded free in San Francisco for a year and a half — and they were pooped out — or possibly not really interested in changing roles for the new play they found themselves in. They retired from the scene gracefully, leaving behind a tradition and expectation of free, which still lingers in San Francisco ten years later.

They also left behind a tangible summary of their ideals, the Digger Papers, a twenty-four page collection of writings that came out in August of 1968 in two forms: No. 81 of *The Realist* and a free version that was handed out on the streets of San Francisco. Paul Krassner gave the Diggers 40,000 copies of the free version for the right to offprint it in *The Realist*. It is a mélange of original articles and material taken from street news-sheets — a double-barreled blast at American culture, with Free City as a prescription, sketched out as Free City Switchboard, Free Food and Distribution Center, Free City Garage and Mechanics, and so on, through eighteen departments, including one with the hair-raising title of “Free City Tinkers and Gunsmiths.” (On the whole the Diggers were non-violent in practice but not in principle.) A few years after it had been distributed so plenteously, the Digger Papers vanished, perhaps because of its unpretty throwaway format.

Few people now have even heard of this pamphlet, that for us was once a Bible.

To return to June of 1968, the New York print shop arrived by U-Haul trailer, and we set it up in the basement of the house the commune was renting on Sutter Street. We built the darkroom with plywood supplied by Dave Simpson. It was he who taught us how to hustle for materials. The Free Print Shop opened officially in August, and our first print [p.6] job was a flyer for a Hells Angels raffle of Dirty Dick's chopper, to benefit his widow. In those days we printed for any group or event that was non-profit and had reasonably good vibes. Later our position about free hardened, and we refused to print for any event or activity that was not completely free of charge or that did not state on its poster or flyer that no one would be turned away.

In April of 1969, a seventeen-year-old new member took on as a work project the editing of a free weekly newsletter for local communes — Kaliflower. It became the case of the daughter publication growing bigger than the mother print shop, which turned mainly into a production plant for Kaliflower. Kaliflower was issued weekly till the middle of 1972 with a regularity that amazed even us. During that period we wrote about free frequently and encouraged whatever free activities we could. We witnessed the founding of several free stores, a film series, the Angels of Light, a free bakery, the Medical Opera, and a Garbage Yoga service, from which you could order the household appliances you needed (its specialty was abandoned stoves and refrigerators). In addition, there was a free book store and a lot of individual items and services like blow jobs, piano tuning, and foot massages, offered through the ads in Kaliflower (I wonder if all the free Aquarius kittens ever got homes!). Probably the variety and quantity of free materials and activities offered during the Kaliflower years matched those offered during the Digger years — remembering that the “audiences” were different: street people in the earlier case and communal families in the later case.

We helped initiate the Free Food Conspiracy, whose member communes pooled their members' food stamps to buy food in bulk, which was then distributed to these communes according to need. In our mind it was a watershed operation because, if successful, it would have opened the road to pooling all resources and the possible buying of costly things like land in the country and houses in the city. The Free Food Family, as it later came to be called, the new name expressing homeyness and vague hopes for the future, lasted about a year. It failed because it satisfied neither those communes eager to communalize further, nor those communes unwilling to sacrifice imported cheese and health-food extravagances for a common diet. Simply put, most participating communes actually liked where they were at and felt no need to commit themselves more deeply. The Free Food Family [p.7] actually was a kind of watershed, in that it brought us to the absolute outside limit of intercommunal cooperation in 1972.

Both in 1649 and 1966, in the midst of a drastic social and religious upheaval, free was put forward as an ideal whose time had come — a way of feeding and caring for a swelling number of hungry and jobless people. But the three-year-old free of 1969 had a subtly different flavor, not only a different constituency. Among the Kaliflower communes, free was not absolutely necessary for survival (though it made life a lot easier). For us it grew into a way of expressing closeness. Nuclear family members don't usually buy and sell to each other, are in fact communistic, and we wanted nuclear family intimacy among the communes. We wanted a society of communes so unestranged that everyone felt like each other's brother or sister. This became the *raison d'être* of intercommunal free, and free became the communes' hallmark. So free was carried from 1969 forward, not strictly from hunger. It showed itself to be an ideal with more strings to play than one.

During the time I had edited the *Chicago Review*, I had slowly come to understand that my calling in life was art, and in those days — my late twenties — I took it for granted that one tried very hard to earn one's living by practicing one's calling. But in truth, only a small handful of all the artists I knew or knew of actually earned their livings by selling their art-work. I asked myself what a work of art was worth. What is a poem worth? When I edited the *Review* I inaugurated a policy of payment to contributors — \$5, \$10, \$15, \$25 — token sums, that would, I hoped, make the recipients feel as though their work had value. But after I had written a book, and suffered the humility of seeing it treated by the publisher as a piece of meat, and after I had seen my Marshall books, each one strung with two beads, treated by a bookseller like Greenwich Village earrings, I came to the conclusion that works of art don't belong in the marketplace, being qualitatively different from pork chops and costume jewelry. They are emanations of the spirit and cannot be priced. For what price tag can be stuck on a *Moby-Dick*? — which has by now fed thousands of publishers, doctoral fellows, full professors, translators, grocers with book-racks, actors, and make-up persons, not to mention the spiritually hungry — as if it were the dining table of a king. When I came to San Francisco the last stone of this fence of reasoning fell into place. Let others keep an [p.8] eye on the market and dollar-up their art-work; as for me, mine was unpriceable — it was to be bestowed. Now this was not an ego trip, but a recognition that my art-work was not mine, but of a spirit seeping through me from the Great Behind. Or at times, it was less like a spirit and more like a river of fire I stumbled into, that would rush into my body, snapping up my arms and out my fingers like incandescent needles. Charge money for that? Rather rent the sky to seagulls.

The question of livelihood arises: When you give away the work you like to do, how do you earn a living?

Over the span of the industrial revolution, the phrase “earning a living” has gradually lost its meaning. If the technological complexity of our culture

were suddenly whittled down to human scale — a hundredth the number of automobiles, no more skyscrapers, freeways, jet airplanes, redevelopment projects, or electric carving knives — there would be vast unemployment, because machines under electronic surveillance would be doing most of the work. (Only the lag between the growing spiral of superfluous technology and its automation keeps so many arms and legs employed.) In fact, there is a good, enlightened sentiment for abandoning the industrial revolution entirely and returning to labor-intensive production — just to keep people busy and happy. In other words, you are not really earning a living at all. You are doing meaningless work or busy-work, and you are paid for it in part to keep you from fomenting a revolution. Why not use the machines, junk the gadgets, and pay people just for being alive? That is a philosophical, perhaps aesthetic, question beyond the scope of today's lecture. The point here is that, on technological grounds, "earning a living" has lost the meaning it had to eighteenth-century farmers, bakers, millers, masons, cutlers, wainwrights, smiths, coopers, tailors, and all the rest of the artisans, which our antecedents were, in fact and in name. If earning a living is a sham, and not a righteous and honorable activity, why waste time doing it, if you can possibly survive some other way? And if you can survive some other way, why not become the skilled craftsperson you've always wanted to be, and give your wares away to whoever needs them?

Buddhists, particularly local ones, make a great fuss about right livelihood. But what does right livelihood mean in a capitalist-corporate [p.9] multinational nexus of greed? Every aspect of our lives is tainted by excessive profit-making, real-estate speculation, stock-market manipulation, price-fixing, armament-making, hard sell advertising, conspicuous consumption, unfair labor practices, automobile proliferation, urban "redevelopment," chemical pollution of food, air, and water, deforestation, strip mining, chicken farming, genus-cide of mammals for their skins, tusks, fur or meat — the list of et ceteras would fill a book. Even if you have become a simple craftsperson, it is impossible to rent your shop, buy raw materials, or accept payment for your products without implicitly supporting questionable businesses or business practices. Not once in my forty-seven years have I ever been asked, by some soulful shopkeeper, to provide a pedigree of the money with which I paid for something. In this society money protects, by hiding from view, any immoral activity used to gain it. If you really want to practice right livelihood, there are not many choices open to you. You can secede from society and set up an independent community with your friends, along the lines of the Farm in Tennessee (not to grant that they are totally clean either), with its own system of work and trade, or you can become an outlaw, so far as your survival income and work output are concerned, somewhat along the lines of Robin Hood. Being an outlaw means that the very method you use to gain your income and supplies, and the very method you use to give back to the world the products of your work, help subvert the economic system in force, while supplying the justice and compassion it lacks. It is not enough to subvert the economic system — a bank robber can do that — nor

to tilt it in the direction of the small and human — as cottage industries and the Briarpatch Network seek to do. A small business may be excellent personal therapy for individuals trying to drop out of the rat race, but its effect on the economic order of things is dubious. There is no economic difference between a hip food store run by a former advertising executive and a straight food store run by a person who would take over Safeway if possible but lacks the know-how or capital. Multinational capitalism is merely small business grown big. All monsters look cute — and harmless — when they're kids. But without a deliberate, built-in dwarfing, kids tend to grow up. Right livelihood, down-homeness, simple living, and other such good intentions are not in themselves such a dwarfing. Free is.

[p.10]

Business is an addictive disease like alcoholism. Most cured alcoholics know it is better not to drink at all than to try to drink moderately. Reading the *Briarpatch Review* has always made me uncomfortable. It is like reading testimonials of a bunch of ex-lushes trying to convince themselves they know how to drink moderately. Or it is like reading sentimental confessions that buying and selling, supply and demand, and the whole system of money, market, and accumulation of capital are really not as bad as they've been made out to be, in fact, if you look at them the right way, they're even kind of cute.

Finally, for many of us in the arts, the guaranteed annual income has already arrived, in the form of foundation grants, CETA, CAC, NEA, or SSI — not to speak of Medi-Cal and food stamps. Some people say that artists are a special and atypical segment of society, but I believe along with Pindar(?), that “when the poets change their modes, the walls of the city tremble” — i. e. that artists are harbingers of what the rest of society will be doing presently. I remember food down to a half-box of rice on the shelf in New York — just seventeen years ago — and I am thankful for no current survival worries; and it strikes me as piggish for an artist with guaranteed subsistence to want, besides that, royalties, admission percentages, and so forth. (Every once in a while, a shiver of paranoia runs down the back of some artist I know, and he or she says, “What if our grants get cut off?” And I say, “What if they do? Then you'll go back to selling your ass, your time, or your art-work, just as you used to.” “Won't we have forgotten how?” “Hunger will provide a one-day refresher course.”)

Free is just as pertinent a stance as it was ten years ago. Greed and selfishness are plump and healthy, in their corporate and sleek new multinational mink coats. Of course now there are the People's Food System and other such “socialistic” enterprises — for those who like to see the “revolutionary” price of “revolutionary” Rice Krispies lit up on “revolutionary” cash registers.

How different free is from those dubious, dreary financial statements on the last page of the *CoEvolution Quarterly*, which purport to tell all, but which turn red or black, increase or diminish at the whim or interpretation of the editor. Why does he bother? Why does he want us to think there is really something there to [p.11] scrutinize? Can we audit his ledgers or alter his plans? (The *CoEvolution Quarterly* is a good example of what we may call reform capitalism. The idea is that if you seem up-front about your financial operations or set aside some of your profits for known worthy causes or set yourself up as a non-profit foundation, you are automatically absolved of responsibility for the economic system you swim so well in and support so faithfully.)

Free makes a shambles of the immutable laws of profit and loss. It makes the scoffers scratch their heads and say, “Somebody has to pay for it somewhere along the line.” (The answer is, “You can sell your brand of economics back to the Harvard Business School but I wouldn’t take it for free.”) Free puts magic back into everyday life. N is the gratuitous act. It reminds us that humor and playful illogic are part of the human condition. Not a hundred New Games Tournaments, that the *CoEvolution Quarterly* could sponsor, would make up for one of its deadly, contrived financial pages. Free points out that money in our culture has become the end rather than the means, and that when you suddenly off it, people still have to get what they need from each other — where the focus should be.

Free sends a shiver down the spine of those who use the same green measuring stick to measure everything. And the idea that something may be available which they cannot buy frustrates and alarms them. As for the folksy “green energy” folk, those who conceive of money as a big cloud of potential goodness, somewhere away in outer space, moored beside psychic and nuclear, they don’t know whether to consider free a friend, enemy, or another kind of energy.

Free strikes a chord in the hearts of the poor — the joy of being invited, rather than prevented, from doing something. Think of going to a movie you’ve always wanted to see — a good movie — and it’s free — and you don’t have to worry about whether you can afford it — or if you’ll be caught sneaking in — and you tell all your friends — and even if you forget your wallet it won’t matter — and there’s no harpy standing over a donation box to make you feel guilty — in fact there’s no donation box — it’s really free — completely free.

Free would strike a chord in the hearts of the well-provided if they let it — the joy of “treating” everyone and showing them the same charming bourgeois manners usually reserved [p.12] for guests and relatives. “Ah, Mr. Street person, one lump or two?”

Free gives poor people what they otherwise might not be able to afford or enjoy, and if the quality of the free work is good, teaches them what they

deserve. (I cannot resist quoting Allen Ginsberg's answer to the question why he doesn't spend more of his time and energy working with humble people, the salt of the earth, rather than with college students and other middle-brow audiences: "But the salt of the earth don't need enlightenment. The most debased people need enlightenment, the matter-habit freaks of Middle Class.")

Free frees the artist from the need to trick, mock, or flatter paying customers, and so gives him or her a most dizzying freedom of expression. Free also removes any excuse to be slick, kitsch, or "professional," forcing the artist to be true. But you have to start out with a little on the ball, because if you are an out-of-touch artist turning out work that no one wants because it is bad or unclear, making it free doesn't help anything, in fact gives free a bad reputation. It is especially important for free art to be smashing, to overcome the common prejudice, that what is given away is inferior or ulteriorly motivated.

Free abolishes a lot of banking, bookkeeping, and bill-collecting, but even more important, it stunts the growth of your project and keeps it small and personal. Free is a built-in safeguard. It keeps your project from developing a mass orientation with hundreds of employees and from accumulating profit to capitalize with; on the contrary, the more you give away, the more you lose. The more successful you are, the more you lose. So you stay small to stay open.

Free fits hand in glove with the two other best remedies for our over-industrialized culture — remedies that any citizen can practice, that you don't need a Red Army to put into effect: keeping small and keeping personal. For an artist, the three remedies together prescribe a few do's and don'ts which many of us have been practicing in San Francisco for a decade quite happily. The list sounds strangely like religious advice, and perhaps that is no coincidence. Work anonymously, abstain from mass media, don't be a star, focus on your work and not on your professional identity, serve only the people you can talk to and talk to them, give up ambitions of wealth, fame, and reaching a mass audience.

[p.13]

For a long time I have recognized religious overtones in the work of "irreligious," artists, indeed in the work of ordinary school teachers, working people, cafe owners, and even officials of the Redevelopment Agency. Since it is almost universally recognized that religious instruction must be free and available freely at all levels of society (occasionally you find corrupted religious teachers fat as bedbugs, charging for their services, especially in New Age, Aquarian, holistic cults), it would seem logical for anyone whose work sends out these overtones to set it free. And even if you are unsure of yourself, and think there is only a possibility your work in the world may



have a religious quality, why not give us all the benefit of the doubt and set it free?

Free may not be as ancient, hallowed, or exalted an ideal as some, but it carries its weight. It will “swell a scene” of ideals and help one get through hard times *faute de mieux*. In a pinch it can expand to be a project’s sole ideal. I had a chuckle a year ago over a remark made by a member of a local free theater group. He said, apropos of a benefit they were thinking of giving for themselves, “Well, the world won’t come to an end if we do a paid show.” True, the world will keep on spinning as it always has before, but what would come to an end is this theater group, held aloft as they have been for several years now, solely by the ideal of free. An ideal for them or anyone, almost by definition, is a bit difficult to achieve, so you can expect to have problems with free. The main one is that it puts you out of step with the rest of the world, so busy tapping pocket calculators — but all good ideals do that. They put you out of step so everyone will look at what his or her own feet are doing — so don’t fret, float.

It would be instructive — from a tactical point of view — to go over the list of those who oppose free the most strongly.

First of all, there are businesspersons who believe in what they’re doing (happily a godawful lot don’t). Argue with them if you think it will do some good, but if you want something from them — their usable garbage or a special discount — better pass yourself off as another sucking charity that vacuums up the dregs of their economic system, to keep their sidewalks clean.

Some ordinary working people are hostile to free because if they took it seriously, they would see their own lives as thrown away or worthless or themselves as fools — somewhat like the gold star mothers who supported the Vietnam War.

[p.14]

Then there are young entrepreneurs — hip people on the make. They have just come up from where they think you are, they know all your arguments, and it’s going to be mighty hard to convince them to go back down to the floor they’ve just got up from. Sometimes they are as rabidly hostile as new converts. However sometimes, especially if they are dope dealers, just a mite guilty for living off the counter-culture, they may be of some help. Does anyone know how to get money out of Bill Graham?

A lot of artists who jumped on the bandwagon of free in the late sixties and early seventies, because it seemed the hippest thing to do, have abandoned it with disdain, now that it is no longer a fad — as if no principle was more important to them than being “in.” Since, by making free chic, Kaliflower encouraged them to stuff their heads with it, I suppose they should be

allowed to pull out the old fashions like straw and stuff in the new ones, without being made fun of — at least by us. (But it does tickle the spirit to see these mature men and women who once “loved Kaliflower” flaunting their new punk life-styles — who once wore patchouli now wearing razor blades — who once smiled mindlessly now sneering mindlessly.) As for those fleas of artists, who hop on free because they’re not making it elsewhere, and hop off free at every possible gig, and argue about it besides — why don’t they find some other old dog to live off and give us a break?

The word “free” has several different meanings. Some people cash in on the ambiguity and others use the word fraudulently. For example there are “free” schools and universities which charge tuition. There are “free” offers of things you must buy something else to get. There are “free” events at which “donations” are expected and practically extorted. It goes without saying that when you accept a “donation” for a “free” service, you are selling something, not giving it away.

Some counter-culture and hip non-profit groups are frightened by free. They more or less understand it and wouldn’t bad-rap it, but they are cool and unhelpful; free threatens their own base of economic existence (invariably some form of petty capitalism beefed up by government subsidies direct and indirect). They put free down as ivory-tower idealism and see themselves as revolutionaries practicing economic realism (as a stage on the road to socialism). The tactic here is to make them understand that their realism is as hokey and concocted as anything the dreamers might have thought up. It is especially exasperating [p.15] for them to insist that we relate to them on a pay-as-you-go basis, while at the same time they are ripping off all this free money from the government and elsewhere. Here I could list all the grant-supported dance and theater groups we have never been given free tickets to. The tactic is to persuade them that they are not the Bank of America (yet) — just a bunch of hippies groping their way through the cesspool of capitalism, that any course is bound to be filled with contradictions, and that they should strive to keep open, flexible, and generous, and that if somebody should insist on a free ride out of poverty or scruple, they should just let them get on without kvetching.

In general private foundations and government art councils are horrified by free. They are manned and womanned by gentlemen and ladies who believe in free (!) enterprise or have to look like they do. They like to think they are supplying seed money for a project to get on its feet with, and want the project’s beneficiaries to support it. Truth is, the project doesn’t really have to be self-supporting, just has to look like it’s trying. It makes them feel better to think that a project is struggling to survive but can’t quite make ends meet (without their help). They don’t like parasites. That they and their families and their foundations are not self-supporting doesn’t enter their minds. When applying for grants it would seem practical to play down the free aspects of your work.

Free is not the end-in-all of the universe — just a humble handy practice to set some things in it straight. It never really caught on except in Surrey and San Francisco, and for all I know may need a highly specialized environment to thrive. There are dozens of other remedies, of equal potency, for the world's various ills, and each remedy has its advantages and drawbacks. Use free where applicable. It would be a mistake to stick to it rigidly in a situation or place where it wouldn't work or be comprehended, just as it would be a mistake not to try it out, because of preconceptions about its practicality. For example, a free soup kitchen in Tangiers would probably get all the local soup kitchen proprietors upset and you busted. However a cheap soup kitchen that subtly lost money could probably fly. You can never ignore the local ecology, on the contrary, you have to know it well. You have to know what you can get away with and what strategy will be most effective, to right the wrongs you want to right.

[p.16]

You may decide that you have some overriding reason for addressing a (paying) mass audience — knowing you can hardly do so without debasing its cultural aspirations — for every mass address feeds the monolithic media and turns human beings into TV-magazine boobs without a real culture of their own. But nevertheless you may feel that what you have to say is of such overriding importance and must be transmitted so immediately that you are willing to turn a few more brains to mush to do it. Poet, that is a decision for you alone to make — in the company of your conscience (who is hopefully not just a stand-in for your ego). (I know that I myself have stopped reading certain poets in protest of the shoddy, disposable, machine-made quality of their books. It is a paradox of sorts, not reflecting well on the poets in question, that when they were poor and unknown, and glad to accept any publication offer, lovers of their work prepared beautiful, virtually handmade editions of their poetry [cheap, too!], but now that they are famous with a choice of publishers, those whom they have chosen make their books ugly, non-rebindable, uncomfortable to the hand, and inconsiderate of the reader.) But poet, if you do make that decision to blast away — take an afternoon off, take a walk into the sunny Mission, where avocado trees grow fifty feet tall; bring us a copy of your latest book inscribed in your own hand; make believe you wrote the whole tome just for us chickens; apologize for the garish dust jacket; let us know, while sipping a lemon phosphate made from home-carbonated well water — while we are sipping a cup of artfully acquired Jamaican Blue Mountain coffee — a drug we use only to write last paragraphs with —, that you are sorry not to have served the muse of free but grateful to have served a muse at all.

[end]

Name: Eileen

Date: 11 Dec 2003

I always feel it's hard to talk about Emmett . . . a bit dangerous. I often have thought it curious that the folks that I think would have something to tell, don't. This can be a pretty closed mouth crew over certain matters. Emmett's life took some really odd turns around his habit . . . to say the least. But certainly not ALL his thoughts went down that drain. What I found interesting was the women he attracted. The last (whose name I can't even remember) whom he married, struck me is so out of left field, I knew I had missed too much to know what was going on any longer. His wake being the strangest of all, with the pissed off and out of place NY and LA folks there, along with us bumpkins. Emmett always preferred to leave everyone in the dark about himself a good deal of the time, and I don't see that ever changed.

**Name:** claude

**Date:** 12 Dec 2003

Eric. I got to studying that flyer, trying to remember stuff. It was a FIVE color job! There was a point when we got a bunch of inks, and started playing with multi color. That flyer took five stencils. What's amazing is that there is any registration to the colors at all, given we are talking mimeo grade and not Multilith grade paper handling. Was Emmett involved in putting this one together? Could be, he did come around now and then to play. I'm sure I set the type (transfer type) for the CC logo in the upper right. I think it's Cooper. That flower is ringing some kind of bell. There was some book we were cutting up that H'lane had nabbed, had those flowers in it, I think.

I know there was a lot going on that weekend. I got a couple of planks and painted them to look like SFPD "STREET CLOSED" signs and they were used up near the Stanyon end of Haight Street.

I was utterly in thrall to Emmett's vitality. He would come and get me to do some thing (I was a handy henchperson) or another. Did he tell the story about shooting the arrow at Warren Hinkle III's front door in *Ringo*? He had come over, it must have been shortly after the *Ramparts*' article came out in March, all steamed up and wanting to make some kind of statement about how he thought WH III was being all exploitative. Emmett had this bow and some target arrows, and he had me write on an arrow a line from Dylan (" . . . the vagabond who's standing at your door, is dressed in the clothes which you once wore."), which, of course, took some doing, 'cause that's a lot of words to write on a skinny arrowshaft. He had me drive his pickup with him in the back, and he lets fly at Hinkle's door WHACK! and the point sticks in but the shaft breaks free from it, clatters to the step. We took off. I never heard anything about it, or if Hinkle ever found it.

Another time Emmett dragged me off very early one morning, because he knew I had a tape recorder. We went to some place near Fillmore where there was Gary Snyder, Coyote and Alan Fine. According to Emmett, Snyder had just that day gotten into SF from his extended Zen stint in Japan, and the meet was to bring him

up to speed as to what all this digger stuff and the H-A trip were about. Now I'm thinking Alan Ginsberg was there too, but not Coyote, but I'm not sure about that. I'd really like to know what happened to that tape. I'm pretty sure I gave it to Emmett, but I have no idea beyond that. . . .

For all of us, those were hypertimes, times into which so much action and stimulation and significance were packed that nothing else ever in your life seems quite as real; only those who shared the times can understand what one went through. As in war, energy levels that high burn deeply into one's psychic tissues and leave lasting impressions. I was "in recovery" for at least a decade, not from dope, but from the belief system. Not to escape the belief system, but to integrate it. Out of the whole process I acquired some real values and a level of integrity that I can respect. That "if you live outside the law you must be honest" stuff. Took me some time to get it right, though.

Name: claude

Date: 12 Dec 2003

Eileen:

Emmett was dangerous and fascinating. An aura of violence, though I never saw him violent. He had a gun. He went off and had adventures. He was the most romantic character of us all and he knew it. He was a natural born leader, just the kind of guy you'd imagine conspiring with. I could see that others of the men held him in this same high regard. I was content to be one of his tools, thrilled to be included. But not familiar. I really don't feel that I knew him at all well. I was never into smack, so I didn't get caught up in that energy field. I not sure I even realized half the time that he was doing it. It is very sad that he didn't make it.

Name: Eric

Date: 12 Dec 2003

Claude,

Your Hinckle and Snyder stories reminded me tangentially to mention that I took off my birthday this week (in part to atone for Mark David Chapman's mortal sin) and **went to Cal's Bancroft Library to pick up two cassette tapes they had duplicated of an interview that Todd Gitlin conducted in 1985 of Peter Berg.** I had been researching the date for the "Back to the Drawing Boards" conference that Emmett wrote about in *Ringolevio*. I read Gitlin's account in his book *Sixties* and noticed in the footnotes a reference to an interview he did with Peter. After tracking (now Professor) Gitlin down, it turned out his (still unopened) papers had been donated to the Bancroft. **Due to the dedication of head reference librarian David Kessler, the tapes were found, and with Prof. Gitlin's approval, copies were made for the Digger Archives.** Now I've got to FINALLY locate a professional transcriptionist to get the interview typed. (And all the dozens of yet untranscribed interviews that are in the vault.) . . .

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 12 Dec 2003

... Emmett was way into smack early on. He had some notion he was hiding it from us though. He also liked to hide out, just normally. He went for a period hole up in his place with Seanna in the city. I remember it was at a time we were really busy with some project he'd come up with, and the guys were pissed he wasn't helping. I think it was enough for him to come up with the ideas and wasn't too into the grunt work and would just move on to the next, while we went for it hook, line, and sinker. It was not uncommon for him to just disappear to S Ca, NY, NM and I'm sure places we never heard about, and then come up with some new scheme for us to jump in on. He also kept the attitude for a long time of acting like he wasn't doing dope (which we all knew was baloney) and kept away from our group scores. I never saw the point, as we were all loaded as often as possible and was part of the social "sharing". I always wondered if it was because he didn't want to appear to be in the same league as us lightweights, (there's was some weird pride in the junk world about REAL junkies), if he didn't want to share it (always an issue), if he didn't want us to know how much he was doing, or if he didn't want it to be part of his image. But junk was very much a part of his world and I know divided his attention ... but also gave him access to some really special people. I got to meet Dylan for instance, because of that. Boy was that a HUGE let down to find him loaded and totally boring. I was glad to hear when he got into Christianity, simply because that had to mean he had cleaned up. Meeting idols can sometimes take the air out of one's balloon.

I always felt he was so much of a loner that it seemed kind of out of place when he wanted us to do anything with him anyway. Sort of like the big kid on the block that dained to let the little kids play with him. It seemed like he was always torn between acting totally and truly anonymous, by no one knowing what the hell he was up to. This anonymous thing a big issue in the Diggers ... the NO LEADERS. That becoming a whole issue in itself for many of us in the larger and smaller sense that became its own form of theater. How weird that was in retrospect Emmett's name was so out there. It was like the guy was destined to become KNOWN whether he was present or not. And on the other hand, so much of what he was coming up with was so much theater, it required an audience ... which ultimately became anyone involved ... actors or audience. Yes, his is a lifetime that is going to have to be repeated. Couldn't keep up with himself. Doing smack with a mind like his, was like driving a car with the brake on.

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 12 Dec 2003

**Oh I forgot to mention ... Emmett was a Sag.** Which means his birthday was somewhere during this time. Nicole? You out there? Can you find this date out? It is perhaps not insignificant we have him before us right now. As long as I'm at it ... as I have said before ... one can pray for the enlightenment of the dead. (OK, a good thought

counts and Ms Yoko says.) This is a very deep concept to me that continues to cause me a certain amount of thought. Perhaps this helps ease one's way into the next lifetime. As I consider suicide (which I still think this was) and certain murders, an instant ticket to another round; one for sure can use some help. There is a great deal to say on this but I will restrain myself and leave it as simply a suggestion to consider.

**Name:** ralph newton

**Email Address:** newtonpo@aol.com

**Date:** 12 Dec 2003

**as young street kids in berkeley,in the sixties,the diggers were well known to us, most, like me, really didn't have a place, other than the streets, to call home, and just the name, "diggers", lent a comfort to our lives, it represented a core of care in the immediate reality of the 60's streets . . .**

**Name:** Mark

**Date:** 13 Dec 2003

**. . . BTW, I was talking to Peter about the paper "Dialectics of Liberation" for some reason I had it in my mind this was Berg's work but he informed me it was Allen Ginsberg's article. . . .**

**Name:** Nicole

**Email Address:** back from the frozen tundra

**Date:** 15 Dec 2003

**. . . Emmett . . . geesh. He didn't talk to me so much during the treat st days . . . sometimes a snippet . . . at Olema, he was like a big brother . . . making sure, spider or even slade weren't disrespectful . . . as they could sometimes be . . . but later on the last couple of years before he took the A train to coney island that day . . . we spent a lot of time . . . and he was so much more accessible to me then . . . I was drug free at that time . . . and had finally gotten into my music and I felt that was where we could meet on even ground . . . I think he had had that part of his own creative self and never felt comfortable around Peter c and vinny and all of the digger music boys . . . anyway . . . he was fun to be with just as my friend again . . . playing some music with Butterfield and levon and that whole crew . . . I think Emmett just enjoyed the lightness of it . . . it wasn't serious, it was real, but it wasn't heavy . . . it was light hearted and creative and spiritual and fun . . . with out ANY competition . . . or need for recognition . . . he was putting the digger spin on those guys and they really appreciated having an opportunity to hang out and play their asses off and no one cared "who" they were . . . it was lovely.**

**Name:** claude

**Date:** 17 Dec 2003

From a paper entitled “Using Theatrical Devices to Counter Culture” by Marcus Del Greco. Don’t know if any of you have seen this, but I offer up these tidbits in the spirit of indulgence, a wallow in past glories.

“...Therefore, this paper refers mainly to primary source materials. As any reader, I was at first suspicious that the Diggers had been self-congratulatory in their memoirs. It was the job of my research to determine if they had been, and I soon decided they had not. In fact, it seems the Diggers as individuals did little to assert their personal egos as pop icons of the new counter-culture. What they did do was act in a somewhat anonymous fashion within the Haight-Ashbury community to begin realizing the material aspects of their nascent spiritual philosophy. Posters for Diggers events featured well-known hipsters from afar (like Timothy Leary and Allen Ginsburg) if any.

To balance the primary source material, I consulted other books on the 1960’s counter-culture from a historical perspective (also in bibliography). My main aim was to determine if the Diggers were similarly credited by other authors for the influence they claim to have had in the burgeoning Hippie movement. In many cases, the Diggers were mentioned in passing along with The Communication Company (see the section on the C.C.) as active in the now-famous neighborhood of Haight-Ashbury. All sources mentioned Haight-Ashbury. **What the reader will come to understand is that, in effect, the Diggers were Haight-Ashbury, and the unique spirit and character of the community was glued together by the Diggers’ organization of theatrical rites. The world’s youth who would be called Hippies took their cue from Haight-Ashbury, and Haight-Ashbury took its cue from the Diggers . . .**

. . . **The triumph of the Diggers over the other idealists of the era was their awareness of the value of action. Action is the driving force behind theatre. It is also the hardest, dirtiest work,** as Wilde’s Lord Henry (Harry) knows well. But “the man who could call a spade a spade should be compelled to use one” makes a fine description of many 60s dreamers. Declaring “I have seen Utopia” and actually getting there are two different things.

**The Diggers labored to bridge the gap between reality and fancy that troubled the counterculture.** The paradox of Lord Henry applauding action and then criticizing it as a low pursuit (“it is the only thing he is fit for”) illustrates the symptoms of anything that never gets done. The result of living purely in the intellectual realm. **The dreamer must learn to be a doer, or an actor . . . one who acts. Theatre’s advantage is that it turns ideas into temporary realities through action (not just that of the actors onstage). Through action, the Diggers got their point across. . . .**

. . . **The reader must not confuse the Diggers’ seemingly radical economic platform (including their religious use of the word “free”) with their work:**



**their tactics. The spiritual awakening that was the Hippie movement informed its participants less about the details of a revolution than the urgent need for one. This pure inspiration to action triggered a creativity of tactics that was most evident in artists of all kinds. The Diggers, as thespians, perhaps understood the process best as it was happening. . . .**

**. . . Here, we deal with one manual gesture in particular: the Peace Sign.**

Well known today as a Peace sign by much of the world's post-WWII babies, it was actually in rally for the war that the gesture found it's origin. Winston Churchill introduced the two-fingered "V" as the Victory Sign during the course of the war (11) and it was formed by the most people ever at once on V-Day. But when the newsreels of V-Day end, the Victory sign virtually disappears from the media until a short, low-profile article appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle in November of 1966. The article is short enough to reprint here: **"Charges were dropped yesterday against five young men, who gave a Halloween puppet show at the corner of Haight and Ashbury streets. San Francisco Municipal Court Judge Elton C. Lawless acted reluctantly at the urging of Deputy Attorney Arthur Schaffer, who said, 'further investigation indicates that the charges (of creating a public nuisance) should be dismissed in the interests of justice.' Celebrating their release were (from left): Robert Morticello, the sculptor who created the nine-floor puppets; Emmett Grogan and Pierce Minnault, actors; Peter Berg, a writer; and Brooks Bucher, unemployed."** (12)

**The photograph of the article depicted the five in various poses, reveling in the right of performance. Emmett Grogan, in celebration of winning in court, made the Victory Sign at the camera. This caught on in the Diggers' Haight Street community and was soon used along with the word "peace" as a hip salutation. This piece of business as used by the Diggers, in addition to the costuming, completed the image of the Hippie as most remember it: the extroverted thespian of life, making a Peace Sign and smiling with naive idealism.**

[http://www.mindmined.com/public\\_library/nonfiction/...](http://www.mindmined.com/public_library/nonfiction/...)

**Name:** The 3rd Page

**Date:** 17 Dec 2003

And don't forget The Provos!

<http://emptymirrorbooks.com/thirdpage/ernof.html>

Click "The Provos" at the bottom of the 3rd Page for their theatric history.

**Name:** Hammond

**Date:** 17 Dec 2003

Jag — Yes they would have . . . and a great bunch of guys . . . though most of them were quite mad -- as only genius can be. . . . I feel quite lucky to have known them and to have played a small role in their “descundalogie” = life art actions where ya just ‘had to be there’ or they didn’t exist.

**Sadly, — so very very sadly my friend and mentor Jasper is in very poor health — an unmedicated bi-polar mania driven by Dutch gin (jenever) is taking a heavy toll. Margaret and I spent our honeymoon (97) living with Jasper and his wife Thea and another ole Provo (Arie) in the attic apartment of their building and he was in fine form. We had a terrific reunion — and so please that Margaret could spend time with them — then came the fall about 8 months later. . . . Really sad . . . and truly over the edge — beyond any standard of anyone’s concept of “edge”**

**Nonetheless — the spirit of PROVO lives on. . . .**

**Name:** Hammond

**Date:** 17 Dec 2003

<cont> Jasper — as in why leave that note on the negative.

**Jasper was and is such a dear man — a shaman of the world at large — Whenever I was down, or hard at thought in some fashion he would take me to his “hallemhalle” — This was a room deep within the bowels of an old decrepit factory. The room was huge — lined with metal of some sort and when he closed the door like on a submarine — we were in the blackest of black — then like being in a vortex — when you just even whispered — your words metallicly echoed and reverb bounced and merged off the invisible walls like being inside a blacked out pinball machine gone mad. So the deal was to speak in your normal voice and say what was bothering you — or whatever — then listen to the reverberating mélange of sound — in which Jasper assured me there would be an answer.**

**An incredible experience/environment — and It worked every time**

**Name:** Hammond

**Date:** 17 Dec 2003

. . . Just realized you can draw a (nearly) straight line from SF (Diggerland) to NY (Yippieland) to London (ArtsLab-land) to Amsterdam (Provoland) — all enacting variations on the theme — with similar socio-philosophic theatric tendencies for change — in unison — **and all the central players or hosts were in contact with one another — beginning somewhere around the Dialectics event at the Roundhouse [?] — among those present were — Emmett, Hoppy, Simon Vinkenoog from Amsterdam and Ginsberg (sort of rep: Yippie) — then it was back to basic intents. . . .**

**Name:** Hammond  
**Date:** 17 Dec 2003

**Ah the nearly subliminal answer! “ those guys were looking for each other.” — Right — but where was the magnet coming from? Oh I know I am leading us down a garden path here. . . .**

**Name:** claude  
**Date:** 18 Dec 2003

. . . There is some energy coalescing around memorializing Richard Brautigan’s death twenty years ago next year. An exhaustive biography is in the works and a special publication of some kind.

John Barber maintains a Brautigan bibliography site that includes a lot of references to digger times, if you haven’t seen it.

<http://www.brautigan.net/brautigan/index.html>

**Name:** Hammond  
**Date:** 18 Dec 2003

**. . . I have all sorts of things I might want to say regarding Richard reason for shooting himself — on New Year’s Day just down the road from my friends Max and Ruth Crosley — on the mesa. I first met Richard in North Beach mid-60s and we would get together quite often at the Trieste — then again out in Bolinas, but did I know him well enough to actually “explain” the events leading up to his death. . . . No . . . but I did know him well enough to understand that despite his writing being so well received and that at the time he was publishing more work than anyone but Ferlinghetti — and by front line publishers — Richard was depressed and morose — and felt that he wasn’t receiving “the kind” of recognition that he “deserved.”**

**I always found this to be so strange — coming from him, as he was so wise and acutely self aware in so many other areas of his life and philosophy. . . . I was greatly saddened by his final choice in life. . . .**

**Name:**  
**Date:** 18 Dec 2003

**(cont) Then again, Richard wasn’t very organized — so maybe it only occurred to him later that he wouldn’t be able to write about the experience! . . .**

**Name:** Jag  
**Email Address:** I could be wrong :)  
**Date:** 20 Dec 2003

... It seems to me and I am only speaking for myself here, that the political scene of the sixties as it related to Haight Ashbury broke down like this. In the middle you had the majority of apathetic longhairs who advocated nothing more than peace, love, and pass the spliff, then there was the radical left represented by social activists such as Abbie Hoffman and the Yippies who were more related to the SDS and the weathermen than the Haight, I feel the middle ground occupied by the majority felt more in tune with Kesey and the Prankster's who didn't advocate much but made a grand showing of indifference which was extremely alluring and easy to emulate. Finally the "True Left" was represented by the Diggers who shunned the activism of Berkley and the SDS in favor of communal and societal values and a shared experience of equality rather than the "attack the ramparts" approach taken by most of the perceived left, who in my estimation were actually the right wing of the Haight but vilified as left wing communist's by the media. All of these disparate elements comprised a vibrant and symbiotic whole that will never be seen again.

**Name:** Mark

**Date:** 20 Dec 2003

... Spinning wheels over peripheral issues in the face of an eminent threat is surely a waste. Allegiances have to be made and the "smaller" issues set aside. The mixed results of attempted alliances by the Diggers with the Black Panther Party and the Hells Angels come to mind. I do think there is danger in that and if the agreed change has been made, debts to factions have to be paid. Eric picked up on a thread during a recent discussion about Grogan's life after the Diggers which led to the issue of obvious conflict of the hippie Clint Eastwood *High Plains Drifter* syndrome that afflicted the male component of the Diggers. I think this is a lurking subject that could use the light of day, but given what we are facing again are we to sidestep all that in the interest of unification against a common enemy? If we do that, is it efficient or are we subtly being coerced into a foolish and quietly corrosive cycle that can't be derailed? Tough fucking questions. I don't know the answer but in that terrible cliché lyric ... "we won't be fooled again" may well have some pie-in-the-sky naiveté in it. Travis, are you out there? The terms "agent provocateurs" and "commodified" cause me discomfort, they seem to be nebulous and polemic simultaneously. Jag, I agree generally with your analysis of the Haight and more vigorously support your contention that the Diggers had it right.

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 20 Dec 2003

... I think it all comes down to what you want to be doing with your time ... with your life. You have to keep in mind not only was Viet Nam an issue, but we were for the most part in our 20's with energy to burn, childless and potential fodder for the war machine ... and wanted something to do. It's amazing the military/gov't/cops weren't out there rounding up agitators up for service. I mean what else do you want to do in your 20's but run with your friends?

Now those kinds of choices become more crucial. It's no longer a game we can afford to make wrong choices about. What, if anything is going to be effective? **And even the Diggers asked, what to you want to do for the rest of your life? Protesting was not it.**

**From a woman's point of view (mine) the guys (Diggers) were trying to see if they were heavy enough . . . i.e. bad enough to be accepted by the Panthers and Angels. Flat out, plain and simple, it was an ego trip . . . and a dangerous one. From my point of view that whole bit was total BS they had no business messing with. But that's me. I mean we needed a nodding acquaintance cause we were all on the street. But I can't say our relationships were something I ever felt good about. Fortunately they had an inside friend that finally said you better step out of this. Our guys with guns were always kind of pitiful. They always looked uncomfortable and were always walking a not so fine line of stepping further than they could manage and dragging us with them. I was raised with guns and I at least knew the difference. In the end, few of them were killers and didn't have the head for it. For a lot of the guys it was definitely a cops and robbers, cowboys and Indians macho thang they were not comfortable with, and I am sure surprised only Jeff got killed and Sweet William managed to live before it was all over. The other significant muddying factor the must not be forgotten is the heroin. Sorry to keep punching at that one but it did flavor so much. I would like to hope that will be the last major movement so fueled by drugs.**

**Name:** Jag

**Date:** 20 Dec 2003

I hate to say this Eileen but the biggest affinity I felt with the Diggers was the junk, I ran to it like a kid in a candy store, I think it was to leverage out all the crank and acid in my system, heroin gave me a semblance of mental balance if that makes any sense.

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 21 Dec 2003

Jag ~ Yes it makes sense. I was so nuts at the time it was the only break I ever got. The speed freaks used it to come down so it didn't hurt so much and acid? well junk makes life safe and flat. I don't mean to make this a promo for junk, but it has its place.

**Name:** Mark

**Date:** 21 Dec 2003

. . . Eileen,

**Your eloquence is nearly shattering when you write like this. Giving the insight and description of the works of the Diggers who were driven by and driving the same forces that beg definition even after all these decades is truly a gift. Somebody from the family needs to step forward with the story, I don't think Berg will ever do it**

and time is running out. I mean this not as an effort in self aggrandizement but a commentary and analysis from a personal and heartfelt appreciation from a women's perspective. The feminine voice is lagging here. You appear to be the prominent and surely qualified component that I can see. I often wonder if Lenore Kandel has anything to say.

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 21 Dec 2003

. . . **Frankly I think Lenore has said all she's going to say.** She doesn't use a computer, and as far as I know doesn't write to or for anyone, and her communication in general, is at a minimum. The fact she made a showing a few wks ago as promo for *The Love Book* was a rather large surprise, to say the least. And **what she had to say on the video pretty much was what she's always said.** Of course she may surprise us. But **she's never been one to get down and dirty and we already know the "nice" stuff.** There are a number of potential books hanging fire right now. There's been some messy stuff I don't like going on around them, so I'm waiting to see which way the wind's going to blow. I'm very flattered you think I have something worth hearing, when I see it as a lot of cranky opinions. **I think the only way I could comfortably do a book is in interview format with someone that already has a good background, and no one's asked me. Ha! So I guess I get out of that. . . .**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 21 Dec 2003

**Let me hasten to correct myself. [?] Lenore has gotten down and dirty in the most perfect and beautiful sense in her poetry. Asking her to say something more; reflective of the 60's, would be perhaps greediness.**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 21 Dec 2003

At the end of the movie [*Smoke Signals*] there is goose bump singing and drumming that is worth sitting thru the credits for. It begins in the last of the movie as this poem voiced over and gets me every time. I hope I got it perfect.

"Forgiving Our Fathers"  
by Dick Lourie

How do we forgive our fathers?  
Maybe in a dream  
Do we forgive our fathers  
for leaving us too often  
or forever  
when we were little  
Maybe for scaring us  
with unexpected rage

or making us nervous  
 because there never seemed to be  
 any rage at all  
 Do we forgive our fathers  
 for marrying our mother  
 or not marrying our mothers  
 For divorcing  
 or not divorcing our mothers  
 And shall we forgive them their excesses  
 of warmth  
 or coldness  
 Shall we forgive them for pushing  
 or leaning  
 for shutting doors  
 or for speaking through walls  
 or never speaking  
 or never being silent?  
 Do we forgive our fathers in our age  
 or in theirs  
 Or in their deaths  
 Saying it  
 or not saying it  
 If we forgive our fathers  
 What is left?

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 21 Dec 2003

... Forgiveness like that is kind of like holding out one hand and keeping the other behind one's back.

**Name:** Nicole

**Date:** 22 Dec 2003

**... that danger angel connection. ... Eileen you are spot on with your observations .  
 .. when I was first pregnant with Jeremiah ... I had dinner with some friends ...  
 while I was there Gordon Westerfield who'd been a friend of Emmett's and Sweet  
 William both came round ... he was prospecting for the Angels ... he and my  
 friends husband went out for a bit and when they came back, I knew they had just  
 killed someone ... bits of conversation and the thickness of the air ... it was almost  
 as though the rest of the evening was in slow motion ... exactly a year later I was  
 out with Gordon and little Mike ... we went to fine la steam baths on 15 and market  
 ... we dropped Mike off and then I dropped off Gordon at his apartment in North  
 Beach ... he put his key in the door and someone blew his head off ... I had almost  
 gone inside to say hi to his wife ... that was a huge wake up for me that none of that  
 stuff was play and it could turn ugly and very real very fast ...**

. . . and yr comments about the difference between 20's and now . . . I walk deliberately yet carefully . . . looking inside and out at every step. Feeling my way . . . Finding my way still.

About forgiveness . . . THAT comes extremely easy for me . . . I am a huge forgiver and I believe that's one of the biggest reasons my life is finally going so well . . . it helps put shit behind you. . . .

**Name:** Mark

**Date:** 22 Dec 2003

**. . . I never completely understood the HA thing with the Diggers. I tend to think most of it was playing "cowboys and indians" sucking up to some danger for the thrill of it. Goes against my way of thinking. Building an underground alliance with those were willing to fight back when the government started shooting at its wayward citizens has its logic but in retrospect I think it was the speed. Meth will bring out the worst in anyone eventually.**

**Name:** Hammond

**Date:** 22 Dec 2003

. . . You will probably unleash a new wave of posts regarding the HA connection — yes, sure the cowboy / indian hang with the baddest of boys mano a mano was there — but then so was the necessity to keep the peace — stability in community — and then there was speed — iron under your feet and freedom blowing in your hair without a helmet — on a run and a rush. . . . There are really (I think) many factors and connections that played both ways when it comes to HA relationships with other groups — tribes — and most certainly riders and prospects. The Kesey connection comes into focus — and LSD played a really big part . . . Angels for the most part loved acid. . . . when in Rome — find a gladiator to befriend.

**Name:** Nicole

**Date:** 23 Dec 2003

**Just one more little ANGEL story . . . In 1974, I went on the forth of July run with the angels to Lake Mendocino. Sienna and I both . . . she rode with William on his 3 wheeler and I rode with Sculptor Ray . . . she and I were both kicking a little I believe . . . towards the afternoon I went swimming and when I got out of the lake some prospect had taken the van that held my cloths to town . . . so they punished him by making him carry a huge log around the perimeter of the camp site . . . I felt bad about that actually . . . there were about 300 of us there . . . and they placed sentries around so that some unsuspecting "civilian" teenage girl couldn't wander into our area . . . for the most part it was much like any corporate picnic . . . families enjoying them selves, waterskiing and such . . . and the ride up there from SF with all those bikes was exhilarating!**



**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 23 Dec 2003

. . . I only got to ride in the pack once and if I had been a guy, I would have become a biker just to do that on a regular basis. What a rush! But I'm such a sucker for big group guy things . . . and of course uniforms. Military marches with the weapons clacking and all make me goose bumps gasping crazy. . . . There's nothing to top that kind of group male energy at it's most beautiful. . . .

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 25 Dec 2003

**There's always Glide Church in the Tenderloin in SF. It was a get down church and I hear it's only gotten better. Now if a person wants to get religion I can't think of a better place. There are beautiful churches to be found everywhere and anywhere. But I think Glide is the place where it's as good as it gets for REAL. They have always had a whole mix of religions represented. More important they are huge in serving the community. This is the church that was given over to the Diggers for the now memorable event, I can no longer remember the name of . . . ha, but it WAS memorable. Just scan this list of reports to get the flavor:**

<http://www.glide.org/ourstories/inthenews.asp>

**Name:** claude

**Date:** 26 Dec 2003

"The Invisible Circus"

<http://www.brautigan.net/brautigan/who.html#circus>

here's a link to John Barber's Brautigan site and a description of the "memorable event"

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 26 Dec 2003

HI Claude . . . **Here's a piece I wrote on Discussions, Nov '02 about my experience that night [at The Invisible Circus].**

[http://www.diggers.org/discuss/\\_disc/000002f9.htm](http://www.diggers.org/discuss/_disc/000002f9.htm)

**Name:** Eric

**Date:** 30 Dec 2003

. . . **At the Donnell Library, discovered a full text New York Times database back to 1857. (That's 18 not 19). Ran a couple searches and found some articles I hadn't seen about Emmett etc. . . .**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 31 Dec 2003

Hi Paul ~ I know the building you're talking about. I think it actually was a city owned building. Maybe Mark or Nicole will remember the name. **We did a thing there one Thanksgiving. I remember there was lots of acid and Hells Angels. Coyote and crew had come in from Olema . . . so that means the Red House from Forest Knolls was there too. I remember it was packed. One of those nights when there was a bit too much acid and Coyote was walking around with his juju staff chanting, "Tell the truth, as funky as it is." It was his way of holding the energy when it threatened to get dangerous the way it could with the Angles en mass when the energy was flying. I remember seeing some guy moving like a mouse looking for his death in the middle of the Hells Angel's circle. That was an interesting piece of information for me how that worked. Santiago (Bob Valadez) told me of an incident that night when one of the guys came at him threateningly and he threw his chi at him and sent him flying without even touching him . . . in time Bob would become a martial arts master. UUm Well friend, that's more than you asked, but there it is. Welcome. . . .**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 31 Dec 2003

OK got it. How about The Maritime sp? Hall? Seems like Chet Helms may have bought it later.

**I thought Mon Nite Class was somewhere off the Haight on the south side. Sad to say I entirely missed those classes. (Come on . . . who was that? Was that Steve Gaskin?) I only heard about them after the fact. I was so entrenched with the Diggers. In another lifetime I'm sure I would have hooked up with one of the alpha guys and gone off on the caravan.** What I heard about that commune (The Farm) impressed the shit out of me. The fact they could figure out a way to make a living and not shoot each other over work. **Olema was always such a constant power struggle it's a wonder anything got done.** Plus they had a terrific midwife, who as I remember wrote one of the first good midwifing hand books) come out of that crew. (anyone remember her name? Rena?) But I think in the end it's people's nature to want "a leader" and figures larger than life and then knock them down. I think there were power tussles there as well. But they sure hung in there and had some really impressive folks and work come out of there. Another one I heard about WAA-AY down the line, that I still have kept some journals from I found in a used book store, was New Alchemy. Leave it to the East coasters to come up with such brilliance. They created The Ark which was a stroke of genius. A large passive solar greenhouse with a tilapia (fish) breeding tank. The diagrams of their idea are still worth putting to use and as far as I know they still exist. Of course the pictures of some of it was far funkier . . . but they had it right and I'm sure over time got it perfected. Personally I think their vision is going to hold the most potential in our food issues, which John Todd has taken out even further. This is the commune John Todd came out of, and I can see New Alchemy was just a blueprint from which he has made such gigantic leaps in water purification. He took the idea of The Ark

and developed what I believe will be is the most significant vision of the future. OK so while I'm on communes. WHY was the Israel commune shut down?

**Name:** Mark

**Date:** 31 Dec 2003

Paul,

That concert hall was at the old Playland at the Beach. It was an amusement park with rides across from the beach down past the bottom of the hill from the Cliff House. The place was torn down in the 70's sometime and replaced with condos eventually. Country Joe and the Fish played there as well as most of the local SF bands. Does anyone remember "The Barn" in Scotts Valley in the Santa Cruz mountains where Kesey did many of his acid tests?

**Name:** claude

**Date:** 31 Dec 2003

I went to a Gaskin "Monday Night Class" that winter of 66-67. It was in a huge room at SF state. They were ongoing there for a while. (I didn't drink their kool-aid)

We have lots of funky space out here, on the river. Fall is better than summer (It's HOT) Shady grove. Pond. Acequia big enough to swim in runs right through it all, 60 ft from house. Eighty-five miles to the Plaza. Our drought continues unabated. We have been able to keep our fields green and our trees maintained so far, but it gets iffier each year.

I have some things on the west coast at some point in the summer, hopefully all around the solstice.

Hope to see you all out here.

BTW, the satellite images site is wonderful, and it links to a site that has access to photo images of the entire US. I have a one week membership (\$10) and am downloading images of all the places I can think of and find. What do you want to see? I can email you images. See your house!

Happy New Year!

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 12 Jan 2004

Hey Nicole~I found a book at the thrift store, called Woodstock Handmade Homes (1974). Thought of you immediately of course. No doubt you have been in a few. Also found the Dome Book #2 (Bolin 1971). Someone finally letting go their old dreams or cleaning the closet. Miranda is thrilled. The Woodstock pictures are shitty typical 70's dark prints. But if you look long enough it all looks familiar. Reminds me a lot of David

and Jane's place in Petrolia before the big earthquake here knocked it down. Oh yeah, that was a fun time. (not) Yeah, Miranda dreams of her own special home. I just remember how heavy and dark most places were . . . and or leaked in the rains. Remember Elsa's (Skylack's plastic covered dome . . . or the Big Dome Claude?) But I love the head set we had to do it. As I begin to look through these books I find myself thinking . . . acid and the thought the world was going to be nuked any time gave us the freedom to bust all thoughts of how houses were "supposed" to be. Every time I go into a teepee or passed a hogan I still dream on. I think of the Star cabin at the Red House built into the side of a hill of rock and the rest made of paned doors. I've had a dream of a whole house like that in the woods. I guess I'm still not over it.

**Name:** claude

**Date:** 12 Jan 2004

yeah, I had dome fever bad. Up at the Land, we built a Plastic one and several of the ingenious plywood ones, that somehow I remember Kirby Doyle as having brought the info for. (truly magic in it's simplicity. I had gotten originally enchanted by a marvelous one way on the top of the hills in LA, I never knew exactly where it was, but I got to it a couple of times in 1965. A full sphere geodesic, covered in clear vinyl, a professional job, but I never knew who's it was. Any of you LA types ever see it? I also remember Elsa's, up at Black Bear. Hey, do you know that on the current USGS Topo maps of Black Bear it shows "Marley's Gulch", right where the dome used to be, iirc. is that a recent addition, or was it always named that? It is a 1994 map.

I have even built adobe domes. Learned it from Hassan Fathy himself (remember "Architecture for the Poor" by him in the Original Whole Earth Catalog?)

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 26 Jan 2004

chewing again on the idea of a book Women of the 60's. Pictures and the whole works. I have been told enough times now to so this but thinking of a whole different approach. More as it comes. I'm at incubation stage.

**Name:** r n a

**Date:** 26 Jan 2004

Eileen, Michael Horowitz and Cyndi Palmer wrote a wonderful book about psychedelic women through the ages. The book is *Shaman Woman, Mainline Lady*, subtitled "Women's Writings on the Drug Experience." Chapters include "Psychedelic Pioneers, Beats & Hippies, Choosers and Abusers, Mainline Ladies, Expatriates and Vagabonds, Opium and the Victorian Imagination, and the first chapter, Images of Woman & Drugs in Myth & History. In the Opium Chapter you will find many, including Louisa May Alcott, George Sand, Sarah Bernhardt, Jane Adams, and many more. Billie Holiday and Edith Piaf are among others in the Mainline Lady chapter, Alice B. Toklias, Anais Nin, Laura Hukley and Margaret Mead in the Psychedelic Pioneers; Lenore Kandel and Anita

Hoffman in Beats and Hippies, and more more more. There are some amazing graphics. Interestingly, 3 different publishers would not publish this book if my writings on psychedelic conception (!) and home birth were included! There is a graphic of a woman with a needle in her arm: that's o.k., but psychedelic conception and home birth . . . we have to draw the line somewhere. However, your project of women in the 60's sounds very cool. I can send you Michael's email and home phone in you like. He is a tremendous resource. There are so many other powerful women who are not included in *Shaman Women*. I think your book will be a big hit. Too many kids these days are without vision. Bring on the Visionaries!!! Jenn, Kauai is the other end of the world from here. I have one artist friend over there, I haven't visited since the 80's when I went over for the concert to raise funds for the hurricane victims. Bonnie Raitt, Jackson Brown, and other great groups played. It's a long plane ride to Maui, and inter-island fares are expensive. Of course if you come to Maui I'll take you to some magical places.

**Name:** Nicole

**Date:** 26 Jan 2004

...Eileen, perhaps a collaboration?

**Name:** Nicole

**Date:** 27 Jan 2004

**The women: Just to name a few . . . off the top of my head . . . Judy Berg, Susan Keyes, Judy Quick, Phyllis Wilner, Natural Suzanne, Carla Schuler, Elsa Marley, Joanna Rinaldi, Peggy Darm, Vicky Pollock, H'lane, Joannie Batman, Marsha Thelin, Susie, Mary Anne Pickens, Cheryl Lynn, Kaye Anne, Carol Seran, Lenore Kandel, Nina Blasenheim, Jane Lapiner, Betsy Degelman**

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 27 Jan 2004

Thanks Nicole . . . don't leave yourself off the list. I also want to find . . . as I said before more than the Digger ladies . . . although limiting it to that would certainly give me more than enough to work with. But there were so many others. And what about the communal time? Do I limit this to the city time? Are there limits?

**Name:** Mark

**Date:** 29 Jan 2004

Eileen, I have info on the editor working with Berg. Would you like me to contact her on your behalf about the Women of the 60's idea? From conversations I had with her she seemed very interested in participating in a project like yours with a particular interest in but not limited to the Diggers. I can discuss the concept with her and exchange email addresses if you like. She works for the SF City Library. Maybe a general conversation with her about what you might envision could offer some catalyst. . . .

**Name:** Eileen

**Date:** 29 Jan 2004

... YES!