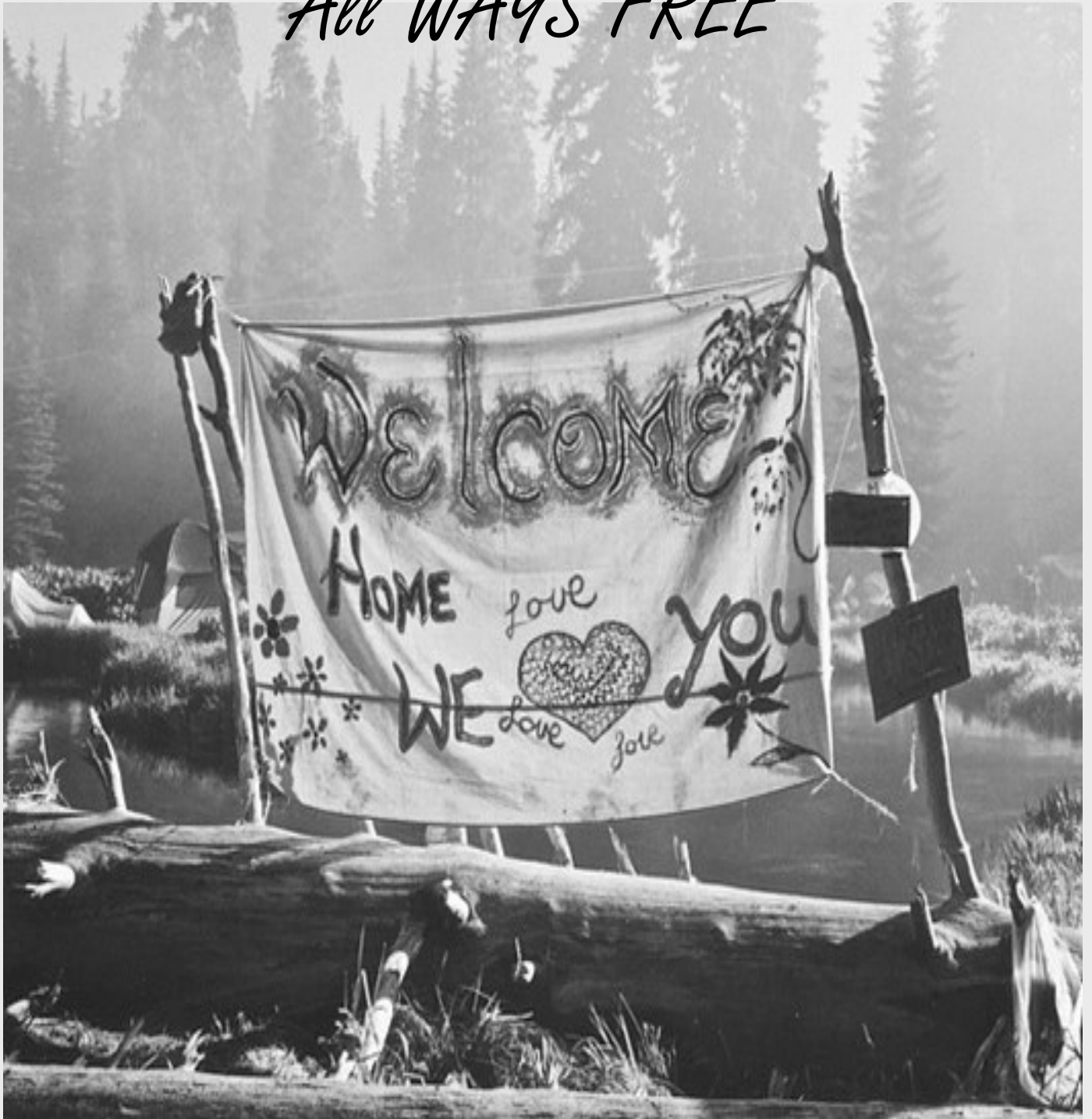


May you Always be...

ALL WAYS FREE



Summer 2015

Statement of Intent

All Ways Free is an actualization of a need to expand communication among the people of the planet. We offer a forum for: sharing heartsongs, dreams, visions, and the realization of peace updates on the events of the world and those in our own backyards expressing creativity in poetry, cartoons, short stories, drawings bringing increased awareness to the difficulties and problems facing us, as well as potential solutions, our progress and accomplishments most importantly, sharing of love for one another and our planet home

All Ways Free is an inclusive experience, with input from any and all. A volunteer staff meets before each edition to combine the collective effort into a polished product. We have chosen not to sell All Ways Free, or any space within it. Instead, it flies on love, energy, money, and materials freely given. With this process we hope to bring about a shared vision of love, peace, justice, and freedom, through a strong, broad, common unity.

All Ways Free is completely noncommercial, meaning it relies on YOU to keep it afloat with your donations. Likewise, it is a collaborative effort which needs creative family like YOU to help by writing articles and other original content for next summer's edition! To contact us for information on submissions or donations, email the current crew at rainbowtopkat@yahoo.com

Rainbow Connection

- ◇ Arcata Lighline:(707) 616-2835
- ◇ Arizona Lightline:(928) 636-6742
- ◇ Colorado Lighline:(303) 471-4469
- ◇ Ho Mid South Lightline: (770) 662-6112
- ◇ Jesus Tribe Lightline: (928) 273-5539
- ◇ Mid-West Lightline: (314) 301-9468
- ◇ New York Albany Lightline: (518) 377-6662
- ◇ New York/Reading, PA Lightline: (718) 208-4543
- ◇ Oregon/Northwest Lightline: (503) 727-2498
- ◇ Philadelphia Lightline: (215) 701-7233
- ◇ Rainbow Heart Lightline: (303) 936-5995
- ◇ Reading, PA: (610) 401-6538
- ◇ Ripple Ranch, MT: (406) 826-0015

"Freedom! Sleep in a garden listen to the birds watch the Sun rise and set feel the morning do read a book write a poem remember a dream plan an adventure so colored strips of fabric on your clothes make up a song whilst washing your dishes strawberries dance with your friends peel a banana climb a tree painting abstract self-portrait play checkers and chess eat fruits and vegetables and drink lots of water.

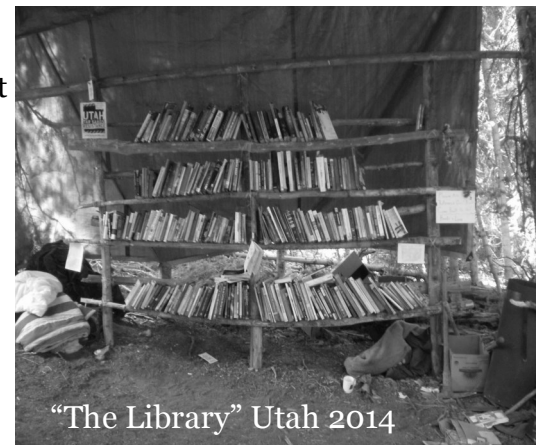
Or Freedom...

Wake up early.

wash your hands wipe your feet brush your hair change your clothes finish your dinner do your homework go to work walk the dogs take out the trash wash the cars do your dishes mow the lawn paint the fence watch TV pay your bills pay your bills pay your bills play the game set the alarm take the pill go to sleep.

Life is how you live. by William Matchett

ALL WAYS FREE 2015



Arizona Lightline

Greetings .This is Dreamer, Hobbit and Rainbow Bob. We operate the Arizona lightline for Rainbow Family Unofficial (928 - 636-6742) and we have been trying to help manifest gatherings in North Central Az ...we live in Chino Valley about 15 minutes from Prescott. We are having full moon drum circles at the mural downtown in Prescott and potlucks and such in Granite Creek Park. We are compiling contact info for folks in AZ, so when we gather we can invite Family from all over AZ ...and when you gather we can help Brothers and Sisters find your gathering. Let's get to gathering ...lets find each other...it's your Lightline, use it! Send me your contact info, phone number, email etc. and let us know of gatherings in your area.

We try to keep up on Rainbow Family Gatherings where ever they happen and relay that info to folks who call. In the operation of the Lightline we help family on the road with crash space, showers, leads to work, telephone and computer usage, laundry...(check your email and call home). A family friendly place to rest (up to three days), depending on the circumstances maybe longer. My email address is arizona_lightline@live.com

We truly love you all... Dreamer and Family/North Central Arizona Tribes..

Love to all my Relations Dreamer, Hobbit, and Rainbow Bob and all the folks here at the Arizona Lightline

Brought to you by the letter A and the Number nine.

Rap 777

Jesus Tribes

Lightline: Friar Brother Rodney Prescott, AZ 928-273-5539.

We try and live as simple as can be; living with as less as possible in order to reach as many souls as possible.

Goals and qualifications

- 1.) We are to be born again spirit filled Christians.
- 2.) We commit to reading our bibles everyday.
- 3.) When given an opportunity to share our faith we will do so with utmost love and as much scripture as necessary.
- 4.) We commit to praying on a daily basis.
- 5.) We realize that we are not promised tomorrow and that today may be the last chance for someone to hear the good news of the gospel, before slipping into eternity.
- 6.) We are not a denomination: but a body of believers in Jesus Christ living in our Kings Kingdom.
- 7.) We believe that you should assemble at a local fellowship of believers of your choice, prayerfully, and financially.

What we believe

- 1.) We believe in The tri-unity of God, Father, Son, and Holy

Spirit, maker of heaven and earth.

- 2.) We believe that one must have a relationship with Jesus Christ or they are not saved in the true biblical sense of it's meaning.
- 3.) We believe that Jesus Christ was conceived by the Holy Spirit and was born of the Virgin Mary.
- 4.) We believe that he suffered under the hands of Pontius Pilate was crucified.
- 5.) We believe the third day Jesus rose from the dead.
- 6.) We believe he ascended to the right hand of our Father God almighty.
- 7.) We believe he will return to judge the world of sin and unrighteousness.
- 8.) We believe that the church is a universal body of believers that meet and assemble collectively anywhere, anyplace, and at anytime.
- 9.) We also believe in the equality and essential dignity of men and women of all ethnic cultures and backgrounds.
- 10.) We believe that all persons are created in the Image of God and so should reflect a godly life in actions, deeds, feeling and thinking: in their everyday lives at home, work and play, after acceptance of Jesus Into their life.
- 11.) We believe that men and women are to use their God given gifts for the good of the home, church, and society.

ALL WAYS FREE 2015

Birth Announcements

- Phoenix Lopez Whipkey was born April 29th, 2014, to Uri Lopez Rubio and Ashley Whipkey.
- Au'Ryn Sol Asterius Sojourn was born May 1st, 2014 in Chico, CA to Sol Sojourn and Star Parker
- Ofelia Lleigaih Enheduana Zvadavy Engle was born May 20th, 2014 to Mercurio Grimmalkyne Zvadavy and Jocelyn Zvadavy Engle
- Audrina Rain was born to Voice and David on June 26th 2014 in Indiana, at 5lb 14oz
- Makani Wilhelm Wentzel was born on July 8th, 2014 to Carolus "Camu" Wentzel and Lokelani Isis Fridella (now Wentzel too).
- Halia Gail Baybado was born to Sam Papineau and MJ (Angel) Baybado on July 9th, 2014 at 3:40 pm weighing in at 5 lbs 12.6 oz, measuring 18 1/2 inches at Grande Ronde hospital in La Grande, Oregon
- Switz and Austin gave birth to Luke William-Tyler on July 29th 2014, 8lbs. 12oz. and 20in. Long.
- Clark Alexander McWhirter was born July 29th, 2014 to Amanda Leigh Maynard and Damion Daltion McWhirter. First born! Happy, healthy and hungry. 7lb 9oz 21.5 inches long.
- Aria Sage Khachaturova was born to Ilona Khachaturova and Clayton Cheek on Sept. 8th 2014 at 3:43am.
- Noala Aurora was born to Brenda and Grimm on September 14th 2014
- Shannon Love Rose and Victor "the bird" welcomed baby boy Marlon Nakai on September 25th, 2014. He was welcomed earthside in the our comfort of home by Daddy, big brother Dasan, sister Autumn and midwives. 5lb13oz, 19 in
- Aria Sky was born to Abriana Ross and Dylan Asbill November 19th 2014, and was welcomed into the world at 3:10am. A healthy 5lbs 15oz & 19inches.
- Mateo and Paradox welcomed home baby Maddix Star Padden on November 29th, 2014 at 3:45.
- Baby Bear and Tig welcomed their son Connor Sage to the world on December 4th, 2014 at 5lbs 6oz.
- Gemma Daisy was born December 10th 2014 to Kayla and Garrett! Born at 6:45 pm 9lbs 12oz .
- Eisley Contented Grace was born December 15th, 2014 at

BIRTHS, DEATHS, AND UNIONS

8lbs 5 oz, 21" at 1:30 pm to Sweet Mary and Family

- Basil Lee McCauley was born Decemeber 18th, 2014 to Cassandra Pickett and Joshua McCauley at 11:41p.m. in Oceanside CA.
- Hazel Fae Ellis was born on December 25th, 2014 to Meri and Donovan in Eugene OR. 7 lbs 5 oz of radiant joy!
- Robin Perry Hayman and Roxanna D'Angela welcomed baby Pemba on the January 2015 full moon!
- Zander Michael Brutto was born January 8th 2015 11:27am, 7lbs 9oz 21 inches long, to Kristen Clark and Kai Abate.
- Virgil Eugene Fowler the 3rd was born to Virgil Fowler and Deandra Drew on January 15th, 2015 at 9:45 am
- Harvest Springhelm was born to Nikole and Keeneye, February 2015
- Atlas Anatole Lee and Zerelda Anabelle Lee (twins) were born on February 18th, 2015 to PonyBoy Lee (Cameron) and the Munchkin (Coco). They weighed in at 6lbs 8oz and 6lbs 15oz, and were 19 inches and 21 inches long respectively.
- Kyle Teagan Wilkinson was born February 22nd, 2015, at 11:51 am, after 18 hours of labor and a c-section. There's a new 6 Lb 15 Oz star to shine on our rainbow family. Beautiful boy born to Starshine.
- Mathew Garold Kahn II was born March 2nd, 2015 at 10:46 am after 22 and a half hours labor. A 19 inch long 6lbs6oz preemie, still scored a 9 on the APGAR test, born to One Legged Matt and Blaze Morningstar. Next generation Nic@ Nite and Shut Up & Eat It family.
- Lucille May Booth was born to Angel and Jacob on March 3rd, 2015 at 12:50 pm 8lbs 6oz 21 inches at Harrison Hospital in Silverdale, WA.
- Johanna Raven Gillespie was born on March 14th, 2015, to Halfstepp Gillespie and Natalie Lanham, at 7lbs 3oz and 18.5 inches.
- Denali Cloud Wilcox-Hillion was born 2:22 am on April 2nd 2015 to Laura Light and Mack.
- Marion Ray Haney III born 8:12a.m. May 3rd 2015 to Loki and Puff .
- Lyralee Bearheart TuCrow came Earthside at 3:12 May 9th 2015 to Spider

Gone But Not Forgotten:**BIRTHS, DEATHS, AND UNIONS**

Amaria	Leah Mellott
Andrew Kerezman	Leto James
Angel Feather	Mathew Rogers
Axel	Michael Bird
Bald Hawk	Michael "Happy" Cantor
Barbara Ball	Mist
Beatrice Kalb	Moose (Goat Camp)
Bilbo Baggins	Nana Tempe
Bill the Cat	Old Lobo Spanky
Boston	Parking Lot Patrick
Brendon "Dizzle" Glenn	Peter John "Woody" Regan Jr.
Brett Doc Beaton "Grateful Doc"	Richard Eagle Feather
Brokeback Danny	River Man
Butterfly Bill	Roderick "Rudd" Walker
Calico	Roger Howard Johnson
Calvin Rising	Skeeter Edding
Carla Mitchell	Stephen Gaskin
Crystal Bob Dilger	Steve "Georgia"
David Hawley	Strider
Evergreen Forest "Butterfly"	Storm Cloud
Fast Eddie	Suzu Sunshine
Feathers	Terrible
Frank Cook	Tim Bear
"Granola" Marcus	Timmy Two Tokes
Hamsa Seidle	Tom Shore
Izu	Tommy Huckaby "Huck"
Jean Marie	Tony Miller
Johnny Winter	Travis "Greenman" Iverson
Judith Malina	William Thomas
Kimball Shortell	Yoga Bear

Angel Isabella Frady.- born June 5, 2014 she gained her wings on Oct. 25th. She will forever be loved and missed until we see you again in Heaven.

Izabelle Rose Dunning - Sep 18th, 2014- Jan 23 2015 born with many heart defects and cleft lip and palette - Did you see that twinkle on the rainbow last fall? It was a love light shining for a little baby heart song. She never made it home to momma arms, but her love was known... we hoped in awe... her time was short, we loved her so very small. Keep loving good vibes to all who are sad, who lose children too soon and the brief memories they had. Mama you are loved, mama you have love to give... take care your broken heart and smile as you yet live... we are one. Loving you.

The Ultimate Eye

by Judith Malina

(June 4, 1926 – April 10, 2015)

I will not flinch

To meet the final lover.

I, who have always been afraid

Of everything and no one,

Will look him in his ultimate eye,

And not be afraid.

All of my long I've been afraid

Of water and of wind and of the dark,

Of aloneness and of pain,

Of speed and steep places,

But in the end

I will not flinch

Nor will I laugh in his face

But we will laugh together

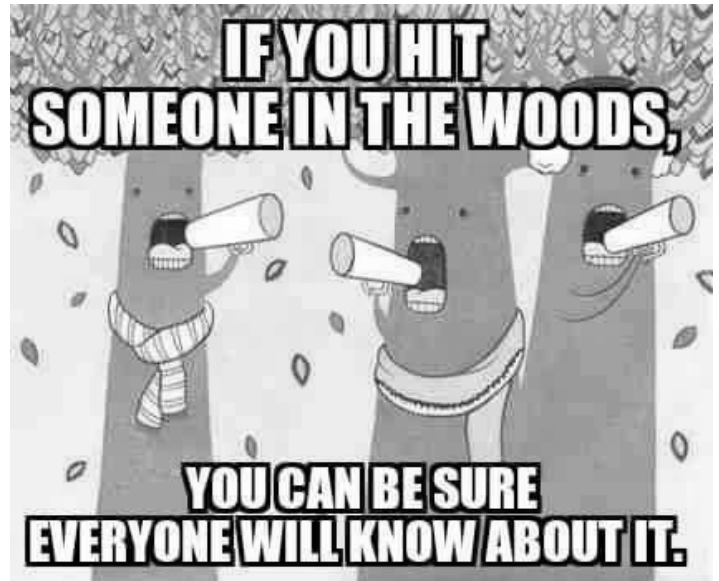
Like children playing,

Because now we are safe.

Wedding Announcements

- Smash and Creeper were married on October 5th, 2014 in Brand-X kitchen at the Shawnee regional Rainbow Gathering at One Horse Gap.
- Michelle (Shell/Huckleberry) Sprinkles and Christian (Pappa) Silva were married October 15, 2014.
- Steven Overby (Sasquatch) and Nichole (Nickels), were married December 5th 2014 by Tattoo Face Bill, in Spartanburg SC after first meeting February 2012 in Asheville NC, and getting engaged September 23, 2014 at the Washington regional in Cle Elum.
- Shawn Glass Gilbert married his beautiful wife Kristen Marie Glass-Gilbert on January 31, 2015.
- On Feb. 12th, 2015 Tennessee Jed and Sam were married at the Ocala Regional Gathering. The wedding was held at Brand-X Kitchen and officiated by Pentacle.
- On Feb 15, 2015, Gary Haverfield and Faithann aka Momma Fay were married at the Ocala Regional Gathering.
- Chase and Britany Long were married on March 11, 2015.
- Heidi Suniti Lynn Koling wed Benjamin Montague on May 3, 2015 in Rincon, Puerto Rico.

Tragedy in the Woods: On March 5 of this year, at the Apalachicola Gathering in Florida, an argument escalated to the point of fatality. Clark Meyers, of Georgia, tried to film gathering activities he objected to. After being told to stop filming and refusing, his phone was confiscated and thrown in the fire. Clark then went to his truck and retrieved a gun, and returned, shooting. He shot our brother Dice multiple times. The other brother there, Smiley, tried to deescalate the assailant, and was shot, and killed. Clark was then restrained and badly beaten by individuals responding to the immediate aftermath. Both Dice and Clark were hospitalized. Dice faces life altering injuries. Clark will be charged with homicide. This is an unspeakable loss for our community, and also a loss of innocence, of sorts. Never before have guns caused death to our family at a rainbow gathering. Let it never happen again.



“Violence and violent habits and tolerance of violence led to the fatal escalation at A-Cola. I don't care about your "warrior" fantasies. Public shame is a more powerful weapon than fists and a person's reputation in the woods follows them for a long time. If you do violence you are now getting called out for it. Loudly. Persistently. Constantly. Don't "bring it to the road". Just don't be violent in the first place. If we REestablish a culture of nonviolence, shit like this won't happen again. If you hit someone in the woods, you can be sure everyone will know about it.”

#calloutrainbowviolence -Finch

“So from now on, I'm going to be a super shwag asshole to anyone, anyone, anyone, anyone who is violent in the woods. For real. Hit me if you need to, but I'm putting any of you on blast, loud as fuck, whenever I see you.

Not cool. Violence is so not cool that that phrase isn't even right. Violence is abhorrent. There's definitely a strong vein of violence appreciation in rainbow. I always felt whatever about it. My boy Dice Jones is suffering like none of us know right now. Due to a gun, yes, but that whole scenario played out violently.

So, friends of mine who "do violence", I'm not sorry, and you're maybe not going to be friends with me anymore, but I cannot apathetically tolerate this anymore.

If you punch someone, I'm gonna tell everyone you punched someone. All day long. While you're macking on girls. At circle.

At the front.

All you front gaters, you know i love you. But this is a big part of your party.

Let's stop the violence. I'm gonna shwag you out. For real. And

I'm loud.

These are not threats. " this novel guy says he's cracking down on us, we'll beat his ass."

You're my friends. Let's fix this together.

Or one of you could get shot and paralyzed.

For life.

For life!

You don't look very cool doing keg stands in a wheelchair, it doesn't get you pussy.

Not front gate, stop the hate child.

I'm gonna shwag you out. Hard.

You're all gonna hate me for telling everyone about your violence, so the solution is to not be violent.

... Indignant responses, GO!!!” -Novel

What Happened (to me) at Acola 2015

By Emily Downing

I pulled into the Acola site prepared to deal with a tragedy. Roughly 48 hours after the shooting, and about 24 since I decided it was imperative to proceed anyway, to come and see who was hurting and needed help. Word on the internet, from law enforcement and media alike, was the site had been closed, crime scene status, party over. And aside from what we all know about rumors of cancellation, seeing as this was the first confirmed, actual-factual public murder that most could recall occurring at a gathering, it seemed plausible. So I had steeled myself for displaced and traumatized hippies lining the road with their gear, desperate for a ride out.

With this in mind, my truck was empty of all normal gathering gear, the better to repeatedly ferry humans and dogs to whatever god-forsaken pocket of Florida they found most agreeable. Naturally, all expectations needed adjustment. Despite flashing highway signs near the forest warning of roadblocks, there wasn't a single LEO to be encountered. Not one. I had expected to encounter massive static, especially showing up after midnight and essentially having to talk my way in...it made it all the more surreal to find vehicles unmolested on a dark and silent road.

The next day dawned and I could see no visible preparations to flee. It seemed like campfires, tarps, and the beginnings of coffee. Word on the street was council at midday. Apparently councils from the previous two days had been a mix of heartsongs and threats from the police. This one was specifically called to decide what to do about the order to vacate by 12pm Sunday. One of the more high-stakes situations I could recall as far as councils were concerned, and everyone seemed to be attending. As the time approached, an equal number of people seemed to be headed to the front, by the busses, and the main circle area back in the woods. Everyone agreed it *should* be one council, but neither group seemed to be willing to move. Eventually two councils were underway, one populated by the front and Brand X kitchen, who eventually decided to vacate and prepare for Talladega.

The main circle council was mainly a discussion of where to go, if scouts had come back with news, and a small number that advocated standing our ground and staying. I brought up that since a permit had been signed we had revoked our right to take the usual moral high ground on the issue. Council was peppered of course with the usual pro and anti alcohol discussion and flights of ego. (Actual quote from that council: "You need us at the front, we take the bullets for YOU!!") The only choice was to continue to a new site and start over as an actual permit-free gathering. I thought at the time it was unlikely to occur and we would

simply disband and perhaps try again next year. The council ended in chaos when parties from the front arrived to confront some perceived shit-talking, but also with the arrival of news that a new site had been found and we should proceed if we wished.

After that it was a rapid breakdown, much faster than I expected with a caravan lined up and ready by 11am. And so we rolled out in four RVs, several cars, Green and Purple kitchen, and a terribly overloaded bus. In total, somewhere between 70 and 80 people soon found themselves 30-something miles away in the same forest. The first night consisted of hasty fire pit construction, water run, and general settling in. The second day brought the first council, attended by most, where it was decided to build one main kitchen using Green and Purple's gear, and to proceed without a permit should the issue arise. This occurred around noon.

I left mid afternoon for water and to see what local dumpsters held. Which it turned out was cold, blemish-free, photogenic produce and other desirable groceries, an entire truck bed full. So returning high spirits were bolstered even further by the discovery, upon our return, that a large well-designed kitchen with prep tables, wash station, and bliss rails was waiting back at the site. Dinners that night and every one after were colorful and fresh.

The following days brought light police contact. One officer asked if we were "the TMH kids," as apparently some kind of vigil for Dice was held in the Tallahassee Memorial Hospital parking lot, complete with tents and campfires (although I can't confirm this). A handful of naysayers and past permit signers stopped by to tell us to move along, it was over (also, to call it a "refugee camp"). But wonderfully, impossibly, nearly all of us had made a conscious decision it was a gathering, and so a real gathering is what it became. Main circle was held and well-attended every night. By people who, well...didn't usually do that. Ohms were sincere and at times (at least to my usually cynical self) really smacked of magic. Smiley was remembered well, and often. The supernatural dumpster continued to perform daily, giving us more fresh healthy food than anyone could eat. The centralized no-name kitchen functioned splendidly, smoothly, a real rallying point for all. It drew even the most stubborn bliss-ninnies into its orbit to become named-and-claimed members of the community. One brave nic at nighter gamely managed to satisfy all cravings. It turns out that a decent formula for contentment is one kitchen and one nic at nighter per roughly 100 people. We gathered around no more than three large fires a night.

When we had *originally* decided to commence this "Acola part 2", the general consensus was to keep the new site a secret, with one camp of people threatening to walk out whomever first posted anything to the internet. But

when their RV pulled out a few days later (leaving soiled diapers in the "Free" pile) I took it upon myself to put out an invite via proxy. I said to the combined dinner circle/council that evening that if anyone objected I would remove it, and finding no real contention it stayed up, bringing only a few real human beings into the woods and moderate online approval, as I had hoped.

There was a small amount of drinking, sure, but it was (get this) *RESPECTFUL*! The booze was kept under a blanket, or in the vehicle. And despite VERY close quarters...it worked. No one hauling in boxes of beer on their shoulders like a fresh kill, no sawed-off liquor bottles as blissware. So in the wake of horror, of bloodshed, something strange and real happened in the panhandle. There was actually one of those healing gatherings you hear so much about. I feel like I had the honor of attending Florida's first real (meaning permit-free) Rainbow gathering in many years. It can be done. Fuck burning tires. Fuck public drunkenness. WE LOVE YOU.

My first gathering was in Michigan in 2002. At that gathering during the peace prayer on the 4th, a very bright rainbow appeared as a halo around the high noon sun, it was pure magic and I was hooked. That year the tiny nearby town also saved the gathering by making sure the water conflict was resolved due to the fact that their town constitution protected the rights to clean drinking water for all people, all ways.

Sundog

The rainbow was a circle
a halo round the sun,
Some parts still not visible
the new days had just begun.
The hands they came together
the good folks gathered round,
Two great birds flew above
there was magic on the ground.
The first time I saw such circles

the first time I met such people,
It was the forever place
it was a forever time
that lasted
an ephemeral moment upon,
the linear timeline.
-StarLynn Jacobs

Master of the eye-

Float away my dear soul,

carry your light to the depths of the ocean..

extend your limbs amongst the trees,

shine your love in every direction..

allow the colors you bleed to burst into the
skies to then fall like rain..

cover the darkness with your vibrance,

feel the breeze upon your open heart..

fill the spaces in warm rays and stars along
side..

lull away all disaster within, free the world of
its fear, and wash away all the rubble to
uncover the divine inside

...Master of the eye in disguise.. . By: Gypsii

We rose up today,

Ready for anything in our way,

Except for the blanket of Demeter;

The chilling embrace of Cailleach Bheur.

The old ones had much to teach

Me so that my Light will have expanded reach.

"Did you know the sweet rain kisses of Spring

Are more aggressive than those of the snows though
they sting?"

"No I didn't!" my young soul cries,

As I frolic in the white sea, feasting eyes.

Now I listen to Stank's great musics,

Letting my mind connect some dots of metaphysics.

I hope to your brain it is amusing

To see this little glimpse of my musing,

As we take this season's introspective time,

To develop our lives into a flowing rhyme.

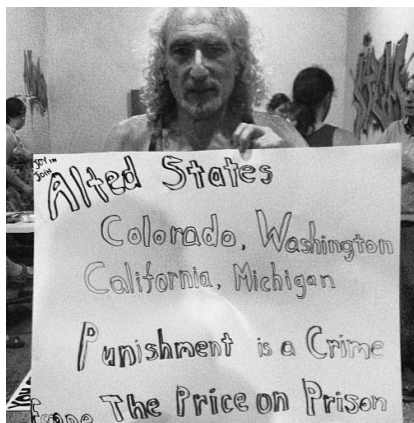
From where I gaze on this precipice,

I observe our futures full of blessedness,

And as long as with Love our story weaves,

Our friendships are not dead like Autumn leaves. –

By: Giggles the Mother Fuckin' Squirrel



Happy Valentine's Day my darling husband. It wasn't supposed to be like this. We were supposed to play beautiful music together last night and do foot baths and dance and do yoga and have interesting conversations and you were going to make me one of your fantastic dinners

Best cook ever!. I miss you so much. I love you to the infinity power. I hope we come together again in the next incarnation. You're with Josh (our son who died 12 years ago) and with Rube and Shirley now (his parents). Thanks for helping with Sam (our other son) over the last month and all of the help you gave him; helping to pick out his apartment, giving him encouragement, going out to eat, hanging out and having him play your guitar. It's wonderful that you had some closure with him and the time we spent together was indescribable and healing and I'm so glad that we had that time. It was so needed. You helped me set up my whole house and we were hoping to do a million projects here, outreaching to the community for lots of fun and healing activities and taking the EFC and Astarot deck to completion. It's not going to be nearly as much without you. I don't know what I'm going to do without you. I love you so much and never stopped loving you.

We had 27 great years together, unschooling and raising 4 children, putting on over a 100 nursing home shows, both a variety show and original musical theatrical productions, the play we wrote and performed in 2009 and performed at the Rotunda, Two Thou Ascend Two Elf or Two Owe One Two commemorating the end of the Mayan calendar in 2012-it was a 2-character play, just he and I starring as Soul-o-moon and I as Lillymaura, Queen of the Woodland nymphs, and he a leper can from the Fifth Dimension. Years of camping and rollerblading on the drive and in Pennypack Park, going to Grateful Dead concerts and Rainbow Gatherings, our family trip to California in the fall of 2010, endless hours of brainstorming, working on projects and creative endeavors including experimentation with many phenomena including hundreds or more past-life regressions, experimentation with the raw vegan diet, and so many projects unfinished still although I have the ideas and work plays and computer art and the book you started to complete, and your life's work, the Astarot deck, of which we wrote the 65 page booklet together, and the Electric Fortune Cookie, which we also took to fruition and had Gary put it on the Web many years ago for all to enjoy at Askefc.com., a random word generator guided by the Force.

ALL WAYS FREE 2015

We had our own business for a while off of South St called The Tarot Works, where you did psychic readings, marketed the tarot deck and we had endless hours of fun with the kids and their friends, sometimes for days on end. Then there was boating and waterskiing every summer and lots of fun times with your dad boating and your mom always inviting us for holidays and Chinese food and to play Rummy Kub afterward. Endless, endless hours of fun and exploration for 27 years straight! with a brief 4-year hiatus to be resumed again about a month and a half ago.

You did so much to help me this past bit of time. We had so much fun now too. Dancing and loving each other, putting the house together, running around to different places to pick out everything for the house, eating out and eating in, doing foot baths to detoxify, and you taking care of me and spoiling me and waiting on me hand and foot while I was so deathly ill for two weeks after coming back from my cruise, Just like old times. Life was always an adventure together and you

were a great husband to me and a great father for so many years. Happy Valentine's my darling husband, love of my life. I'll love you until the end of time. Nobody could ever be as much fun and as interesting as you. I love you and I wish you were here right now with all my heart. I miss you so much. I found you only to be alone again without you. I'm thankful for the last months we had together and how you tried to make me so happy. I'll always be thankful for that time of closure we had.

I'll see you in the next life and many incarnations to come I hope, my dearest, dearest, darlin, husband, Soul-o-moon or Solo as you liked me to call you. I know you're still here and will always be here watching and protecting me and the family until we reunite and are eventually buried together for all time.

To my kind, considerate, compassionate, gentleman; witty, genius innovator, so much fun and so interesting, great cook, fabulous dancer etc etc etc.

From your loving wife Lillymaura, on Valentine's Day 2015, while we were supposed to be preparing for our Hawaiian vacation. Thankfully we finally got to dance the dance I've been wanting to dance with you for 30 years, totally uninterrupted, only with us here alone and in love, to Close to You by The Carpenters after that wonderful dinner you prepared. I love you Solo! Now you're with all our other dearly beloved departed, so unexpectedly and devastatingly. I wish you a smooth transition and a fantastic Afterlife. Until we meet again,

Your wife, Lillymaura

I was asked recently, “how do you remain a peaceful individual when violence is clearly inside you, talking to you, telling you to justify and stand up for yourself? How do you not feel threatened when you’re used to always feeling threatened? How does one come to peace?” My answer was, it’s a challenge I face every day of my life. How do I love my enemies, as Jesus has told me to do? It’s not easy. It’s an exercise. You do it by treating that person, no matter how enraged they make you or how disgusted you are by that person, as if they really matter to you like a family member. It ain’t easy. I usually fail. But it’s my focus, it’s my goal, it’s my point of reference, and so I try to remember Psalm 46:10 when I can while I’m in the middle of wanting to rip the fuckers throat out. Like I said, it ain’t easy...but it’s the right thing to do. Love is NOT an adjective. It’s not a noun and it’s not a feeling. It’s a behavior based on the decision to take an action. And the funny thing is, if you act - honestly - in a loving and caring way towards someone you may not like at all - treat them as if their well being matters to you - after a short time, magic happened: you actually begin to care about them., concern yourself for their well being, and eventually experience some genuine love for that person you previously couldn’t tolerate. In a spiritual sense, LOVE is compassion. It’s a choice. You make a decision to attempt to act towards others in an intentional manner. When I was a Christian, we often used to say that faith is the engine that pulls the train, actions are the fuel that feed the engine, and love is the caboose. Jesus said that we should love our enemies. Paul taught that we are saved by grace lest any man should boast. But James ...he dialed it in. He said that faith without works is dead. Show me a man with faith, and I’ll show you a man’s faith by his actions. If we wish to BE more loving and peaceful then we have to ACT more loving and peaceful, regardless of how we feel about that person. To live a life of love must be a constant ongoing persistent decision, and therein lies the challenge. But at least by understanding this principle we have somewhere to start, a tool to work with so we need not be left to the whims and vagaries of our feelings or emotions. In Greek there are four words translated into love: storgē, éros, philía, and agápe - familial love, erotic love, love of a book or community, and spiritual love a word which should better be translated as compassion of charity. I’m not talking about erotic love or brotherly love or material desires ..I’m talking about a higher kind of “love”.

-Gary Stubbs



A Sermon for a Sunny Day

by the Good Right Reverend Journey Diogenes Metatron V

The Fall of Man, depicted dramatically in Genesis as the metaphor of “Adam and Eve,” shows us being expelled from the Garden to no longer walk and talk with God. We saw we were naked too, for we were separate not only from God, but from each other as well.

At one time our kind were the caretakers of this planet living alongside the plants, animals, rocks, and minerals: equal partners in singing the song of the universe. We moved as the beasts migrated and so were nomadic. We played our part in the homeostatic harmony of coexistence, living and dying according to the awesome will of the chaos of our Mother, so our numbers were few and our impact on the planet was minimal.

Our communities were our lifeline and our source of power for it was in gathering of our various strengths and talents that we first discovered our True Strength. Alone we can accomplish maybe a handful of things, but together (each of us focused on our specific duty) we become Superhuman. So then, our coming of age was dedicated to discovering where exactly we fit within our community. Through learning to harmoniously fit with the macrocosm of a tribe/community/family unit, we are made aware of our macrocosmic connection with all things.

We have come so far from the Spirit saying the whole way, “We are man. We are set apart.” In doing so we have removed ourselves from God, the Spirit, which is all things. If we can relearn the lessons of community, rediscover that harmonious vibration of “every piece in it’s right place,” we may begin to bridge the gap between man and God.

As Above,
So Below.

Trade in Peace

I made my first Rainbow Gathering currency for the 2013 annual in Montana. I had made about sixty unfinished wooden tokens, each one had an intricate peace sign mosaic, and was held together by a pressed steel ring. I had also carved rubber ink stamps. Two large ones; "ONE WORLD TRADE TOKEN - CORYLITTLE.COM", and "A GOOD DEED DESERVES A REWARD". As well as several smaller ones; "RAINBOW", "NATIONALS", "2013", and a "MONTANA" stamp I had carved on site.

I created the finished tokens in the trade circle, and got great trades for them. It was a slow process to sand, stamp, and apply shellac, but I got good offers before they were even done. They were only available on the fifth of July, and only about a dozen were finished, because I had carved the "MONTANA" stamp in the morning, and the bag with all the tokens, stamps and ink pads was stolen that night..

I returned home after the gathering and started the project over. I was determined to show by example that we don't need a controlled currency, and how the value of what we trade should be present in the item we trade. I wanted there to be an open source currency. If there is an industry of individual artistic currency creators, there will be something to transition to if the controlled currency ever fails.

So I set about carving a new rubber ink stamp, deeply meditating on creating an open source currency without borders. I had the letters all carved out: "ONE WORLD PEACE TOKEN", and I had only to remove some extra material when the blade slipped, and turned the "E" in "ONE" into an "F", ruining over seven hours of work.

I was staring at my mistake, and trying not to cry, when I realized what I should call the new currency, and the next day I carved my first "ONE WORLD PEACE" stamp, I also carved a "TRADE IN PEACE" stamp, and in 2013, I made World Peace for several festivals and events.

I started making World Peace for the 2014 gathering in January, including carving all new stamps, and arrived early at the Utah annual with 420 individually numbered peace. Each one took over an hour to make. They traded well, and were often traded again. One person even got 100 of them. They sparked many thoughtful conversations about money, and the value of printed paper and machined coins. There were some that thought I was trying to make an official rainbow currency. I explained that this is something anyone can do, and that if they also made World Peace I would trade with them, and it would increase my variety of Peace to trade. My hope is that everyone starts making World Peace, trading in Peace, and collecting Peace.

May you always find the Peace you are looking for, as; it is not how much Peace you have, it is how much you value your Peace.

-C. A. Little



Sweet breeze blowin'	Almost inside
Solace seeker	Woodsmoke smelling
Moon beam dancer	Distant drum
Prairie landing	We're almost home
Mountain mystic	We're almost home
Rock and streetside	
Ramblin' heaven	Eliza TruEllen
Sweaty momma	(eliza goney)
Salty daddy	
Chuckle child	



Black Lives Matter... In the Woods and On the Street

by Justine Collum

On August 9, 2014, Michael Brown, Jr. was killed by a police officer in the St. Louis, MO suburb of Ferguson, not far from where I grew up. I spent a lot of time in Ferguson over the following weeks. After a local gas station was burned to the ground during civil unrest, the parking lot of the burnt-out gas station became a community gathering space.

On August 17, folks from Food Not Bombs were at the lot, serving BBQ and cold water to those gathered. I came down to contribute food and supplies, and just spend time in solidarity with the people of Ferguson. As I walked through the streets of Canfield Green, through the QT parking lot, up and down West Florissant Ave, everyone I met greeted me with a smile, saying hello. This is not something I encounter in everyday life. People walk around with their eyes toward the sidewalk, minding their own business. It took a while to sink in, but finally it hit me, the one other time that I had experienced this kind of friendliness, openness, and welcoming sense of community.

In July 2012, I attended my first (and thus far only, but not last) Rainbow Gathering – Nationals in Tennessee. People gathered together, invoking their right to peaceably assemble and petition the government for redress of grievances, feeding each other without asking for anything in return, greeting each other warmly in passing, shouting “Welcome Home!” and “We love you!”.

There was noticeably a different tone in Ferguson than at the Gathering, but I think the general reason for being there is the same. In both instances, people were gathered together in soli-

darity and love, to fight for their rights, holding space together, feeding each other, greeting each other. In Ferguson, the need was more acute, the vibe more urgent, more angry. The shouts were “Black lives matter!” and “Hands up, don't shoot!”. But so much is the same. The solidarity and love. The connectedness. It felt like being Home again.

And yet, a lot is different. The faces. At the Gathering, mostly white. Ferguson, mostly black. In the woods, I dealt with my car being impounded for a supposed parking violation. In Ferguson, in St. Louis, and across America, black folks fear for their lives, not their cars. There was no tear gas in the woods. No bullets. Many of the people in Ferguson struggle to survive, pay bills, pay off egregious warrants. Many of them couldn't imagine taking off across the country to go on a camping trip. It's not possible. I was able to make it Home in 2012 because I have privilege. I was able to experience beautiful love and family and peace and nature because I have a valid drivers license, no warrants, and could afford to take time off work and away from family.

So my heart is divided about where I belong. I ask questions. Why so few faces of color in something called Rainbow? Can I truly dedicate myself to something that seems so privileged and so white? But then again, can something that I consider one of the most beautiful experiences of my life, that I wouldn't trade for anything, be bad?

I am grateful for all of it. For the people I met at the Gathering, and the ability I had to have that experience, which touched me deeply. For the people Ferguson protesters I've met, and the times that I've been able to stand in physical and emotional solidarity with oppressed folks in my city. And I hope that someday those two worlds will move a bit closer together.

What time is it? It's tea Time!

About: Tea Time The worlds largest Free Tea House! Mission: The Tea Fire is a sacred altar built upon the Earth where the Fire is fed by Air to boil the Water too carry the scent of sacred herbs into the Heavens. Empires eventually always fall. Steam Forever rises up! TeaTime started around the mid 80's and has been serving hundreds of thousands of gallons of herbal Tea's to the family, providing a sanctuary of sorts to get away from the everyday hustle and bustle of your own kitchen and or drum and trade circles and provide healthy herbal hydration in mass quantities. Because if we water

them, they might GROW. Don't run around thirsty! Just run around! IT IS ALWAYS TEA-TIME! Description: Tea Time has been serving the Rainbow Family herbal hydration since about 1985. Sometimes we have made up to 2500 gallons of herbal Tea in a single day, all for Free to help insure a healthy hydrated community. We insure the highest measures of sanitation and have spent most of our lives serving our Family through the years. We have been billed as the largest over glorified water boiling station at Rainbow!



Life

by William Matchett

You can't go through life the way you choose....
 You can only choose the way you allow life to go
 through you; the way it is.
 We can't change the rain, we can only dump the rain
 gauge.
 A river does not choose the water.
 The valley is created by the slow migration of sediment.
 A tree, long rotted to nothingness is still responsible for
 the log jam that caused the river to re-route.
 The polished pebbles all used to be jagged rocks; the flow
 of the river changed them.
 We are more than pretty pebbles.
 Life is more than a bend in the river.
 We are a whole watershed, some parts never explored
 but all contributing; sometimes life's deluge floods us...
 other times its drought makes us rely on unseen springs.
 Those trees that block our path, grew upon our banks
 and were undercut by our current; or a beaver, acting as
 angels or demons.
 But in the end life comes and goes.
 Life flows.
 We are not any one thing, we are the totality in motion.
 Let it flow.
 Build sand castles on your banks.

And let the shadows dapple upon the rippled reflection.
 And bathe in the depths of your soul.
 And remember where the rain comes from.
 Look for the Rainbows.
 Build your bridges.
 Smile and be happy.
 Drink lots of good water.
 Let life flow through you.
 Reality is composed of nouns and verbs... consciousness
 is composed of adjectives and adverbs.
 Life happens but our perception defines it... or as "The
 Man who Shook Spears" wrote
 "Nothing is either good nor bad but thinking makes it
 so."
 So pick out your boots and carry an umbrella.
 And go dancing in the rain.
 Be blessed by the holy waters from heaven.
 And remember that if your valley is polluted, you can't
 eat the fish.
 And meandering is the path of least resistance and its
 the scenic route.
 &that not every dam is a prison.
 & not every log is a bridge.
 & beware of lumberjacks who think they know how to
 fix you.
 & just wiggle your toes in the shifting sand, and hold
 your umbrella upside down to sip the good stuff that
 comes straight from the gods.

DIRTY KIDS DONE DIRTY

By Dumpsta Love

On August 22 2014 Andrew Kerezman of the “traveling community” — nomadic punks carrying large backpacks who trainhop and hitchhike across the land — was struck by a truck while crossing the street in Grand Junction, Colorado and mortally injured. Immediately, everything seemed wrong at the scene of the accident. Witnesses reported that the truck was going extremely fast when Andrew was hit, but the police at the scene acted as if they didn’t care at all. Andrew’s friends asked the cops to test the driver for alcohol, but the police refused. Instead, they screamed profanities at us because of our tattered clothes and non-mainstream appearance.

The police formed a physical barrier between us and the driver while the driver remained in his truck for a long while and wasn’t asked anything. Andrew lay dying in the street, his face covered in blood. Why weren’t the cops acting as if they cared at all? Andrew was a human being wasn’t he? His clothes and appearance indicated to the police that he was destitute, but money isn’t what gives a human life value.

Society looks at members of the traveling community like garbage because of the way we dress and because we sit in public places. But while we may not have a big car, a house, or an office job, we have freedom that mainstream people can only dream about. We’re not blinded by the illusion that money will bring us happiness. Many of us have endured hardships and lived as outcasts our whole lives, constantly profiled and treated poorly by those who conform to society’s norms. We travel as a means of knowing the world in which we live, meeting new people and visiting old friends, having unforeseen adventures and persevering the difficulties, spreading happiness and love, sharing art and music, being intimate with other cultures and spiritual beliefs, and sometimes just to escape. Though not all travelers are the same, there is an overarching community of compassion and caring. We all share the value of love over money.

We endure burning summers and frozen winters, holding cardboard signs and pointing thumbs. Dirt from the ground we sleep on sifts through everything and covers our skin, like the Earth itself is leaving her mark on us to wear everywhere we go. The natural smells of our bodies are not disdained in our culture. While many of us are reasonable with our hygiene, we don’t obey the standards of poison associat-

ed with deodorants, perfumes, soaps, etc. Everything we need is contained in the heavy packs we carry. Our clothes are few and thoroughly used. We lead a nomadic lifestyle. Travelers are not opposed to working, but we do not resign to a 9-5 mindset and deferred retirement as an acceptable lifestyle. Andrew was a member of this lifestyle — this culture, our culture.

After he died, we had a sincere and heartfelt memorial for Andrew burning candles and throwing flowers in the river under the train track trestles. On the road you get to know people’s natures very quickly, but a lot of time you know little else. Life isn’t cheap on the road — it’s priceless.

Mainstream society discriminates against many minority cultures — abuse by the police against people of color is in the news every day. Misinformation created by church, state, and media creates an atmosphere of aggression toward any belief that isn’t part of a system such as Anarchy, Atheism, or self sustained living, to name just a few. We are often treated as ‘lesser than’ by the majority of establishments we encounter, even those places we spend money. People assume we don’t matter and will yell profanities at us, attempt to cause us harm, and treat us with general indifference. We are people too and should be treated with basic human decency — home or no home, money or no money. Andrew Kerezman was a person, too.



Consider Sobriety

Volunteering at CALM at the 2014 Utah Gathering

By: Julian

Utah stunned me with its dramatic landscape, the roads becoming smaller and more unkempt as we got closer to our destination. We slowed the car down to a crawl, wincing at the bounce from the pot-holes peppering our path. I did not mind the slow ascent, gazing at snow capped mountains with fields of wild flowers nodding in the sun. There wasn't a cloud in sight and the sky was consistently blue during our stay in the Rocky Mountains. The Rainbow Gathering is always located off of back roads in the heart of national forests around the country. Everything on site is built from scratch often weeks before the masses arrive by those who enjoy truly "roughing it". This group of brave individuals stay for several weeks after the event to clean up and break down, leaving the mountainside without a trace. The Rainbow Gathering has been occurring for the past 25 years. They claim to be the largest non-organization creating an intentional community that has no centralized governing body. The movement was born in the early 70's as an experiment in caring for thousands of people who want to come together in efforts to create a peaceful community dedicated to the acceptance of alternative lifestyles.

We parked in the first available location, taking the time to untangle our belongings from the tightly packed car. There were four of us

prepared for nearly a month long excursion. Everyone from 7song's Community Herbalism Intensive were required to make the trip out to the Gathering as one of three field trips. We had a week to get across the country, a week at the Rainbow Gathering and then another week following at a previously unknown location to wildcraft, and make medicine. Burdened with our backpacks, one of my car companions and I refused to wait for one of the few "shuttles" helping people to bring their belongings up the three mile hike to the main entrance. We had a desire to be capable of bringing our gear in on foot, as we had been warned to expect a hike of several miles where private vehicles could not access. Somehow the idea of being able to shoulder all our belongings added to the experience of backwoods survival.

Once inside the main entrance we started to see campsites pop up along the dirt road as people slowly started to organize themselves into little camps. The Rainbow Gathering is grounded in lore that when the world begins to crumble a new society of people from all different backgrounds (aka "a rainbow of colors") will come together to help one another survive. This an idealistic form of socialism that created a tradition of a money-free event. The work of setting up this makeshift community is intended to be divided equally. There are groups of people who pickup trash, others dig latrines and there are many people that come together and organize their camps into "kitchens" provide food for free. Necessities like filtered watered are taken care of by

these kitchens. Springs were re-routed and systems set up to provide for washing and hydration needs. Many people have to learn the hard way the difference between "live water" and "filtered water". Working at the first aid station we experienced plenty of people who made that mistake.

As we made our way up the path many people who noted our backpacks shouted "Welcome home!" and "Loving you!" in true Rainbow tradition. The greeting "Welcome home!" was reserved for those just arriving at the Gathering but "Loving you!" was heard so often it continues to be a running joke within our herbal medicine class. 7song, our teacher, famously enjoys chiming in the response, "Tolerating you!" to which people have mixed feelings. The concept of the Gathering is to be by default, loved and accepted as brothers and sisters. Unfortunately even at Rainbow, human nature is often contrary and I observed that "Loving you!" often degraded into a mere catch phrase without much sentiment behind it. The Rainbow Gathering is based on very idealistic principles, almost sickeningly so, but there is such a wide variety of people that it is nearly impossible to truly uphold everything that the Gathering is intended to be. There are hitchhikers, homeless people, doctors, school teachers and college students. The list goes on, and while it certainly does create quite the rainbow of people, the individuals who scream "wake up and rage" throughout the night are in stark contrast to people who are there contributing to the good of the en-

tire community. It was frustrating to realize that even the best intentions are often met with opposition.

The first aid station is named “CALM”, which is both ironic and appropriate at the same time. A song hung up a sign after the first few days that read “Consider sobriety... even if just for an hour. Please take one drug at a time.” Whoever paid heed to this sign was certainly making our job a lot easier. Working at CALM brought me into direct contact with the variety of people who attend this event. There was reportedly about 7,000 to 10,000 people at the Gathering this year. CALM treated roughly 100 people a day, the number breaking 200 people on July 4th. Some of the common problems that we treated were; vomiting, diarrhea, foot problems, cuts, sprains and sore throats. If the problem was more than what we could handle or if the patient was in critical condition, we would find a way to get them to the nearest hospital. There were many options for treatment. We had a self-help station where there were general supplies like bandages, toothbrushes, and other sanitation items. If they needed more specific care there were about twenty of us running around offering our consultation. This was a very good year in particular because of the variety of people with knowledge about many kinds of healthcare. It was particularly interesting for us herbal students to experience a diversity of expertise as well as enlightening for many people to realize how many approaches can be taken when considering their health. There were people with knowledge from working

in emergency rooms, medics who worked in ambulances: massage therapy, acupuncture, herbalism, and energetic healing. It was fortunate to have these options because each individual has different needs regardless if they have similar symptoms.

At one point a girl came in complaining of an upset stomach. She was close to tears. I sat her down and asked her a few questions, “What have you eaten recently?” , “How long has this been going on?”. The usual rundown of deductive reasoning helps in the effort to get to the root of her problem. I gave her some relaxing herbs for stress and some activated charcoal just in case there was something in her gut that needed to be absorbed. The situation resolved itself when I offered counseling as an option. She just needed to talk to someone about some emotional trauma in her life and to take a solid nap in the back of our campsite. After that she was fine and walked away smiling. I had the assumption it was something worse because many people with the same sorts of symptoms needed stronger herbs for killing an infection. It is important to never assume or project on a patient. Each person is an individual with a complex history.

The challenges of working with a diverse population meant I constantly had to adjust to meet the needs of each person that came in for help. Some people were very easy to work with, but others needed a higher level attention to get to the bottom of the problem. The difficulty was knowing how to educate people about their situation. A com-

mon problem that arose were staph infections. Staph is highly contagious virus that can set up shop in open cuts anywhere on the body. It is a similar strain to strep throat except it can only exist on the skin. People tend to ignore small cuts as not being a big issue. Cuts aren't that big of a problem when we are separated in our own homes. In an environment like the Gathering there are people and animals condensed into a couple mile radius and the virus can spread from both direct and secondary contact with something that has been touched by an infected person. If left untreated staff can spread all over the body. It was difficult to make people understand that their infected cut could be hazardous to other people. If the infection gets too out of hand we had to pressure people to get antibiotics at a hospital. Staph can be treated with herbs, but it meant multiple visits to change bandages and give internal medications. This required a high level of patient responsibility. Communicating this need can be sensitive as to avoid offending someone in a way that would make them not want to cooperate.

The days flew by. We jokingly called it “Rainbow time”, but it is true that without an actual schedule breaking up the day the hours all sort of melt together. I was pleasantly surprised to be recognized as my fellow classmates and I just walked around as people constantly shouted their appreciation for our services. I have attended the Gathering once before and I didn't plug into anything directly contributing to the community. There is something

special about knowing I was helping others for a short time, or perhaps longer if they take the advice they received to heart. An observation that one of my classmates made really struck me. She was talking about the homeless "gutter punks", "Here are these kids who don't belong anywhere and aren't cared for by anyone. They decide on a whim to go to the Gathering because it's something that's happening. Then they stumbled on us and they actually do get to be loved." Providing free health care services to people that are uninsured or just don't have access to any sort of care opens up questions that have been plaguing our society. Who deserves health care and should it be a right?

My experience at the Rainbow Gathering left me with many questions. I wonder what it means to be a functioning "community". The ideals of the Rainbow Gathering about peace and love seem too vague to me. How can a community have a real effect on anything without any meaningful direction besides "accept everyone". I fear that over the years the true intention to the Gathering will fade as more people just looking for free drugs overtake those who understand the intention behind the movement. We live in a society where money is increasingly valued over the needs of individuals. The Rainbow Gathering is attempting to represent a counter culture. I value the idea of being a refuge for the outcasts of society, but I wonder if there is more that can be done to educate people. I suppose that working at CALM was the best opportunity for real learning to take place. I hope I get to go back in years to come.

What should we bring to a Rainbow Gathering?

by William

How about some pro-active Peace and Love?

Many people come in search of something... they don't get it yet... but they come in search of ... answers?

They come in search of a cure for angst.

Some come in search of arrows to slay demons...

Or adventure.

Or true love.

Or a place to belong.

We all come hoping for something...

And if all the hurtin' people that come, aren't given love and attention and time... they will not "get it"

There are "whole neighborhoods" at the annual July 4th Rainbow Gathering that are not about peace and love...

they might not be about giving... they might not be about being together in giant circle and praying for peace...

Some of them seem to have grown up going to gatherings and are rebelling against it.

Some have been to several and only know that one "slice"

And to them, they know Rainbow...

Rainbow is not a thing... its concept and a vision.

Its about trying.

And we can all help each other do better and go further.

Communication is how we can together being at one with all...

We need to keep reaching and those we can reach... don't reach so far as become unbalanced but be the bridge that

builds the spectrum.

...

There are also outsiders who do not know our intent...

They might come... and they are not welcomed with hugs and love... they are more likely to be shook down at front gate in hopes of free booze for A camp...

They are confronted and challenged instead of welcomed with love.

This seems to be the culture of front gate as it has developed.

They do protect us but... are they helping the people that come misinformed or ignorant?

We need to be a beacon of love and peace and hope, from the center of main circle all the way to the outer reaches of parking lot "Z".....

We need to have love on the outside to set the tone and welcome all...

I know many who do hang out in dusty parking lots and try....

And the whole things happens...

The grand gathering sets up and gathers and cleans up and goes away.

We do create peace.

We do spread love.

And we do have healing centers and shanti sena...

And we are putting great love energy out in to the world and beyond...

We just need to keep doing it better...

We grow... it grows... family grows... drama grows... healing grows... scars grow.... and we live on... until we inevitably pass.

And being part of a huge loving family makes life wonderful.

And we have changed the world and we have helped so many people.

Life is just hard.

Family is full of drama.

And!!!

When we're battling the forces of evil and greed with love and free rice and beans and guitars and drums.. it gets a little interesting.

Weird things manifest.

And we are winning...!

!!! !!! !!!

All I'm saying is if it was easy, it wouldn't be so important; and that it's all of the little battles and tensions and interactions that are where rubber meets the pavement... every moment, every person, that's where it's at.

We need to love the un-loved and spent the time reaching out to everybody... because we need as many people out in the world to know power of peace and love...

Our little mutual magic moments don't matter much, if it ain't about the greater good...

I always see so many hurt soul wonder in, hoping to be healed...

Hoping to find an answer.

And maybe none of us can reach them all...

but together we are the spectrum that reaches out to all corners and all strata... so... reach out to those near you...

bridge gaps... find common grounds.... mend fences... and help others find their next stepping stone.

Help each other on our own paths...

Shine a light of love...

And ring the bell of peace.

And help save the world one day at a time.

I love my family!

Some bring themselves.

Some bring food.

Some bring herb.

Some come to work hard and put blood sweat and tears into every bridge and shitter.

Some drop money in the magic hat.

Some bring drums and guitars and make merry sounds.

Some help out in kitchens.

Some bring kitchens.

Some bring knowledge, wisdom and guidance.

Some bring their pain and hurt.

Some come to heal and heal others.

Some come with nothing, others come with too much stuff.

Some bring babies.

Some bring their grand children.

A few bring truck loads of food, literally.

Some are on the road year round and they bring the experience of how to apply the "rainbow consciousness and way of life" to the "real" world of Babylon.

Some bring innocence.

Others bring drama.

Some people come as peace keepers.

Some come with a thousand feet of black poly pipe and help tap springs and provide clean water to all.

Everyone can be of help.

Many learn, for the first time, how to plug in to something bigger and be a part of a community.

It is the most amazing thing to be a part of.

I do a lot of work, and get back a lot of love and inspiration.

It's a real civilization.

It's economy runs on peace and love.

It ain't perfect... but we are trying to heal ourselves, each other and the world.

And we do a pretty good job.

Lovin' you family!



Dear Rainbow Family,

I have spent a delightful weekend with my grandson, Finch, and learned a little of the friendships he has made and the treasures he has found with his fellow Rainbow travelers.


One thing I realized was that there as many different philosophies and ideals are there are people. But something many have in common is idealistic ideas, love of nature, respect for others and for the Native American population and their history. I, even though I am an old and old fashioned grandmom, share many of your beliefs.

But in one way I am different. I agree that the government is often wrong and makes decisions I disagree with. But it is our government. We can't totally change it all at once, but there are many things we can do to make it better, at City, State and National levels. First and easiest: vote! You might not like the choices, but there are several ways of handling that. First, choose the best of the ones running. Listen to what he or she says, but also check background of their history! Pay no attention to sound-bites. Better yet. Group together. Find a large number of people who think as you do, and field your own candidate.

It won't necessarily work for President! But at the local level, whether it is the Mayor, a town or city representative, even the Constable, or school board, or Magistrate. And of course Congress. These people have more effect on your daily life than a President. So protect your rights, help the lesser in our society. And push, aggressively for your beliefs.

Peace!

Barbara Blum



Here we are all together again some of us for the first time some of us only in spirit. Each of us here to find a place in the circle, to find our place in the circle within the circle within the circle. As we walk on the path between the circles, the circles of light of warmth, our bodies can grow cold. As we approach a fire the twinkling lights invite us to draw closer. What kind of reception do we receive from the circle that we approach? What kind of reception do we give those who approach our circles at night? When I approach a fire and my body is cold from the night sometimes, the humans there draw closer to the flame, looking at me nervously as if I'm going to steal their warmth, and I feel unwelcome and not at home. Sometimes when a person approaches my fire and I'm there beside it I see that they are cold and I open up the circle and let them in realizing that I've been standing near the flame and they've been out in the cold. I want to see the face of the newcomer who approaches my fire, and I know if I can't see light on their face they are not feeling the heat, the warmth from the heart fire, the symbol of life of love of family. The fire can be built bigger to warm a larger circle you see. It is my challenge to myself and I invite everyone in my family to join in this challenge to be aware of our circles to be conscious expanding the circle and letting everybody in to make everyone feel that when we say welcome home we mean welcome home. By: Sunshine

“Life Outside the Box”

*In Memory Of
Corey Dwyer
Written By: K-
Bellz Roswell*



I was sitting on the curb drinking my overpriced espresso near the back door. It was set-break, and I really had no need to be a part of the loud rush to the bar for re-fills. I was there for the music, as I had only seen this band a few times. I was handed a tape by my father who was very much into the Grateful Dead; but that's another story.

So I was sitting back behind this place, on a curb, right beside the back door, staring up at the sky. I was about to take a sip of my espresso, when the back door swung open and my gosh if I would have only known how close I was actually sitting, my life would have changed forever. When I say this, I do not in anyway mean for the better. As the brown hot liquid poured from the cup down the front of my favorite Star Wars shirt and burned my lacking cleavage; I swung around red faced and very much so pissed. There was a tall skinny man there wearing jeans, sandals with socks, and a button up short sleeved shirt, open of course with constellations. He was staring at my shirt, and I was too pissed to say a word. He put his hand on my shoulder and smiled saying, “So I see you like coffee.” I don't know what happened. All that anger suddenly turned to a small giggle, that seeped out slowly as I realized who it was. “You're that guitar player from the band huh.” Oh boy, it slipped I thought to myself, good job.



“So you're the girl with coffee and the awesome Star Wars shirt.” He replied gently as I

realized I was following him towards a van parked not to far away.

This was the beginning to a friendship I would never forget. Ever. I was tossed a balled up shirt from the passenger floor and our conversation of coffee, Star Wars, space, Video games, computers, and music begun.

That set-break was the shortest, ever, but one of the most meaningful I had ever had. That night I met Corey Dwyer. I had no Idea that night that the future held many of these similar conversations and even a few jam sessions.

Fast forward if you will to many, many years of life. Bands, relationships, recordings, videogames, children, family, friends, cats, travel, projects, bars, apartments, you know, life.

Our friendship sprouted thru many things in this strange life. He was so gentle of a friend. He was there when I needed to chat. He was behind the controller of player 2 when I needed to blow off steam. He was there when the good happened, and the bad. He was there musically and humanly. Most of all though, he was like the brother I never had. A loving soul at any hour. A calming voice to sooth life.



A musical genius. An old soul. A wonder that now; dances among the stars that glimmered on his shirt the first night we met.

Facebook, 2014, instant messenger, talking about getting together for a possible recording session that was long overdue. A screenshot sits in a gallery of photos marked “memories”; because now, it is all just memories. A small corner in my heart from where our once late night videogame or movie bingeing sessions once occurred.

That was the last time we were to ever speak. Ever. A tragic end to a beloved life. Loved by family and friends alike, this soul was taken from us way, way way, to early.

Its been a day or two. He's always at least on mobile instant messenger. I had heard he missed a gig. He NEVER misses a gig. I tried to call but the phone was off. I asked friends. I started to worry. I got that feeling in the pit of my stomach you only get after getting punched by a 4th grade bully, or when the phone rings at 4am from a number you don't know. No one has seen him. No one has heard from him. Our group of friends and family started posters, calls, a whole campaign. By day three I didn't sleep much. I flashed back to that first night we met. I even pulled out that old ratty shirt. I thought about how he gave my son guitar lessons, about how we used to debate Mac or Linux. About who would end up with more cats or who would be the first to get the best shot of the upcoming eclipse.

I had been unable to make it to see him play with his mainstream band “Crazyfingers” but had been to a few of his side projects when I could. I had lost my automobile and was pretty intertwined in my new job. I kept thinking this thought. “I should have just gone out to hang with him more.” I knew at that point that something was wrong. Very wrong. I was THAT worried. A small circle of friends and family were going crazy over the campaign to find our missing beloved brother. Then it happened. That was the night. I dreamt. I dreamt things you could not imagine. Woke up drenched in sweat panting like a long haired dog in the desert. I knew.

I had found out thru close friends and relatives that it had been an auto accident on the highway near his south Florida home. He was “missing” but not really due to a misspelling of his last name. That was April 2 2014. Complications later developed and he lie dreaming in a coma. He visited many people whilst in that coma. Fam-

ily. Friends. Animals. Nature. Me. As the days slipped away to weeks. His condition did not improve and on Mothers day 2014, His beautiful soul was free. At 8am he left our world to fly free among the stars and with the greats of our time and times past. His loving nature and kind voice carried him home, one last time.

A memorial show was held at Boston's on the Beach in Delray Florida, a club/restaurant frequently used as a venue for his amazing talent. His music brought us love and peace. Although he is not physically standing next to me as I write this, I feel his touch on my shoulder as the first time I did whilst standing in an alleyway covered in espresso, walking towards a van, talking about why an AT-AT could be taken down so easily.

Corey Dwyer was loved by many. His family. His friends. His fellow musicians. The venue owners and staff. Even those who have heard his beautiful playing on a cd or satellite radio, but have never met his gentle soul. I love you Corey Dwyer. You were a great and wondrous friend. I miss you every day, and see your musical influence live on through my son, and many others. You gave so much to this universe, and will continue to do so from ur next realm of existence. See you in my dreams brother Corey. We will all, be together, again.

R.I.P. Corey Dwyer, You're in our hearts forever.

Clean Tech Hippies: The Next Generation

I've been called a hippy most of my life. I love colorful shiny stuff, comfy clothes (or none at all), dancing, singing, and am as environmentally friendly as I can be. I gladly accept that label, so long as it's not used like it's a dirty word. This story is about my experiences with rainbow gathering.

I'm from FL, so me and my best friend Pongo went to Ocala gathering in 2005. We researched, read up, and prepared for a two week camping trip. We took a truck full of stuff including our two tents, sleeping bags, bliss, cooking stuff, large cooler full of ice and meat stuff, enough food to give a lot away, jugs of water, and of course our trade circle bags. As newbies, we brought way too much but not nearly enough, which is just how it happened sometimes. We were dedicated and stayed the entire two weeks for our first trip, which is as long as we've ever been able to stay. I almost stayed to travel with family to the next gathering, but he talked me out of it. I wasn't prepared for travel and couldn't find a ride anyhow. I'd go now but only if

I had an RV. I like my creature comforts and a comfy bed, since I suffer from fibromyalgia.

We both were and probably will always be housies. In light of that, we brought LOTS of hygiene stuff. As two slightly OCD young adults, sanitizer and wet wipes were used in excess amounts. To this day, we are still usually called the cleanest hippies in the woods because we can't help but wash our faces, hands, and feet every day. We don't mind being dirty or being around body odor at all, it kind of comes with the territory. After the first year we always brought extra stuff to give away; like condoms, tampons, shit tickets, sanitizer, tooth brushes/paste in holders, and organic soap. We've been called the cleanliness/hygiene fairies LoL!

Technically we're the freaking fetish fairies camp... We both have fetishes but he's a total fairy, if you know what I mean. We're also very tech addicted, so we bring iPods and a projector to play movies like Across the Universe, The Wall, and Yellow Submarine for all who wish to enjoy it. This has gotten us some negative energy, but it's also gotten us new

friends. Being super clean, techie, and housies makes us a bit different, but it's just part of the new generation.

The first gathering, I knew I was at home with my family. Even with our differences, we were accepted and loved. Over the years, we brought others with us to enjoy themselves, including finally getting my mom to go. They all loved it and some have gone many years with us. In 2008, I couldn't find Pongo because we showed up separately. My cousin and I were in a car accident when we hitched a ride from back gate to front, where we were camped. The two guys were starting a kitchen, so they had their jeep loaded up and a dog in the front with them. We ended up flipping on a dirt road, as he had bald tires. I broke my collarbone since I wasn't wearing a seatbelt and we flipped 2-3 times. A lot more happened, but that was the scariest and worst thing that ever happened to me at a gathering. It's saying something, as my life has had some much worse stuff happen. That was the most painful, since I had to have surgery. I got a rainbow tattooed to cover the scar. It reminds me I'm loved, lucky to be alive, and to al-

ways wear a seatbelt!

We do our part with bringing extra everything to give away, not having a camp fire, packing out all that we packed in, and naturalizing our spot when we leave. We also share our love, lives, experiences, and positive energy. It's nice to not be judged harshly for being different, but accepted openly with wide loving arms from the biggest extended family ever. I've been the photographer for two hand-fasted rainbow weddings now. We've been to about six Ocala and three Acala FL gatherings so far, but we're finally saving up to make it to the biggest one in the states. We're both looking forward to our first national this year!

Rainbow has touched my life in many unique and beautiful ways. I look forward to my time to reconnect

with mother nature and my human family. While I probably could never travel full time without an RV because of my health, y'all are always in my heart. I'll find a way to get to a gathering of the tribes every year for the rest of my life!

Loving you family!

Always and forever,

Glittering Bubbly Huggles

(aka Shelby)

rainbow hugs meadow
velvet grass sighs diamond
mist
solar angels gift

-Kymba Lee

I first came to Rainbow by accident. Since then, it has changed my life. I remember just traveling along and getting picked up by these kids saying they are going to a "rainbow gathering". At first I was like, "whatever, I'm not doing anything." I really had no clue what I was getting into! They seemed like blissful people that were going there just for the fun of it, which didn't really appeal to me at first. So after a day of being there I left because I never made it off the road and didn't properly experience the actual gathering. It took many years for me to return to Rainbow. That's when I found Goat Camp. Granted, it was a group of misfits but I felt at home as soon as I got there.

When I finally got to my second gathering it was in Washington 2011. I got there at seed camp, just before the snow plows arrived. Luckily being an Oregon boy, I ain't afraid of snow. I vividly remember walking through the snow, just trudging along, having a miserable time. But once I made it to the creek I looked out across a beautiful valley and felt peace.. After I found a way to throw my pack across the creek and jump it, (which wasn't easy given how tired I was) I continued to walk around bleating like a goat, trying to find my friends. There were people telling me, "Goat Camp's that way, by Fat Kids." I don't know what they meant, because Fat Kids and Goat Camp were the only ones really there at all. So I walked past the goats not really

realizing it and ended up at Fat Kids, where they just yelled at me. I didn't understand anything at the time and was confused. I think they wanted my help. Finally I wandered back where I came and finally a goat started yelling at me and then I saw who they were. I was just a creek away (go figure).

After my first night there I couldn't do anything because all these really awesome and amazing people were coming into the woods needing help. I worked my ass off for an entire month helping build this community that I didn't know anything about.

After that my family got really big. I was literally hooked. Next I went to Portland where I made some bad decisions, but I was saved by a giant black bus which took me to Montana. I loved it. It was a small gathering that allowed me to get to know it more.

During my time for the last five years with rainbow I have met and lost people but my love for the message and the hope has held strong. I have to say that if you're reading this, and this is your first gathering, go out and help in a kitchen. Meet somebody that will take you under their wing, and show you a beautiful life, and I guarantee you'll fall in love too.

by: Doc Lostagain

Behind the Walls

This section is for our brothers and sisters that are spending time in jail or prison and could use some family love. Letters are a great way for us to reach out to family during these hard times of revoked freedom. These are just a few of the addresses currently available to us but there are many more of our family behind the walls at any given time. Since people are frequently moved to new facilities, released, or newly incarcerated throughout the year, one of our sisters maintains a facebook group year-round with updated mailing information for prisoners who are rainbow family, grateful dead family, travelling family, and all others who are near and dear to us.

To participate in keeping our brothers and sisters connected with the outside world, you can join the group, entitled "KIDZ WRITING KIDZ" which is located at:

<https://facebook.com/groups/274457822658823>

Remember that facility rules usually prohibit enclosing any items with your letters; they are considered contraband and may result in your letter being returned, or simply not delivered. Also bear in mind that all letters are read by correctional officers before being delivered. Thank you for your support of those of us in their most difficult of times!

Timmathy Cannon

#2015001393
500 East Adams St.
Jacksonville FL
32202

Drake Jenkins 01973766

Goodman Transfer Facility
349 Private Road 8430
Jasper, TX 75951

Caleb McGillivary

210329
Union County Jail
15 Elizabethtown Plaza

Johnny Watson

C/O Shepherd's House
154 Bennie Brae Dr.
Lexington, KY 40508

Richie Montgomery



Electricoolaidart



Teach-Peace Tribe

This is for those who wish to be the change in Y/Our world. Starting with self, to be at peace at all times within your heart of hearts in any/all situations.

Who are focused on helping the people of mother earth be at peace with one another;

No matter what sex, color, religion/political beliefs, or age.

And this tribe isn't on any web page, on any Facebook page group etc. i.e. No, its in the heart of hearts of those who are on the land in the woods around a camp fire where we share our food and hip-stories play our drums to the beat of mother earth and the universe, and be at peace with mother earth and one another in a loving caring sharing way. Just like it was and has been done for many thousands of years since man gathered around the first camp fires as a tribe/family/clan...

To do Teach-Peach Circles, gather all the little kids and ask them to sit in a circle, and then ask them how do you keep the peace, they teach themselves with the answer from within the circle its self...

Magic happens in young mind if the right speak lights the flame....~!

This also works with 'Us' bigger kids as well..~!



Absence makes the heart grow fonder Even if we're never alone. And since we cant stand to be apart any longer We get on the bus and head home. Hugs and kisses and intense love For family that misses each other. Sisters and brothers gather in tents and soon become fathers and mothers.

Ovens are made as lovin' ensues and Family circles together. Long Heartsongs from elders ...yes they've all paid their dues ... But Will someone please pass that damn feather.

To the young rainbow warrior who makes the brave choice not to fight over green and gold things.

Or the soul sister sitting on main trail singing lifting souls into flight when she sings.

To The children that troll by lil stick bridges with their shared smiles and dirty bare feet. We willingly pay the toll with well wishes or ribbon or patches or szu-szu's to eat.

I love you is shouted to all those who pass. Sometimes sealed with a hug or a kiss.

By JD Bordelon



Rainbow Gathering, Tasmania, Australia, 2014

By Paul Case

Little bit before I start: This article is only in reference to the Australian Rainbow Gathering from January 31st – March 1st 2014. I am fully aware that there have been many, many other Rainbow Gatherings, and there is massive diversity in what a Rainbow Gathering can be.

Looking for another escape from the fetid, drunken, shrieking carnage of Sydney, I decided to go on my second trip to Tasmania. Tasmania is an impossibly stunning little island, brimming with pristine wilderness, easy to hitch around, and is host to everything from beaches to rainforests, from craggy cliffs to dizzyingly high mountains. It was also a perfect setting for my priorities of having some quiet time and read some books.

Holding my own holiday to ransom, I had some demands: I wanted to be left alone but not completely isolated from company. I wanted somewhere calm. I wanted to be away from alcohol for a bit. And I didn't want to spend much money.

So I went to the first Australian Rainbow Gathering of 2014.

For the uninitiated: Rainbow Gathering began in Colorado in 1972 and inspired by a Native American prophecy of “one rainbow tribe” rising from a ravaged earth, the Rainbow Gathering has since exploded into an international phenomenon, with many gatherings occurring frequently all over the world. Temporary intentional communities based on non hierarchical collectivity and anti-commerce, organizers take over land in order to create a space for

“spiritual and personal growth” and “healing”

It's for hippies, basically.

Now, I enjoy a good pair of Thai fisherman's pants and the occasional chunk of yoga, but I also have a tendency for pre-morning coffee nihilism and post-morning coffee sarcasm. And I also listen to music that features people screaming about things that annoy them over aggressive guitars. Having known many people who've been to Rainbow Gatherings, I've always presumed them to be dens of remorseless optimism. In terms of attitude, Rainbow and I are definitely not good bedfellows. But I find it a bit difficult to be completely down on a space which is anti-capitalistic, anti-hierarchical and collectively organized. It is a space where people with broadly similar attitudes can get together without being made to feel like lonely freaks. I think back to all the punk gigs I've attended and organized, and how they provide exactly the same function. And so, loaded with elitist anti-hippy prejudice and genuine curiosity, I hitched into the Tasmanian bush for my first Rainbow Gathering.

The site was beautiful. A huge open grassy space, bordered by bush and a highly swimmable river. The blazing Tasmanian sunshine almost immediately burned my stupid Anglo skin. A woman came up to me and asks if I've just arrived. I said yes. She joyfully greeted me with “Welcome home!” and gave me a hug. This, it turns out, is the traditional Rainbow Gathering welcoming. There are tons of hugs, snuggles and cuddles happening all the time. And while my inner Thai fisherman pant-wearer goes “awww”, my inner cynical bastard just rolls his eyes

at what looks like a bunch of sexy backpackers (There really weren't that many Australians there. The Gathering was mostly comprised of backpackers)

trying to fuck each other. My cynicism was confirmed in part by overhearing a few conversations between separate groups of men and women, where the main topic was who they wanted to fuck. This dynamic isn't exactly surprising, but a huge drawback to open community of Rainbow is that it aids the replication of hetero-normative environment with standard gender binaries. Rainbow's presumed intent is to create a space away from all the shithouse stuff that happens in the world. In this aspect, it fails. I'm not accusing Rainbow of bigotry. What I am saying is any space will preserve the status quo if there is no active challenge to it, the result being that, potentially, people who identify as queer or trans may not feel welcome. During a meeting, one guy stood up in front of a number of people and requested “ten or twelve blokes” to help carry some solar panels. As far as I'm aware, I was the only person who raised the point that “women can carry things too”.

This was subsequently ignored. But then, I didn't continue with the complaint either, mainly because I genuinely felt that everyone would think I was making a fuss about nothing. Me and my stupid “women can do stuff too” views.

Where this Rainbow succeeded was in creating a peaceful atmosphere, and fostering a culture that discourages drug use. While there was tobacco, alcohol and other drugs on site, it was (except for tobacco), never overtly present. One person held a discussion

group on dealing with substance addiction. This is an often marginalized issue in radical communities. I have a friend who is in drug and alcohol recovery. She is a part of the anarchist community and a punk fan, and due to the circles she mixes in she is almost constantly in the presence of intoxicating substances. Her staunchness and courage humble me. At Rainbow, the discouragement of intoxication demands respect, and should be considered by other radical spaces. There is nothing radical about getting fucked up. There is everything radical about maintaining focus and encouraging it in others.

The self-organization aspect of Rainbow is also hugely impressive. A seed camp – starting weeks before the official start date – arrive to set everything up. This includes shot-puts, teepees and even a whole kitchen structure. Water comes from the river to taps via solar-powered pumps. There are several communal fire pits. By the time I've arrived, there's a whole system in operation. Cooking is done collectively for breakfast and dinner. Frequent pass-it-on shouts of "HELP IN THE KITCHEN!" are heard, and people respond, chopping wood for the fire, prepping food and playing guitar to stave off the tedium of chopping 150 people's worth of the same vegetable. Thankfully, there were a number of very talented guitarists, where as I initially assumed the Rainbow soundtrack would be an endless, moping rendition of Hallelujah.

(This happened too. Why do people constantly insist on covering this song? Isn't everyone bored of it by now? There's tons of other great songs out there that not every twat covers. And

why, when people do it, does everyone listening go into a trance, quietly mumbling along, staring at their shoes or wistfully into the distance? Why, WHY?)

The centerpiece of each day is perhaps the food circle. Everyone gathers around the sacred fire (the fire lit at the beginning and kept constantly lit throughout the month-long Gathering. It's a Native American and Indigenous Australian tradition. More on this kind of thing in a bit), joins hands and sings songs. The food circle can be massive – it was pretty big at 150 people. I've heard tale of good circles with thousands of people in them. Boggles the mind. After the songs, everyone does a bow to the ground (this was never really explained, so I used it as an excuse for a decent stretch), then sits down to wait to be served their food. Then volunteer servers come dishing out the food, and everyone settles in.

I'm a huge fan of communal eating. Less a fan of cultural appropriation. There are specific Rainbow songs. Going through the song list at Rainbow's unofficial website, some are described as "Christian-orientated". In some of the songs, there were references to "the Lord", which baffled me, since this was not a Christian camp. However, Rainbow isn't fussy about where songs come from. They are taken or directly influenced by a huge variety of cultures: Rastafarianism, Native American, Jewish, Sanskrit... they even have a Beatles modification in there.

I'm not sure where most of the songs at this Gathering were from, but mashing up a load of different belief systems into the same singalong is just kind of weird to me. I guess, to the

Rainbow Family, the origins of these songs, or even having consistency in what they sing about, doesn't really matter. What matters is that everyone is singing together and being happy. But seeming indifference to themes and origins threatens to rip certain songs from their roots. This Rainbow Gathering, for all its veneer of "openness", was almost exclusively made up of people from relatively privileged backgrounds. So if, say, a Native American chant is used, the Rainbow Gathering threatens to co-opt a song from a decimated culture. This process of co-option contributes to the further silencing and marginalization of oppressed groups. There is potential for communities like Rainbow Gathering to be a factor in the mechanics of oppression (I'm less bothered about The Beatles songs.)

Even more to the point, there was no acknowledgement at this Gathering of being on Aboriginal land. While in past Australian Rainbow Gatherings links have been established with Aboriginal people, on this one it clearly slipped through the net. Some other people I spoke to were also disappointed with this. I made a reference before performing a poem at one of the cabaret nights, but I wish I'd made more of a point of it. While the acknowledgement is often tokenistic etiquette, it is an important one. Sometimes you have to acknowledge that your awesome time is occurring on blood-soaked, stolen land, especially when your "tribe" is inspired by other indigenous cultures. Sorry for killing your buzz and everything.

This, and the Rainbow rituals generally, can be a little intimidating at first. Here's a huge group of people who all

seem to know the whole shebang. They know all the words to all the songs. They even know some dance moves. All the social groups seem so tight. Arriving on my own, having never been to a Gathering before, was initially a little confronting and slightly isolating. However, after a few days I got used to the huge spectacle, and began to be more open to chatting with people. Most were very open, lovely and generous. This is another positive aspect of the Rainbow Gathering – it really does foster an openness in people which struggles in a more atomized environment. There was even a woman there who's partner in the UK is best friends with the leader singer of one of my favorite punk bands. I got to have chats with some people who'd visited Hackney and, like myself, had squatted there. I got to learn how to make a decent pot of chai. Away from the main spectacle of Rainbow, there were many camps into the bush to go and relax and chat the afternoon away. Even though politically Rainbow irks me, I found these times particularly gratifying – just time spent quietly, practicing my dreadful guitar playing, practicing my non-existent Spanish, practicing my mediocre juggling, and swimming. I realized that, most of the time whilst travelling, I don't get (or make) very much time for just myself. Was very pleasant to rediscover my own company, even though I find myself quite irritating at times. (Irritating habits include: being too loud, constantly talking regardless of whether my opinion is needed/valid, making drinks for myself to sit down with and finishing them on the way to where I'm sitting down, eating too quickly etc.)

Like I say, it's difficult to be completely down about it all. But while it provided what I personally required from my time away, there is a bigger picture to consider. The problems I have with Rainbow are mainly anchored in its assumptions. The Rainbow Family seem to assume that because you have entered a Rainbow Gathering, nothing more needs to be challenged. Whereas I would argue that not organizing structures to constantly challenge oppressive behaviors, wherever you are, mean that oppressive behaviors will doubtlessly – and did – rise to the surface. If all a community does is replicate the fucked up things in our society, how is it going to bring about any meaningful change? It assumes it is a tribe unto itself, implying that it is like an Indigenous tribe. If it is one, it is not the same as an Indigenous tribe. The Rainbow Gathering is not under attack from colonizing forces, nor are the individuals who attend. How can this tension be addressed? How can we move forward to creating and defending spaces liberated of commerce? I don't claim to know the answers, these are huge questions. But I firmly believe if your belief system does not address the material effects it has on the world, and if it does not reflect on or challenge itself, then it will remain adrift from the real world. If that's what you want – fine. Just don't be surprised when grumpy, self-righteous punks write passive aggressive articles about it.

P.S. The best joke I heard at the Gathering: "What kind of tobacco does a hippy smoke? Your tobacco"

Rainbow Family Australia website <http://www.rainbow.lickorish.net/>)



Prison Days, Rainbow Ways

Howdy,

I was cited in Montana Gathering 2000, "unauthorized use of national forest land when such authorization is required" i.e. Gathering "no permit" ticket-- cited as an individual, convicted and sentenced as a "leader" of Rainbow Family Tribe, et. al. . I was tried in Federal Court, found guilty, sentenced \$500 fine, 90 days in Prison.. I appealed to 9th Circuit... was ordered to Prison. In Winter, 2005, I traveled to Sheridan, Oregon Federal Correctional Center.. Harold and Jeannie gave me a ride on the last leg... knew which door I needed to enter - they had visited individuals. I turned myself in, [I wasn't on there list - a glitch... I had paperwork read Sheridan]... after I was processed... body search, etc., clothed - bedding, instructed, then escorted to my cell. It was just before lock-up and I entered the cell, where there were two bunks. One bunk had empty locker, so I set my stuff down, waited, a guy came in, went to the other bunk. Lock--up.

Up for breakfast, guy tells me, put "cardboard piece" in small window in door when using the toilet, goes out to breakfast. Cafeteria style, in line, get tray--food, out to ta-

bles, bout 21/2 ft wide, same long...4 attached seats... little over tray--wide. I walk out to where the guy is who shares the cell -- looking around it seems other tables were being occupied... I sit cross-wise to the guy. No one sits in chairs immediate to him. He sits alone, I sit alone. He gets up goes back to cell, puts cardboard up... I walk around, check out T.V rooms - see where there are books upstairs. I notice that in the square in J2 (unit)... I was in the Mexican Mexican section, near the laundry. Other cells had more people in them - 4-6 to a cell. I was in with one other person. Once guy left the cell, I goes in puts up the cardboard, uses the toilet - no seat. Sitting there I see the guy has cleaned the entire cell, including the floor, and, obviously, the toilet. Washrag is hanging under the sink. This all makes me happy - guy is clean. Supper comes, bout the same as Breakfast - lockup. Next morning, same routine, but, I eat fast, get back to the cell, put up cardboard, use toilet, take up the rag clean the cell, except for his personal stuff, including the floor, take down cardboard. The guy comes in, looks around, says, "You know if you have the cleanest cell, end of the week,

one of us gets out 15 minutes after lockup." I go, "Well, I been in military, worked in nursing homes, been in jail a couple of times for short time... so I am glad to be clean, and iffn there is some way you like this cell, let me know, [I already had put a cut in my bed, I'd seen he had one], (I continued), and, iffn you like a certain cut in the bedspread, show me, no problem". Guy looks at me, says is name is Paul, I say Barry, he says, this way and shows me way he liked bedspread "cut". I go no problem. Lock-up, nite... breakfast comes, I get my tray go to table, sit cross-ways from Paul... all around chairs fill up, and conversation... tables all-black, all-Mexican, all-white, all--Asian, a few mixed-tables. I was more or less tolerated. Paul, worked as a small-time artist in prison with him drawing Roses as Valentine Hearts, or other nice vibes... put money in his account, he would draw what you wanted - was as busy as he wanted to be - I had him do a Card to send home.

After many days and eve confabs after lock-up, exchanging information... I talked about Rainbow and Gatherings.... and that I was an inmate because I was in a Circle of Peace out "in the

woods" i.e. national forest. [This was hard for other inmates, convicts to understand - breaking into houses, trespassing, etc., they could understand, but in the "woods", and people doing Peace, being sent to prison, "huh?"] I found out why Paul was in a cell alone, until I came - he was part of a Northern California Mexican People (gang) called "Nortenos". When he came in, the C.O. (correctional officers) went over his body with a magnifying glass, finally found his "Tattoo" "Sign", "Mark", "Insignia" - in the small of his back, very small, amidst many other tattoos - I could barely see it when he pointed it out to me. A near scene took place, when someone amongst the "white only" crowd got hold of a sharp, broken broom handle... all inmates/convicts searched, locked-out in the Yard... all Cells tossed - everything searched, then thrown out into the open. Busted handle found with "white only". Everybody back to cells, put shit in, lock--down.

After a couple weeks at J2, Sheridan, Oregon, I was transferred to Sea-Tac Detention Center. I signed in under "religion" as "(Native) American - Rainbow Family Tribe (creed).... this was so

I would have an opportunity to do "sweats", in the minimum security section - as have other prisoners (I know). Paul had been in and out of prisons many times... when I was transferred to Sea-Tac Detention Center, near Seattle, he was put on the bus, then transferred by plane, apparently heading thru Oklahoma City, headed to West Virginia. He put tobacco in a balloon, put it in his ass - Oklahoma City was a "dry tobacco prison", at the time, (now all Federal prisons are "dry").

At Sea-Tac, I was placed, after processing in FB... a "pod" with 31 cells, two to a Cell. I was put in #31, with a young, Mexican-Irish bank-robber finishing 5 years. I got the lower bunk because my body was decrepit at the time, (more so than now). I could hardly stand on the cold, concrete floors.... lots of problems. Anyways, first day, I am laying, sitting on my bunk, reading, when cell door opens, in comes this guy walks over leans on/over my bunk, starts banging on the little window 4" wide 14" long - on the adjacent pods' recreation area i.e. way to communicate pod to pod... and this guy is hollering for someone to come to the window; and I go, "hey, you are

on my bunk". And the guy ignores me... he ain't very big, young with Nazi symbol "tats". I reach over and tap his elbow, this startles him, he cusses me, then leaves the cell. Word goes around that the "whites" are pissed, and they were going to get me... only they were waiting for their "hitter" who was up in the "SHU" - special housing unit... for fighting. I pass the word around that iffn anyone wants to use the "window" i.e. smugglers window, simply show minimum respect - contact my "cellie", don't involve me - I included the Mexicans - without having to "pay" me [any messages, etc... was illegal, including conversation between units-pods].

A number of days later, the "hitter" comes out of SHU... rumblings go around... whities settle it out with blacks, and then with the Mexicans, then... it comes around that it is my turn. Long about mid-day, I notice the "guards" i.e. C.O.s are searching cells at the other end away from the Rec Room... I am near the Rec Room, and between me and the guards are the whities, so I am alone. It looked like the "hitter" was going to come up to me, slam me, push me into the rec room... mess me up, with the

other whities stalling the guards. And, on cue, up comes this young guy, mid-20's, strong, short hair, big, tough... and he walks over and stands next to me... (I figured he would start shit-talk, then get to it - I hoped to survive) The guy swells up, then looks over at me, AND, goes, "You Rainbow?" [I had been rapping about Rainbow and Gatherings, and Circles of Peace.] I reply, "Yeah, I am Rainbow". He says, up in Alaska, he had gone to a small gathering, and the people had fed him food, coffee, treated him good. I go, "Well bro, you know at Gatherings, folks give a hug, say howdy, but in prison here..." I close my fist, "Respect", and he goes "Respect". [The other whities are crestfallen, do nothing - hassling is over, for me].

"Welcome Home" --- prison--style!

Amongst "older, ancient tribes", in many lands, it is a commonly held custom: welcoming persons to their encampments, by offering them food, drink. This is a sign of minimum respect. For many years, I, others worked to center "Welcome Home". Both to Greet persons entering the Gatherings, to Welcome them, share information bout Gathering Ways... give them a snack and a drink of Tea, Coffee, Juice. Lots of folks just get in off the Road, it is good to give them a moment of stopping, shake Babylon Dust from their heels, get centered. This is after the folks come to the Front Gate - where they are Welcomed Home, shown where to park i.e. bus village or parking etc... then, out of the vehicles, onto the Welcome Home center. Iffn the Front Gate operates with good vibes i.e. no active drunks on the Gate, no "drinkers" greeting folks, and no spamming, then, when folks get parked, come to the Welcome Home they are ready for Gathering.

In years past, at a Peace Celebration, held usually on the 5th or 6th... each kitchen or

ALL WAYS FREE 2015

camp was invited to come, show their stuff... share some of their vibes.... this was good and workable for a number of years - then, it became more of a entertaining party - during the years when Kitchens/camps came together and shared a common circle... this offered an opportunity for newer Crews to be recognized. Iffn I had my druthers, whenever a Crew would show up at a Gathering - small or larger, persons would come from Main Supply, give an offering of food or iffn pots, pans etc. are needed then, help them out... obviously, all this would be awesome in the ideal - practically speaking... many, many come to Gatherings, having been before, and do not seek or even stop at Welcome Home, etc... (they already know everything) - so little or no orientation is shared or remembered. Rainbow Ways ain't the same as "street" or "prison" or "high school" etc., and, there is actual value in these Rainbow Ways, needed for the Planet. Many people have THEIR way of Gathering, and living their life. I seek to Gather with folks who are SEEKING, walking a Road, a Way that IS one of Exemplifying Peace with each other, AND, Peace with the Earth! Peace is a hard row to hoe! It ain't easy to live Peace, to be Peaceful. I am a "peaceable" person... I seek Peace Ways (first). And, I have found that iffn I gather, associate, work and live with other Persons WHO seek Peace Ways, then, I have a better chance of being Peaceable - able to be Peace!

It is up to me, and up to you, whoever you are, to "green light" ignorance, disunity, racism, intolerance, conflicting ways of being - AND, Restore the People through Restoring the Earth!

Ain't no Peace without Justice,

Just Us,

Barry, plunkr, montana, rainbow family
tribe (imagi-creed)

MYSTERIES OF GOD, 7 SPIRITS of the Messiah PEACE ♥ SHALOM

i am my name, a messenger. I LOVE EVERYONE, but i cant deny my Faith, and many don't even know the differences between religions. Many religions are the same, just the names are different. ♥ I believe the bible, God's Law

PEACE is the UNITY OF THE SPIRIT

THE SPIRIT GOD UNITY based on LOVE

Unity is not optional. We must endeavor "to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace" (Ephesians 4:3).

Unity is based on love.

Love is the "bond of perfection," the "the bond of peace," Love bears fruit: These are ingredients in the recipe for unity.

7 SPIRITS of the Messiah

7 righteousness shall be the promise of victory, blessing and deliverance, purity and Completeness. girdle of his loins, and 7 Symbolize holiness and rest, wisdom from above the rainbow colors, faithfulness the girdle of his God's promise of life in Him. God complete! reins. (Isaiah 11:1-5 AV, 7 ANGELS of THE 7 CHURCHES in Revelations. ANGELS OF THE 7 CHURCHES OF REVELATIONS are 7 SPIRITS OF GOD

THE SPIRIT OF GOD is the HOLY SPIRIT< is the everything of the Native Spirits Tribal Community, of the GREAT SPIRIT, 7 sacred teachings are very similar.

THE SPIRIT of WISDOM

THE SPIRIT of UNDERSTANDING

THE SPIRIT of COUNSEL

THE SPIRIT of MIGHT

THE SPIRIT of KNOWLEDGE

THE SPIRIT of FEAR

THE SPIRIT of the LORD

GOD gives wisdom to depart from evil understanding, God's supernatural thoughts, a hidden mysteries of GRACE AND PEACE be multiplied through knowledge and wisdom,, The Spirit of Understanding is Gods supernatural revelation - His secret insights to His Word. Understanding simply means a "putting together" or a comprehending or a grasping of His Word. The Spirit of God illuminates our hearts and gives us understanding of His Wisdom. In other words, He "turns on the lights for us." Understanding is the Key to God's Wisdom. Psl 119:2 GOD PLANTED the tree of life in Creation, , Revelation 22:2 Through the middle of the street of the city; also, on either side of the river, the tree of life with its twelve kinds of fruit, yielding its fruit each month. The leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. God created the tree of Knowledge of good and evil. Evil, is the king of all lies, an angel cast out of heaven.

LOVE, produces the fruit of the spirit, love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness gentleness and self control. ,

7 gifts of the Spirit Prophecy, Serving, Teaching, Exhortation, Giving, Leadership, Mercy

7 COLORS OF THE RAINBOW, of 7 continents of different races

The rainbow represents the promises of God and was a sign of the covenant that God would never again flood the earth with water: "I set My rainbow in the cloud, and it shall be for the sign of the covenant between Me and the earth... .. the waters shall never again become a flood to destroy all flesh." Gen 9:13,15

The rainbow signifies the glory, majesty and honor of the Lord Jesus Christ "One sat on the throne. And He who sat there was like a jasper and a sardius stone in appearance; and there was a rainbow around the throne, in appearance like an emerald." (Rev 4:2-3)

R= red =Sacrifice, courage, life and death

A= orange=Creativity, endurance, perseverance and strength

I = yellow=Wisdom, cheerfulness, energy, orderliness

N= green.Nature, growth, health, abundance, balance, sympathy harmony.

B=blue =Divinity, peace, tranquility, stability and harmony

O=indigo=Infinity wisdom, spiritual attainment, sudden awareness

W=violet= spirituality, The colors red and blue merge to give violet and this is why this color is associated with the combination of attributes of these two colors. Darker tones of violet stand for sorrow, whereas, deep purple signifies high spiritual attainment. Bluish-purple symbolizes idealism, while pale lilac stands for love towards humanity.

Rainbow Gods promise of victory, blessing, deliverance, purity, completeness, holiness and rest, wisdom from above the rainbow colors, God's promise of life in him, 7 colors of the rainbow are the 7 spirits of the Bible, 7 Spirits of Creation, created the 7 days of the week Genesis and TORAH agree, the 7 spirits of God in book of Revelation, are the 7 Spirits in Creation, the first and the last. ALPHA AND OMEGA, the Almighty One 2 Peter 1:2-4 2 Grace and peace be multiplied to you in the knowledge of God and of Jesus our Lord, 3 as His divine power has given to us all things that pertain to life and godliness, through the knowledge of Him who called us by glory and virtue, 4 by

which have been given to us exceedingly great and precious promises, that through these you may be partakers of the divine nature

WOW, i think i got the MAIN VISIONS< OF MANY COMBINED
COMBINING PROPHECIES the Jewish? Christian/ Native American ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF THE DIFFER-
ENT PROPHECIES of ONE ANOTHER WILL COMPLETE THE CIRCLE OF LIFE, and FULFILL THE 7 Prophe-
cies before my KING comes, 6. The gospel will be preached in all the world

In His major end-time prophecy, Jesus answers the question posed by the disciples: "When will these things be? And what will be the sign of your coming, and of the end of the age?" (Matthew:24:3).

After listing a number of signs of the nearness of His coming, He reveals that "this gospel of the kingdom will be preached in all the world as a witness to all the nations, and then the end will come" (verse 14).

PRAYING FOR PEACE IN UNITY IS A MUST, for me especially.

i see the mysteries of things, i walk in the spirit, and pray in the spirit. I am just trying to save my soul.

Warrior of Truth, a veterans voice of liberty.

By: Angela

I'm a Nomad

I am a nomad, I'm a long time traveler,
I'm a zillion years old,
Never was in the high school,
bit I always was high,
And traveling wide,
Traveling light,

Include Australia, Also Spent some time in India,
Africa, Middle East, South America,
Cuba, Brazil, Costa Rica, Colombia,
Egypt, Canada, Mexico,
Israel, Russia, Ukraine, England,
Italy, Kenia, Mozambique,

All these years I was traveling on horseback,
To bring the inspiration for organic education,
Through the music, art and dance and songs,
Cultural exchange with the positive vibration,

Tales of our lonely, lonely, lonely planet moves,
Our lonely, lonely, lonely, planet moves.

X4

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Welcome Young.....Peace, Love, And Togetherness of Future Family

By Brandon Cloran, A.K.A. Awkward
age 23, first gathering Ocala National Forest's Annual Regional

OK... It's been a long time since I have written anything, so bear with me, family. Now I remember experiencing Ocala National Forest before my first gathering. I was with Rain Dancer, Kitty Kat (his wife), also Preacher and Stax - we were basically booted from Deland Florida because cops didn't like our idea to grow food, provide more help in Deland, and teach love.

We had wandered about 8 miles with packs (my pack was all fucked up), Rain and Kat had carried a bunch of extra items that were supposed to help with our efforts in Florida, Preacher had a fucked up knee so he stayed at a shelter in Deland, and Stax carried his own stuff plus some groceries. We had made it halfway and Rain decided it was too dark to travel so we found a local spot to squat.

The next day it was Rain's meeting with the Deland City Counsel about feeding the homeless and camping laws. So Stax, Kat and I set out for what seemed like a short walk and we hitched a ride almost all the way there.

We made it to my first forests outside of Virginia and New England, we discussed how magical it was and then we saw a momma bear and cub cross the road... it was a beautiful sight. Well we continued walking until we found this dirt trail and then we set up our new camp site/ home. After putting up Rain, Katrina and Stax's tent, I set up

my tarp under a tree. It was amazing - all the giant pine trees, vines, and new nature. I walked for a quarter of a mile and found a python in a tree and he didn't pay mind to me. The reflections of Banana Spider webs, the shade the trees provided were just amazing.

I got back to camp and out of nowhere Stax pulled out a rolled blunt! We talked about the beautifulness of the forest and then it started pouring. Rain had not come back that night, I was getting bit up and soaked while Stax and Kat keep trying to keep their tents from flooding. From that moment of glory to that moment of annoyance and rain I knew I was destined to go back to Ocala National Forest. A few days later I got an emergency call. I needed to go back home so I hitched to Massachusetts.

About three months later, in February I came back to the forest to rainbow. I expected my brother and sister to be there and we would reunite. Well I knew things were built from the woods but I didn't really know how. Ocala had already passed seed camp and was on its second week of the gathering.

I searched all over for Rain and Kat but couldn't find them, then I searched for others that might be there and no one I knew was. There was no one talking to me anywhere, no one acknowledged I was even there, and my ride who saved me from Orlando had left to go get other kids in the woods.

So then I walked by Green and Purple, decided to look around, and instantly, "Hey family, wanna smoke?" "What up brother, what's your name?" -that's when I felt accepted and decided to let things be... if Rain and Kat were there

I would find them.

I spent a two days just wandering and then this guy grabbed me and says "Do you know how to use an axe?" I replied "no, but I can learn." He took me to this big pile of a part of a fallen tree, and said, "We need wood at Green and Purple". I had just lost my boots because they fell off and he showed me how to chop a few times and decided it was not safe, so then he just had me bring wood over. At that moment I officially felt I was a contribution to something great and adventurous. I started bringing as much wood from all directions as I could find and because everyone was so appreciative and loving, it was like I was together with these people for eternity.

Now I tell these stories because that's what I believe rainbow should be about - a prayer for peace, but we are also together DOING - we appreciate each wood run, we love every time a shitter's dug, or a bliss fire's built because we did it together. I believe in a unified crowd of all people living free of worry, free of cash, free of being "forced to" and just "allowed to".

Recently I've thought a lot of what makes family and what makes a rainbow. Well its simple, my family: nothing. Everyone is in the woods, or in our church or in our home because they are searching for something, most are searching for a better life, some are there for the biggest party around, some are there for healing, and some are just outcasts looking for a new mommy and daddy or family that can teach and help them.

I went on just wandering. I went to see the magic my friends spoke about

when talking about Nic @ Night, Emergency 420, CALM And Main Circle, but they had warned me never go up front, and when I ignored their advice, I got told "Rainbowland's that way bucko". So I envision a place where we just love and accept each other, and watch out for one another. When they told me to leave it wasn't out of hatred, anger or personal hierarchy it was watching out for family. That's what I think we need to change in Rainbow - how everyone's so about the "me", "I", or "the titles", that we are turning potential family away. our fighting, our ignorance of family's needs, our saying I never get agro, I never feel any emotion but happiness and our perversions of commitment to family. I believe if we help family, we need no credit from ourselves but a grateful thank you from the family we directly helped.

Now I know the kitchens feed thou-

sands of people a day, and you guys have been to more gatherings then this one, you have done more then that one, but in the end who cares? We should say "I LOVE YOU" all the same, respect another's vision all the same as our own. I view a very dark lonely future for the next few years being with this family, until our family stops and smells the flowers around us. Realize why we are even in the woods, it's to be together as one! Therefore I want all camps, all people, all alcohol and all family in the woods.

Sometimes I wish family didn't run around and make mockeries or disrespect family. I view our family's future after the darkness coming, our rebuilding of damaged family will finally settle when us younger rainbows become older. When you learn to respect those who can help you, they will help you. It can be difficult because some of you older, more judging rainbows, more

wise rainbows treat us as one because of our problems, online, in the woods, and to each other.

I believe we can get together, allow less "rules", start taking shwagging from a form of anger to love, start yelling 6-up more, start hugging everyone (except those who are scared of bugs), we can open up more, bring more creativity in the woods, allow the woods to become a place you BE who you want to BE, you enjoy and embrace peace!

I don't see violence lasting in rainbow as long as we start accepting more. If you play a guitar for drunks what do you think they do family, they dance and love! If you play a guitar to a group of dirty kids, to a group of hippies, to a group of train hoppers, to a group of anyone, mostly they will get happy. It's the job of us rainbows to love more and that will embark us on a peace journey.

Kill Schwill

-Hope for the Hopeless-

by Baby Bear

I remember the first time I got the shakes. I wore it like a badge of honor. I was hardened now, tougher than most and above all free.. at least that's what I had thought. I didn't have to answer to nobody, and if you rubbed me the wrong way, I'd make sure you had what was coming to you. I hated society, I hated most people, all I wanted to do was drown out reality all together.

Problem was, reality hit hard again every morning. I spent the first part of my day feeling sorry for myself, dry heaving, scrounging for any bit of change I had left and piecing a puzzle together of what I had done the night before.

What I usually heard was.. everything was going fine until we ran out of booze, or someone cut me off and I turned crazy & violent. I often ended up in jail, the hospital or the

drunk tank for trying to fight my road dogs or anyone else that got in my way.

I threw one of my friend's entire pack and gear into a river once, tried to pocket a mini bum jug, lost my dog countless times, stole, lied and spent every last dime getting as much booze as possible into my body as quickly as possible. After hearing all the stories, I figured maybe I needed to not drink hard A, or just switch to wine, or just beer, or just in celebration.. but no matter what, the same thing always happened. I found a thousand excuses to drink and it was like my kryptonite, one drop and I lost all control. I became a vampire, craving for it.. hoping I'd finally find peace at the bottom of the next bottle.

I began losing friends and lovers over it, but I couldn't care less. I had all I needed. What started as a means of escape, was quickly beginning to consume me. I barely ate and was still searching for that freedom and love my childhood dreams were made of, I thought I'd find it on the road, but

somehow I dead ended in the alley drinking with an old homebum, pissy pants, a black eye, a few more warrants and a wicked hangover.

I heard of rainbow but never knew what to expect when I showed up for my first gathering in 2009 at New Mexico. Honestly, I came in search for a lost love.. but I didn't know, the love I was searching for was within myself all along. I was amazed to find thousands of people, coming together to love and heal and rejoice over food, fires, music and nature. I thought, this must be a dream. I felt at peace, and like I finally belonged, for the first time in my life.

I don't think I drank at all that gathering, I was too intrigued by what lay around each corner, each tree, in awe; but I did spend the first few days detoxing, though I wasn't aware of it at the time. I was told to just go past the "drunks" at the front, which I did, but who was I kidding - I was one of them. The second I left, it was back to the same old song & dance.. except a seed had been sown within me. I would never forget the feeling of love, acceptance & pure joy I had felt.

Soon I was back to hurting the ones I loved and slowly killing myself by drinking more and more, with no end in sight. By my next gathering, Pennsylvania, I knew better, I'd bring a lil' hidden booze this time. I didn't know it was really frowned on within the gathering... at this time, I just figured I'd need my own stash. I ended up passed out in main meadow, sick off of wine, while my family decided where the next gathering would be.

By the time Washington annual came around, I kind of knew what to expect

and what was expected of me. I began to really plug in, and I found Montana Mud to be where I "fit" the best. They were known as the sober, detox kitchen, and although I'd rather be drinking, I think by this time, I knew me and drinking, just didn't get along... or so everyone else said.

I had shown up to this gathering, with a torn up face, road rash from drinking, and trying to skateboard with my dog Liliquoi.. which was quickly getting infected and turning to staph. Luckily with Seven Song's help I was treated on site. I still managed to drink, but this gathering was my first year actually holding hands and OM-ing with the rest of the family after the silence was lifted, praying for peace and feeling each others' vibrations, it was truly an uplifting experience.

I left that gathering on a mission, to help find our next place to gather. By spring the next year I was in the southeast, working along side some elders and with a few other kids in tow. I was truly in my element, only problem was, if I didn't have a few beers in me, first thing in the morning, I was worthless, and if I had a few too many, I was a wreck. I was constantly treading on thin ice. I thought I was so smooth, and nobody could tell.

I look back now and realize how ridiculous that was, I know my breath smelled of alcohol, I look at pictures of myself and you can just see the look on my face, rosy cheeks and skin and bones and that glazed over look in my eyes. I was still fighting with those close to me, and having complete meltdowns when the booze was all gone. I even had a circle of friends once, 10 of them, tell me they loved me but I needed to stop or at least calm down. All I

wanted to do was "calm down" but I didn't know how. I never set out to drink that much, but once I had one, I might as well have a million because it wasn't going to end until I was passed out or ended up in jail.

Well we ended up in Tennessee that year, and that was my most shameful gatherings yet. I spent most of my time floating between the road and the rest of the gathering, so I could get some pitiful amount of alcohol. I did wood runs for beer, I even took a family's vehicle to town to get more booze. I ended up hitting a really good sister within the gathering during a drunken fit. I didn't even make it to the circle on the 4th, I was too busy being hung over. I felt like I was just letting everyone down, including myself but I didn't see any way out. I wasn't fooling anybody but myself. My whole life was run by alcohol, without it I would probably die. I was a shell of a person.

Luckily my family loved me through it, a few elders pulled me aside. They told me that I was a beautiful being and they could see my soul shining bright, that I had so much potential but I was dulling myself and literally killing myself by continuing to drink. They told me they supported me no matter what but they hated seeing me do this to myself, and that hitting another sister was absolutely out of control. They spoke to me with a sternness, but out of pure love and compassion. I am writing this story with the same intention.

After this gathering, I became pregnant with my first child K. Magnolia, who was born in March of 2012. My life completely changed leading up to and after her birth. I was no longer just living for myself. I just knew I had to stop drinking for good. So I started going to

AA, it wasn't my first time, since I had gone court ordered before, after kicking a cop car window out and resisting arrest years previously. This time was different though, this time I went out of complete hopelessness, because I had no other choice, because I was beaten down, and just out of options.

I had no idea how I could ever not drink, I could go a day or two, painfully but I started going to meetings and hearing how other people used to be just like me. After about a week of sobriety, I already felt a little better. I could think clearly, and not every thought was of beer. After a month, I started actually enjoying activities that I used to be interested in like art, music, yoga, nature and I didn't HAVE to drink to just enjoy the simple things in life. I started noticing the little things of life again, a flower growing in between the sidewalk, a bird singing happily at the sun rising or setting.

I now am going on a year of sobriety and I have finally found a sense of peace, and I have compassion and empathy for my fellow man or woman, where I used to only hold hatred. Where I was hopeless, angry, hurt, alone and longing.. I am now content, goal oriented, artistic, joyous, humorous, health conscious, loving, considerate and overall just happy.

The most beautiful experience I had was at the Montana gathering in 2013. I got to walk out with kiddie village, singing, holding my infant daughter, sober, and happy, I looked around at all of my family, holding hands as we spiraled into the center in a parade, everyone began to Om, and I began to cry because I had finally found what I was looking for my entire life, peace, happiness, fulfillment and belonging and it didn't come from a bottle or a can.

There is hope, if you are struggling with addiction: I promise you, things can get better if you just don't pick it back up, always do the next right thing, take it one day at a time or even one minute at a time, stop hanging around people and places where drinking or your drug of choice is readily available, quit putting yourself down and don't be afraid to reach out for help, that's what family is for. I am so grateful for all those that have helped me along my way and I feel for all those still struggling to fight this disease. I can only hope we as a family can begin to help each other heal.



Brothers:

Respect our sisters and help create a safe place for everyone.

Nudity is natural; not a sexual invitation.

Ask before hugging or touching women & remember: "No means no!"

Brother Circles offer support & encourage understanding.

Love happens – Carry condoms.

Sisters:

Respect yourselves & trust your instincts.

If you don't feel comfortable being intimate or alone with a man it's OK to say "No."

Sister Circles share strength & support between women.

Love happens – Carry condoms.

Everyone:

This is a society based on love & respect.

We're here for a spiritual purpose; Respect each other and do no harm.

Brother-Sister Circles create trust & understanding.

We are all Shanti Sena – "Peace Keepers"

Life Again

by Evelyn Peach

My awakening began in New Mexico at the National Rainbow Gathering in 2009. I went with some friends and saw a completely different way of existing. People gathering in the national forests all over the country, practicing their right to peaceably assemble. Praying for peace, building family, growing community. People like no one I'd ever met before, living on the land. It was here that I first heard of a Hopi Prophecy that said "when the earth is dying a new tribe of people of all races, religions and creeds will turn the earth green again and they will be known as the warriors of the rainbow"

We spent two weeks at the gathering and this is where I discovered my passion in life, cooking in the woods!! Providing nourishment for the body, mind and soul. Putting the power of love into food, feeds more than just the body. I was more astounded at the magic of it all. We decided to join up with a small tea kitchen that was set up right next to us, went on a town run to get fresh veggies and other staples and started a small kitchen. I was in heaven, I got to cook for about 30-40 people every night while listening to wonderful musicians serenading me from the nearby campfire. I found my bliss.

After the gathering, I went back to my unremarkable life, went back to work, went back to sleep. I went

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through the motions of what I thought was life.. Working growing more and more lonely within my own mind. My unhappiness with my life grew. So I found ways to numb that pain, lying to myself...

This went on until October 6th 2011, the first day of Occupy Dallas. In the last year I have heard much criticism about occupy as a whole, what people don't realize is that it takes time to effect any real change in the world. The people in power like where they are and they're going to fight to keep it that way. To me occupy was a great convergence of great minds in a time of upheaval and corruption. Occupy was only the beginning of an awakening.

Back to October 6th, the march on the Fed, the beginning. Now you have to realize something about Dallas, TX, the home of the \$30,000 millionaire.

Where Austin's saying is Keep Austin Weird, Dallas' is "keep Dallas Pretentious". Dallas wasn't really affected during the recession; business grew, housing grew, suburbs grew. So the fact that we had over 500 people out on that first day was amazing. There was so much passion on that first day. People demanding change. People coming together of all races, creeds, religions, people from all walks of life came together on this day hoping to effect a change in the world. One thing that made OD different from other camps across the

country was the peacefulness of it all... while in OWS and other camps protesters and cops collided, people were being pepper sprayed and beaten across the world. One thing I find amusing about this whole thing is that the majority of the people in this country had no idea that any of this was happening, and if they did the media had it spun to say were just a bunch of lazy hippies rather than saying who or what we were protesting...

The fact is there is so much wrong with this world that it's hard to define just one demand, one goal. Greed, corruption, lack of respect for the planet, animals, water, human life. When 1% of the population holds all the wealth for themselves, while there are millions of homeless, starving people in this world there is bound to be an uprising of the people. When our governments that were put in place to protect our basic human rights are the very ones who are stripping us of our freedoms, there's bound to be an uprising. When large corporations have more rights than human beings, there's bound to be an uprising.

At what point do we say enough is enough? Stop killing our planet, stop killing our children, stop violating our basic human rights as human beings. Stop stripping our us of our freedoms. Stop lying to us. We will no longer be your slaves, we will no longer be robots.

At The Gates: The First Rainbow Gathering

By Garrick Beck

Colorado was our destination. It was time to go to the Gathering. I brought boxes of Rainbow Oracle booklets; camping gear, bulk foods, tents, tarps, tools.

I drove down from Oregon with a carful of Gatherers. We went directly to the Titanic Co-op in Boulder, the place that had offered space for use. What a scene! Everything was already in full swing. Cars and trucks arriving, people everywhere: gear, children, foodstuffs being unloaded and stacked, tents going up on the lawn, and the folks from the co-op looking on in amazement. We decided that what was needed was a good meal so we took supplies and went to the co-op's titanic kitchen and cranked out fifty or so loaves of bread. It was an activity that brought pretty much everyone together in the big cafeteria room and focused the swirl of people energy. There we learned that Table Mountain had been barb-wired by the State Police, that the Colorado Legislature had just passed – only days ago – a “Woodstock Law,” really an anti-Woodstock law that prohibited outdoor mass gatherings. Later this law would be declared Unconstitutional. But today it was on the books. And Table Mountain was closed and guarded. Still people were going up there – at least to

the vicinity – and camping where they could. Someone said a local resident had given us a parking lot – a field – where we could stay put. Rumors were abundant. But everyone was still coming home. Home to the Family Reunion of the Human Tribes. And just proceeding on the outrageous assumption that things would work out all right.

The press had little idea about what was going on. And it was apparent from the press that the State had no idea what was going on. They'd seen a Universal Life Church flier. The Secretary of State's office contacted Idaho authorities where the Church's picnic had been the year before and got scared right out of their wingtips by stories of naked people, rock and roll, marijuana, hallucinogens, and other earthly delights. The governor declared that this event was simply not going to come to Colorado.

We sat up late typing up a press notice to all the Denver and Boulder area TV, newsprint and radio media calling them to a press and public meeting in the basement of the Titanic Co-op later that afternoon.

Everyone showed up. The place was packed full with cameras, lights and people. Mitch Mitchell, Skyblue Fiedler, Paterson Brown and I sat upfront. We had a beautiful banner. We handed out the Rainbow Oracle booklets. We read the Invitation and passed out Howdy Folks. We served hot buttered bread.

Then each of us made short comments covering different ground. Skyblue introduced and welcomed everyone. She spoke about not being afraid, about “people being together with people: learning from each other, sharing with each other. This is not something to be fearful of.”

Mitch told the press not to be

so quick to declare the government's version of the story without looking into it themselves. That was their job: to get the real story, the whole picture. Why, here they were getting a very different view of the Gathering already, “See the equipment and the backpacks and the trucks and the buses and the people and the children. Pay attention. Come be part of the event. Come up to the mountains and Gather with us. Report the news as you see it. Gather with us and tell the public the truth about whatever you see.”

Patterson talked about the spiritual side of the Gathering. He spoke eloquently about the “Cathedral of Nature” and that “prayers and meditations have taken place in such surroundings since time immemorial.”

For my turn I talked about logistics, tactics, parking, food, water, medical, trying to communicate as much assurance as I could that this was going to occur with much good sense and many capable people.

Cameras rolled. There was a barrage of questions. The press could hardly believe that this wasn't a thin disguise for what would turn into a giant rock'n roll festival in the end. We all answered as best as we could. There was a lot of talk about what to do about the closures the government had already put into effect.

“It will all work out.”

“A way will be found.”

“Don't be afraid. This is meant to happen. Just look at all the thousands of people coming here. On their way here traveling in this direction right now.”

“The State of Colorado is over-reacting. This isn't any kind of violent demonstration. This isn't even a Pro-test. It's just people from all over the world coming to these mountains to



hold hands and pray for or wish for Peace. It's not a rock festival with generators and promoters and tickets and stars with records to sell. It's just people coming to use our public lands, our Commons, for a peaceful experience."

"And on the Fourth of July. On Independence Day. What could be more suited to the Ideals of Liberty than all these free people assembling peaceably? All these different people, all these different kinds of people, all taking time to share with each other. To give an example that humanity is not so fouled up. What could be more American than that?"



A reporter asked me how we expected to dispose of human waste in the mountains. I replied that we would use slit-type trenches. She asked if that was hygienic enough for large numbers of people. I replied we got the design from the United States Marine Corps Field Manual. And that it was a tried and tested design. (I had become acquainted with The Field Manual during The Living Theatre's production of *The Brig* years earlier.)

We were so naïve, and so completely full of enthusiasm and faith.

But it certainly led to the press taking a more careful look at what was really happening. And some officials from the State of Colorado were there too, watching and listening. They went away with a different view than they'd come in with, too.

Like a wheel in motion with nothing to slow it events moved like a carousel – whirling and rising and falling in rapid succession. We went with a couple of the Colorado officials who brought us to the CBI Headquarters, Colorado Bureau of Investigation. John McIver was the lead officer's name and we took that to be a good sign because McIver was the name of the park back in Oregon where Vortex 1 had succeeded two summers ago. At the CBI we meet an officeful of folks who asked the most sensible questions about things like parking space and public health. They looked at The Rainbow Oracle booklet and thumbed thru it. They took us at face value. They had figured out that we weren't a commercial operation; we weren't music promoters; we weren't selling drugs; we weren't a political demonstration. They saw us as naïve nature lovers - which was in some ways true. They told us that governmental wheels turning against us were already in motion and those might be hard to stop.

We passed another night at the Titanic Co-op and the next morning our car full left for Granby, the Colorado town nearest to Table Mountain. The Gathering was already gathering there. Vans and people were outside the big café on Main Street and everyone was giving directions to Paul's place a little ways out of town where people were going to park.

I asked about the parking at the base of Table Mountain and people looked at me blankly then someone said. "That's all been closed off. We're parking at Paul's."

So we drove to out to Paul Geisendorfer's, which was a flat field a little ways out of town. Already there were two tipis up and a big silver air-

stream trailer and rows of small trucks, vans, VW vans, and tents, children, people. It was about forty acres or so with a small rise toward one side. I knew only a few of the many people there and it was hard to figure what was really going on. Patrick Thompson from the farm in Oregon was already set up and he guided us to a place to encamp our own tents. He was parking cars in an organized manner, maximizing the use of the space. A big evening dinner was being put together collectively and that would be an opportunity for council and communication.

After eating we stretched out hands to start council with an Ommmm and then fifty or so folks stood together in a circle and slowly the story emerged. Yes, the State had put up a barbwire fence along Table Mountain's base. And signs warning "No Trespassing." And there were police cars stationed at the juncture of the roads at its base. Every National Forest public campground for fifty miles was "Closed for Repairs."

Some people were really unhappy to have come all this way expecting some majestic mountain meadowland and finding themselves parked on a flat outside town. And some people were there who had been expecting a rock festival and were totally disappointed that there wasn't a stage and electric music.

I was in favor of finding a different way up Table Mountain (it's about seven miles away) and getting ourselves up there, getting on site, getting gear on site, taking the high ground.

Some people were very happy right where we were. "It's beautiful here. It's not about the location it's

about the people!”

A few folks said that Paul Geisendorfer— whose field we were in — had an idea about another site.

I had a long discomfited sleep.

Late the next morning Paul arrives. A square-shouldered, solidly built man, short blondish wavy hair, soft kindly face, blue work shirt, jeans. And so there’s another meeting. He’s explaining how we need to get moving to this meadow that we can go to. It’s seven miles in the other direction. I’m seeing that as being further from Table Mountain, not closer. Paul is listing the virtues of the place and the lake that is there, and the forests to camp in. It’s also a long haul: two and half miles of very steep uphill trail to get into it. I’m very dubious, but there are a lot of enthused folks and the suggestion is made that a car full goes right now to take a look and come back here to tell the rest what it’s really like. Others are wary that this property he wants to take us to is private land — even though the surrounding forests are all public. One person volunteers to go along with this scout party and come right back with as critical a report as possible. So off goes one truck heading toward Strawberry Lake.

They didn’t get back until way late that night. Two of the folks sent a note saying it was so beautiful they were staying there and setting up camp immediately. The rest of the crew was enthusiastic about the place: vistas, water, woodlands, remoteness, mountains above and lake below. As for our critic, he said, “I think everyone should just pack all their stuff and get on up there.”

I show Paul The Oracle booklet, give him a copy. He looks at it for a few minutes, smiles. He seems relieved to see that there must be others who have put some thought and effort into this. We decide that in the last dark nighttime hours as many carloads as can will drive over to the foot of the trail that leads up to the lake, and we’ll hike in with the first light of

morning.

I ride with Paul. He talks on about the water there and how this is the key thing we need to look at, because water is the foundation of all civilization. I ask where the water comes from and he mimes his answer: He just points his index finger straight up and smiles. As if to say both, “It comes from the sky, from the rain,” or “It comes from God.” He smiles tapping his copy of the Oracle, “It’s nice to meet more people with a strong spiritual view.”

I ask him how he got inspired to be so involved with supporting this Gathering. Turns out he’d been a foot soldier in the Korean War in the 1950’s, gotten captured. Escaped. Got recaptured. Escaped again, this time into the jungles. He lived for weeks on wild things. Had a vision of a Spiritual City. Got recaptured again. When he was released in a prisoner exchange and returned home he went about finding and buying land for this Spiritual City.

I told him, “Here we are.”

He asked, “Do you think this Gathering is The City?”

I said, “I think the whole world will learn to gather and that will bring Peace.”

He nodded and smiled and kept on driving toward the trailhead. Now Paul was saying that if we were going to be utilizing the high lake for our gathering, “We’d better get all the supplies and people in just as quick as we can, because ‘they’ might just close some of these roads off when ‘they’ find out this is where we are. We have to get well supplied, and get everyone off the roads and up to the lake.”

In those exact pre-dawn and dawn hours June 17, 1972 as we were moving in to Strawberry Lake, the Watergate burglars were being nabbed at Party Headquarters in Washington. It was a very good morning for the counterculture.

The trail was terrifically steep, switchback after switchback at 11,000 feet elevation. Then a leveler area, then another ascent, finally opening into gentle woodlands and an awesome meadow with a quarter mile lake at the far end. They said

Strawberry Lake was a quarter mile long, a quarter mile wide and a quarter mile deep. It was magnificent. Above the lake and reflected in it were Rocky Mountain peaks with snow caps. From the adjacent hills ran springs with water good enough to drink.

People were kneeling and kissing the earth as we entered the meadow.

People were carrying downed logs to form structures for community uses.

I set the rice I’d been carrying down next to where a kitchen was just starting to go up, and told the few folks there that I was going back down to the parking lot (really Paul’s wheat field) to round up supplies and tools and food and people and send them here.

At the parking area ‘most everyone is packing their gear to shuttle to Strawberry Lake already. There is pretty much no parking up at the trailhead. Just offloading and turn around areas.

So we’ll just park the cars back here and shuttle everyone over to the trail. Those who don’t want to budge don’t have to. They can just gather right here and help with the shuttling. I pass the hat for food supplies.

In Boulder I go by the Titanic Co-op. We put up maps to Granby, the parking, and Strawberry Lake.

We take a collection for food supplies and go to the Green Mountain Co-op and put in a giant order for grains, beans, flour, oil. We want them to deliver in their truck. They’ll do it.

At a Megamart in Denver we meet a young couple shopping for the Gathering. They have an empty truck — just their camping gear in the back. We buy all Megamart’s potatoes and some cases of oranges and fill the truck. Off it goes toward Strawberry Lake.

The Governor is having a fit. He’s calling up National Guard Units and encamping them to the north preparing to defend Table Mountain from the oncoming assault by Gawd-alone-knows-who-we-are.

By the time I get back to Paul's parking lot the roads going to Strawberry have been closed from all directions. The police are letting folks into Paul's field because there isn't anywhere else for them to go. There are hundreds of people in the streets of Granby: pumping gas, eating at the cafes, buying supplies from the stores, waiting for the roads to open. There is a radio system in place at the front gate of Paul's and a table around which people are studying all kinds of maps. Vehicle after vehicle is leaving the field, loaded with people and their gear. Their own cars are



safely parked at the far end of the field, and off they go to be let out at some further destination from which they can hike around the roadblocks and onto the site. Now the police are getting aware of this and they are tracking each car as it leaves. They have arrested some folks hiking in for trespassing on public property.

There is a plan afoot. Lots of people are getting ready with their backpacking gear. Lots of empty vehicles are readied. I'm brought to the map table and shown the plan. First one car gets loaded up and drives off in one direction toward the far roadblock. One of the police cars at the gate follows it. Then another car gets loaded up and takes off and another police car follows it. Then another car followed by another police car. Then there aren't any more police cars at the gate and everyone loads up into dozens of waiting vehicles and off go, in another direction, out from under the eye of the State.

It worked fine until on a back web of roads the lead driver of the caravan loops us right back near town. We are so spotlighted. Colonel Schippers and his

State Patrol are right behind us now. They are ordering us to pull over on their PA horns. Lights are flashing. Sirens wr-r-ro-o-o-ing. Everyone pulls over. The loud-speaker horns order everyone out. People are disembarking in disarray. "Is this the place?" "Why are all these police here?" "What's going on?" Searchlights from the police cars are bathing everyone in brightness. All our vehicles are leaving so as not to get towed or impounded. People are scampering in many directions carrying children, pets, tromping thru the fields heading away from the road, "Is this the way?"

There is a news crew filming and a deputy is ordering everyone to freeze or "Or what?" I holler in the pause where the deputy doesn't know exactly how his sentence ends. "Or what?"

I ask Col. Schippers. "What are you going to do, arrest all these people who don't even know where they are for trespassing?" Deputies were standing behind their cars with rifles out.

"I don't know, we'll just have to see what happens," he said slowly. I had an immediate recollection of Kent State where student protestors were killed because higher-up's orders fell on a colonel's shoulders.

"Freeze!" I hollered, "Everyone freeze! His crew is aiming rifles on your backs. Stop running!" People got still really quick. Someone put their hands up and called out, "Don't shoot, we surrender!" Cameras were whirring. It was a very confusing scene.

"I'm not going to shoot anybody! Dammit," Schippers said loudly. He paused and looked around. There were people watching him from all directions. "What are we going to do with this mess?" he asked out loud, looking at everyone around him. It was a fair question. I think he knew that if they started making arrests that everyone would flee into the night in every direction thru the woods, the farms, the town, really chaotic. And besides what would anyone be arrested for?

"Well," I volunteered, "I think we

need to get back to the parking field. All our vehicles are gone. Either we'll walk the four miles back to Paul's, right thru town, or you can order up a couple of the busses the papers say you have at your command and give us a lift."

Some people choose to take the bus others just walked.

In the meantime during Col. Schippers' "raid" many vehicles left Paul's successfully unloading their passengers in the dark and getting people and supplies thru. Maybe we were the decoy.

By the next day, though, things had gotten worse. Hitchhikers along the roads were being arrested; vehicles were being stopped and impounded as unsafe for the tiniest reason. The State set up a holding pen for arrestees on the grounds of the county fairgrounds. People who couldn't show the officers "enough" money were arrested under local vagrancy laws.

At Paul's a sophisticated radio system was in place. Dispatch, mobile units, hand-helds. I saw that there were a lot of us with recent in-the-field military experience and that we were way ahead of the law in on-the-ground organization and training. It wasn't that we "had" any organization, we just had the on-the-spot abilities to communicate and act together.

And there was another plan afoot for the next night. In this strategy, people arrived late at night from several directions meeting up at the edge of railroad yards. In the shadows of the rail yards we established a buddy system between groups so that two carloads or two families or two individuals were buddied together to stay with each other during the all-night hike. Then we all leaned back against a steep railroad embankment and shimmied along on our backs just out of sight of the yard's active watchtower for a couple of hundred yards to the other side of the yards where the rail yard joined the forest. Once again I found myself crossing the amazing line that separates the less-free space from the more-free space. I was entering into that arena again as we slid by the watching eyes in the guard tower. Then there was

only an eight-mile uphill trek with no marked trails. From the edge of the forest on we traveled by map and compass. First we crossed a narrow strip of forested ranchland, and then navigated our way up and over a high "saddle" formation and finally down a narrow valley that led into Strawberry Lake. We travelled with more than 150 people supplied with food, shelter, tools and willpower.

The first of us got in around dawn. I hiked with Feather Hammond, nimble and golden-haired - and helped with her duffle - while she carried her adorable daughter, Tracey aka Grasshopper. We entered the encampment of the gathering around mid-morning. I saw people washing clothes in buckets, carefully, away from a small creek bed.

I set to work tapping a small springhead for common use: bringing the water cleanly from the edge of its wet greenway to a rocky path where people could get to it easily while keeping the spring area protected.

Down in Grand Lake, Colorado, at the county seat, the State of Colorado brings a suit under the new Outdoor Mass Gathering Act to prohibit the event from occurring. Rainbows flock to the courthouse to represent themselves.

Colonel Schippers arrives up at the lake with Orders from The Court to several individuals. Ordering them To Order Everyone To Leave. (Myself among these individuals so ordered). He presents these to the named individuals at council. Skyblue reads her Court Order out loud to the crowd. What do they do? They cheer! They holler, "We're not moving!", "She can't order us to do anything!", "No way!"

"See," says Skyblue, "I've ordered them."

Turns out, years ago in harder times Paul took his father and his father's friend as business partners in the lake property. Paul didn't own all of it. Now they wanted us to buy it, "Just collect, you know, ten dollars, thirty dollars each from the hundred thousand you say are coming and the place is yours. Yours. All that water that The City of Denver wants," says

his father's partner.

What a deal! But no one wants to turn this into a commercial event. Not even for the water. And certainly not all-of-a-sudden because here's what looks like a commercial trapdoor opening up in front of us.

So the next day the troopers return with posters signed from Paul's father and his partner declaring their property, Strawberry Lake, "Off Limits" to us, to anyone. I saw Paul at the woodland's edge. "Whatdya think we should do?" I asked.

"Just pull back off the Lake Property into the woods onto public National Forest land."

"- and just use the open meadowlands and the lake for day use-" I add.

"Something like that," said Paul.

So we moved any tents and set-ups off the meadowlands and under the shelter of the woods.

I went to work digging latrines. We had a whole crew and a half working on slit trenches uphill from a crossways of paths. Here come a couple of guys, one's wearing a trenchcoat. He looks like a cross between Columbo and Terry Salvas. It's McIver from the Colorado Bureau of Investigation. He's here on a see-for-himself mission with his partner. "What are you doing?" he asks, pointing to our hole-in-the-ground.

"Digging latrines." I point to where some are already dug and to where we're going to dig next.

"Good," he nods.

"Do you have anything to tell us, any advice for us?" I query.

"Keep digging," he says.

In court the Judge ruled in favor of the State's law and against our Right to Assemble.

On the ground over 2000 people have been arrested. The State has set up a courtroom on the fairgrounds. People are being fined, released, bailed out, given court dates, or held because of insufficient bail. I believe it was the largest number of actual arrests in a non-violent action up to that date in U.S. history.

At a meeting of State and Federal

Officers some lunatic official suggested they could just fly planes overhead and gas us. This appalled the State Forester, as well as all the National Park and National Forest Officers. McIver of the CBI spoke in our favor suggesting that working with us was by far the best solution. And the young Forest Ranger's assistant we'd met months earlier spoke favorably for us. The Arapaho National Forest people said it would be all right with them if we gathered on National Forest lands.

At Paul's the field is filled to overflowing. The State of Colorado still has the roads blockaded. A huge council is held. Paul speaks inviting everyone to try to find their way to Strawberry Lake. Barry Adams speaks and says he's going to shoulder his backpack and his plunker (his two-stringed musical instrument) and walk to the Lake. Which is exactly what everyone does. Thousands of people shouldering up. Gear, kids, kitchen equipment, musical instruments, tools. Beautiful.

The best route to walk is toward the road closure by the headwaters of the Colorado River just to the east of Table Mountain and then turn along Grand Lake toward the trailhead. A huge column of hikers, singers, dancers, flowerbearers approaches the barricade. Patterson has gone ahead. He's at the officer's cars talking with them, as they see the four thousand or so marchers come over the rise in the field and slowly swarm around the bewildered officers and their squad cars. The mass hiked on to Strawberry Lake.

From then it was a continuous stream. The State still had orders to enforce the roadblock. So no traffic could pass. But we could walk by the blockade. So we parked the cars on the huge flat right where we'd originally planned to, just off to the side of Table Mountain. Then we walked the other way seven miles and after that up the trail to the lake.

Up at the lake there was a surge of people and supplies coming in. Everyone had a piece of the story to tell and a piece of the Peace to put together.

Home Death

The idea of home birth has been encouraged and practiced in our family for a long time. We have been successfully supporting each other and creating space for births both at the gathering and outside of HOME. Our family has now come to a point where we need to begin considering the idea of Home Death.

About three years ago our dear sweet Cecil was suffering from stomach cancer and was in a rehab facility. Several brothers and sisters took him to a brother's home and cared for him there. They had two teams, one for day and one at night. There was music played, stories told and love surrounded them all. When he passed, they washed his body and dressed him in hemp. They laid him in a cardboard coffin with clay painted symbols on it. He was brought to a crematorium where prayers were sung, heart song shared and we drummed on his coffin before we said our final goodbyes.

He was truly blessed not only to be so loved by his Rainbow family but also because he was able to die at home in an atmosphere of love rather than a medical facility where he could never have found peace and comfort. At no time was he ever in the hands of strangers before or after his death. There was no reason to spend a lot of money to take care of him after he left his body. The family took care of him in the old ways, doing all these difficult chores themselves with love and compassion.

Our sister Evergreen Forest {also lovingly known as Butterfly}, didn't have that kind of support. Like many of us, she was estranged from her blood family. Although, many loved her, no one could go to her. When it came time for her to take her final journey she was alone in a rehab facility. She had let be known she didn't want to be there, and some folks did visit and spend a bit of time with her, but no one was able to get it together to help in the way they were able to do for our Cecil.

I believe it is way beyond the time to create a con-
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versation about how we can help each other when end of life is a reality. While there are several of us that have lovingly created hospice environments for family {Thanks to Neal Varnes, Cheryl Hoyles and Victor, among others}, it time to establish some kind of ongoing Rainbow Family Hospice care. Some have suggested finding a piece of land for this, which would be wonderful. I think it would make more sense to set up a fund for family to travel where the need is.

Evergreen Forest had countless Facebook friends and family that loved her for a long time; I wonder how many of these folks would have gone to her if they only had the means. I know of so many who are just home with nothing to do, lonely and isolated. Imagine if these folks could go help someone who needs it. A team that could bring family home from hospitals and rehab centers {when it is possible} and take care of them in their homes so that they could die with dignity surrounded by love and family.

Hurricanes Katrina and Sandy have proved to us just how much our family can accomplish. Now we have our own disaster, as I feel what happened to Evergreen was truly a disaster. We need to step up, have circles and discuss what we can do. Let us take our power back when it comes to death and dying. Take it out of the hands of those more interested in money than dying with dignity, or how our loved ones are cared for after they have left their bodies.

Let us remember what it means to be family. We are so much more than a few weeks in the woods. It is an amazing honor to walk with a loved one to death's door. Death can be just as beautiful as birth as I have witnessed myself. I plead with you, my family to step up and open your hearts to those that need us in this way. Together, with love and faith we can put together anything....just as we have amazingly, eliminated the need to haul water in the woods, we can find a way to be there for each other at our most sacred moments.

Thank you,

Lynn Miesse

The Heart Attack Hill Gathering – Utah 2014

By Butterfly Bill

Note: Butterfly Bill, long-time gatherer, storyteller, and hipstorian, passed away in February. Though many of his gathering experiences are chronicled in his two memoirs, Rainbow Gatherings Volumes 1 & 2, this is excerpted from his last story, unpublished until now.

I was able to get all the way from my home in Muskogee, Oklahoma to the site of the 2014 annual North American gathering in the Uinta National Forest, approximately 20 miles southeast of Heber City, Utah, in only two days of driving over 600 miles each day, so I arrived at about 7 in the evening on the 20th of June.

Shortly after the turning at the T intersection of the Forest Service road with the road that led into the site, I was greeted by a man who was standing there alone, Red, a brother I have known for years. He told me to continue down the road until I saw an obvious Bus Village, which I did. It was a large meadow, still mostly empty, and I found a place near some trees at its edge and parked my Dodge Grand Caravan to spend the night on the bed that I have installed behind the driver and right front passenger seats, replacing the rear seats that I have removed completely.

There was a camp with a fire going and some kitchen implements nearby, and there I encountered the second person that I already knew, Sibiling, and she and a few of the brothers standing nearby answered some of the questions I had about the site. I was shown the continuation of the road and told that was the way into the site, through Handi-Camp, a place that ap-

pears at every gathering devoted to the needs of handicapped people. Someone said that it was about three miles into the center of the gathering.

The next morning I was up before sunrise and able to find a shitter that had been dug nearby, and at about seven I started walking down the road. I looked at the land around, and most of it seemed the reverse of the way most sites are. Instead of mostly forest interrupted by small meadows, here the meadowland seemed to predominate with the trees in smaller patches. I saw some deep ruts in the road as I walked, and someone had dragged some dead tree trunks and branches into them in an attempt to macadamize them. I saw some stubs of branches sticking out of the trunks that looked like they could be sharp enough to eat my tires, so I decided then and there that I would not try to move my van any further than Bus Village. A man I passed while walking asked me if I had just arrived, and I answered last night. He gave me a welcome home and then asked me, “Have you been up Heart Attack Hill yet?”

About 15 minutes later I was finding out all about it. There was a stretch of about 250 yards where the road, now just a trail, climbed up a grade that was always more than 20 degrees and sometimes as much as 45, over large boulders. When I reached the top I saw a cardboard sign saying “Heart Attack Mesa”, with an anarchist A symbol that was surrounded by a heart instead of the usual circle.

After that last hill there was another stretch of relatively level ground, and there I passed several kitchens setting up: Procrastination Station, Hobo Alley, and a place called Kannibal Canyon Camp. Then the trail

descended down another hill that was as strenuous as all the others when walking in the opposite direction out of the gathering. At the end of this was a place that was alternately called Welcome Home and Rainbow Crystal Kitchen where Gary Stubbs set up, and beyond that the trail curved gradually to the right and brought you to the main meadow.

The meadow was in sort of a bowl shape, surrounded by long and narrow stands of trees that interrupted more meadows leading up to the tops of the surrounding mountains. People called these narrow meadows in between the stands of trees “fingers”, and there were several leading up from the palm which was the main meadow.

As the gathering progressed, most of the old established kitchens set up close to the upper ends of these fingers, probably because the slope of the ground was more level near the tops, and possibly because they could achieve splendid isolation. After a few days, a sort of beltway trail emerged that could take you among them without as much climbing, but from the main meadow and the place where Info was located, a trip to any one of them could equal Heart Attack Hill and then more. The climb to Kid Village was just as steep and at least one and a half times as long. Going anywhere in this gathering involved some sort of strenuous climb, either going or returning, and that was the ever present feature of this gathering.

One of the first things I do at a new gathering is look for a walking stick among the dead branches I see on the ground. (I have a collection of them from previous gatherings at my house.) I found a strong and straight one on Heart Attack Mesa, but it was

about three feet too long. I started seeking a bow saw in the kitchens I was passing thru, and when I got to Hobo Alley, I encountered a young sister who told me her name was Change. She told me yes, they had one, but then she couldn't find it because it had been lent out, and I followed her as she went to several nearby places in an unsuccessful attempt to find it. I could tell that she had a strong personality and could be called one of the focalizers or kitchen ogres of Hobo Alley. I finally found a saw in Welcome Home.

A few things I noticed early on when I was still in Hobo Alley. One was the youth of all the people there; almost nobody looked like they were out of their 20s. Another was that they unabashedly ate meat; there was a cooled off cast iron skillet on a campfire grill filled with bits of fried ham in it. Another was some empty bottles among their trash that looked like liquor containers. Another was a generally laid back and sometimes giggly mood among the people, and another was a friendliness to me in spite of my aged appearance. One brother said to me, "Would you like to make a sandwich, old man?" as he pointed to a loaf of bread and jars of peanut butter and jelly on the ground, and lent me his knife. All this was quite different from the aggressive atmosphere of the A-Camps I had known in the past.

Welcome Home, or Rainbow Crystal Kitchen, looked fairly advanced this day. The trail passed between two trees, and stretched between them was a large banner that said "WELCOME HOME" in colored letters that you passed under as you entered the kitchen area. To one side of the trail there was a large square of

logs around a bliss fire beneath a large tarp, and on the other side there was a table and Gary's traditional soup kettle and fire ring, made from a 55 gallon oil barrel. (There was, as usual, no bliss rail that separated the kitchen patrons from the workers.) More trees formed an exit to the trail beyond, and leaned against them were several large sign boards made out of 4' x 8' panels of plywood. They displayed Rap 107, Rap 121, and "Participation is the Key" in colorful calligraphic letters, hand painted by a Rainbow sister. After you passed thru the exit trees and passed the supply tent and food chopping area to the right, you saw a cloth banner that said, "BURY YOUR SHIT".

The previous December I had undergone an operation to repair an inguinal hernia, and I had been advised by the doctors not to lift anything heavier than 20 pounds for the first six weeks, and not to do any extremely heavy lifting for at least a year. This meant no heavy backpack, as I had been used to using. After looking at various conveyances such a bicycle trailers, I finally decided that the best way to transport would be my one wheeled construction wheelbarrow. I cleaned it up and removed all the nuts and bolts to disassemble it to make it easier to carry in my van, and I put it all back together in the Bus Village lot.

It worked according to all my hoped for expectations. Using the Law of Levers that it is based on, lifting a 50 pound load required less effort than a 20 pound one lifted directly, and I was able to wheel in my tent and tarp as well as the two creature comforts I always take in that make my life so much easier after I get them there, my

folding cot that gets me up off the rocks and crawling life as I lie on it, and my high holy folding canvas chair, that I use at Info and I can't endure Vision Council without.

The next morning, the 22nd, I decided to take my first load in: the tent, tarps, and high holy chair, and find a place to stash them temporarily until the place for Info was decided on. I met Greg Sherrill on the trail by the main meadow, and he pointed out the campsite he had made near a spot that he thought would be good for Info and let me stash my stuff under his tarp. While passing thru Handi-Camp on the way in I had met a sister named Gypsy who was interested in setting up a first aid station near Info to supplement CALM. She and I decided to look for a place for the Information booth.

We first rejected the place that Greg had picked out, thinking that a place that you encounter shortly after Welcome Home, as you enter the main meadow and the trails start to fan out into the rest of the gathering, would be better. Before the trail reached the main meadow it crossed a small stream on a Rainbow-built bridge. Then it curved uphill for a short distance around the base of a small hill that somehow got the name of Bitch Mountain. At the base of this hill there were two clumps of trees framing a small clearing in between with a clear view of all of the main meadow where Dinner Circle and the Magic Hat collecting activities would be occurring. Gypsy and I decided to present this to the rest of the Info crew when they arrived. I found some twine at Rainbow Crystal and an old pizza box for sign cardboard, roped it off, and hung a sign that said, "Future site of info". I found a small clearing near it that was

just large enough for my dome tent, shaded at all hours of the day, with a view of the main meadow out the front door flap.

I returned to Bus Village that evening and lay down to sleep in my van. At about midnight I started hearing a car horn honking. The person in that vehicle started tooting it intermittently for long periods of time, as if that person was deliberately trying to be annoying. After about an hour it stopped. Then at about four in the morning I saw a flashlight being directed thru the windows into my van, and I saw some men in police uniforms. One of them said, "Sheriff's department", and then asked me, "Is there anyone else in there with you?" to which I answered no. He then said, "Did you hear anything?" to which I also answered no. They left and went away.

When the morning of the 23rd came, I found out that somebody had responded to the honking by trying to open the hood of the bus that was doing it and remove the fuse. The honker was a woman whose nickname was Hitler and was on a pissed-off-at-the-world drunk, and she came out of the bus and stabbed the man who was trying to do it and then disappeared into the darkness. The cops at my van were Wasatch County deputies looking for her.

At about seven I saw Marken and J'ai while wheeling my barrow past their trucks that had just appeared along with a new large Info trailer. I told them I had a site for them to look at when they got inside.

On the way down to the stream I encountered Tigger, who told me that Fat Kids was going to set up in between Kid Village and Lovin' Ov-

ens. The two kitchens that were at opposite ends of the Tennessee gathering that was so clearly segregated into "hippy" and "dirty kids" sides were now going to be physically right next to each other. As Raye, a principal sister in Fat Kids expressed it later, "The two 'lastest' kitchens are now going to be together. One kitchen was always the last you passed going out one side of the gathering, and the other one was the last you passed going out the other side."

And in other less striking ways I saw the segregation start to break down as the rest of the gathering emerged. The Hobo Alley mesa was definitely dirty kid territory, but the main area inside didn't split into the young people's and older folk's sides as it had in the last few years. Around the corner from Welcome home and on the same side of the stream was a small grassy mesa where a tipi circle emerged next to Dreaming Lizard's Café, a kitchen with a definite old-timer's feel. My long term friend Robbie Gordon erected his lodge there. That meadow was at the bottom of the littlest finger of grass, and shortly up the trail leading up into it was Iris kitchen, whose feel was predominant blacky khaki.

At about the middle of the day Marken and J'ai caught up to me at Welcome Home, and I took them to my prospective site. They said it wasn't bad, but Marken wanted to explore more. They looked at Greg's site, and J'ai came back saying, "Unfortunately, we may have found a better one". At that point Karen and Mike Cecilio were arriving with their kids, and we all agreed to give the decision to them. We looked covetously at a space in front of some trees at a major fork in

the trail by main meadow, but it had already been taken over by a few tents and a sign that said, "Rusty Nails".

Prominent in their reasoning was the idea that some of our locations at previous gatherings were "too lonely". "People pass by us once on their way in, and then never come back." Greg's site was further up into the palm of the hand and nearer to a grand intersection of many trails leading up into the various fingers, so they decided that Info would be better there. The first construction was the bulletin boards on the 26th. A large tarp was not hung until the 27th, and it was not until the 28th that it was rehung in its final position and the construction of the counter and bench was started.

On the evening of the 23rd, back in Bus Village, I got a front row seat view of the end of the horn honker stabbing drama out of the rear windows of my van. At about ten minutes before seven, three Forest Service SUVs came onto the meadow and two parked near my rear bumper. The treeline beyond went around in an arc, and soon three crew cab pickups with Wasatch County insignia on their doors came in and stopped further into the meadow nearer the trees. Several county deputies got out and a few walked back into the woods. About fifteen minutes later I saw one coming back out guiding a handcuffed woman in black pants and an olive green shirt. She was put thru the right rear door of one of the crew cabs, and another cop stood at the still open door and appeared to be interrogating her for about 20 minutes. While this was going on another policeman came out carrying a large plastic trash bag, opened a lid that covered the short pickup bed, and threw it in.

They all lingered for about 45 minutes, and shortly before they left, they all got out of their vehicles and stood together with their arms around each other as first one of them took a picture with a camera, then handed it to a man in a red shirt who looked Rainbow who was walking by and joined the others for some more shots. Shortly after they had all left I got out of my van and walked over to

Marken's truck and saw two county officers who were now standing by the road out in front and asked them, and one of them verified that the person captured was indeed the stabbing suspect. This was one police intervention that most Rainbows were glad to see.

[In August she pleaded no contest to a charge of aggravated assault and attempted murder and in September the murder charge was dismissed and she was sentenced for the assault to 300 days in the Wasatch County jail and ordered to complete a mental health evaluation.]

The next morning, the 24th, I climbed for the first time up to Kid Village and Fat Kids. Both of them were barely past the point of having tarps up and some simple fire rings of rocks big enough to support a few grills. Felipe greeted me with, "Hello, Bill; would you like some coffee?", to which I accepted and then sat for a while in one of the several canvas chairs that were scattered about.

It was going to be an hour and a half before they would be serving their usual breakfast smorgasbord of potatoes, eggs, pancakes, syrup made from fresh fruit, oatmeal, and herbal teas along with the coffee, so I went over to Fat Kids, which didn't have any sign identifying it, but I was assured that was what it was after asking

some of the people there. Underneath a large tarp they had folded over a rope to make a peaked roof between two trees, they had erected two tripods out of thick logs, maybe eight inches in diameter, and the ten foot space in between them that they filled by the next day with a table made of logs as big laid next to each other and lashed with twine. It sloped as steeply as the mountainside beneath it.

At every gathering I had been to before this, this kitchen had always been at some extreme end of the gathering, making it difficult to visit them on a regular basis. Now I was going to be able to be there every morning if I wanted. And over the course of the next six days, every morning was different. That first day they only had one fireplace toward the back and uphill from the rest of the kitchen, and a brother and a sister were making what they called "pupusas", corn meal pancakes according to an Argentine recipe that had green chili, cheese, and red peppers. One morning there was a tub of a mixture of eggs, rice, potatoes, with a pile of bacon to the side, and the kitchen workers served themselves. One morning Tigger was there and he said, "Oh, Hi, BB, want to make your own breakfast?", and pointed out to me some piles on the table of cut up yellow peppers, tomatoes, spinach, onions, and cheese on the table, then the flat griddle with eggs in cartons next to it. And another morning a brother wanted to make what he called "calzones", which were pancakes folded over a mixture of potatoes and eggs, made in a process that took several steps before they all wound up in a serving tub. At the same time, someone else was taking cinnamon rolls that had been baked the previous even-

ing and dipping them in scrambled eggs the try to make a new version of French toast.

In the evening of that day there was the gathering's first Dinner Circle, and seven kitchens brought food. Daniel was back to focalize it, and he again put up his pagan poles showing the four compass directions and laid out circles on the grass with white flour.

The first night I slept inside the gathering on the 25th, a drum circle arose at Dreaming Lizards, about a hundred yards away across the stream's riparian area with nothing to dampen the sound in between. The next night I heard two drum jams going in different places, both more distant.

Afterwards there was a single large boogie circle several hundred yards away at a far end of the main meadow. The drumming would continue until at least three in the morning, and some nights it lasted until the first light of sunrise. Then very little drumming would be heard during the daytime until after Dinner Circle.

One thing I had learned that time I was in the Austin city jail was that no matter how loud the place you were in was, sooner or later you would get so exhausted that you would fall asleep, and I waited for that principle to apply at this gathering.

By the 26th I was able to experience Rainbow Crystal Kitchen in something resembling its glory days back in the 1990s. The soup kettle was going and there were times Gary was sitting in his chair by the trail asking everybody who came thru where they were coming from. There were frequently 50 or 60 people there walking around or sitting in the bliss pit. But

there were increasingly long periods of time when Gary wasn't there; he told me he was severely affected by the high altitude.

It was on this day that I started to especially notice the LEO presence. At the gathering last year in Montana the Incident Commander made somewhat of a show of coming onto the site in civilian clothes with no gun holster, and sitting along with his Operations Officer with us Rainbows in several councils where the operating plan was discussed. He had said things like, "We might as well work together", and "I think we can accomplish a lot more thru cooperation and not confrontation", and he never mentioned any permit. I started waiting until this year to see if this was a trend that was going to continue.

Unfortunately I have to say that it did not. The operating plan still sufficed for a permit, but I was told by Gary and some people at Info that there was a new Incident Commander this year, and he never set foot inside the site for the duration of this gathering. And he sent teams of uniformed cops into the gathering with dogs to sniff for drugs, and they went all over the gathering and went into camps and tents for periods of several hours each day. There was also a troop of four policemen on horseback that roamed the site, and calls of "six up, K-9" and "six-up giddyup" were always popping up in the background. The dogs did not get a reputation for accuracy. There were also some occasions that Wasatch County officers came on site, in large groups of fifteen or more. I was told that some of them were especially offended by all of the six up calling.

The many people who got tickets for marijuana possession, not

keeping their dogs on leashes, missing or inoperative lights on their vehicles, and other such things were able to appear in a court that was held in a recreational vehicle that was parked at the base of Heart Attack Hill. It was usually referred to in conversations as "The Kangaroo Court".

On the 28th my health started to deteriorate. I was asked many times during the first days of the gathering if I was having any trouble with the altitude, and I always answered no, because I really didn't think I was having any. I was huffing and puffing a lot, but that was because of all the climbing. But I found out that it can be something that sneaks up on you after a few days. At Dinner Circle on the 28th I was about a third of the way thru the pan of food that I had collected when my stomach started feeling upset and I couldn't bring myself to eat any more bites. I first thought that there might have been some kind of food poisoning or a flu bug, but the feelings never got to the full scale vomiting stage. This feeling continued throughout the following days, and I found myself having to force myself to eat.

Then I read some of the papers that were now sitting on the Info counter and found out what the symptoms of altitude sickness were – and they all fit what I was feeling perfectly, right down to long gas pains in my intestines. Again, this all did not start to hit me until the 28th, eight days after I had arrived onsite. Marken and a few others around Info told me that they were also feeling some of the same things, and that the onset for them was also delayed.

Shortly after sunrise on June 29th I was walking along the main trail

between my ten and Info and I saw a friend, a brother named Gabriel, sitting on the ground by the side of the trail, and he called me over and told me that he was sorry to have to be the one to pass on to me some bad news. "A brother died last night." I replied by saying, "I'm not trying to make a joke out of this, but did somebody literally have a heart attack on Heart Attack Hill?", and he replied, "No, he died in his sleeping bag".

His name was Tim Bear, he had been a long term worker at Musical Veggie kitchen, and he died in the middle of the night in his sleep. I got some more medical details later from Tigger later: he was 68, had had congestive heart failure and was on medications for high blood pressure, diabetes, as well as being obese. Some of his friends were wondering if he hadn't deliberately exposed himself because he wanted to die at a gathering.

(This was the second death that could be associated with this gathering. A woman named Suzy Sunshine had a heart attack in the night of the 14th of June at the site where Spring Council was being held.)

Later that morning I saw a quad runner with a basket stretcher on the back going up to CALM, and someone told me at Info that the county coroner had come in to take the body out. That evening there was a candlelight vigil at Instant Soup.

That morning I also found the construction of Lovin' Ovens almost complete and words about another death. One of their beloved kitchen ogres named Abraham Oliphant had passed away on Halloween night of the previous year, and a memorial display had been set up for him. I learned he was the author of the Hopi prophesy

parody scroll that I put a picture of on the preface page of my first book:

"When the beans and rice are burning, and the high holies are sniveling, there will come a tribe of pirates who care ... sometimes. They will be known as the Ogres of the Ovens." There were two renderings of this prophesy on display this day at the kitchen.

Later that morning I had an encounter at Kid Village. Two years ago in the early days of the Tennessee gathering, I had been standing in the Kid Village by the table that had the coffee condiments with my cup in my hand when Felipe said to some other people who were sitting in a circle of chairs, "Let me tell you of the customs among our people." (Felipe is a Yaqui Indian.) "When an elder comes in, one of you younger people gets up and offers your seat to him. That's the way it is done among us. Bill is an elder, so one of you get up so he can sit down." Felipe also told me that as an elder, I could also go to the head of the line like the kids are allowed to do. (I decided to return the courtesy by waiting until most of the children were thru.)

I had not been expecting this, and I wondered if this privilege was going to last thru the next year, but I was allowed this by the regular servers in the line throughout the next gathering in Montana. In the early days of this 2014 gathering, the kitchen workers were more likely to be presented a big tub of potatoes mixed with eggs and another tub with pancakes, and allowed to serve themselves without going by the serving line for outsiders at all.

But I still was wondering if all this was going to end, and this day I found out it was. Felipe had been absent all morning, and a man came up to

me and said, "You're going to have to stand in line with all the others. This food is for the workers, and you haven't been doing any." There was another one standing behind him giving him support. I asked if he had talked with Felipe, and he said something like "Yeah, I know Felipe has his things..." in a kind of dismissive and contemptuous tone of voice that indicated that Felipe's leadership role in that kitchen was not as unquestioned by all of the others there as it seemed to be.

So here Kid Village had reverted to the pattern of so many years ago: for the first few days of the gathering, it would be sitting in circles of chairs in conversations with Felipe and Lynn and Joe Braun and other old friends that I had known for years, and all warmth and friendship and love. Then starting on the 28th or 29th there would be a mass influx of people who had never seen me before and to whom I was no different from some random person who had just come in from off the trail. I would inevitably get into some kind of argument with one of them.

And here was also new installment of something I had seen so many times in so many other kitchens in years before. If they don't see you working in their own kitchen, they assume you're a bliss ninny who never works anywhere else. And this man in front of me had probably never been to Dinner Circle where he could see me running the Magic Hat, if he even know there was such a thing since Kid Village never brought food to Dinner Circle.

I didn't argue any further and went down the hill to the man meadow area. I might could have gone back some time Felipe was there and told

him about this, but the accumulated feelings of years predominated and I decided not to go back there for the remainder of the gathering. It was only on the afternoon of July 4th, when their annual spaghetti trip was the only food anywhere that I went back. I arrived a while after they had started serving, and the wait in line was only about five minutes. The rest of the gathering I stayed away from there.

I spent a tired afternoon in my tent letting my mind go to contemplate all this: Even though a lot of the words at Rainbow councils celebrate how there are no hierarchies and leaders and no person is any better than others, the fact was, as I had written in the last chapter of my first book:

... there are groups of people who share privileges with each other that they don't grant to everybody they encounter at a gathering. A regular worker in a kitchen gets access to food and smoking opportunities that are not available to any bliss ninny who just walked in off the trail. The way to attaining these privileges is clear and easy for anyone who does not have insufferable social problems.

Find a kitchen that you feel good in. If you are a strong young man, haul lots of water, fetch and chop up lots of firewood, assist in the digging of lots of latrines. If you are a young woman you can do all of these same things, or you can gain admittance by chopping up lots of vegetables, standing with spoons behind lots of serving counters, washing lots of pots and pans, babysitting lots of other parent's kids. Many of these activities can be done by not-so-young people as well. (My own Rainbow career began when I was 40.) Whatever the exact nature, be ready to take on sometimes

strenuous physical tasks in your early years.

25 years ago when I was making my living doing construction I was able to run right into the middle of all this, and it made me feel strong and healthy and it got me lots of insider privileges with lots of kitchens and their people we weren't supposed to call leaders. Some of these privilege gaining relationships endured to this day, and some of them went back as much as 25 years.

But some of these people were older than I am, and they have been having some problems that might indicate that they aren't going to be around much longer. Now it wasn't entirely old fogey kitchen ogres that I had managed to gain the affections of, I had gotten enthusiastic accommodations from younger people like Tigger and some of the people at Fat Kids, and from Useless and the offspring kitchens of Montana Mud, but these had still come about as a result of older folks initially introducing me to them.

I thought back to the feeling I had at the Katuah camp at the Tennessee gathering, where there was an efficient kitchen operation and there were many people who acted together like they had grown to trust and love each other, but where I couldn't say I really knew any of the people there (except one whom I had met years ago at east coast regionals). Would I be able to do the carry water and chop wood apprenticeship all over again with these people, starting 25 years later in my life? Like it or not, participation was the key, and that participation was something a young person was far more able to provide than an old one, especially in extreme environments like this gathering.

This let this kind of thinking let go on for a few hours. It wasn't until about 4 in the afternoon that I finally found any food. This was after they had spent most of the afternoon at Welcome Home boiling soapy water in the kettle to wash it, and then emptying it and starting a new batch of soup and waiting for things to get soft. It was a struggle getting down a bowl of that, and again I couldn't eat all of what I got at Dinner Circle.

The next morning, the 30th, I found eggs mixed with cheese, onions, and green peppers at Iris kitchen. My stamina felt like it might be returning, and that afternoon was a pleasant one. A camp of Krishna devotees set up a kitchen they called Sundar ("beautiful" in Sanskrit) in the lower part of the Shining Light finger not far from Info. They served yellow curried rice and I was able to spend about two hours singing the Hare Krishna led by a man with a mridanga drum – something I had not been able to do for years. Then I heard, "Free burritos in the woods" coming from uphill, and I went over and discovered the "Jesus Camp Bread of Life Outer Circle Co-op", a union of remnants of several Christian kitchens that had been at previous gatherings.

At about ten minutes before six on the morning of July 1st, I heard a lot of noise out on the main meadow. The door of my tent has a secondary flap that you can unzip from the inside and drop to show a screen that you can look out thru. I opened it a bit and saw out on the meadow 30 to 40 people all hollering "triangle" over and over amid whoops and cheers. In between I heard other people saying, "Who wants some donuts?". My thermometer said 38 degrees, and I was wrapped warmly in my blanket and not too am-

bitious about getting up, so I laid back down.

But more and more people came onto the meadow and the noise continued. Finally I decided to see if there really were donuts out there, and I got up and walked out towards the crowd. The people out there were almost all young, looking under 30, and all dirty kids in their manner of dress. There was indeed a large cookie sheet with a big pile of bits of dough that had been deep fried in cooking oil. (They weren't in the ring shape that you get in a commercial bakery, just little blobs.) There was also a big pot of coffee with a ladle.

I asked someone what this was, and he answered, "It's something that Fat Kids started a few years ago, and they do this every year." Then I saw Raye, and she explained it to me. "We have this at sunrise on July 1st, to officially open the gathering. Instead of standing in a circle, we stand in a triangle. We serve coffee and donuts, and instead of saying "om" we say "yum".

People were calling "triangle" in the same way the old folks call "circle", and going around greeting each other with "happy triangle". This was all breaking what would have otherwise been the silence that surrounds the camp near dawn after the last of the drummers and partiers have gone to sleep. One older man walked around protesting, saying that he thought it was rude to be making such noise at that hour.

But I knew that the more he protested, the more the younger people would have been motivated to more noise. I saw what this was: an outright spoof of the older Rainbows and their sometimes pretentious circle ceremo-

nies. The whole idea was rebellion against the Rainbow establishment, and the noise when the high holies wanted to sleep was central to it. I was told that this whole activity had actually started about a half an hour earlier with a boisterous parade starting up at Fat Kids and proceeding down the hill to the main meadow. The sun rose and bathed the meadow in its light, the coffee pot was emptied, and the commotion died down about 45 minutes later. I knew that if I came to the gathering next year, I would be sure to be up early on July 1st.

On that day I had planned a trip out to my van in Bus Village. As I passed the Hobo Alley kitchen, I saw the sheet of donuts that had been in the main meadow, with about a third of the pile still left. They also had a deep iron pan full of fried potatoes, eggs, and bacon that they were serving out to everybody who came up to the counter, and the line was never more than about three people long. I decided to come back the next day to see if this was going to continue. The hill up to it from Welcome Home was also not as bad as the one to Kid Village. The next morning, the 2nd, I made my way back up to Hobo Alley at about eight in the morning. There was a pot of coffee made, but no food started yet. I got to talking with the brother at the coffee pot for a while, and he told me that many of the people in the camp were really modern versions of the 1930s hobos who traveled around the country by hopping aboard freight trains.

Change announced that she had a bunch of potatoes, and that if someone could help chop them up, they could get breakfast started. I thought back to my thoughts of three

days ago about how chopping vegetables was one of the things elderly people could still do, and I asked Change where the hand-wash was. It was a plastic bottle with holes drilled into its lid that hung from a string that let you sprinkle bleach water on your hands. And for the first time since the 90s, before I started being involved with Info and the bank council and supply and not wanting to display any favoritism toward any one kitchen, I helped out in a kitchen by chopping the potatoes that I was ultimately going to eat. There was a brother named Zachary who fried up a bunch of bacon in a second skillet as I was giving him potatoes.

After the batch of potatoes, eggs, and bacon were on the serving counter, another sister came into the kitchen and starting straightening things up. She had with her a bottle of Admiral Nelson's Spiced Rum that still had about an inch of liquid left in it, and she took a few nips as she was hanging out. She seemed to be only at the onset of tipsy, and much more giggly than belligerent. Nobody protested or tried to chastise her for her drinking, and I was again impressed at how little agro energy I experienced at this camp compared to the classical A-Campers. (And at this time it felt like they were treating me better than the Kid Villagers.)

The Silence was mostly well maintained on the morning of the 4th. The previous afternoon someone had taken a simple log about six feet long, left the bark on it, and buried one end of it a posthole in the ground, and by the time Dinner Circle had arrived the talismans and trinkets had started to accumulate around it. The people assembling this morning and sitting

down grouped themselves into a variety of different patterns that changed and blended into another. First there was a circle of people that didn't center on the new peace pole, then some others did start to form arcs that centered on it, then new circles formed in new places that then expanded to meet other ones already formed. Finally there were concentric circles around the pole.

I walked around for a bit while this was going on, but then I started to feel sick in the stomach again and went back to my tent, and I wound up watching the Om and the climax thru my screen door flap. People got up, started to hold hands and walk backward to form a large circle around the meadow, and it backed up to where it could go no further than the trees that surrounded my tent. The portion of the circle nearest to me was standing about eight feet in front of my door.

The Om didn't start until 12:03, and was rather quiet, and after only nine minutes there was the whoop and holler and it was all over. I found it rather disappointing after remembering that 30 minute long Om of last year in Montana, or that especially resonant one when we were all crammed together in the small meadow two years ago in Tennessee.

The meadow afterward had as many naked people as last year, and there were at first no watermelons, because the shipment that had arrived the previous afternoon had still not made it up Heart Attack Hill from the supply depot. But a sudden mass effort first inspired by a local who brought a few of them to Info on his pack horse got them all in, in about two hours.

I had been planning to start taking my stuff back out of the

gathering starting on the evening of the 5th, but this evening the thought of spending another night amid all noise was enough to make me start doing it a day early. I took all of my heavy bedding back to the van and spent the night in Bus Village. I had to move my van to get away from some people who had parked a school bus nearby and were using a loud Honda generator to power their TV set inside.

The next morning, the 5th, I was walking back in when I found that some big logs had been dragged across the side of a fork in the trail that led into Hobo Alley, directing traffic onto a short loop that bypassed it before meeting the trail again before it descended to Welcome Home. I asked about this, and a brother told me that the previous night in the dark three men on motorcycles had managed to make it all the way up Heart Attack Hill and were threatening some of the Hobo Alley campers. "About a hundred hippies confronted them" in the words of this brother, "and turned them away." One of bikers got into a personal argument with one of the Rainbows and cut him with a knife, but no weapons were brandished by any of the Family, and they were finally chased off only by words. There were threats by them to return with more of their friends, but these never materialized. Later at Vision Council Garrick Beck said he was inspired by this demonstration of nonviolence by the young people.

On the 6th the piles of plastic trash bags awaiting further removal started to appear, and the sisters of Fat Kids again did their annual tradition of handing out garbage bags on the trail

while topless. At maybe two in the afternoon I was at the grand intersection when I heard, "Well if it isn't the number one bliss ninny, four years straight", and looked around to see who said it, and saw it was the man who had challenged me at Kid Village. He was carrying some large silver metal object that looked heavy, and he looked like he was frustrated with his efforts. I didn't give him any reply, and he walked on, saying again as he left, "Bliss ninny!"

The morning of 7th I made breakfast at Info and got over to my campsite later than I had wanted to because I was still feeling weak. I took down the tarp and the tent and got everything into bags and into the wheelbarrow and towards the end I was again feeling out of breath and exhausted. I wound up having to stop and rest so much that I saw the Vision Council assemble, make a circle holding hands, and then sit down and start talking while I was still working at my campsite. I had wanted to be there at the beginning, but I had to just sit down one more time.

I finally got out to the Vision Council circle at about a quarter to two. There were about 50 people there, and the circle did not get appreciably bigger for the rest of the afternoon. The feather had apparently already gone around twice, and when I arrived Robbie was beginning to speak. From all of the people that the feather went to afterward I heard near universal agreement that the gathering had to go someplace east; there had already been enough in the Rocky Mountain west. (The discussion remained remarkably focused on the question of location. There were no speeches that started out with "C'mon, family" or laments about

us losing our original ideals or calls to join political demonstrations after the gathering or pitches for new communities that were forming.)

The disagreement that remained was where in the east; there was perhaps a majority that wanted New England, but there was a sizeable faction that wanted the Great Lakes area, and one brother enthusiastically pitched for the Talladega National Forest in Alabama, where half of the split gathering in 1993 was and got a few supporters. All of the reasons for not choosing either area were ones I had heard before: not enough sites that were big enough, we've scouted that area before and haven't found anything, heat and humidity, mosquitoes, private land scattered within National Forest boundaries, the cops in that state, do you have any maps that show specific sites in mind?, etc.

The council was interrupted at 6:30 by the last Dinner Circle and the last collection of the Magic Hat. Most of the estimates of attendance that I saw were from 8 to 10 thousand people, about what it has been for the last several years. The total contributions to the Hat were \$13,498 in paper bills and probably about \$300 in change. This would average from around \$1.40 to \$1.70 per attendee.

After the banking council was over I was walking back to my former campsite when I heard the man where the feather had stopped calling the Vision Council back to order, but I wanted to get the last of my gear back to Bus Village before it got dark. I found out on Facebook after getting home that somehow South Dakota had arisen to replace Alabama, and the consensus had become final. The 2015 annual gathering will be in Vermont, Maine,

New Hampshire, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, or South Dakota.

On my very last walk up the hill to Bus Village I finally was able to do what Gary had told me to do several times during this gathering. A young sister walking up behind me said, "Would you like me to push that for you for a while?" I said yes, and she took the two handles of the wheelbarrow and started walking at a steady pace, never stopping to rest until we got to the intersection at the top. If I had been walking by myself, I might have done it a little slower and taken some rest stops, but I said to myself, "If you keep pace with her, you'll get there a lot faster and be able to rest a lot sooner."

Towards the end of the walk, we started to converse, and she said that she had seen me out there with the Magic Hat and doing other things around Info and other places. "It seems that every time I see you, you're doing something for the Family." Before and after that there were other thank yous and more stuff like that, but that's the line I remember. I disassembled my wheelbarrow and transferred it and its contents into the van shortly after sunrise the next morning, and a brother at the front gate who stopped me to tell me I had left a backpack on my roof got a ride down the hill to Heber City.

Thus ended my stay at the Heart Attack Hill Gathering, where I went all the way from "if it isn't the number one bliss ninny" to "every time I see you, you're doing something for the Family". How was this gathering for me? It was strenuous, exhausting, and mostly malnourished. The last was partly because of the effects of the altitude sickness, and partly because of the uncertainty of finding food. The only

physical labor I was able to perform was walking the Magic Hat around the Dinner Circle. No construction, carting in supplies, no posthole or latrine digging or water transporting. I had to summon all of my will and stamina just getting my body around the site – and I never felt so old in my life. There were a lot of places I only had the energy to visit once, where if they had been nearer to the center I would have been able to partake of more good times there.

How was the gathering for the other people around me? I heard many say that this gathering, in spite of the sometimes constant cries of "six up", it was one of the most peaceful ones they had been at in a long time. The air was full of lovin' yous and namastes and that certain kind of laugh I call "the stoned giggle". I myself did not hear the call of "Shanti Sena" once during my entire stay at this gathering.

There were no complaints coming thru Info about a rowdy A-Camp, and all reports were that the front gate stayed sober under the ogreship of two strong-willed older men who built a small kitchen and kept it manned all day. Some stories I heard suggested that many of the regular A-Campers had gone instead to a gathering at the same time in West Virginia, one intended to be an alternative to the "national" and called the "rational". At this gathering in Utah the alcohol was absorbed at the end of the initial climb in by the far less rowdy and more compassionate energy of the young people at Hobo Alley. Those who drank further inside the gathering mostly did it discreetly, and there weren't any pouring out onto the ground confrontations. The old tradition of absolute prohibition of alcohol continued to break down, but in a way that was compro-

mising to the concerns of those who didn't want to be around it.

Many times I have read posts on the Rainbow internet forums desiring an ideal gathering that would be far removed from the influences of Babylon by being at the end of a long and arduous hike into the woods of several miles, one that would filter out all the day trippers and drainbows and leave only the pure in spirit to dance in the gathering utopia within. This gathering certainly qualified as having that hike, and there might be many who point out to what they perceive as the elevated spirit of this gathering as demonstrating the efficacy of this concept. Have all of our gatherings on nine thousand foot mountaintops and they will remain pure.

But if this is the world you want, you'd better hope you can find a way to be forever young. Us old farts and old bats are going to be left out, along with our experience, our stories, our songs, our kitchen ogreship and organizing abilities, our ability to help you not make all the mistakes we did, and any other things you young people might want from us. I know that I will not be coming to another gathering that is held at over 9,000 feet. I'm looking forward next year to large numbers of flying insects, parking on the side of a road in a place that is quiet at night, not having to walk hundreds of yards to get from one kitchen to another, and a long and resonant Om on the 4th because everybody is jammed together into a small meadow.

The story ends here, but the gatherings remain

A Better Life For all

What has happened to the bonding we usually have by the time the masses have left and the uniforms back off a bit? Late camp last year was as insecure and unfriendly as I many times saw in the early camps with food and water shortages, animosity among campers and the Forest Service. While I was still in camp I was so emotionally troubled by what was happening I could hardly express it in rational terms.

Soon after I got home to New Mexico early August I learned my brother Kimball was running out of time, so I booked a one-way flight to the east coast and stayed until the dust started to settle after the storms around his death. Some will remember him from a few gatherings where he might have been spotted at NERF, the ovens, Everybody's Kitchen, somewhere on a trail, or hauling firewood. A huge, gaping crater was left in my life when he left for his next assignment. The turbulence of the days after July 7th paled by comparison, so I didn't do much about it for a while.

Months went by and things around me changed in accordance with the bigger changes. If anybody didn't know, I graduated with a bachelor's degree in May last year and various changes in life happen at that point, regardless of the graduate's age. Slowly, haltingly, I am dragging myself back to the bigger picture...the Rainbow Family, AKA the Gathered Tribes, "We-are-all-one-family;" humankind of all variations, survival of the other species, to keep the organism functioning at its

highest capacity.

I back off the focus to consider the Rainbow Gatherings, a microcosm of the macrocosm, as I see them, for what other place-in-time has a wider variety of socio-economic-age-family history-ethnic-belief system-education and health levels than you can find in a Rainbow encampment? Somebody from anywhere, any walk of life, could show up.

So what has fired me up to write after so long? I have been watching, listening, asking questions, drawing comparisons and conclusions for a long time. I think we have an auto-immune system condition. In medically slanted words, that would refer to those systems, organs, and cells who originally serve the purpose of protecting and supporting the entire family and the land where we gather. Seems to me, those camps and individuals have become unbalanced and perhaps fearful for their own survival. They are no longer serving the family or the land in a healthy, respectful manner. They are serving themselves, to the detriment of the whole.

This is where we have to do differently from the greater society. We cannot sever those individuals who disrupt and disturb our lives, or cast out whole camps at any point in the gatherings including clean up, all the way until the last have left. Many will protest that "the gathering is over after the 7th," but that is a cold-hearted, Dead-Show-Parking-Lot-Cops-and-Uniforms Method: "GET OUT! Show's over! Go Home!" This is so wrong I could not express it in

the written word until now.

Am I too vague and indirect? You want some example? Okay. Utah, on the 8th, when I spent most of the day around the ovens and at Kids Camp nearby, working on whoever would sit still in front of me, a bunch of tired, rugged workers came in, sat around the fire pit and started shrugging off the labors of the day, the difficulties they had in cleaning up "abandoned camps" around the traders' area.

Well, I was camped in a meadow past the traders' fire pit with a few others who have stayed through clean-up for years, working. So I told the one doing most of the talking to leave our camp alone, we would take care of it, we were all working, same as they were.

Next morning about a dozen aggressive people showed up on the back trail, exclaiming indignantly about our camp and kitchen in a corner of the meadow. This was the ninth of July. They got loud and belligerent. They implied we had the only camp left and we had to leave because they were "the clean-up crew," and we weren't. They suggested that all the messes around the whole meadow were caused by the five of us left in our camp. They talked meanly to us, told us we had to leave so they could do their job.

Is some group getting paid by somebody to roust out the stragglers as fast as possible? Or are some of our family segment so poisoned by the world out there that they think they are right, and serving the family to get aggressive and run us off in a hostile take-over?

We had heard rumors that the Forest Service would be doing a walk-through the next day, the 10th. The whole entourage was expected with a trailing of Rainbows to clean up what is found. What we saw that morning, up there in the high meadow where Sweet Om Alabama had a kitchen, was a couple uniforms quickly walking across from a back trail, straight toward our camp. They demanded we leave by the next day.

I stood up to the one doing the talking and asked “On what grounds? I have proof that I arrived on July 2nd, two weeks isn’t up yet.” He said “We are working with ‘Your Clean-up Crew’ and we want you to leave so that we can do our jobs.” He wouldn’t name anybody. Later, I learned a group had discussed with the forest service down in the parking areas and said if those people wouldn’t leave, then they decided to just send in the uniforms to evict us—on the ninth! The ninth of July! With no thought of anybody else talking to whomever it was up in the woods.

I told that ranger I was already in the process of moving and it is a long way to go and I can only make one run a day. One day would not be enough. When he came back on the 10th he was just as hostile. I’d heard other campers thought of him as “a nice guy.” How did it happen he came to us ready for battle?

Later, I spoke with some of the Rainbow SWAT Team who tried to run us out. They said they didn’t realize we were “Old School,” and would clean up our own messes. There is a quote from an old movie

that comes to mind just now, “What we have here, is a failure to communicate.”

In my first years at gatherings I was told, in order to find ways to plug in and connect at a gathering, I should look around and see what needed to be done and then do it. I soon realized, because of my age and experience in life, I could see far more of what needed to be done than I had time to do, considering my focus on health issues. So I am writing for All Ways Free and passing some ideas on to the rest of the family.

The first improvement of family health I’ll mention is Communication. In the body it is the nervous system. Gatherings used to have a lot of counsels so people had plenty of chances to speak what is on their minds. That doesn’t happen much in recent years and we end up with people ranting for an hour in Vision Counsel about dogs off leashes, or some camp’s bad behavior, or some other passion-filled report which is out of context. Can we have more counsels again?

Next is the immune system: going to a gathering out in the wilds of nature causes changes. We get exposed to many organisms we may never have seen before. Many of us arrive toxic, tired, stressed, injured, or weakened. We need foods with more nutrients—more vegetables, fruits, and juices. Our family (myself included) is so programmed to consume meat, coffee, and processed foods that the plant world is disregarded. Our bodies need live cells to keep our cells healthy and that means we have to eat more plants.

Not so much raw, but still in the original forms with water in the cells and vitamins intact. I plead now with our supply purchasers, to bring in more produce.

The last factor of health I’ll mention is water and electrolytes, the 4 minerals with an electrical charge that make our bodies able to absorb water, Potassium, Magnesium, Calcium, and Sodium. Nearly all conditions I have ever seen had a factor of water absorption and dehydration. High blood pressure—blood is thicker when not enough water is in it. Headache and other pain? Often it is friction from dehydration. Hangover? Dehydration for sure. Respiratory troubles? Dehydration is definitely involved. Reduced level of consciousness and difficulty with stress is certainly associated with dehydration. Aging symptoms and wrinkles are connected as well. Attention to electrolytes and increased water consumption will improve life drastically.

Improve these three factors and life as we know it will improve. Isn’t improved life for all one of our reasons for gathering? Will we continue to deteriorate faster than we can need to or do we take action to improve our health and vitality? Do we want longevity or an early death? As for myself, I want longevity and strength, and I will do all I can manage to bring that about, for myself and all who care to join me. Namaste’, Sheila XXX

A Hard Rain(bow) is Going to Fall: Permissiveness or Domination - is There a Third Way?

By Meagan Malachite

When I showed up at the Montana Rainbow Gathering and unknowingly camped across the main trail from a large fenced area with a menacing "Enter at Your Own Risk" sign, I had no idea that these neighbors would shape and impact not only my experience that week, but the experience of those who participated in the Nonviolent Communication workshops I came to offer as well.

Initially I found it amusing that this group of people would choose to identify their camp as "The Projects." "How strange that the elements of outside society are re-creating themselves here," I thought. I had never heard of this camp despite this being my fifth national rainbow gathering. Many of the other rainbow attendees refer to this crowd as "crusties." The typical Project camper, of which there were a few dozen it seemed, is a traveler (hitchhiker, train hopper) with dirty black and grey clothes, usually with patches and holes, but more of the latter. They are loud and raucous, ignoring the rainbow policy of "No alcohol in the gathering!", asking passersby to give them snacks, and setting off fireworks til the wee hours of the morning (another rainbow no-no with the dangers of forest fires, not to mention people wanting to experience the rejuvenation of the quiet forest outside city limits).

It didn't end there though. This group was on one side of many conflicts throughout the week. I don't think they

always "started" it per se, but they did seemed to be purposefully antagonizing those around them with such antics as putting logs and digging holes in the path at night, so that people walking through without a flashlight would trip. Ouch. My approach to this was to just go around, because I quickly came to the conclusion that the more people reacted to their behavior in any way, the more things escalated. I also saw what they were doing as mostly harmless, a letting off of steam that builds up from being in cities too long.

Sometimes these folks got into fights with each other, which once again didn't bother me as much as some other people. It seemed like consensual fighting, more letting off steam. This is just what these people did for fun. It's not my idea of a good time, but different strokes for different folks. Sometimes it did seem that people got involved who were not so consensual about it, however, and that's when it became really dramatic. During these times, I found myself in a conundrum. Despite my skills with NVC, there was simply too much going on for me to see any meaningful way I could contribute to defusing a brawl. There were so many people yelling, there were already people from Shantisena (the rainbow peacekeeping infrastructure) trying to help, that all I could do was give silent empathy to all involved from the sidelines, and try to help the sensitive souls of bystanders by inviting them over to my camp, Empathic Rejuvenation, to relax and ground.

During these times, I wondered if this was a situation for protective use of force. Marshall Rosenberg, founder of Nonviolent Communication (NVC),

made this distinction between using force to protect health and safety, and using force to punish--punitive use of force. The second would be considered violence in the NVC system. For me the line between these two things gets really blurry though. Although most NVCers, including myself, would see capital punishment as punitive use of force, proponents could argue it's protective in the sense that it can discourage others from killing people (whether or not this is the case, people can and certainly do argue it). One of our options, that was never acted on, was to ask the police overseeing the gathering to intervene with this camp. I was even convinced for a day or two that this would be a good course of action, mainly because I was sick of the fireworks.

But, I thought, wouldn't I be hypocritical if I asked the police to intervene for my cause (no fireworks) but oppose them for intervening in other cases? There are many illegal things happening at a rainbow gathering--people walk around nude, have their dogs off leashes, and bring a variety of black-listed substances for recreational or spiritual use. No, I didn't want to promote such an arbitrary double standard. I want to let go of brute force as a solution to minor problems, and find other creative ways to deal with social challenges. What this meant in this case, was until we found a better way to work with this group of people, we had to default to putting up with them in the meantime. In the grand scheme of things, walking around logs and holes is not that big of an inconvenience. I'd like to save protective force for more important things--such as when there really are nonconsensual

fights, although in this case brute force didn't seem to help with that either, just more escalation.

I still don't know what creative solution would work for the Projects and the rest of the rainbows to live together in peace. One thought I have is to work with the Shantisena crew next year, offering them the powerful tool of NVC-style empathy, both for their own rejuvenation and to use in the midst of conflict. This idea inspires me; I see it as a new frontier in human development (which I also see in the gathering as a whole). It is painful to me to see how quickly some of the people who say we want a new world resorted to brute force in the face of The Projects, a tactic of the so-called "old paradigm." I believe looking at situations through the lens of human needs helps to defuse a lot of the "us vs. them" energy and open up at least the possibility for a solution that works for everyone involved. I hope that activists and rainbows and all cultural transformers will consider learning more about the NVC system for resolving conflict; it is one of the few things that gives me hope that the miracle of a more peaceful society will ever emerge.

Resources for learning NVC:

BayNVC.org (Also see Miki Kashtan's blog "The Fearless Heart")

norcalnvc.org

cnvc.org (Center for Nonviolent Communication, founded by Marshall Rosenberg)

Question: In this situation, I think The Projects are needing expression, freedom, autonomy--and to act these things out as much as possible in an environment where there is more freedom, as opposed to mainstream culture. I think those who got so upset with The Projects want harmony and respect. Do you have any other ideas for trying to understand where each of these parties is coming from? Please take these questions to heart and bring them to your circles and community, and as a challenge to your mind to grow in restorative ways (rather than punitive ways), refrain from making any diagnosis about who is right or wrong in the situation--it's harder than you think!

Bent Wire

By Lenah

I was walking from my tent to the Info booth at the 2013 Annual Rainbow Gathering in western Montana. There is a very important rule in rainbowland that there are no groundscores. A groundscore is a lost item, left on the ground with no one around that the finder claims as their own. Wallets, cellphones, glasses, keys should never be groundscores. But that ring or hat or spoon you found on the ground? How would you ever find the owner? So the person keeps it. Well at the gathering, No groundscores! People leave the item where it is until well after cleanup starts at the end of the event. All the really important items hopefully get taken to lost and found at the INFO booth. A booth/tarp/congregation/light in the night. People mostly come to take information but sometimes (and often crucially) they give us info as well. Located in the center of the gathered people, which this year was about 5 miles by 2 or 3 miles. It's also the lost and found and home of those people with the radios. Out front there's a giant map of the area and trails. The major camps are marked in and smaller camps fill in their locations and name on the corresponding numbered key. There are bulletin boards out front that house slips of paper announcing rideshares, people searching for their friends, an event schedule and other bits of randomness. I

think it would be cool if next year the boards were a tad more (gasp) organized. One idea is to make one side of one board rideshare notices for those seeking a ride and on the opposite side have those offering a ride. It would take out a slight bit of the chaos wonderfulness but on the other hand I think this small change could make it more effective. By the way, I applaud whoever put the boards up year after year. They are wonderful and have always been an integral part of my experience. I've made friends, attended events at rainbow and after that I wouldn't have known about otherwise, and been generally amused by the diversity of postings.

So, working at INFO I got to ring a bell when on the bench (the front line) and someone came up and inquired after a lost item and we had it. That, beside all the awesome and larger than life people, was my favorite part. Ringing the bell and sometimes making someone's day. With their jewelry, knife, guitar, wallet. The people who brought lost items in are the stuff of legend and reason why I go. No one seems to bring in found blissware (bowls, spoons, forks). But I saw lots of wallets full of stuff, pouches with everything intact, knives, small random things, big random things.

I wish there was no stealing but heard about a fair bit of it. People stealing from those who have next to nothing is so very dishonor-

able. I usually camp a bit apart from people but have always known my “neighborhood” and feel safe. I can’t quite fathom someone breaking into my tent/home. It’s disheartening that it happens. I’m not sure what is the answer is.

At INFO I answered the same questions over and over. Where’s the nearest water (potable, nonpotable and swimming)? Have you found X item? Where is X camp? Some people had very distressing situations, I’ve lost this valuable/needed object. Where is calm (medical and healing space)? I can’t find X person who has X that I need. I’m spun out and slightly need help but will probably be ok. My favorite is when someone on the other side of the rail would provide the answer or whatever the first person needed. It often felt like the info could be flowing either way, mostly forth, but sometimes back and forth, or just back.

I learned about a lot of councils that I hadn’t heard of before. Met elders whose names I had heard but not put to faces. Felt cared for and respected though cautiously at first. Joked around with the kids who were always “bored”. Got fed random treats and jokes and always an ever changing eye popping movie of the rainbow. Greeting people just coming in, or leaving. Conversated with other peeps around my age that inhabited a different part of the tribe and hadn’t seen before in my 10 years of coming. I like feeling a part of the whole but I’ve definitely spent more time in Fat Kids and Shut up and Eat it than in Kiddie Village. I’ve seen many lovely strange conjunctions of neighboring camps and would like to see more of that rather than less. I circled the gathering every few days. Seeing new camps sprout up and meeting people on the “other side of the world”. I am grateful to be mobile. Shout out to the heavier people to come anyways, sweating and breathing hard but smiling and contributing. It was hard for a few days on almost everyone that wasn’t used to the 7000 ft altitude.

So my favorite story this year. I gave up on trading this year. In the past I’ve gone from having nothing to trade to being hippy rich in crystals and herbs. This year I wanted to make stuff and take no rocks. I burned Montana Rainbow 2013 in a few wooden bowls and had other odds and ends of neat unique stuff. A shirt I picked up at the goodwill in Kansas on the trip out said “ninja please”. I ended up trading a few things but mostly did a reverse on the trend of “random pocket trade”. Which I haven’t understand since it changed incarnations and everyone who does it knows exactly what they have in their pocket that they are going to trade. Weird. So I was doing nonrandom, nonpocket, nontrade. Which I said to people and then awaited their dumbfounded response. Most said they had nothing to trade. Nontrade. Some said they didn’t have anything in their pockets. Nonpocket. Then I would

just hand them something. I had some really cool stuff and it was awesome to just straight up give it away. I ended up mailing the ninja shirt to I Dunno cafe in a letter telling them of my nontrading exploits. I gave the last bowl away to a couple that had just been married in the woods.

One day on the trail I was scanning the ground for pocket trash (small bits of trash that has escaped someone that you put in your pocket until the next trash bag, everyone’s responsible, really.) I picked up a small circle of what looked to be a coat hanger straightened then rolled in a small coil. It was a grey area for me as to whether it was trash or a groundscore but the decision I made was I would recycle it. I get to INFO and put it next to but not in the recycling. I work and play there for the afternoon. Later, a desperate looking couple comes up. She tells me she’s locked her keys in the car. Do we have a coat hanger? I know there is no coat hanger in the lost and found. Oh!, my bent wire! I give it to her and reassure her that someone in the parking lot will be able to help if need be. She’s still panicked but they set out on their way to the car. I’m happy my trash groundscore is being put to use and kinda forget about them. Way later in the day as I’m getting ready to pack it in from my afternoon shift and go to dinner they come back. She’s got the biggest smile on her face, and is bouncing around full of cheer. They got in the car! She wants to offer me something for my help. I tell her it was my pleasure and she totally doesn’t need to give me anything. But she Really wants to. She says, I have candy...or this...and pulls out a duckpin bowling ball sized, hand carved, hollow carving of a puma head. Whoah. I took it amongst profuse thanks all around and felt the love. Mmmmm! I carried the head with me through trade circle and to dinner circle and reveled in the feeling of having a very unique powerful object in my hands.





Me, travelling as Real Things Artisans Coop Hippie Haven, and Grateful Fred, travelling as New World Rising, met on the Grateful Dead tour trail somewhere, possibly 1989 at Alpine Valley, which was where I hooked into it for the first time with my little circus.

Real Things and NWR are both about symbiotic synergy. Kind, creative people creating a mutually beneficial, sustainable habitat together. Real Things is me doing business as Delta T creations and any number of other people doing business as what they're doing throwing down as a hippie department store at flea markets, street fairs and music festivals.

I call it F-trooping because it's so much FREAKING FUN and FREAKING FABULOUS FUNDS result from it.

Doug and Lisa Cotton Prell as prell glassworks, Dennis Frederick as Electric Medicine and Saul Smaizys as the legendary producer of Triad Radio, an accomplished musician and internet radio broadcaster Saxmania, are the real people who have been a part of real things the longest and are still alive.

Fred has been publishing the New World Rising zine and working with his friends, mostly in New England and

Florida, to build these sustainable communities. Fred is a building contractor. He and his friends purchase distressed properties and renovate them for communes. AS I understand it, Amy and Java and Jive are the flower of those projects.

Amy did a big renovation in there this winter and today (the day this was written) is the grand reopening. Mazel tov, Amy.

The travelling family is damaged badly since 1999, partly because the indie artists have pulled away from it to build our homes and businesses. The founders of the family never meant for people to be living in the woods from gathering to gathering. The gatherings were meant to be for us to come together to share our arts and methods for creating sustainable egalitarian communities.

The aggressive fiends who are dominating the travelling family scene are hurting us all. The righteous kids are begging for the righteous elders to come home. I say the righteous kids need to come to our homes and help us grow. Starve out the others by not attending gatherings like the one in Acola where Smiley got killed.

By Tommi Jayne Tooter, the whistleblower

I had a conversation with a drunken cockroach last night. He had apparently been drinking all the leftover 40's from the dirty kids and had stumbled over and found a nice, safe place to chill by my sleeping bag. I am not one to disturb living things who are just trying to chill, so I let him be. However, if we were to be coexisting under this bridge, I figured I could at least get to know the poor fuck, so I struck up conversation.

"Do you realize that you guys and we traveling folk will be the only things left when the world ends?" I asked.

"Indeed, I do," replied the cockroach. "I saw a kid with one arm and one leg who still hops trains. You kids have a knack for survival."

"We have a knack for killing ourselves too," I scoffed.

"Such a cynic," said the cockroach. "Can't you smile more?"

"I could," said I. "But then I would lose my brooding and melancholy air of mystery, and that's pretty much the only thing I have going for me. Other than that I'm just kind of a bitch."

"You have big tits," said the cockroach.

"That too," I laughed. "And I'm white, and that seems to be all the rage right now."

"You are very white. I'm surprised you don't burst into flames in the sun."

"So how long have you been staying under the bridge?" I asked, attempting to make small talk.

"Not very long", said the cockroach, shifting nervously. "But my species has a fairly short lifespan, so ill probably be dead tomorrow."

"I'm sorry to hear that," I apologized.

"Your people have a fairly short lifespan too."

"Now who's the cynic?"

"I guess that's how we both ended up under this bridge."

"So are you going to travel with that trucker who offered you a ride?" asked the roach.

"Fuck no", I said, eyes widening.

"Why not?" The cockroach raised his antennae. "He bought you all those nice drinks at the Charlie Brown."

"His favorite author is Ayn Rand," I grimaced.

"Yikes."

"Yeah. Huge red flag. He started rambling on about how everyone who isn't contributing to society needs to be shot to death. Including addicts, the homeless, and the retarded."

"Mentally handicapped."

"Piss off."

"Anyway, That's' some pretty sick shit."

"Yeah, he said they should be 'put down' like dogs at a shelter."

"Jesus."

"Yeah, could you imagine driving 9 hours through the Mojave with that shit?" I lit a cigarette. "No thanks. And don't even get me started on Ayn Rand."

"Yes, we all know. 'Atlas shrugged is as ignorant and dangerous to society as Mein Kampf. It tears people away from their senses of humanity and compassion for some composite feeling of belonging to financial society. Blah blah blah..." the cockroach groaned.

"Damn straight", I pointed the tip of my cigarette towards the cockroach. "But I believe in freedom, so she had every right to carry on with her drivel, I simply hope one day people will recognize it as that. Fucking madness."

"Oh please, you have no room to talk about madness," laughed the bug.

"You're eating cold roast beef sandwiches under a bridge with a cockroach because you're unable to make normal, functional relationships with other humans. And the only reason you can get away with it is because you make it sound good on paper."

"Ouch!" I said. "You're kind of a dick Mr. Cockroach."

"Aww, did I hurt your pride?" pouted the cockroach sarcastically.

"A little bit yeah."

"Suck it up," said the cockroach. "Nobody likes that shit. Write about all the weird stuff you did in acid. People really dig that stuff. Then sell out, go crazy, fuck a lot of girls, then shoot yourself at 40 before you need diapers and think writing for Entertainment Weekly is a good thing."

"Sound advice."

"Why do you like acid so much?"

"Because it makes me cum like I'm 16 again."

"Fair enough", shrugged the cockroach. "But stop doing heroin, you moron. That shit will kill you. And not a single one of these kids is gonna bury you. And if you get yourself killed under here, you're gonna fuck it up for the whole lot of them. Don't be another scar on these kids' psyches. It's not their fault your parents fucked you up."

"I guess when a cockroach tells me to stop doing so

many drugs, I probably should. God, my mother and fathers have made me madder than any of them ever could be."

"But you wear it better."

"Because i accept it better."

"People do love you, you know. That boy, he loves you."

"Fuck off. You're drunk and I'm not doing this one tonight."

"You're right. I am drunk. I'm gonna go pass out in this crack over here if you need me."

"Wait!" I exclaimed. "I think you're my spirit animal."

"That's pathetic", said the cockroach. "Get some sleep, you fucking hippie".

And with that, we bid each other goodnight with the civility and dignity of diplomats.

By Ashton Snow



We must return to original nature. We must go back home.

by Jeremias Soler

Vital dissatisfaction of many people is due to an estrangement from nature. This is a physical estrangement; but it also is an estrangement from deepest longings of human heart. When anyone, full of ambition, decides an objective that is far from original conditions of nature, vital dissatisfaction appears. Vital dissatisfaction is very difficult to overcome, because it does not usually show its causes.

I know that we are all different; everybody has their own desires; but everybody comes from the same origin. Everybody has inherited (because we are all Homo sapiens) similar genetic information. This genetic information has been configured along a long process of struggle and love with mother Earth. Earth has given us all the things.

Some people say they hate nature, but they say this because they have moved away from natural elements and they don't recognize their origins.

We must walk through the woods to avoid depressions and dissatisfactions. We must choose virginal woods, more than marked trails or limited fields. We shouldn't despise rainy days. In rainy days, forests' smells easily spread. We shouldn't fear mud. Mud is the best skin cream. We must choose wild beaches, without promenades, or footpaths, or civilizing posters, or swimsuits, or strange artifacts. Many people load their stridency, and they carry it where they want to flee. We must search inhospitable and wild territories; territories without services or facilities. We must believe in nature's mystery, even though somebody says that mystery is dead, and that all places are discovered. Earth quickly recovers its wide and its green color. Earth is soon again wild and virgin. Then, Earth give us again the lost origin and the old natural image that anyone had erased.

We must return to original nature. We must go back home.

**Back to Neverland: The 2014
World Rainbow Gathering in
Hungary**
by Nabolo

I am writing on a train going
from Budapest to Vienna.

Indeed, this is in Hungary that
the magic island had been
located, and where I found it
myself, near the village of
Becel, in the north east of the
country.

I still smell like a rainbow.
Sweat, herbs, rain, incense,
smoke, hashes, sun, flowers, a
little bit of what was served at
lunch-circle and hundreds of
other human smells cover my
skin. I've been hugged and I've
hugged a lot.

Dancing around the fire helped a
lot, especially on the full moon
party, after a perfectly rounded
orange moon had replaced the
sun in the sky. Half naked,
perched on a pyramid of wood
that would later turn into a
gigantic sacred fire, I shouted,
arm extended, my finger
pointing toward the horizon:
MOON!! MOON AT SIGHT!!!

The news had been welcomed
by enthusiastic redskins' hoohoo
and wolves' shouts. It also
added a big wide smile to the
Indian-like symbols already
painted on my face. The energy
was high, powered up by the
mother of the night: we would
dance and sing 'til dawn! Hey
ya! Hey ya! Hey ya hey ya ho!
But first: let's start the fire!!

*"Fi-re, sacred fi-re,
Shi-ning through the night
Come to me in my dreamtime
Show me vi-sions of life"
(sing 'til the fire reaches its
climax)*

We all sang, with one voice, to
help the flames grow... one

voice of around 1.5 thousand
people I'd say. Quite magical!
So many things actually deserve
the qualification of "magic" in a
"rainbow": now that I've been
twice to a gathering I allow
myself to talk about them in
general.

Magic, is the fact that everyone
tries to act in the most lovely
way, even when a brother
misbehaves: the most peaceful
remedy is being sought and
found; magic is the number of
talented artists gathered to sing,
dance, play with fire, paint, play
the music and so many other
things that I don't know how to
name with general words, such
as this sister playing with a
crystal ball in such way that the
ball would float between her
fingers... fire artists... another
sister asking for a ride to
Budapest at lunchtime, holding a
piece of paper stating "I need a
ride on Monday (we are
Saturday)" because no one
remembers what day we are...
we even forget what our faces
look like after a few days,
because appearance doesn't
matter anymore and that there
are no mirrors anyway!!

If a rainbow gathering had a
constitution, it would have two
articles.

Article 1 would be love, with
everything that word covers.

Article 2 would be freedom.

"Laws" would come hereafter.
But in reality they would be
nothing more than "guidelines"
due to the article 2 of the
Constitution: that article being
stronger than laws, no law
should refrain someone from
doing whatever he likes...

I give you a funny example on
that matter:

Situation at the bakery!!!

On the way to the main fire, a
bakery had been built, for

brothers and sisters to express
their cooking skills. By using an
ancient alchemist process, they
were able to turn evil
Babylonian currency into
delicious cookies. There you
could get rid of your coins, to
provide them with material, if
you felt like, or give them
nothing but a smile, if you felt
like, and enjoy!

The bakers would call "First
time serving!" and you'd just
have to serve yourself... the idea
being that you serve yourself
only once, until everybody has
served himself a first time, and
that "second time serving!" is
being called.

One brother was serving himself
for the fourth or fifth time on a
"first time serving" and one of
the baker started being annoyed.
She couldn't forbid him (= limit
his freedom) to serve himself,
but she had the freedom not to
serve cookies anymore and so
she did.

The brother was hungry and, I
dare to risk being a little
judgmental by saying: "maybe a
bit out of his mind." He walked
around the wooden bar and
entered the bakery area to get
more cookies. The other bakers
became annoyed by this... He
was not supposed to be there,
especially for hygienic reasons:
everyone could use the bakery
and turn into a baker but you
would have to clean your arms
appropriately, etc. and that
brother hadn't. He was also
trying to get for himself the
cookies that had initially being
cooked with love to be shared
with everyone...

You understand, I am sure, how
everybody was being sad?
Myself I was even considering
jumping over the bar, breaking
his arm while taking him to the
ground before spitting in his face
and suggesting him that: "If you

don't walrusing* get out of this walrusing bakery I walrusing kill you, beach!!!!*"

**In french, the F-word sounds exactly the same that the word we use for walrus*

Of course, that wouldn't have been a rainbow-way to deal with the problem: that brother wasn't being aggressive at all, he was just hungry and selfish... or more precisely: he didn't seem able to realize that there was a limited quantity of cookies. So we talked to him. Everybody repeated "brother, please, get out of the bakery, please..." and he was gently invited to leave. He wouldn't at first. He apparently needed to explain his intention.

The bakers were annoyed but stayed calm, and repeated their wish for him to leave the bakery. Once he was done explaining the reason why he wanted more cookies, realizing his behavior was being generally disapproved, our very hungry brother finally gave up with his intentions... When you read about that story, it looks like it took a while, but it didn't. I could have made it shorter: the guy came in; people disapproved; he left. But I wanted you to understand the tremendous efforts that had been made by everyone to respect the two articles of the "rainbow constitution", love & freedom, even though the bakery and serving guidelines hadn't been respected.

The second occasion for us to deal with problem people arose when some random brother who didn't seem to master his mind very much became aggressive and violent toward his neighbors. The neighbors came to complain to other brothers and sisters and a "**shantisena**" procedure was called. That word

means "peacekeeper" (or so I've been told), and such peacekeepers are called, among the rainbow people, when we need to face an emergency. Peacekeepers calmly go to face the aggression wherever it is, try to negotiate, I believe, but might as well use "peaceful-force" to prevent someone from hitting the others? I don't know, I didn't go: the aggressive brother being mentally unstable, it was decided that we shouldn't be too many to go talk to him... So I don't know what the outcome of this story is, but I've heard brothers talking about expelling him from the gathering.

Still: this story gives us an important clue regarding the two articles of the rainbow "constitution": it seems that love prevails on freedom for one's freedom can be softly limited if he doesn't behave in a kind-hearted way.

When you receive so much, such as you do in a rainbow gathering, like free food, free entertainment, free love, free family and friends etc, you want to give as well! Indeed, you probably won't feel good if you only receive and don't give: the energy needs to flow through your body, and you shouldn't let it stuck there. I personally haven't felt good in this gathering until I started giving myself... So you want to involve yourself in serving the community.

Talking about the rainbow with brothers and sisters, commenting the organization and how it's so great everybody is so friendly here and blablabla, this question arose: what, in our heart, brings us to a rainbow? What is it that makes it so special to us?

I had to take a minute to give my own answer. Funnily, it was the same than the one who had asked me the question.

My answer was that what brings me to the rainbow is that here, I can be a child again. Not childish, but a real child: there's nothing I have to worry about; there will be food and water to drink; I can play and learn all day long or just do nothing if I don't want to; I can behave the way I like without being judged... I remember that, before going to sleep on the full moon night, although it was time for me to get some rest, I couldn't leave the main fire area... a gigantic plain with a big sacred fire in the center and the moon just above. Though, walking away, I felt like running and jumping around, one more time, under the blue light of the moon. My arms extended on each side of my body, I was being a plane, never running straight but running in circle or from side to side to cope with the wind coming from the front... I don't remember being a plane in the past 25 years, but I was often, before... and it feels so good! I was jumping here and then, and so did my heart in my chest. The rainbow had managed to erase 25 years of Babylonian education and teaching on what is appropriate and what is not. I was free in a deeper meaning.

Sadly, now that I'm out of it, I can only but witness that the magic effects don't last... People are so cold in Babylon, frozen. You can't hug people you don't know just because they are passing your way... It's very frustrating at first, but you end up imitating their behavior, and everything gets back to "normal". I've become serious again.

But not too much!

ENJOY
HOME
ere n other arth



Artist: Leslie "Bones"