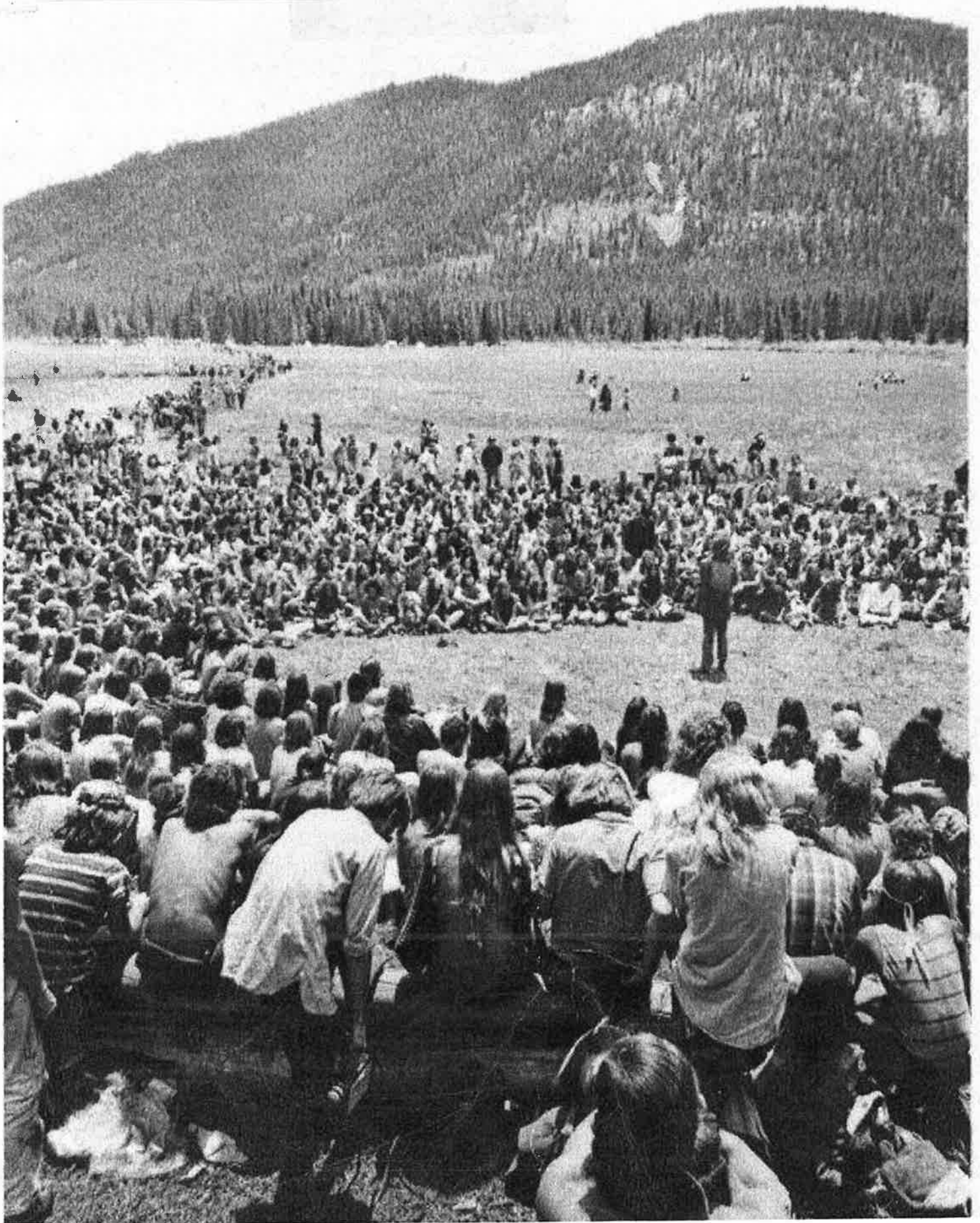


# All Ways Free

Summer  
2012



To my Dear Family,

Welcome Home! In your hands is the Summer 2012 edition of All Ways Free, a newspaper by, for, and about our rainbow family. This is the first time the newspaper has been published since 2008, and after a year of working to put it together, I see why there were not many people jumping up and down to get the job! Immediately following this editorial you will see an article entitled "How to AWF," written by Stephen Wing. This is an excellent piece of advice, and unfortunately much of it went unfollowed this year. Though I reached out to find others who would consist as an editor's circle, and tried to find some folks to help with the infrastructure of putting a newspaper together, unfortunately neither things came to pass, which is why I seem to keep using this personal pronoun "I" rather than the "WE" which I wish could be the author of this introduction. If you would like to help solve this problem for the production of the next issue, PLEASE contact me, especially if you live in Northern California and would be willing to commit maybe one day a month for a physical, in-person meeting.

One of the first pieces of advice I received was to prepare for more submissions than I could possibly hope to publish. This turned out to be the case! If you are one of the many brothers, sisters, or inter/transfolk that sent me articles or poems that do NOT appear in this issue...I'm sorry! My first priority for next year's issue will be to include the submissions from 2012 which were neglected in the final version of this paper. I also intended to make a winter edition of the paper, but sadly, this was not in the cards for All Ways Free this year either. I aim to make a Winter 2013 issue, though, and with your help, it just may be possible! I have never made a newspaper before. I apologize for any layout or formatting errors that may appear. I intend to get it a LOT more organized and spiffy looking...as always....next time.

If you are interested in helping out with the paper, or have advice, questions, resources, opinions, or anything at all to say about the paper, please come to the All Ways Free council on the land at this year's Gathering! Information about the time and place will be posted at Info booth.

Also, remember, bulk printing does not come free! This paper is run by donations, and so far, it has received enough to cover the cost of the P.O. Box, and not much else. All the money for printing costs (estimated to come close to \$1,000) is so far coming out of my pocket. Any donations of green energy to help me recoup the costs will be both greatly appreciated personally, and will probably help to make next issue possible, as I no longer have a job to provide me enough disposable income to print the paper on love. If you don't have green energy to spare (times are tough) but would like to help contribute, you might consider holding a potluck or concert with some of your local family and friends, and passing around the hat for All Ways Free! This is a great opportunity to raise funds and also forge new friendships while spending time with your loved ones. Please contact me via email for information on how to send donations (the P.O. Box is expired, and a new one hasn't been secured yet). Also, and just as importantly, AWF needs your ARTICLES! We can't have a paper without content, and you, loyal readers, are the nest journalists out there for the job! AWF is seeking anything you have, but if you need ideas, how about:

- Hipstories of your kitchen or camp
- Skillsharing on how to thrive in the woods
- Recipes for cooking in the woods for large numbers of people
- News and stories from the Gathering - what happened that everyone was talking about?
- Heartsongs, poems, artwork
- Stuff written and drawn by kids!

My email address, for all questions, comments, articles, and everything else, is [rainbowtopkat@yahoo.com](mailto:rainbowtopkat@yahoo.com)

**I LOVE YOU!**

**-FINCH**

### 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 or the world and those in our own backyards.
- ... Expressing creativity in poetry, cartoons, short stories and artwork.
- ... 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 Mother Earth.

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 chose not to sell The All Ways Free or any space within it. Instead, All Ways Free thrives from joy, energy, money and materials freely given. With this process we hope to bring about a shared vision of love, peace, justice, healing and freedom through a strong common unity of like-minded individuals.

### Editorial Policy

- All decisions regarding this publication are made by consensus council.
- We proofread all submitted materials.
- We seek the agreement of the author prior to editing, if possible.
- We will strive to create a realistic publication date.
- We will make copies of The All Ways Free available online for those who can't obtain a hard copy.

The views expressed in this publication are not necessarily the views of the "Rainbow Family", if such a group did, in fact, exist. The All Ways Free is produced independently in an attempt to provide a means of expression for anyone and everyone.

The Always Free is FREE!

May You Always Be All Ways Free!



### Leaderless Individuals

ROOTS: The Rainbow Family of Living Light (aka Rainbow Gathering of the Tribes, etc.) didn't really begin at any specific time, and has never really existed as a formal organization. In many ways, it is a fundamental human expression, the tendency of people to gather together in a natural place and express themselves in ways that come naturally to them, to live and let live, to do unto others as we would have them do unto us.

In the U.S. in the late 1960's and early 70's, a kind of critical mass of consciousness developed. Beyond the media hype of "fading movement", those who were serious in the hippie and anti-war movements were learning what political life was really about, and, most importantly, were learning basic economics and to take care of their own. After some hard lessons at the many mega-events of the time, many were becoming skilled at coping with the care and feeding of tens of thousands of people at a time, and organized themselves into tribes dedicated to that purpose. A diverse and decentralized social fabric began to weave itself from threads of hippie culture, back-to-the-landers, American Indian spiritual teachings, pacifist-anarchist traditions, eastern mysticism, and the legacy of depression era hobo street wisdom.

Although this fabric included visionaries, gurus, and people with strong organizing skills, it has not produced a leader/follower decision-making process or hierarchy. Instead, all decision making power is held in a main council, open to all, with all individuals holding equal power, and all decisions made only by unanimous consensus. Although it is frequently a difficult process, it has stood the test of time, and has served the whole quite well. This process makes it essentially impossible for authorities, power-trippers, or hostile elements to intimidate or manipulate individuals to the detriment of the group.

- from the "Roots of the Rainbow Family", www.welcomehome.org



### Editorial

## Wrathful Deities

The wrathful deities are the embodiment of the peaceful deities yet in a wrathful and frightening manner, but they, like the peaceful deities, are only the consciousness' own projections. When the wrathful deities appear it is necessary to recognize that these are his or her own projections, they cannot harm or kill you because they are you. The bardo state is emptiness so therefore you are emptiness, and if the deities are your own projection you should not be afraid, for emptiness cannot harm emptiness. If the mind can recognize the projections as himself or herself then they will be able to see the luminosity and attain enlightenment. But as before if the mind is unfamiliar with the teachings, or cannot focus on its meditative practices, or is hindered by bad karma it will become very afraid and run from the projections.

The Family in the holding camps were too inexperienced to deal with the FS. The wisdom of elders was not present because they were not there. The "Cat and Mouse" game that the scouts tried to employ has backfired on the Family.

This Gathering will suffer because of the absence of an operating plan that takes into account the judicial victories of the FS over the Rainbows. Sure, the Gatherings will happen, but the Forest Service will use the "Hardball" tactics of intimidation again no matter where the Gathering is in the future.

As apolitical as Rainbow aspires to be, the realities of the "New World Order" which are dedicated to control, in All Ways, the lives of individuals, threaten to put out the fires of Living Light.

Clearly, the history of groups that have attempted to negotiate with the Feds like Native Americans, Religious Groups, Communities, Demonstrations, etc., have shown that the Authorities are not only uncompromising and can't be trusted, but that they are not concerned with what is best for the people. Governmental agencies like the Forest Service, which answers to the Department of Agriculture, are only interested with the concerns of the "Corporate Government" and what works best for it.

The concept of Public Space, like the Town Commons and the National Forests, egalitarian places set apart from private land where individuals can freely express themselves, a facet vital to the American Democratic Experiment, is falling victim to Use Fees and Commercial Malls. An entire generation is being trained to expect to pay for and obtain permission for every activity in which they engage. Most children in this country spend their free time in activities that require structured Organizations, Leagues, Technology and Clubs. They don't create their recreation, it is provided for them.

It's no surprise that the ideas of Free Expression and Peaceful Public Assembly can so easily be dismissed under the manipulations of the unreasonable fears of the Culture of Security. Creativity and Freedom can't exist without risk.

We shouldn't need to sign permits; they need to learn not to be so afraid. We shouldn't need to hide in the woods; they should come to the table and engage in good faith in a fair and honest dialogue. We shouldn't have our Constitutional Rights taken from us; They should be working with us to protect them. - the Editors

**They made us many promises, more than I can remember,  
but they never kept but one;  
they promised not to take our land, and they did.**

- Mahpiya Luta "Red Cloud" Oglala Lakota

The All Ways Free would like to thank these folks for their help and inspiration: Purpleboy, Yuri & Lyuba, Vorpalblade, The Running Dog Studio, Joannee F. Foote, Crystalfeather, SpiderHawk, Badger, Garrick, Ilah, Teresa P, Megan P, Shiva, Glenn B., Chazz, "Mad" Madeline and The Intermountain News - Don Smith, Publisher. We Love You!

## How to AWF

by Stephen Wing

All Ways Free is a newspaper that grew out of the Rainbow Gatherings after the 1984 California Gathering. Like the gatherings, it is created by volunteers and supported by donations.

The paper's purpose is to chronicle and celebrate the Gatherings, and to refract the Rainbow vision out into the world through a Rainbow of talents. It was originally envisioned to be 8 or 12 pages published quarterly, according to Whistler Dave, who helped get it going. But it was actually published twice a year, which dwindled eventually to once a year, and lately to every other year or so. All Ways Free has inhabited P.O. Boxes in Eugene, Madison, Tucson, Ann Arbor and many other places. It has varied in size from 48 pages to a single folded sheet.

It seems to have become customary for each AWF focalizer to keep the paper two years and produce two issues. Traditionally, the responsibility for All Ways Free changes hands by consensus during a formal council at the annual Rainbow Gathering. In my opinion, neglecting tradition to do things informally has a lot to do with why the paper has sometimes not appeared. Those who sit in the council become the paper's "aunts and uncles," part of its familywide network of support.

All of us who have worked on an All Ways Free or two remember the paper with affection and look forward to each new edition. But in spite of its rich history, as the paper changes hands from year to year, it seems this unique project must begin all over again every time from scratch.

I worked with brothers and sisters of the Chicago Rainbow Circle to bring the All Ways Free to Texas in 1988, and with folks in Madison to bring the next year's edition to Nevada in '89, and we also produced a Winter edition each year. For the benefit of future AWF focalizers - and possibly to inspire some - I'd like to share what I learned about publishing a free newspaper without a budget.

Following the example of the Gatherings as much as possible in form and principle, All Ways Free is not so much published or edited as "focalized." Focalizing by definition takes place in a circle, and therefore begins with finding the other focalizers. Even if some wealthy individual offered to fund the paper without asking for a single donation, all editorial and logistical decisions should still be made by an open circle of three or more.

This is not just "politically correct." Sharing power in circles is not mere etiquette; it's the secret to Rainbow's success. A circle of focalizers is much more likely to have all the necessary skills, time and energy to create something as complex as a newspaper (or a gathering). As a gathering relies on unpaid cooks, water-carriers and shitter-diggers, All Ways Free must rely on each volunteer's own enthusiasm for what he or she can contribute-- and in return, allow him or her a share in the decision-making.

Sharing power (or doing anything else) in circles also shifts the energy of the enterprise to a higher plane, where a spiritual intent can invoke divine energies. If we give up control, as consensus process forces us to do, we invite Spirit into the void, with frequently miraculous results. This has been my experience at many a gathering, and has also held true with All Ways Free and other "focalized" projects.

If one person ends up left with most or all of the editorial responsibility, by circumstance or neglect, the Rainbow spirit can still be respected. Trusted elders can be consulted when questions arise; a circle of varying viewpoints can be sought if controversy is expected; the call for volunteers, donations and material can be circulated through family events, publications and web sites.

When I hooked up with two brothers from Chicago and took the paper on, none of us had much experience with publishing a newspaper. Our first priority on arriving in Chicago after the North Carolina gathering was therefore to seek out everyone in the city who might help--namely, other Rainbow gatherers.

So setting aside the newspaper to form a Chicago Rainbow Circle with monthly picnics was not really a diversion from our task. It was the essential first step. (A city that already has a local circle is already a step ahead.) Holding hands in a circle and inviting Spirit's help plants a seed of the "circle magic" that generates so many miracles at Rainbow.

Spirit works in mysterious ways, of course. One of our most generous helpers turned out to be someone who had never been to a Gathering. A chance meeting on the street led this brother to offer use of all the computer equipment we would need-- along with a key to his studio, and even lessons on the use of the software. He's been coming to Gatherings ever since.

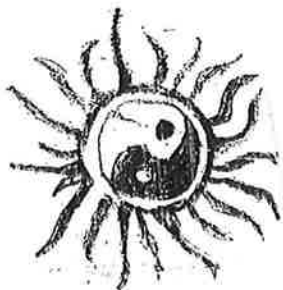
Until someone donates a web press and giant rolls of paper, we will need money to pay a printer. In Chicago, most of the energy of our circle of focalizers went into fundraising. To avoid commercializing our Rainbow circle in any way, we formed a separate group called the Talking Fish Society to raise money for the paper. We held a dozen different benefits throughout the year featuring musicians who were part of our circle.

ALL  
WAYS  
FREE

In other years, AWF focalizers have found easier ways to fund the paper. But doing it the hard way in Chicago created so much "circle magic" that when we came down to the wire and still didn't have enough cash for our second paper, divine intervention saved the day again. A brother who had been banned from his parents' North Shore estate suddenly inherited it, along with enough cash to make a generous loan. The Talking Fish Society intended to pay it back with more fundraisers after the paper was printed and delivered to Texas. But by then our lender had changed his mind and made it a gift to the Family.

At another level, taking on that impossible task gave the newborn Chicago circle a deep bonding experience that kept it going for years after handing the paper on. I wish every local circle had such a useful and creative project to focus on!

Things were different the next year, however. In Texas, no one showed up to take the paper on. I took it to Madison, where a few people had offered support, if not exactly help, and started the process over again. The Madison Rainbows preferred to gather weekly than monthly. But it was a much smaller circle, and unlike Chicago, only a few individuals took the paper on as a personal priority. Lack of funds and energy dictated a thinner paper that winter. Still, the magic came through and we delivered 12,000 papers to Nevada.



OUR LOVE AND THANKS

I learned a lot from the lean year that followed our fat year in Chicago. The editorial "we" was no longer able to simply act as a conduit, printing what the family sent in to share. Editorial decisions had to be made. I divided all submissions into three categories: timely news, info and heartsongs submitted specifically to AWF, which had to be printed without editing; articles already printed elsewhere, which could be either left out or edited; and in between, a Rainbow of original poetry, essays, artwork. The only option I had with this category was to save it for "the next issue"- i.e., whenever the family grows generous enough with its donations to be worthy of all that creativity.

If you think you might like to take part in a circle of focalizers to produce next year's All Ways Free, talk it over with your homefolks, and watch for the All Ways Free council on the notice boards at Info. If council notice isn't clearly posted, you may have to post it yourself. For a council venue, consider combining it with the Focalizers' Council, traditionally on July 5 at 3:00, as has often happened in years past. You'll need help from the network of regional focalizers to do the paper anyway.

These days the internet makes a whole new level of cooperation possible. An online council could be formed, a typing pool could divide up the work via email, skilled work like layout and design could be split up among volunteers who don't all live in the same area. The internet could make All Ways Free much easier for a dispersed community like Rainbow to produce. But does the internet also make All Ways Free unnecessary? Is it worth the recycled or tree-free paper it's printed on?

I don't know. But I notice the Rainbow Guide still apparently has its uses; it hasn't missed a gathering that I know of. I'm willing to help give All Ways Free another chance to shine, if others are.

Once an uncle, always an uncle.

## Some thoughts and ruminations from the Washington 2010 Regional Gathering by Finch



### Permit Movie:

The head of the Forest Service in the area was named John Bueller. He and two female Forest Servicepeople sat in council with about a dozen rainbows a few consecutive days in a row. I, and a few other folks pointed out several flaws and contradictions in the legally binding contract Bueller wanted to find a signer for. Provisions 6-9 held the holder of the permit liable for all illegal activity, financially responsible for all damages, etc....Provision 10 stipulated that the holder of the permit agree to hold blameless the US Federal Government for absolutely everything that might happen in the woods. Then Provision 11 contradicted all of these statements, saying that the holder of the permit does not assume liability for anyone's individual actions. This contradiction alone made a good excuse to send them back with the contract to re-word it, and bought us another day.

Another issue with the permit was that it offered to grant an area '400 feet' in all directions from the main road, which as one brother pointed out, was insufficient to cover the used area of the gathering. We essentially told Bueller that it was unlikely he would find anyone to sign the permit, but with the wording as it was, it would be impossible. He told us he would show our suggestions to his superiors but the authority to tell LEOs to come or not come was 'not his authority'.

A reporter from the Spokane paper, the Spokesman took pictures of us counseling with the Forest Service, and asked around during the night about our political situation, seeming to be very sympathetic with the family. He was respectful with his camera and took no pictures without consent. He ended up around the fire at Montana Mud pounding on drums with the rest of us.

The next day I went around trying to start a Hipstory out by Tokin's teepee, and got a good dozen brothers or sisters out there-ironically, no elders were around to be bothered, so we sat around telling stories about our first gatherings and so on. A little ways into it, Aralim from CALM showed up and the circle was about to evolve into a rap session on how to handle the LEO situation, when Bueller and his two cronies showed up- at 1:30, an hour and a half before they said they would reconvene to counsel with us.

He said that the only changes he could make (because it was a "standard permit" and would be void if altered) was that he changed the holder's name from "Washington 2010 Regional Rainbow Gathering" to "Washington 2010 Peaceful Assembly" as had been requested. He stressed in this and the previous meeting (and it was written in the contract) that the signee was NOT the 'holder' which the permit applied to, but merely a 'contact person' who pledged to be available for contact by the LEOs for the week. What this seemed to mean to us was that the signer, though perhaps not liable for anything, was signing the ENTIRE family's rights away, as WE, not she or he, were listed as 'Permit Holder'.

When the Forest Service crashed our hipstory we discussed the contract a little more, and I came up with, in my opinion, a GREAT way to solve the problem. It went something like this: "John, you've told us that if you were in our shoes you wouldn't have any problem signing this piece of paper. You also understand our custom that 'everyone with a bellybutton' can be rainbow. You are at a gathering and right now you are rainbow family. If all you need is ANY rainbow family to sign your permit, would you please sign it yourself, and then please go away?"

John was taken aback and actually considered it for a moment and then hemmed and hawed and said the contract would be invalid if it were signed by a member of the forest service. After this brief meeting, after all our questions were answered (satisfactorily or not) John and the other forest service ladies left. I heard later that they said they believed we were principled people who would not change our minds, and he believed that in good faith there was no way he would get a signature. So they snubbed the council and left the land, reporting to the LEOs that they were unable to obtain a signature for a permit.

The next day, forest servicemen came with pieces of paper for every kitchen notifying us that we were an illegal occupation-an unauthorized gathering of over 75 people and would be subject to citation and or arrest if we didn't vacate. We expected them to arrive and start ticketing on Sunday, but all that happened was three LEO trucks drove through the gathering and straight back out again. By Monday morning the permit was apparently signed -by that time I was on my way back to Babylon.

According to the Free Assembly Project web site, which published a copy of the signed document, "After much negotiation, with the gathering coming to a close in a few days, a permit was signed and accepted in the name of "2010 Washington Regional Peaceful Assembly". The stated address was "c/o Newport Ranger District... Newport, WA 99156" -- a curious device. The signer added this affirmation next to his name: "UCC 1-207 and 1-308 \_\_ Signed reserving all my Right" [sic]. There has been much conjecture on the effect of citing these provisions of the Uniform Commercial Code."

(continued)



### More on the gathering in general:

Let's start with the gossip on our favorite controversy, Death Camp!

This gathering Death Camp was a good ways out of the way, down the road and across the street from Fat Kids Kitchen, their allies. By the first official day of the gathering, DC had burned Fat Kids camp to the ground (literally-they burned all the benches, tables and chairs). Then they took a window out of the Fat Kids bus and donated it to Mud Rats as a serving counter, where it stayed all week. Besides this story, most people did not see the DCers out and about. I did not see any of them all week-apparently they stayed in their camp for the most part. Rumors spread that DC had the best free doses, but that they were guarded by a dragon. I'm guessing people just thought it would be funny to send folks DCs way to hassle them for free drugs. I neither interacted with nor saw any of the death campers personally, and most people somehow didn't think it was worth it to trek up the hill to their camp just to be told to go away.

Capture the flag was a big raucous deal between all the kitchens until everyone seemed to lose interest halfway through the week. Before that though, there were ninjas leaping through trees, stealing flags and duct-taping would-be thieves to trees.

Montana Mud was combined with River Rats and Zuzu Kitchen, and on Monday the 23rd they built a stage, garnering them honorary Granola Funk status. Because of this stage, Mud Rats (as the kitchen got to be called) was the most active kitchen after dark, with either a large drum circle around the bliss fire or a truly righteous jam on the stage with guitars, bells, washboards, and a quite excellent saxophonist. I spent hours there one night scatting along with the saxophone and it was quite a scene.

On Wednesday night after the Dinner Circle many of the kitchens had a ganja food cook-off. There was plenty of butter and oil to spare, and anyone at the gathering who wanted was walking around comfortably blissed out. There was spaghetti, chili, loads of zuzus, and more that I didn't see as I only made it to two kitchens before deciding I had reached my tolerance level. I tried to convince Maggie and Wind over at Chai Bahai, which was next to where I camped, to put some ganja oil in their pot of chai, but it turned out to be a moot point because nobody had kicked them down any ganja oil to work with, and by the time I asked around for some, it had all been used by the kitchens in question.

As I arrived I was informed at Welcome Home (which had been de facto combined with A-Camp) that there were 35 confirmed cases of head lice, and they insisted on inspecting everyone for bugs before we entered. As the week got on, there were many jokes made about bugs, including a variant of the joke, "How do you say 'fuck you' in Rainbow?" ("Hey, what's that crawling in your hair?")...as the week went I was informed that CALM had been treating lice and the number of confirmed cases had been shrinking in size rather than growing. Many rainbows who caught the bugs shaved off their hair, some leaving behind manes that they had work for years, others tearfully saying goodbye to their dreadlocks. There was talk of setting up a "Daddy Warbucks Camp" for those who had shaved their head, but none ever materialized.

A word about A-Camp: The fellows a A-Camp were also working Welcome Home. As such, they were a remarkably polite and well-behaved pack of drinkers if I've ever seen one. They had a good and working relationship with Hippy Family Ministries (HFM), who were the main focalizing camp and doubled as Kid Village (though there were very few children at this gathering; it got to the point that most gatherers got to know all the kids and greeted them by name).

However-and this is a BIG however, and one of the reasons I'm sure this regional was snubbed by many elders- I saw several instances of alcohol and drunk people inside the main gathering. This seemed to be tolerated by most, who had the attitude that freedom was freedom, and restrictive customs were the products of the older generation of Rainbow that had refused to be involved in this gathering anyway. I did not see much anger or agro energy as a result of these drunken vibes, it just gave the gathering a far different feel than what I have experienced in the past. I did see two violent acts as a result of drinking, and was involved in both Shanti Sena movies.

One was resolved quickly and quietly. Apparently a car had flipped by Green and Purple Kitchen (who played Magic: The Gathering all week with anyone who wanted), and there were 5 LEOs around the car. One rainbow had gone to the car to help retrieve belongings for those who were in the car (nobody was hurt) and he was stopped and questioned by the LEOs and had his name run by them. This individual was trying to stop another individual who had BEEN in the car from going back to the site, even though he wasn't going to the car, just to Green and Purple to get food. This first brother had been drinking and finally began to attempt to block the other person's path physically, and some minor violence/struggle began to take place with the one brother obstructing the path and the other trying to push his way by.



This all happened on the main road near CALM where I had been looking at someone's copies of old Rainbow Guides, and after a minute, the brother who was trying to get past called Shanti Sena. the brother I was with and myself ran to the road, and I got between the two while the other held the drunk one's arms. The drunk brother was crying because, as he said, "You called Shanti Sena on me? I AM Shanti Sena. As soon as you said it I instantly put my arms out because I'm used to being the one who responds"...he felt betrayed and almost heartbroken that Shanti Sena had been called on him, and by a friend he knew.

It became clear that his violent approach had been out of genuine fear for the other brother, and we got them both calmed down and making amends very quickly. This drunk brother was one I would see many times throughout the week and form a very good relationship with.

The second Shanti Sena movie I got involved in was more disturbing. My campmate and I were among the only ones of about 4 or 5 people sitting around the bliss pit in Open Camp one night, deep into the night, maybe 3 or 4 in the morning. Suddenly we heard an argument far off in the main path. We all stopped instantly to listen and heard a racial epithet thrown, and the words, "You want to fight? Someone give me a knife!" By the time I called "Shanti Sena" the brother sitting by me, and myself were both running across the field at high speed. We ran as quietly as we could because we were also trying to make sure we could see the situation was safe for us as well before we dove into a potentially gruesome scene. By the time we got there, one man was gone, the other was on the ground with a bleeding goose egg on his forehead. He was extremely drunk and the other fighter had hit his in the head with a log and then left. He was trying to resist help, but eventually we got his on his feet and told him we were there for him and it was okay. He got out, "I just need someone to help me. I need someone to be with me."

By this time about 5 of us were quietly gathered around him, and we told him, "This is happening right now. We are here for you, right here, right now," at which point he started sobbing, and collectively we just held him and stroked his back. After a few minutes of this he said he 'wanted to get away from this spot and go be alone', and we convinced him to come to the bliss pit with us and warm up, and then we would see if he needed to be taken to CALM. When we got to Open Camp again, one of the rainbows around the fire woke up the head of the camp, Mama Bear, who came out with a first aid kit, and asked us to hold the flashlight up while she cleaned off his wound. It looked ugly, but wasn't bad enough that it needed CALM attention or medical emergency attention, or stitched. Mama disinfected the cut, gently washed it off, put a bandage on it, and instructed us to keep him by the fire until the sun rose or he sobered up. She got him some extra blankets and he lay wrapped in them around the fire.

I ended up being the last one watching the fire until the sun came up, and as the night went on he got more sober. He told me he knew his attacker and didn't elaborate on the reason for the fight. He told me he was Barter Faire family, and it was his first night at the gathering. I was concerned quietly that he would also be a problem during the days to come (it takes 2 to fight) but I was relieved to see him many times in the days to come, sober and with a smile on his face, passing out food at Main Circle, or talking with other rainbows and having a good time. It was his first Gathering, and he told me he had been overwhelmed by the amount of kindness he had been shown after the incident. I never found out who his attacker was, nor what the fight had been about-he didn't want to talk about it.



#### Camps and Kitchens featured:

**Mud Rats:** Montana Mud/River Rats/Zuzu Kitchen/Granola Funk Theatre. The most active kitchen after dark. Lots of good music and zuzus all night. Mud was available most times, day or night.

**Hitchin' Kitchen:** This kitchen picks up every single hitchhiker it sees in Babylon. Many choose to stay with the kitchen and become part of its crew. This was a carnivore kitchen, and at different points served fish, and dumpster-scored chicken. Hitchin' was also up all night most nights with free food in the woods.

**Magic and Mayhem:** I am sad to say I never actually visited this kitchen.

**Welcome Home:** This was combined with A-Camp and eventually became a kitchen as well, albeit a small one that mostly brewed mud.

**HFM:** Hippie Family Ministries, headed by Pippie and Dave from Eastern Washington. This kitchen put in the most work focalizing this regional. The kitchen doubled as Kid Village. It was a bit out of the way so I only spent time there at the gathering a few times.

**Open Camp:** This was the main bliss pit, in the main meadow. Unfortunately, due to the Meadow's proximity to the road (right next to it) the kitchens refused to serve food there, so a hidden further meadow was used for Dinner Circle. This meant that all of what had been supposed to be main meadow was empty for all of the gathering- people had avoided camping there out of respect, so the only activity was people passing through it to go to the other meadow. The open camp bliss fire was usually occupied by very few people, and sometimes folks got stuck watching the fire because they couldn't find anyone else to look after it so they could be free to leave.

(continued)



Fat Kids: Down the road, across from Death Camp. I didn't spend much time there but there was some very soulful music being played when I did visit.

Death Camp: Across the street from Fat Kids, up a big hill. Most folks steered clear.

Sun Gazers: This was a vegan camp up a big hill. I had planned to wake early or stay up all night and watch the sun rise from Sun Gazers one night, but I was disillusioned when a friend told me there wasn't really a good view of the sunrise from this kitchen. I never did end up making it there, though the soup they brought to dinner circle one night was divine.

Green and Purple: These guys wanted anything of yours that was green and or purple. They were very zen and played lots of Magic: The Gathering. I played a couple great games, including one with an Elf Deck in which I had over 300 creature tokens in play.

Chai Bahai: "Stop by, say hi, get some chai". This was the Bahai camp, and I ended up setting up my tent right next door. This camp was very mellow and I enjoyed myself very much every time I sat around the fire, especially when one sister who spent time there would pull out her violin and play for us. This was a 'teaching' camp, and a few times I was drawn into stories that combined Rainbow history with Hopi prophecy and Bahai teachings in a fairly seamless and spellbinding narrative. The chai was delicious, and one night they picked some apples from a tree on site and made a delicious experimental dish that ate sort of like an apple bread pudding.

Camp Go Fuck Yourself: This was compared to 'The Projects' by some. The GFY kids were all really awesome people, they just liked playfully taunting each other by yelling "Go fuck yaself" every time they felt like it. Soon people adopted and altered the call so that "Go fuck yaself" was frequently responded to with "Go love yaself" and "Go hug yaself!"

Taunts became quite popular and would get satirized and bantered so frequently that a shouting conversation across the field might go something like,

"Loving you!"

"Huffing glue!"

"Hey! Go fuck yaself!"

"Go love yaself up!"

"Go hug yaself!"

"Hey! You wanna bond about it?"

"You wanna hug and cry? Cmon, I've got some kleenex right here! I can already feel some tears coming!"

"Let's take this outside!"

"Fuck yeah fuck yeah"

"Hey! You can't fuck yeah your own fuck yeah! Wake up and go back to bed!"

and the ever popular "Wake up and RAGE!"

which became "Wake up and spange!"

"Wake up and get laid!"

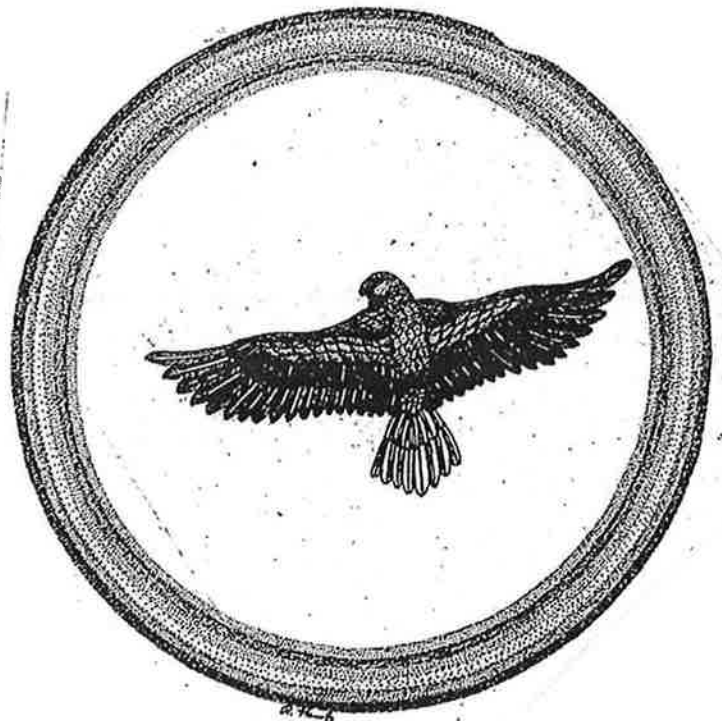
"Wake up and age!"

and "Wake up and go back to bed!"



"Behold, the days are coming, says Yahweh, when I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel and the house of Judah, not like the covenant which I made with their fathers when I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt, my covenant which they broke, though I was their husband, says Yahweh. But this is the covenant which I will make with the house of Israel after those days, says Yahweh: I will put my law within them, and I will write it upon their hearts; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. And no longer shall each one teach a neighbor and each a brother or a sister, saying, 'Know Yahweh,' for they shall all know me, from the least of them to the greatest, says Yahweh; for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more."

Jeremiah 32:31-4





## ***A cosmic convergence in the hills of Kentucky*** by Mollie Martin

The weatherman said it was going to be a rainy gathering. We were going to have 1 nice day to get there and get settled but the forecast said rain off and on for the next 3 days after that. I really wasn't sure I wanted to go. I mean I love rainy gatherings as much as anyone, huddled under a tarp sopping wet and covered in mud, wading down muddy trails, wrangling muddy children who don't want to stay couped up in the tent for days on end. Sounds like fun right? But something was drawing me. I kept thinking, but you've never been to a Cumberland Gathering before; it is your home bio-region, you keep talking about how we need to gather closer to home.... now's the time. So despite my misgivings we packed up Shi's van and headed out to Salt Lick, Ky. It was a pretty but cool spring day, a Monday. We made one stop along the way at Abraham Lincoln's birthplace for the kids to earn Jr Ranger badges and stretch our legs. By the time we got to Welcome Home it was a couple of hours till dark. We unpacked the tee pee and bedding and what we knew we would need the first night and headed in, kiddos running blissfully ahead on the trail. We were all so excited to be in the woods again. The trail was about a mile and a half, making a sharp left turn about a mile and a quarter in down a steep slope that was already muddy from the rain they had had the week before. In one of the biggest mud puddles we encountered Asher lost his shoe, sucked right off his foot, swallowed by the earth not to be returned by the mud spirits until a week later.

We came to the first meadow and decided to make camp there for the night, planning to look around and move camp in the morning. But in the morning the rains came, making all the trails a muddy mess, and making it impossible to move camp for several days.

Sometime Tuesday afternoon I finally made it to the kitchen. The kitchen was up a sloppy slope and was sparsely populated by rainbows around a bliss fire that was more smoke than fire when we got there. There was one sister there that kept drawing my gaze back to her. She was young and beautiful, but obviously a road kid, dirty and more than a little jaded. There was something about her that reminded me of something, but I couldn't put my finger on it. When you've been to as many gatherings as I have you just assume when there is someone there that looks familiar but your not sure how, that you must have seen them at another gathering over the years, and that is what I did at the time. I continued to see her over a couple of days, each time with the same nagging feeling in my mind that there was something about her I was supposed to notice. Sometime around Wednesday I heard someone call her Persephone. It suddenly shook me. Such an unusual name, I instantly suspected where I knew her from, but no, wait, that was sooooo improbable. Still as we walked away I asked Shi, "how old do you think that girl is?". Shi and I discussed my suspicion at length over the next

day and a half but I had no idea how to figure out if I was right. I didn't want to interrogate her, freaking her out and making her not want to talk to me, but I did want to know.... was Persephone her real name?

Thursday evening came and we had dinner with the family at main circle. It was far from the best rainbow meal I have had but it was tasty and filling and the first real meal we had had at main circle for the whole gathering. After dinner the kids played, and the drummers drummed, and marshmallows and glow sticks were enjoyed by anyone who wanted them. Soon it was dark and the kiddos were beat. It was time for bed and the trails were still a muddy mess, so we recruited Persephone to help tote the kids back to camp so we could put them down for the night. It always takes a while to get 5 kids ready for bed but Persephone stayed and helped and told riddles back and forth with the kids while I got the little ones to sleep. I don't know how long we sat up talking but eventually Shi asked the question I had been dying to know the answer to for days...was Persephone her real name? Her answer could not have been more mind blowing. I think my jaw actually hit the floor I was so stunned. She said "Well, yes it was the name on my birth certificate, but they changed it in foster care. My birth name is Persephone Cosmos". You see my oldest daughter Willow's bio dad is named John Cosmos, and I knew that he had given a child up for adoption some 10 years before Willow was born who was named Persephone. This girl, who looked so familiar to me, was actually Willow's long lost half sister. I knew it, with every fiber of my being I knew it to be true. She looked so like Willow with her thick dark eyebrows and her olive skin, plus there was something about the smile, this was definitely her sister. I blurted it all out in one breath. "I know your Dad! His name is John Cosmos, he lives in Paducah, Ky. You two are sisters!" They flew into each others arms. The recognition was instantaneous for all involved, Persephone was skeptical to be sure, having lived 20 years knowing nothing about your family to suddenly have a stranger tell you that she knows who you are and that you have a sister must be overwhelming. But she took it all in stride. She asked me how I knew him and if I knew anything about her Mom. I said no that I had no information about her but I could put her in touch with John and he could tell her all he knew. Eventually the girls stopped hugging and settled down to ask some serious questions before going to bed to think things over for the night. I for one could not get to sleep, my mind racing over all that had happened.

The next morning Willow woke up with a mission to go find Persephone and get to know her. She had a million questions for her, I had only one. Do you want me to go out and call him and see if he can come here to see you both? The overwhelming response from both of them was Yes! We were supposed to go home that day, Willow was supposed to preform with her school's drum ensemble the next day in Nashville, but we weren't going anywhere. This was too unbelievable, we needed to explore this further. Willow needed to get to know her

sister, and with Persephone being on the road, I knew this may be our only chance for them to connect. So Asher and I hiked out to find cell service and make some phone calls.

We had to drive about 12 miles away from the gathering to find service, but eventually we did find a spot to stop and make our calls. First I called my husband Jonathan to tell him we weren't returning that day and let him know what had happened, I didn't reach him, so I left a message but I knew he would not be surprised we weren't coming home right away, even if the reason why was shocking. Next I called my Mom as she was expecting us home as well and I knew she would worry if we were late. I filled her in on the basics of what had transpired and promised to take pictures and call her soon. Then I called John. I told him " I know you won't believe this, but I just found Persephone. She is here in Ky. with me and Willow at a Rainbow Gathering." I told him we were way off the beaten path and I knew without a car it would be hard for him to get there but that I really thought he should do everything in his power to get there before we had to leave Sunday night or Monday morning. He took down directions and assured me that he would do his best to get there and if for some reason he could not for me to please give her every bit of info on how to reach him I had and tell them he wanted to see them both. I assured him I would pass the info on , but encouraged him to do his best to get there, whatever the cost.

I hung up and headed back to the woods not knowing if he would make it or not, but determined to give the girls time and space to get to know each other. I arrived back at the gathering to find them deep in conversation and more sure than ever that they really were sisters. I told them that I had done my best and given him all the information he needed to find us, now it was up to him. We all went about our day enjoying the sunshine and warm air for the first time in days and finally beginning to dry out and de-muddify from the rain. We went to dinner that night at main circle, and eventually it was bedtime. We all walked back to the tee pee and were getting the kids ready for bed. They were all exhausted and ready for sleep, especially Willow after her emotionally charged day. She had told me before we left the drum circle that she was so tired she was about to a somersault into the fire. Suddenly I hear a familiar voice outside the tee pee saying " is that a pink tee pee tent?" I peeked out the door and saw that he had in fact made it, and found our tent in the dark. John was at the gathering to meet his daughters. I went out and greeted him and met the fiance Jessica that had made the trip with him, then ducked my head back inside the tent to tell Willow he was there. All exhaustion must have fallen from her body as she jumped up and out of the tent to greet him. After some hugs she popped back in to get her shoes then grabbed his hand and drug him down the muddy path to take him to Persephone. I still had to get the rest of the kids to bed but told them I would catch up soon, as they disappeared down the trail.

By the time I did catch up with them they were all deep in conversation around the fire and all doubts had been erased. He knew their birth dates, and told them that he celebrated them both every year. He knew Persephone's middle name, details about her no one could know, it all had to be true. They all stayed up till the wee hours of the morning talking and laughing around a small fire in the kitchen, each in turn staring at the others hardly believing who was in front of them. I can still barely believe it myself, but I know it to be true. Truly the stars must have aligned to make it all happen this way, but it all just goes to show that when you are open to the possibilities of the Universe, magic can and does still happen.



**TOTAL LICENSE**

(Except to do physical harm.)

Issued to: \_\_\_\_\_

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2. To discover and be the real you.
3. To find and do your own thing.
4. To smile at and speak to any member of any sex, age, race or creed.
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7. To shape and mold your own destiny.
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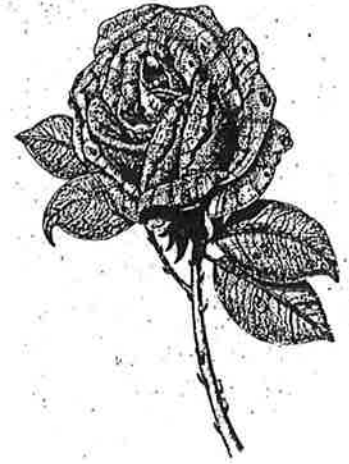
# A Letter To the President

By Plunker

January 30, 2012

To: President Barack Obama,  
CC: Chief, Forest Service, Tom Tidwell,

President Obama,  
Respect to Michelle, and your family, and respect to the Peoples of America,



## Letter of Petition for Redress of Grievance

Howdy,

I am writing for the purpose of petitioning for your attention. I am an Honorably Discharged Navy Veteran – June/63 – Sept/66.

I am here petitioning, as an individual, concerning issues regarding an event of Peace.

This event's Invitation is Open, Free to any and all persons to attend, an "Annual Gathering of the Tribes, July 1-7", a "peaceable assembly for purposes of expression on national forest, other public lands."

This peaceable assembly, free speech-expression event has been happening since 1972 – oftentimes called: "Annual Rainbow Gathering".

July, 2011, this Gathering happened, on National Forest, near Mt. St. Helens, in Washington State. This Gathering (mainly) has taken place on national forest lands, and, throughout the years, there has been an on-going relationship with the Forest Service. This relationship has wound along on a road of sometimes cooperation, sometimes (mucho) conflict and confrontation. In recent years, under your administration, there have been some positive changes.

This year, the Regional Forester, and her crew of on-the-ground resource folks, did very well – and, Regional Forester Jeanne Clayton's opening remarks, "Welcome, how can we help you?", (in the first meet), was a very pleasant surprise, something I (others) had been waiting a long time to hear – to be accorded the same respect and service as other people/citizens who enjoy the national forests.

Then, June 16, along came Incident Commander Gary Campbell, a Forest Service Law Enforcement Officer, new to Rainbow Gatherings, yet someone who approached gatherers with respect. This contributed to good communications, better cooperation between Forest Service and Rainbow Gatherers.

\*\*\*\* Note: Things weren't perfect... (working on it) – There were harsh tactics used by SOME LEOs who (illegally) inhibited peoples "ingress and egress" to this Expressive Peace Assembly – one of petition, worship, prayer, life-style.

This year, on July 4th, during the Silence in a Circle of Peace, over 40, 000 persons gathered, Circled, and for the FIRST TIME in 40 Years of Gathering, this Expressive Circle for Peace, and Honoring, of all who live on the Earth - happened WITHOUT Law enforcement being (visibly) present, with only the people enjoying peaceable assembly. Amazing, blessing, thank you.

These July 1-7 Gatherings, called "Annual Rainbow Gathering", are expressive assemblies of peoples of many individuals, races, colors, cultures, religions, Creeds. Many of the folks who attend practice a certain "Rainbow Credo" i.e. Creed of the "Rainbow Family Tribe", "Rainbow Family of Living Light", et. al. etc... (by whatever name).

Basic principle of this Rainbow Credo - (I define) - is: "Wherever grass grows, wind blows, sun shines, these do so upon natural children of God-us, natural children of humankind, and (my) natural spiritual brothers and sisters" - an "Imagi-Nation" where All People, in their

hearts and minds, are Family, and want to live in peace on Earth.

This is a Creed founded by individuals (including myself), who came out of Vietnam War (other wars), and, out of the Streets of America - other places around the World. Whatever our backgrounds, we circled, shared visions, dreams, and, founded a People, a Tribe of the Imagination. A people and tribe open to all people, as individuals, who seek peace, justice, pursuit of happiness, and, agree-in-consensus to Gather in Peaceable Assembly, in equality, good vibes to all.

Many of the folks who attend these Peaceable Gatherings, are U.S. Military Veterans. So, it is difficult for me, others, to understand Why (we) "Rainbow Family Tribe" (by many names), AND Rainbow Gatherings (by whatever name) are listed as TERRORIST... and the dollars used to support the massive law enforcement presence at the Gatherings, comes from Homeland Security (it used to be FEMA). This is a huge mistake. I, and the folks who come a 'gathering' are in no way out to "Overthrow the Government" as has been stated for all of these 40 years - in secreted documents FOIA'd out to the "public eye".

I am asking for a Review of this situation, and, upon review, a Letter or Statement (of some sorts) that states, i.e. those of the Creed: "Rainbow Family Tribe", et. al. etc. (whatever name), and all other individuals, peoples who also gather/assemble, with one another at this Annual Gathering.... are not considered "terrorist" or "out to overthrow the Government" of the United States... AND, (please) that the "Annual Gatherings of the Rainbow Peoples" will NOT be funded as "counter-terrorist" events, NOR, funded by Homeland Security, etc..

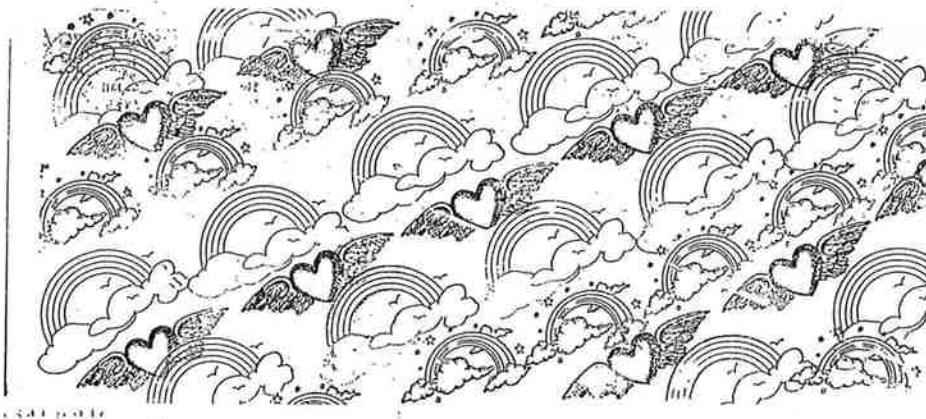
By the way, this simple measure is also a cost-cutter since over \$1,000,000 a year goes for Law Enforcement for the Annual July Gathering, alone. Over 1000 similar Gatherings, large, small, happen throughout the year, around America, and around the World. Thousands, millions (world-wide) of peoples' lives and practice of Peace is effected by these unbearable Law Enforcement (baby-sitter) measures.

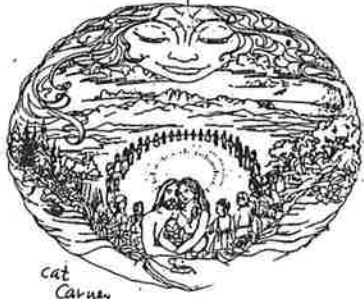
As President, you can only change what you can, and years of Law Enforcement i.e. "Feds vs. Heads", "cops vs. hippies", ain't something you can change overnight (even if you made it a priority) so, I am only asking for a RE-LISTING of "Rainbow, et. al. etc.", and "Rainbow Gatherings" OFF the "terrorist list".

I am inspired to write, in some ways because of the conscious LEOs present at the Gathering - like I.C. Campbell; and by a story of you, in Chicago, wanting to organize a neighborhood, working it, no one showing up at your meeting except you and crew - maybe give up, then, you saw a kid throwing a ball against a bldg., while standing in trash, it re-awoke your energy to keep going, and you succeeded. I feel similarly with this petitioning. I been asking for many years, for simple respect and justice, use of national forest land without discrimination. I petition here for all the generations of gatherers, who will, one day, be able to gather in Peace. I intend to petition individuals/peoples to join in this Petition of Clarity - Rainbows and Rainbow Gatherings are Peaceable People Peaceably Assembling Expressing Peace.

thank you, in respect,

Barry Adams, aka Plunker, Montana, Rainbow Family Tribe





# Desiderata

-- written by Max Ehrmann in the 1920s --  
 "Found in Old St. Paul's Church" in Baltimore  
 Excerpted from *The Rainbow Oracle*, 1972

Go placidly amid the noise and the haste,  
 and remember what peace there may be in silence.

As far as possible, without surrender,  
 be on good terms with all persons.  
 Speak your truth quietly and clearly;  
 and listen to others,  
 even to the dull and the ignorant;  
 they too have their story.

Avoid loud and aggressive persons;  
 they are vexatious to the spirit.

If you compare yourself with others,  
 you may become vain or bitter,  
 for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself.

Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans.  
 Keep interested in your own career, however humble;  
 it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time.

Exercise caution in your business affairs,  
 for the world is full of trickery.

But let this not blind you to what virtue there is;  
 many persons strive for high ideals,  
 and everywhere life is full of heroism.

Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection.  
 Neither be cynical about love,  
 for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment,  
 it is as perennial as the grass.

Take kindly the counsel of the years,  
 gracefully surrendering the things of youth.  
 Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune.

But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings.  
 Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness.

Beyond a wholesome discipline,  
 be gentle with yourself.

You are a child of the universe  
 no less than the trees and the stars;  
 you have a right to be here.

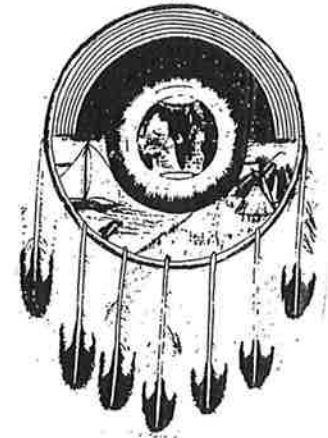
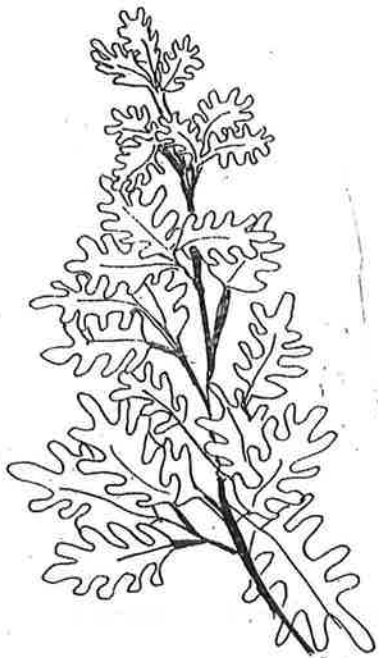
And whether or not it is clear to you,  
 no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.

Therefore be at peace with God,  
 whatever you conceive Him to be.

And whatever your labors and aspirations,  
 in the noisy confusion of life,  
 keep peace in your soul.

With all its sham, drudgery, and broken dreams,  
 it is still a beautiful world.

Be cheerful. Strive to be happy



? 2. ?

## "WHY NOT SIGN A PERMIT?"

I've heard people ask that question, and the

### TOP TEN REASONS ARE

- 1) We don't need one! The First Amendment guarantees the right to peaceable assembly
- 2) Permits can be revoked while the Gathering is going on ("OK hippies, you got one hour to get outta the woods!")
- 3) Permits can be denied by the Forest Service.
- 4) If we start signing permits, they'll demand them every time
- 5) Do YOU want to be liable for anything that happens while 20,000 people are camping in the forest?
- 6) The person who signs could be sued by anyone, including the Government, for ANYTHING that happens at the Gathering!
- 7) You could be held responsible for meeting all of the conditions set forth in the permit.
- 8) The Rainbow Family has no leaders, we are all equal & no one has any power over us
- 9) By caving in we would allow the Government to take away First Amendment rights from every person in America, regardless of their religion, political party, age, race or sex.
- 10) Learn a lesson from the last 500 years: Don't sign white man's paper!

## A Dream

By Mama Turtle

I had a dream... just woke up from it. Thought I'd share it.

I was walking thru a forest, alone. But I was looking for someone, or something. I knew I had to reach a certain destination. I kept telling myself "just a little bit further", but to what?! I finally stumbled out of the trees and there in the clearing was a small lake. Chairs of various shapes and sizes were all around it. I didn't see anyone there. I walked around the very clear and long defined path that wound its way in a topsy turvy fashion to the edge of the lake. Once there, I sat down at the edge and stuck my feet in the water, watching the flow of the water, listening to the lapping of it on the sides..very zen!



I turned around when I realized that there were people coming out of the woods to sit down. People I knew! Olders from the Rainbow Gatherings. from all the years I had been going. I saw each face and thought, "Hey! There's so and so! I remember him/her! It's good to see them again."

Each one of them found the seat that suited them best, then proceeded to sit down. As more white hairs walked in, rolled in, were helped in, they greeted each other, welcomed each other. Settled their coat or cup in the most efficient spot next to them.

But as the majority of seats filled up, most folks quieted down and started to allow the sounds of their surroundings to pervade the human interruption. When it got real quiet, the silence was almost deafening for a brief moment..then, a song bird started singing.

Just one.

Alone.

But then, another answered its song and within the space of 5 breaths, a chorus of sounds ensued.

Little pond frogs, cicadas, crickets.

They all continued their chorus that was probably in full swing when I first floundered into the space.

The silence that was held by the olders was impressive! I even forgot that they were there, all around the water.

Then, someone started "ohming".

Real low. Real bass. Real soft.

More men's voices joined in. Very grounding. Then, another round of voices found their place, tenor, one by one, ever so lightly, above the low tones. After that, rich alto voices feathered in, filling up a range of heart warming sounds. At this point, my throat got tight and I was overcome with the beauty of it all. Because the insects and animals never stopped their chorus! Our additional notes didn't startle them or overpower their sound. Such control! I was so impressed!

Then, after a short while, the high voices started to grow up out of the olders, one by one.

And then I added my voice.

But by that time, the tears were flowing down my face and I couldn't help but feel genuinely, happy! Truly, truly filled with joy!

I turned around to view the miracle taking place and noticed that their were now people all around the lake now. And more coming out of the trees! All ages and colors and ethnicities, joining their voices into that symphonic sound.

I returned to my own focus and my own part I was singing and reached my voice up to the highest note that felt comfortable.

I started to vibrate with that note and my body was humming in accordance.

Then, something happened...

(This is the coolest part!)

My consciousness shot out of my body (as if a camera were panning out real quick) and I could see the audio vibrations emanating from our group in harmony. Quite similar to flower blooming, only in clear, slightly rainbow tinted energy. Then, as my perspective opened up to the vantage I had, being free from my body, I saw other "cells" of people, singing in similar manner, on different parts of the land. But my consciousness flew ever higher and soon I could see that the entire continent w/ myriads of "healing" groups "ohming" and pulsing with sound! Indeed, I rose so high that I saw the entire planet. It was blooming with these in-tune "flowers" of communion and love.

And all the time, the light got brighter and brighter around the earth. And as my awareness floated above the earth, I witnessed the sound we all were creating echoing ever so harmoniously throughout the peaceful silence of space.

Then, I woke up.

P.S. I don't think this vision has to stay a dream.

I think it can become a reality.

## Learning Lessons

By Karin Zirk

For those of you who hang out with me, you've heard me share this rap, but I'll reiterate just for the hipstory of it.

The gathering was under siege by the United States Forest Service (USFS) from the late nineties until 2008 with the worst years seeming to be from about 2001 building to the incident in Wyoming in 2008 (where the USFS cops shot pepper spray guns at folks in Kid Village).

During these years, myself and many long time experienced gatherers put most of our time and energy into dealing with the USFS not into dealing with our own internal issues. I'm not saying those of us who did that were right or wrong, I'm just saying that from my point of view that's what happened. I know personally that besides endless permit issues, I spent a lot of time trying to keep my family, especially my young brothers and sisters, from getting arrested. At the time it seemed like a good idea. When I have it to do over again, I may do the same thing only I'll have a different perspective on it.

However, ten years in the gathering is an entire generation. An entire generation of people who started coming to gatherings where main council rarely happened, people weren't willing to step up and focalize things for fear of being labeled a "leader" and going to prison for it like so many of our very wise long time gatherers did. An entire generation where proper sanitation techniques weren't being appropriately shared with new kitchens, where recycling has gone the way of poodle skirts, where people didn't feel main council was a good place to bring their problems, concerns or ideas for the positive evolution of the planet.



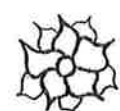
During these years, there was a lot of focus on the "individual" nature of the gathering as proof we shouldn't have to sign a permit and very little focus on the "collective" nature of the gathering. Even though we are individuals, we are also creating a temporary community which has a "collective" nature. I'm not talking in a legal sense because I feel as if trying to define who we are in reaction to law is a losing proposition. We need to define who we are based on our collective and individual visions of what this gathering, this family, this world can become.

Starting in 2009, we started having main council daily from July 1 through 6 (excluding the 4th). (Thank you David and Cody for your hard work in grounding our gathering.) I feel the energy shifting. People are coming and discussing real issues on the land. Nuts and bolts

problems that we need to solve together. We do have a shortage of long time gatherers and especially the "earlies" at main council. The less experienced gatherers are hungry for what you have to share.

The hipstories have returned with people sharing collective stories from 1972 on to the present. We have workshops galore now after years of diminishing workshops.

However, we can't drop our own traditions for ten years and then expect people who never knew them to pick up the moment we stop feeling under siege from the government. Since the spring of 2008, I have created an annual blog for each gathering where I rap about stuff I have learned in my years of gatherings. This is just one way to share the hard won knowledge and wisdom of this family. (*Editor's note: This year's blog can be found at <http://appalachiangathering2012.blogspot.com/>*). I know other people in this family are doing their part to share the wisdom in whatever manner each person sees fit. We really need to ramp this up, but not from a place of, I'm smart and you're dumb, but with this entire history of how we got to this point. Because the problem isn't the less experienced gatherers, its the more experienced ones who dropped the ball (for valid reasons).





Some experienced scouts started a page on Facebook to discuss scouting and share their knowledge with less experienced folks. (Great idea) and the discussions and ideas are flowing freely there on the topic of site selection.

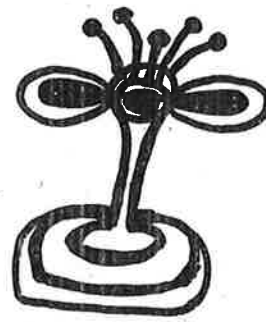
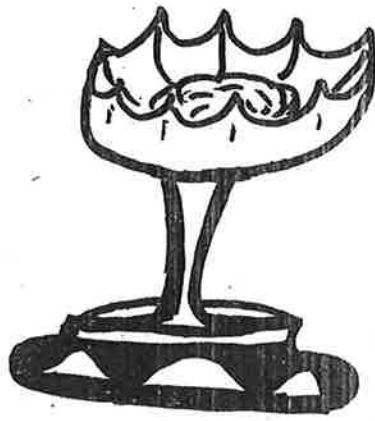
This year specifically, I felt that lack of a site specific Rap 107 contributed to our struggles with keeping people camped back from the creek and not swimming in the creek. It was my understanding that some of the younger family didn't want the environmental impact of the paper. I can respect that position, but we need a very small Rap 107 (printed on 1005 recycled paper) that everyone gets coming in which includes site specific issues like Bull Trout eggs getting ready to hatch - hence we need to protect the creeks. That sure would have save me personally a lot of stress.

I'm sure everyone reading this has other ideas on how we can increase the speed at which people are learning gathering basics and our hipstory. I truly believe this is the heart of the various problems so many people are bitching about. Be the change you wish to see in the world.

Peace out!  
Karin

# Welcome Home





***I may be ragged, but I'm real.***  
—Tony Angel

All these trees  
grew up together,  
dividing up the sunlight,  
sharing the rain,  
giving voice to the wind,  
gradually filling every jigsaw piece of sky  
with interlacing branches  
that welcome all wandering visitors  
into their shelter and shade,  
while everywhere underfoot  
between the hospitable trunks  
that hold our tarps and banners high  
lies a cornucopia of firewood  
for the ovens and bliss fires,  
poles for kitchen rails and bridges,  
sticks for tables and counters,  
twigs for muddy spots on the trail,  
leaves and needles  
to cushion my sleep

*Ping pong in the nude  
across a slab of plywood in the meadow*

I swear I saw you at the Gathering,  
about twenty years old and gorgeous,  
eyes lit up with that mysterious alchemy  
of transmuted sunlight,  
hair dark and wild like a sleeping memory  
of last night's holy bacchanal . . .  
I don't think you recognized me  
But sometimes I only recognize myself  
in the young warriors I pass on the trail,  
staring around shy and amazed  
at this impossible vision  
of tipis and trading blankets and smiling topless sisters,  
a tribal village floating full-blown  
out of the wild reaches of their imaginations,  
settling to earth in the Pennsylvania mud  
before their unbelieving eyes

(and in one of those tipis we heard the saga  
of a busload of hippies who drove from New Mexico  
in a freshly converted biodiesel schoolbus,  
pulling in behind fast-food joints  
instead of the usual truck stops,  
working together like a ship's crew,  
hand-pumping used grease through their filters  
to re-fuel the mothership  
on its maiden voyage,  
their dog happily licking up the spills —)

*Kitchen crew doing "You're So Vain"  
in five-star harmony  
chopping veggies for the stew*

### **Along the Trail from Heart to Heart**

*for Enoah*

*By Stephen Wing*

*39th Rainbow Family Gathering of the Tribes  
July 1-7, 2010, Allegheny Forest, Pennsylvania*

Lights  
cruising the woods at midnight  
mark the invisible trails  
that crisscross the blackness for miles  
around my tent

Early the next morning,  
sitting on my stoop of pine needles and duff  
amid sunlight and leaf-shadow,  
between birdsong and silence,  
I can't help noticing  
the light  
in every passing face

*Duet of saxophone and flute soaring "Somewhere  
Over the Rainbow"  
from the trail above my camp*

Down those trails  
worn smooth by the footprints  
of barefoot wanderers  
we go wandering in our turn,  
my traveling buddy and I,  
over log bridges packed with dried mud,  
two more sets of footsteps  
in the circumambulating parade:  
fire-trolls and water crew,  
supply sherpas and shitter-diggers,  
rainbows and bliss nannies,  
this laughing, ranting, cursing, chanting spectrum of light  
walking upright

*Pineapple pizza coming out of the mud oven  
till the wee hours  
the night we hiked in from Welcome Home*

So where else can you say  
that waiting in line is the best part  
of your day? The old friend  
unseen for many a gathering,  
the new friend who hitched up from Florida  
for his very first one –  
Finally we reach the pushbutton  
hand-wash dispenser,  
the stainless steel pans heaped with pasta,  
the sublime grins of the servers,  
only to realize  
we've spaced out our plates and spoons somewhere  
back along the trail . . .

"Some things can only be achieved  
by retroactive planning,"  
my traveling buddy explains

The water here  
converges in wandering streams  
from the mountainsides  
that flank this valley,  
seeps up through the mud  
under sandals and boots and bare toes,  
hangs in steamy clouds of humidity,  
drips in branching runnels of sweat  
down painted faces and tattooed torsos,  
saturating tie-dyes and halter tops and sarongs,  
flows cold and muddy  
almost bellybutton-deep  
between naked bodies at the swimming hole,  
runs steadily from the circular lips  
of black waterpipe  
into the circular cups and containers  
of grateful humans  
taking our turn in the water cycle  
that keeps us all alive

*A portable massage table headed into Kid Village  
for a "house call"  
as we head out after lunch*

That joyriding helicopter  
buzzing our six square miles of meadows and trails,  
burning precious hydrocarbons  
and fouling the atmosphere  
can't disturb the quiet breathing of these woods,  
can't interrupt the levity  
of fiddle and mandolin,  
the happy chatter of the kitchens,  
raucous drumming and hoots of laughter  
across the valley –

Even the one that circles low above the treetops  
on the morning of the Fourth  
as if under orders  
to desecrate our sacred morning of silence  
finally fades away,  
leaving the forest twice as quiet as before

(and later that day we heard the saga  
of the kid who climbed the wrong tree  
in the dark hour before daylight,  
the dead branch that cracked under his weight,  
his broken pelvis and fractured skull,  
the medivac pilot who didn't trust the meadow  
so refused to land until a ground crew had hiked in  
to confirm safe landing –)

"Anybody got some helicopter repellent I could borrow?"  
asks my traveling buddy

The power of the drum not played,  
cradled under one arm  
down the trail to Main Meadow,  
idly caressed beside the warm ash  
of last night's boogie fire,  
all that leashed thunder held in check  
till the moment for celebration arrives –  
the power of this deliberate silence  
voicing a momentary absence of rancor and rivalry,  
the song of a deep listening,  
a loving drumroll of quiet,  
brainwaves and heartbeats aligned  
with the millennial meridians of the Earth,  
a peaceful, breathing presence  
of sunlight and silence . . .

The silence is sacred  
because we make it so:  
by discipline and attention,  
reverence and respect,  
aware that our one small particle of choice  
compounds with thousands of others  
into one huge fern-carpeted,  
tree-buttressed, sky-roofed cathedral  
of pure intent –  
a temple to the planetwide convergence  
of vision and will  
that must someday calm the noisy world  
of killer drones and car bombs  
and death camps (real ones, not just pretend)

*Been rebelling against authority  
for 39 years now, long enough  
to have our own rebels  
disturbing the peace meditation on the Fourth*

So where was I exactly  
when I set down my dish  
and went on a quest for fresh hot dishwater?  
"Not all who wander are lost,"  
goes my motto this gathering:  
"some of us only lost our stuff . . ."  
Of course I'll never find it  
till I stand in the uphill corner of the kitchen  
and holler it out –  
"Right over there by the dish station,"  
someone casually informs me



"We're doing this on the sly,"  
my traveling buddy quips to a pretty young sister  
who joins us to scrub a few pots,  
"pretending we're doing a job we don't like . . ."

Go, team, go!  
The barefoot warriors  
who haul the food in, the garbage out,  
some exhausted mama's gear  
up and down these trails,  
the kitchen ogres and dinner-circle servers,  
radio-carriers and Info crew,  
not to mention a perimeter of warriors  
parking the cars,  
driving the supply trucks, dealing  
with the occasional armed gang in uniform,  
working the courtroom in Erie  
an hour's drive away,  
making this whole peaceable assembly thing possible  
down here in the valley

(and somewhere along the trail we heard the saga  
of the weeping young sister busted for heroin  
disguised in a bottle of Alleve,  
how a family attorney suggested the cops  
might want to pick up a sealed bottle  
of their own from any drugstore,  
how the head cop broke open a pill  
with the butt of his flashlight, scattering clouds  
of white powder everywhere,  
and how it too tested positive -)

*The only snake I saw this Gathering  
was somebody's pet, peeking anxiously  
out of her shoulderbag*

Every trail here is a spiritual path,  
a rambling journey  
from heart to heart, hug to hug:  
every person we meet  
is a fresh destination,  
every passing glance a potential detour  
through airports or alleyways,  
online avatars or ancient  
incarnations:  
every conversation is an odyssey  
of chance companions  
across the watersheds and divides  
of some legendary continent  
long ago swallowed by the sea:  
every fork along our way is a choice  
between parallel dimensions,  
colliding tectonic plates  
or galactic clusters,  
every camp or kitchen where we linger  
a supernova of stories,  
songs, laments, visions, memories,  
each left behind in its turn  
on our daily pilgrimage  
from daylight to starlight . . .

A long "Om" sounding through the trees  
from the neighborhood next door

At every stop for rest  
on our way up the long steep trail,  
another rustic, peaceful view  
down through the woods . . .

Looking back into the heart of the Gathering  
from my mossy stump  
or fallen log, all I can see is trees  
but the invisible valley below swells and surges like the sea  
with a jubilant pandemonium,  
voices, drums, dogs . . .

With every step the birds grow louder,  
the noises fade behind us -  
then suddenly out of nowhere an electric guitar,  
and a dude strides by  
hugging a monster boombox,  
missing everything the birds keep  
patiently repeating

"I swear that cart has put on about twenty pounds  
since we started up this hill,"  
my traveling buddy pants

And all at once without warning we're in the car,  
doors slam, engine revs,  
driving back into the vast, oblivious,  
infinitely obnoxious boombox  
of the world

*Yet even there, if we pay attention,  
under every yard of gravel and asphalt and concrete  
we can detect a trace  
of an ancient trail  
that leads unerringly always  
to another heart -  
another hug - another  
home*



Feather Hammond told this story during a Hipstory Telling at the Vermont Gathering.



My name is Feather, and I'm going to tell a little story about the first Rainbow Gathering back in Granby Colorado in '72. The spot where we all gathered to pray on the Fourth was a beautiful mountaintop called Table Mountain, nearby the campsite, it was 8 miles away. It was a mountain held sacred to many tribes in the area, and from that spot you could see out in all directions snow-capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains.

So we wanted to go to that spot to pray for peace. A lot of people started the night of the 3rd, walking from camp carrying candles, having a silent prayer vigil, walking to Table Mountain. I joined in with a lot of folks who were doing that, and got to Table Mountain about dawn, and slowly walked up to the top of Table Mountain with hundreds and hundreds, thousands of people who were silently gathering on the mountain.

And it was such a beautiful experience being with so many people and having this kind of a thing happen in a very spontaneous way. People were really focused on this prayer and respecting each other, everyone's differences, by all agreeing to keep silent so each can pray in their own way, for world peace, and give honor and gratitude for all the energy that's been put for that. And there were children and dogs and people in wheelchairs and just all kinds of people who gathered on that mountain, that first Fourth of July that we all gathered together.

And all through the morning as more and more people gathered the silence was held and the prayer, the energy became more and more pure, more and more focused, and gathered an incredible energy. Everyone was really touched by it. Many many religions or beliefs or different ways people perceive the Spirit, everyone was able to express that in their own way.

And then I guess it must have been midafternoon, at some point, when finally the silence just spontaneously began to be broken by the sound of people singing, chanting, praying, laughing—just in the most spontaneous way, just a celebration of many prayers all together and blending many different ways for peace on earth. And all through the afternoon this continued, this prayer and celebration in many tongues, many ways.

And then late in the afternoon a lot of folks started heading back down the hill to go back to camp. I felt really drawn to stay there as long as I possibly could. So I thought well, I might as well cruise around and see if I can find any garbage and help pick up anything that might be left.

So I ran across a group of folks who were sitting way up, further up on the mountain. They were sitting by this large pile of stones that had been gathered from many lands and placed there by people that had read the invitation to the first Gathering; it talked about everyone bringing a stone from a different land and placing it on this pile.

Well I happened just to have a little stone in my pocket that I'd been carrying to do that, so I put mine on the pile. And there was turquoise and antelope antlers and an old saxophone that someone had found and just all kinds of things on this pile of rocks, and a group of people sitting around talking together and sharing; and Barry Plunker came over or was there with his plunker and he told the story about the Rainbow Pied Together, the story of how Freedom managed to lead the children to happiness and safety, and to free them from the wraths of greed and hatred and anger.

And then there were a few of us who decided—we didn't even decide, it just happened, we just kept climbing higher up on the mountain as it was getting toward sunset. We went all the way up on the very top of the ridge, as high as we could go. Barry found a conga drum and I found a sleeping bag on the way. There were about six of us and we sat way up high on the ridge, and Barry was playing the drum and we were all chanting and singing and watching the sunset, and just feeling the energy of what had happened that day so strongly; everyone just felt to be pure channels of that love and light and celebration and joy that we all felt from sharing that together.

Then just as it was getting to be twilight—I'd had my eyes closed, I was chanting

and listening to the drum and feeling really clear about what we'd been doing. And I opened my eyes and I saw this, what I thought was a star. It looked like the evening star, really bright, just a really bright clear star close to the horizon.

And then as I sat looking at it, it looked like it was coming closer, getting brighter—and then I realized that it actually was and it was getting really close, and it looked like it was actually entering into the valley that we were in—still a long ways away. And it was just as bright and as clear, a clear white blue light, as I'd ever seen, as bright as I'd ever seen the morning star actually. And then it got even closer and as I watched, just transfixed by this star, all of a sudden a voice started speaking to me. And the voice said:

*"We are your brothers and sisters. We are one with you in peace and light. We just want you to know that we totally support what you're doing, and we want you to know that we're here to help you. And what has happened, this prayer that has happened today, has raised the planetary vibration of the whole planet, and it's extremely important that this work for peace be continued. We'd like to let ourselves be known to you more directly, but we can't at this time. The world's not quite ready for it. But we want you to know that we're here, we're helping you, you know we're always here for you. And that if anything should come down, we will be there to help you. And don't be afraid of anything, not even death, nothing should you be afraid of, but just continue to do this work for world peace. And if it ever comes down really heavy, we'll be there, because we won't allow the human race to be totally wiped out from the earth."*

The whole message probably took 45 seconds or whatever, I'm not sure what. And as soon as they finished saying that, I just watched and the light just zapped out, the star was just gone, just vanished. It didn't like take off or fade out or anything, it just zapped right out. And I looked around and everybody else was still chanting and singing and drumming and praying. Nobody else had seen it or heard it but me. And for a long time I didn't even tell anybody about the experience, but it was something that personally gave me a lot of encouragement.

It's important, you know, to share it with other people, and maybe other folks have had similar experiences, or encouragements, and we could all put it together and see how we can keep working on this peace on earth and keeping the Rainbow Gatherings happening and spreading throughout the world, with love. Thanks.

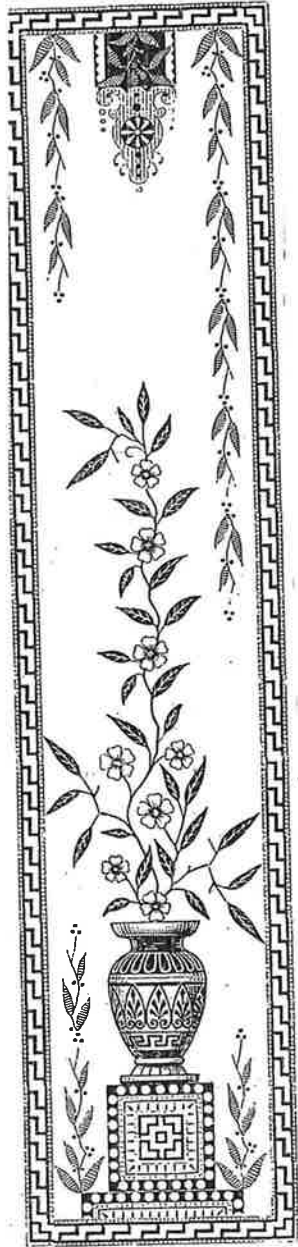
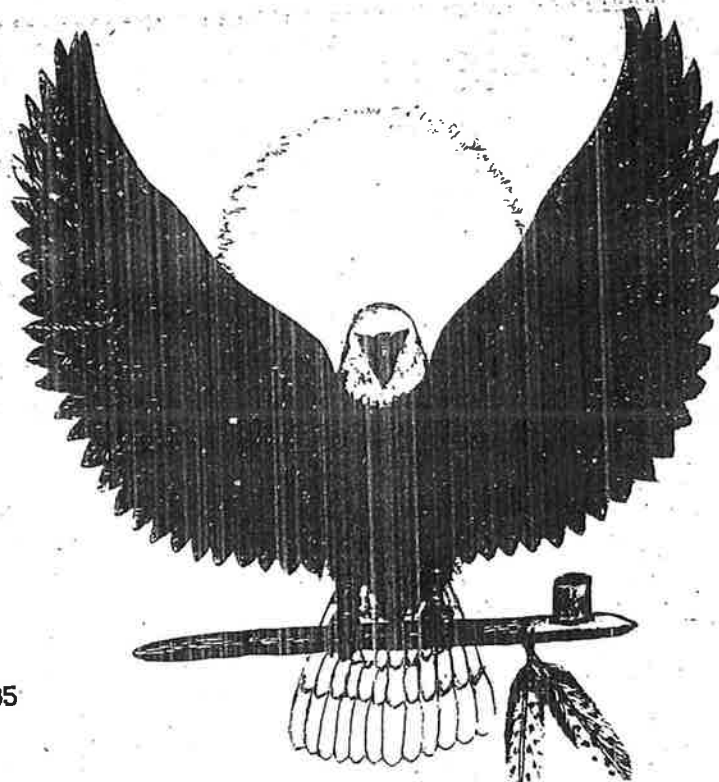


Fig. 2.—Iris, the rainbow goddess, carrying a child. From an ancient vase. (Reproduced from Roehrer.)



### The Cave

**The People are in shock.  
Healers  
Slap them in the face,  
Snap their fingers  
And say:**

**YOU WILL WAKE UP  
NOW!**

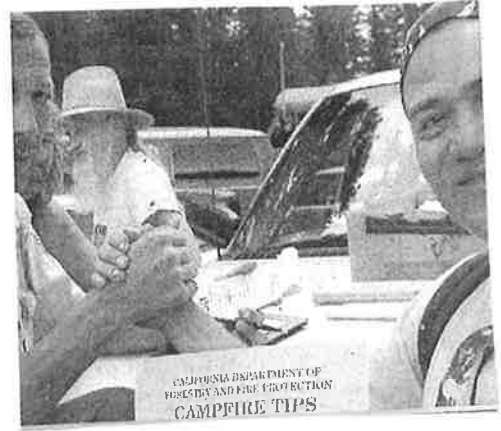
**Ruminations on the Sounds and Songs of the Rainbow  
or Sometimes known as Chewin' the Cud on Dat Der  
Music in the Woods...**

*By Tenali*

Songs cannot be owned. They are passed like a torch, hand to hand, generation to generation, a shimmering glimpse into the halcyon days that never go away. From the Industrial Revolution to the Information Revolution, and despite the what ifs of the world, the song continues to breathe as a luminous synesthesia, the guiding light that bears our streams of precious memories and precious times, precious songs and precious lives.

At some point in the 90s I realized how rainbow appeared to be primarily an oral tradition and phenomenon with rich stories that abound within everyone who has attended a gathering over the last 40 years or so. I think that preserving a traditions song reveals the various aesthetics of the human family, and music is an immediate and engaging expression for some of the deepest emotions that we share. For better or worse, and in thanks to all the performers, I have attempted to preserve a few of the oral jewels that rainbow has offered to the land, to the people and to the world.

Alan Lomax, the famed ethnomusicologist, folk song archivist and so on, wrote in a letter in 1954 "Music for most people, not professional musicians, is more than melody, rhythm and words-it's what kind of voice the singer uses, the way he holds his body, and it's when and how and where the song is sung. All this learned and transmitted from generation to generation... The primary function of music is



to remind the listener that he belongs to one certain part of the human race, comes from a certain region, belongs to a certain generation."

Music from the rainbow may appear to be incongruous and inconsequential, and sometimes it is, but there are unique moments when it all comes together and every whisper, sneeze, chuckle, cricket, crackling fire, or what have you, clasps hands with the song, collectively carrying a communion of exquisite sound permeating through the trees, freckled like fireflies, and flickering to the stars above. Exquisitely going from here till here is there.

When I stroll through a gathering, the ephemeral and fugacious sounds trickle from camp to camp, kitchen to kitchen, campfire to campfire, trail to trail and creek to creek. Occasionally, a surreptitious sound bite wisps itself upon the atmosphere and tickles the frontal lobes, becoming a delightful decoration amongst the daily sounds of kitchen workers, wood haulers, forest creatures, nonsensical howlers, the cacophony of dogs and whatever else. Speaking of sound bites, I always thought we should be collecting a catalog of rainbow sound bites, you never know, we may find some winners. Hint Hint...

Musical perfection aside, there are some inspired performances shared at a gathering, and the rugged wilderness environment finds a way into the recorded song, acting as a guide and reminding us all of the importance of gathering in a non-commercial setting. Well, maybe. I don't want to be too presumptuous, but for me, field recording in a spontaneous, random and non-commercial environment is a rewarding and engaging adventure with an infinite and fresh opportunity. I do hope that these audible nuggets of time offer you a multiplicity of connections, wonderment, paths, directions, inspirations and love. If nothing else, they are an aural curiosity with its very own constellation.

And remember folks, especially you newbies, it takes heaps of hard and dedicated work to pull a wholesome gathering off. Lend a hand, when you can, especially because you never know when you might meet someone laying water line or chopping onions who will become a friend for life. Building a network of friends, family, and community, both locally and globally, will always be a treasured chestnut and strength as we approach the ups and downs in the days ahead. And despite the typical feuds that occur within the rainbow network, may our diverse skills and talents continue to rise above and shine wherever a shine is needed. Thanks to all of you that carry the spirit of working hard and playing hard, you know who you are.

For further reading and to listen to and/or download all of the field recordings I have made, check out [musicfromtherainbow.org](http://musicfromtherainbow.org)

FIG. 3.—Iris and the rainbow as depicted on a Greek airmail stamp (No. 773) of 1933-1937.



Decriminalize Pothibition Now

The current escalating government run war-on-pot & other "controlled substances" (drugs) is really a battle to control minds & emotions (don't be altered or go mad), as such as using laws to support the drug & corrections industries. Prisons employ 1,000's of military minded, while threatening the masses for breaking laws. It's true cops protect the property-owning (tax-paying) class, but blaming them for pothibition is misplaced protest. We must get to the root & cause of the pot-war rather than play the politics of blame, seeking why some people fear, and some want and use pot. I think both fears are really similar to the anti-sexual obscenity laws against nudity and public-sexing, helping sell the unnatural sexy cover-ups (fashion).

But what causes these fear-ridden laws enforcing conformity? Most adults are afraid of losing control of their mind, body and emotions (tho few enjoy it), expanding their consciousness now. So, like parents blaming kids for upsetting them, pot-laws and pot fears are projecting blame outside for (I think) fear of losing control of self and or others. However, the persecution of pot is really big-business to keep millions depending on drugs and media. You can't sell free-love or free-pot (home-grown), but unnatural sex is like drugs, marketable and profitable. Home-grown pot is like home-made solar-energy, both can liberate us from the inflating costs of depending on power (or drug) industry, but laws forbid or discourage them. However, depending on pot to relax is as unnatural as fearing it.

Reefer-madness, the fear of pot, could be caused by our parents making us fear laws or fear getting loose, wild or out of control, psychedelic. Pot-heads fear of getting busted is projecting fear on authorities, and fear of pot is a projection of the fear of nature (the dark, unknown and shocking). Our pot-laws are symbolic of cultural-mind-control thru government most fear. In fact most adults don't even doubt arresting people for having or growing herbs (science says are medicinal and not dangerous), plants that we use to relax in a stressful society is absurd. We need a vast cultural enlightenment to liberate us from pot fears, probably by recognizing Mother Nature as the supplier of our resources. Pot-heads are too mellow to get mad over pot-laws.

Mycall Stranda



WHAT IS FREE AND WHAT IS CASH

by Gerrick Beck

Most of us involved in the Rainbow work year-round in one way or another earning our keep-as Adam and Eve were bound to after the fall-but fall from grace by the sweat of our brow. We try to make it as decently as possible, by trading our crafts, by creating our arts, by working with the earth, by providing services that aid our fellow humans, etc. But the money system is so tied into the banks, the government, the armed protection of our states, the exploitation of natural resources- inflation, interest, rent raises, taxes, that it is hard as can be to get by decently, surrounded as we are by the rat-race crush toward success and its dollar-sign gratification.

When we come to the Rainbow Gatherings we are accepting that a vision of how it can be-in a world where "love is all you need," where cooperation not competition is what we have among us and where we can-if even for a moment in the sun-be free of the chains society throws over us.

The buying and selling that go on at the Gathering are the biggest hole in our pocket. The buying and selling of beads, blouses, books, candy bars, sacraments, at the Gathering, deny the basic principles of Rainbow Consciousness just as do damaging the earth and violence.

In fact, the primary single most debilitating factor that differentiates these Gatherings from all other human events is that these Gatherings are held for FREE: the entry is free, the food is free, the healing is free, the labor that sets up and cleans up is freely given, the entertainment is free, the workshops are free, and so on.

If we as a People, if we as individuals, do not stop the buying and selling that goes on we will lose the whole Gathering. We will find people selling us their close-in parking spaces; we will find people selling us housing; we will find people selling us shuttle rides; we will find the government devaluing money (lots of money) free as far as their right to gather on account of the spreading commercial nature of the Gathering; we will find police busts within the Gathering perimeter; and lastly and most sad we will find that the brotherhood and sisterhood that comes to these events loses interest because the Gatherings will have lost their unique quality.

Think about it. The traders circle has done little if anything to stop the spread of commercialism. True, there have been some attempts but those have never worked. The council too, has brought up the issue, reached agreed upon proposals but the sellers generally have not cooperated.

The only hope is for everyone concerned to take action: an active, clear, vocal boycott of anyone doing commercial business at the family's Gathering. Honor them, preach to them, teach them, occupy them, confront them each and every and at all times when people come to our family cathedral and try to sell us goods. It is only by sharing that we will get out of the pit the rest of the world is in.

It is only by sharing that Adam and Eve can undo the old myth & get back into the garden where we rightfully belong.

When our brother and sister shows up, from the front gate to the trail here we want to share a certainty that in Real Life is beyond the rule and rules of Violence, Prejudice and Cash.

II

Years ago in the early days of these Gatherings we printed a booklet called The Rainbow Oracle. In it was an article titled "What is Free and What is Trade?" which asked many questions and drew a few conclusions. Among them was the idea that trading between two individuals in a single unique situation was within these people's free rights; but this is a far cry from persons coming to the Gathering with any form of commercial intent. It is far far from persons selling wares or wendings or real-estate or what ever it is called sacraments. It is far away from rainbow buttons or rainbow doilies (no matter how slick or organic) being sold in the meadows and at the front gate.

Everyone involved has their special story, their "deal," their "costs," but so do we all: the people who bring the giant kitchenware bring it to share, the people who bring the medicines and bandages and shelters have their own costs to bear, the people who drop money in the hat do it out of love for the whole of us, and the people who come and give it away are the meadows.

When we come to the Gathering, between us and the rest of the world there is a spiritual place, and when we cross that place into the place within, within the Gathering, we are entering sacred ground-only if we make it that way and only if we keep it that way.

The government loves it when we trade for cash. They love seeing our money diluted by their maw. And they watch us carefully. We have recorded the federates again and again photographing the exchange of cash, noting it in their notebooks. They have every intention of using this evidence of our "commercial use of public lands" against us. So then this is validation that we are not a spiritual family in our natural temple. They would love to see the use of money overrun our free environment.

If we try to police our operations we will only drive the sales and purchases into underground. Again, our sole hope is for grassy conversation on a very sensitive, direct level that relentlessly communicates these ideas until they are strongly understood by enough of us. Then we can continue toward our long-term goals of evolving a fundamentally free and beautiful future.



We are now engaged in a revolution. The most peaceful revolution on Turtle Island.

The blood of our revolution was first split several hundred years ago.

It is because of this that our spiritual and political rights are protected by the American Constitution, (the birth of Freedom as practiced on this planet).

It is because of this Constitution and the blood that was shed to gain it that we can wage a peaceful/nonviolent revolution in order to maintain, retain and regain our rights, liberties and freedoms.

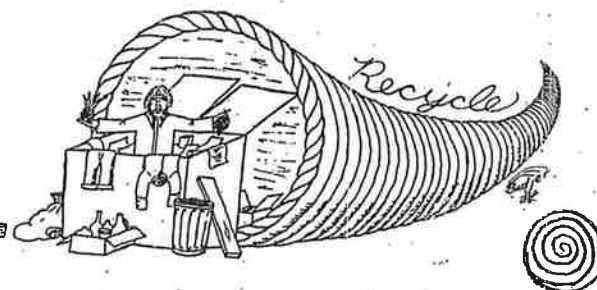
The bureaucratic beast that someone died and left in charge of our heritage has gone and created a policy that all but abolishes the Constitution of the United States of America and is now prepared to regulate and in some manner or other permit our thoughts, ideas and expressions and/or exchange thereof.

This policy, which, has the effect of law was created because some of us exercised our rights to our heritage. All you anti-politicos keep in mind that you too stirred the political shit and now it stinks.

Now if we do not deal with it in an intelligent, legal/political, realistic manner we will have succeeded in doing for the usurpers what they for centuries have been attempting...a loss of liberty and freedoms to generations to come.

Remember "Freedom comes with responsibility and only responsible people are free."

May you always be free  
Love and light  
Stephen Principle



Reprinted from All Ways Free, Summer 1988



Soon you will encounter a whole new world of opportunity.

You are entering a time of great promise and overdue rewards.



An investment in enthusiasm ought to start to pay off.

# DRAGON

304, 1916, 1928, 1940, 1952, 1964, 1976, 1988, 2000. 2012  
You are eccentric and your life complex. You have a very passionate nature and abundant health. Marry a Monkey or Rat late in life. Avoid the Dog.

The RAINBOW is our sign, all the colors of creation in a single harmonious arc, springing in beauty and diversity from the One Light

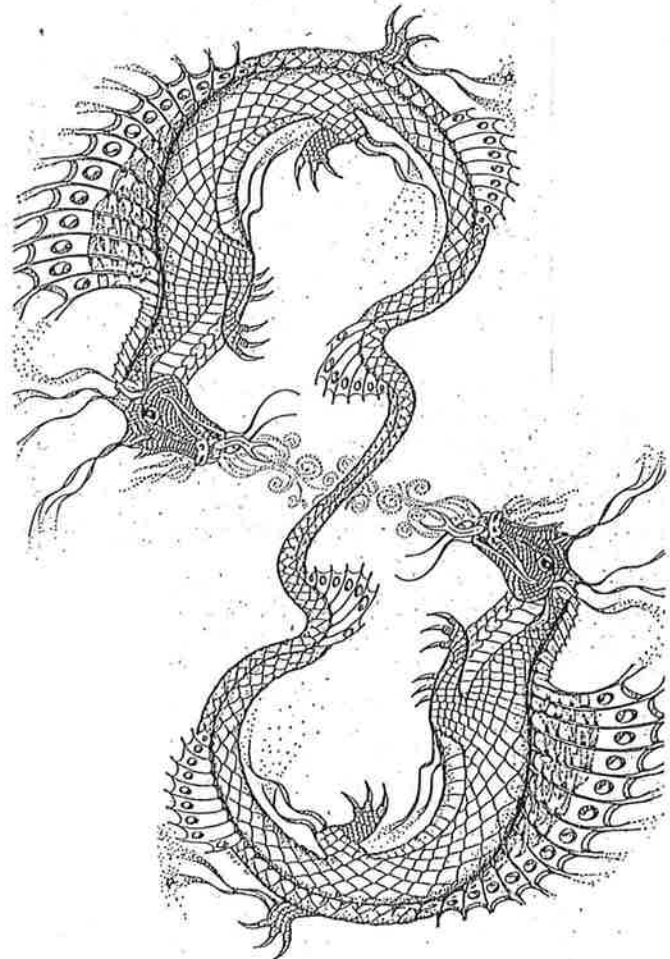
Our FAMILY extends across all human boundaries, embracing all children of the Mother as brothers and sisters under the One Love

We practice LIVING the LIGHT we speak of, remembering to honor the Spirit in one another, remembering to live lightly on our Mother Earth

WORLD PEACE is not only our prayer on the 4th of July, but a living potential we bring to life by offering our best example of cooperation and respect to the world

The HEALING we receive in this beautiful wild place, too, is a gift we gratefully pass on, in all the ways humans give, as we follow our medicine paths back to the world

In GATHERING we discover again the ancient sacredness of coming together in praise and gratitude, to celebrate our human ties and our link to the One Heart of creation





“The Ninja Biker Rides”  
or  
“A True Outlaw Rises”  
or  
“The Lady with a Baby”

*Reprinted from All Ways Free, Summer 1992*

On a quite uneventful afternoon while we're relaxing at the Yuppie Scum Camp, the radio cracks, "11-year-old with knife terrorizing Dance New England Camp."

After a mad dash (reasonable trot) with a slow-down to pick up the Public Defender, we arrive at a relatively calm Dance Camp (loudly gossiping suburbanites is "relatively calm").

After attempting to gather facts, but obtaining instructions ("Get the Forest Service and arrest this kid, he has to learn a lesson"), and interviewing the adults in the kitchen, we get the story:

A Yuppie lady with a baby who prefixed and suffixed every statement and partial statement with "this kid has to learn a lesson," advised us that the kid (about 11) dressed in black, on a black bike with a big knife just rode into the little children's play area and threatened them with a big knife and then rode off from whence he came, yelling.

After failing to achieve clear communication with the yuppie suburbanites and assuring the "Lady with the Baby" that the incident would be looked into and the situation dealt with, I wandered over to the little children's play area.

The children weren't afraid, hurt or shocked. They were awed. Their swing ropes were dangling, cut off.

The big knife attack, no doubt.

As I had tried to discuss with the "Lady with the Baby," there had to be more to what had happened than I was being told, but when you're concerned with a lesson to be learned by someone else you might not be aware of all that is happening or has happened.

It is one thing to point out a rash act as wrong—it is a whole other matter to determine the circumstances and honorability of said act.

Anyway, according to the little children in their play area, a boy in black, on a black bike, rode up, jumped off, said "hi," and while mumbling dumb stuff (bar-room slang, no doubt), cut down and/or off the ropes, left the play area and while yelling more dumb stuff (slang again, no doubt) at the New England Kitchen area, got on his bike and rode off.

Well, it seems what happened was this:

Aum Na Ma had gotten together some "really fine" manila hemp rope and tied it up for swings in the New England kids' play area.

Then some "Big Dance New England Hippie" decided that the "really fine" rope was of better use somewhere else for some unspecified purpose, and when "Big Hippie" was told "No," he (speculation) obviously came back later and took down the "really fine" rope and replaced it with plastic ski rope.

As you can guess, this was an insult to a young warrior and hurt him that a big professed Brother would take from the "little children" something good that was given to them and leave them with garbage.

This is not what we profess and teach our children, let alone do.

And now you know the rest of the story. Our meek, loving, hurt, younger brother went into a phone booth (to call the Forest Service and have the thief arrested to teach him/her a lesson, no doubt) and instead came out a black clad Ninja Warrior (on the path to Rainbow Warriorhood) complete with calf knife and black bike, and rode (to teach a lesson, no doubt) to Dance New England Camp (like Paul Revere) with a message, no doubt.

And, "Lady," it was "your Baby" he was fighting for!

And, "Big Hippie," be thankful it was a young warrior who rode with "the message," and if you still are missing the message: It is unacceptable behavior to take from the children, little or young.

As for the rest of us, when did our children stop coming first?

As for Aum Na Ma, next time come to me and maybe we can get the Mari Zero to go with you with a "really big knife," to talk with (no doubt) the yuppie suburbanites who seem to put wealth first and the "little children" last. (Only kidding, I think?)

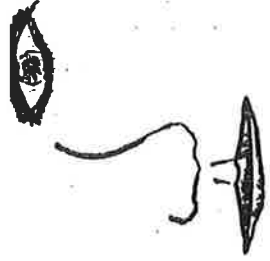
Anyway, you did the honorable thing (in a rash manner, maybe?) and I would be a proud "father" indeed if my son Aodem grows up with as much heart and determination as you exhibited that day.

With respect, may you always be free.

I love you.

Love and Light,

Stephen (Principle, no doubt)



THE SISTERS AND BROTHERS, MENTORS OF LIGHT, FRIENDS OF THE EARTH, AND OTHERS WHO HAVE GATHERED TOGETHER TO BRING ABOUT A CHANGE IN THE WAY WE LIVE AND THINK. WE ARE INVITING EVERYONE TO JOIN US IN A JOURNEY OF DISCOVERY AND GROWTH. WE ARE OFFERING A PLACE FOR ALL TO SHARE THEIR VIEWS AND EXPERIENCES. WE ARE OFFERING A PLACE FOR ALL TO LEARN AND GROW. WE ARE OFFERING A PLACE FOR ALL TO BE HEARD. WE ARE OFFERING A PLACE FOR ALL TO BE SEEN. WE ARE OFFERING A PLACE FOR ALL TO BE LOVED. WE ARE OFFERING A PLACE FOR ALL TO BE FREE. WE ARE OFFERING A PLACE FOR ALL TO BE WHOLE. WE ARE OFFERING A PLACE FOR ALL TO BE ONE.

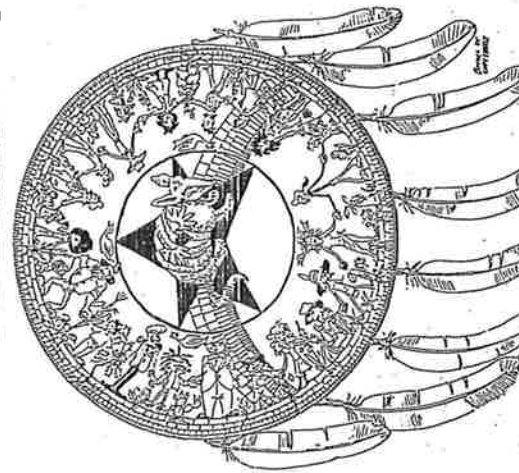


JULY 1-7, 1988.

HEALING

17th ANNUAL RAINBOW FAMILY  
GREAT GATHERING

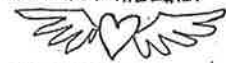
RAINBOW-MINI-MANUAL 1987



ALL TRASH IS SEPARATED FOR RECYCLING. RECYCLING DEPOTS ARE COLOR CODED. RED - METAL AND ALUMINUM ORANGE - GLASS YELLOW - BURNABLES (NOT PLASTIC) GREEN - COMPOST BLUE - PLASTIC INDIGO - LOST AND FOUND VIOLET - FREE BOX

CAMP SITES ARE DISMANTLED AND "DISAPPEARED." PATHS ARE AERATED AND BARE SPOTS RE-SEEDED. POTENTIAL EROSION SPOTS ARE BANKED. A CLEAN-UP KITCHEN IS LAST DOWN AND CONTINUES TO SERVE MEALS TO VOLUNTEER CLEAN-UP CREWS. IN A YEAR'S TIME YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO TELL THAT A

SMALL TOWN FULL OF PEOPLE HAD LIVED HERE FOR WEEKS. IN ALL THINGS WE WALK LIGHTLY ON THE LAND.



WITH THANKS TO THE HUNDREDS OF CONTRIBUTORS WHO WROTE THIS BOOKLET.

Revised June 1987

FOR WIDEST POSSIBLE CIRCULATION.

**NOT TO BE SOLD!**

(This not a rulebook! It is a document of the growth of a process. Revisions are by consensus. Rainbow Council only.)



HI; THIS RAINBOW MINI-MANUAL IS INTENDED TO INTRODUCE NEWCOMERS TO THE BIG PICTURE. NOTHING WRITTEN HERE IS THE FINAL WORD ON ANY SUBJECT. EACH PARAGRAPH ONLY SKETCHES AN OUTLINE OF A PIECE OF THE PUZZLE IN ORDER TO DEM-

ONSTRATE THE PROCESS BEHIND IT ALL. YOU MUST FILL IN THE DETAILS YOURSELF. FUTURE EDITIONS WILL REFLECT LESSONS LEARNED FROM THIS ONE. THIS BOOKLET REFLECTS THE THINKING AND EXPERIENCE OF MANY PEOPLE. MEDITATE ON THIS, THE RAINBOW GATHERING IS A FUTURE SOCIETY IN PROCESS! ONCE YOU HAVE PARTICIPATED IN ONE YOU WILL LOOK AT THE WORLD IN A DIFFERENT LIGHT!



TO WORKERS. SHITEAS ARE DUG, AND WATER LINES SET. THIS WILL BECOME THE CENTER OF AN ENCAMPMENT TWO OR THREE MILES FROM END TO END. GATHERINGS HAVE BEEN ATTENDED BY AS MANY AS 20,000 PEOPLE AT PEAK.

HOWDY FOLKS! WHEN A SITE IS CHOSEN, THE HOWDY FOLKS INVITATION GOES OUT TO FOCALIZERS LISTED IN THE DIRECTORY. THE HOWDY FOLKS IS COPIED DOZENS OF TIMES AND PASSED AROUND. WE INVITE EVERYONE, EVERYWHERE, TO JOIN US IN OUR VISION. HOWDY FOLKS AND WORD OF MOUTH ARE THE MAIN MEANS USED TO PROMOTE THE GATHERING.

HUGS AND INFO. IT IS HERE NEW GATHERERS FIRST SEE RAP 107 (READ AND HEED!) ALL WEAPONS AND ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES STOP HERE. IT IS MAIN GATE WHERE FOLK LEARN THEY ARE ABOUT TO ENTER LIBERATED TERRITORY. KITCHENS:

ONCE YOU HAVE WITNESSED A SILENT FOREST GLADE BECOME A BUSTLING KITCHEN COOPERATIVELY RUN BY VOLUNTEERS PASSING-OUT THOUSANDS OF NUTRITIOUS FREE MEALS AND THEN BECOME AN UNDISTURBED FOREST GLADE AGAIN, YOU'LL KNOW WHAT WE MEAN WHEN WE SAY MAGIC DID IT!

EACH PERSON NEEDS THEIR OWN CUP, BOWL, AND

SPOON. WASH BUCKETS, INCLUDING A BLEACH DIP, PREVENT THE SPREAD OF GERMS.

C.A.L.M. / M.A.S.H. CENTER FOR ALTERNATIVE LIVING MEDICINE. IN THIS WOUNDED WORLD MANY OF OUR FAMILY COME TO THE GATHERING IN NEED OF HEALING. CALM PROVIDES FREE HEALTH CARE, HEALING WORKSHOPS, A WOMAN'S CENTER, AN HERBAL APOTHECARY, AND COUNSELING TO ALL IN NEED. LOOK FOR THE LARGE TENTS STAFFED WITH RAINBOW DOCTORS, NURSES AND OTHER MEDICINE PEOPLE. MASH PROVIDES FIELD CARE AND AN EVAC UNIT, WITH

KIDS ARE A CENTRAL FOCUS OF THE GATHERING!

**BUS VILLAGE:**  
FOR SOME A SCHOOL BUS IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF. FOR OTHERS IT IS ONLY A STARTING POINT. MANY IN OUR FAMILY ARE NOMADS. EACH YEAR AN AREA IS SET ASIDE WHERE THEIR MOVING HOMES CONGREGATE TO FORM ONE OF THE MOST COLORFUL CAMPSITES AT THE GATHERING. (AND THAT'S SAYING SOMETHING!)

**TRADE CIRCLE**  
THE MUTUAL EXCHANGE OF GIFTS IS ENCOURAGED. MONEY CHANGING IN THE TEMPLE IS NOT. CRAFTS-PEOPLE OPEN SPREAD

**BLANKETS AND TRADE CRYSTALS, FEATHERS, AND HAND CARVED AMULETS.**

**ALL WAYS FREE:**  
EACH YEAR A DIFFERENT GROUP FORMS A COUNCIL AND UNDERTAKES TO PUBLISH THE PAPER. ALL WAYS FREE IS A TOTALLY OPEN FORUM FOR ALL FAMILY MEMBERS TO SPEAK THEIR MINDS. THE PAPER TAKES STORIES, LETTERS, POEMS AND ART. IT DOES NOT TAKE ADS OR SELL SUBSCRIPTIONS. WRITE FOR US! IT IS DISTRIBUTED FREE AT THE GATHERING BUT IS SUPPORTED BY CONTRIBUTIONS, AND IF YOU SEND FOR IT PASS

**CONSENSUS:**  
ALL MAJOR DECISIONS ARE BY CONSENSUS. THAT IS, NO ACTION IS TAKEN ON A PROPOSAL UNTIL A CLEAR STATEMENT OF IT HAS BEEN SPOKEN... AND NO ONE HAS BLOCKED CONSENSUS. EVERYONE IS GIVEN AN OPPORTUNITY TO SPEAK, THOUGH LONG-WINDED OR IRRELEVANT SPEAKERS MAY BE CUT OFF BY THE FACILITATORS. A FEATHER IS PASSED TO DESIGNATE THE SPEAKER-WE RESPECT THE PERSON HOLDING THE FEATHER WITH SILENCE.

SHANTI-SENA  
SHANTI-SENA MEANS 'PEACE CENTER'. PEOPLE WHO FEEL THAT THEIR CONTRIBUTION LIES IN



**WELCOME HOME!**  
THE RAINBOW FAMILY OF LIVING LIGHT WELCOMES YOU TO OUR FAMILY GATHERING - A PLACE WHERE PEOPLE CO-OPERATE NOT COMPETE. EACH YEAR THE FAMILY HOLDS THE GATHERING, A TOTALLY FREE NON-COMMERCIAL SHARING OF OUR LIVES AND SACRED HEARTS, IN THE CATHEDRAL OF NATURE FOR THE HEALING OF THE EARTH:  
THERE IS NO AUTHORITARIAN HIERARCHY HERE. IT WORKS BECAUSE EACH OF US TAKES THE RESPONSIBILITY TO MAKE IT WORK. PART OF THAT RESPONSIBILITY IS A PLEDGE WE KEEP TO EACH OF US.

- WE PLEDGE TO RESPECT AND CARE FOR EACH OTHER IN ALL THINGS.
- WE PLEDGE TO WALK LIGHTLY ON THE EARTH.
- WE PLEDGE TO DROP ALL FORMS OF VIOLENCE IN OUR RELATIONS WITH EACH OTHER.
- WE PLEDGE TO DEAL WITH EACH OTHER UP FRONT AND WITH OPEN HEARTS.

**RAP 107**  
PLEASE PROTECT OUR LAND:  
HARM NO LIVING THING: USE ONLY DOWN DEAD WOOD, CUT NO LIVING TREES.  
DROP NO LITTER OF ANY KIND. SEPARATE GARBAGE FOR RECYCLING AND DEPOSIT AT COLLECTION SITES: PUT COMPOST IN PITS ONLY.  
PROTECT OUR WATER SOURCES:  
USE NO SOAP IN OR WITHIN 50 FEET OF WATER AREAS.  
DO NOT FEED/POOP IN OR NEAR WATER AREAS.  
DO NOT CAMP ABOVE SPRINGS - THERE IS ALWAYS SOMEONE DOWN STREAM.  
PROTECT OUR HEALTH!  
USE YOUR OWN BOWL AND SPOON. USE ONLY SHITTERS AND COVER SHIT AND PAPER WITH DIRT AND ASHES: WASH HANDS. (BREAK THE FLY CONNECTION: SHIT-FLY-FOOD-YOU!)  
TO BE CERTAIN OF DRINKING WATER: BOIL IT!

VISIT CALM/WASH IF YOU FEEL ILL, ESPECIALLY IF YOU MIGHT HAVE A COMMUNICABLE DISEASE.  
• KEEP YOUR CAMP SECURE. TEMP NOT LEST YE BE LIFTED FROM!  
• PETS ARE DISCOURAGED.  
• BE RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR ANIMALS: KEEP THEM OUT OF KITCHENS, FOOD, FIGHTS.  
• KEEP ONLY COMMUNITY FIRES.  
• DISCOURAGE ALL FORMS OF DRUG OVERINDULGANCE.  
• PARTICIPATE IN SHANTI-SENA WORKSHOPS AND ACTIONS.  
• WEAPONS ARE INAPPROPRIATE.  
• DONATE TO THE MAGIC HAT. OUR POWER TOGETHER IS MANY TIMES OUR POWER SEPARATED.  
• CONFRONT THE RAINBOW WITH AN OPEN HEART AND YOU WILL SEE THE VISION.



2

**SOCIAL ORGANIZATION:**

BEWARE OF PEOPLE WHO SAY THINGS LIKE, "WHEN YOU HAVE BEEN IN THE RAINBOW AS LONG AS I HAVE, YOU WON'T HAVE TO DO DISHES EITHER!" OR "I'M IN CHARGE! WE ARE ALL THE LEADERS OF THE RAINBOW. THE DISHES GET DONE AND THE SHITTERS GET DUG BECAUSE WE SEE TO IT PERSONALLY."  
**MAIN GATE:**  
VOLUNTEER FOR MAIN GATE AND YOU GET TO SEE IT ALL COME IN. PARKING CREW KEEPS THE ROADS OPEN AND GATE CREW GREET THE WORLD WITH

**LOCAL GATHERINGS:**  
THE FAMILY COUNCIL ENCOURAGES THE FORMATION OF REGIONAL COUNCILS THAT HOLD THEIR OWN SMALL GATHERINGS. SMALLER GATHERINGS GIVE MORE PEOPLE THE OPPORTUNITY TO EXPERIENCE THE RAINBOW WITH LESS IMPACT ON THE ENVIRONMENT. FOR MORE INFORMATION CONTACT YOUR REGIONAL RAINBOW FOCALIZER THRU THE GUIDE.  
**RE.A.C.E. VILLAGE**  
POSITIVE ENERGY ALTERNATIVE COMMUNITY ENVIRONMENT. THIS IS A VISION WE

**COUNCIL ON EACH YEAR.**  
IT IS A VISION OF A YEAR ROUND ENCAMPMENT - A PLACE AND PEOPLE THAT DEMONSTRATE THE LESSONS LEARNED AT THE GATHERING ON A FULL TIME BASIS.



**CLEAN UP**  
THE GATHERING RUNS FROM JULY 1-7. CLEAN UP BEGINS THE MORNING OF THE 8TH. GEAR AND TRASH ARE BROUGHT IN TO THE CENTER AND CHANNLED UP THE TRAIL TO MAIN GATE. WE PICK UP EVERY SCRAP, EVERY LAST CIGARETTE BUTT II

**EMERGENCY SERVICES AND VOLUNTEER EXPERTS WHO COMBINE GENTLE NATURAL REMEDIES TO PROMOTE THE BODY'S OWN DEFENSES AND STANDARD MEDICAL PRACTICE. INFO CENTER:**

BULLETIN BOARDS FOR NOTICES, INFO, NETWORKING, RIDES, AND A CREW OF VOLUNTEERS TO DEAL WITH RUMOR CONTROL AND CAMP COMMUNICATIONS.

**GATHERING ON PUBLIC LANDS:**

OUR PERMIT TO GATHER READS AS FOLLOWS:  
"CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN

**CAMP SECURITY ATTEND**  
REGULAR SHANTI-SENA TEACHING AND CO-ORDINATION COUNCILS. FROM THERE THEY SCATTER AND WATCH OVER THE SAFETY OF ALL. THERE ARE NO POLICE AT A GATHERING. WE ARE SAFE BECAUSE WE WATCH OVER EACH OTHER. PRACTICALLY SPEAKING, WE ARE ALL SHANTI-SENA  
**MAGIC HAT**  
AT EACH GATHERING WE HAVE A MAGIC HAT. IT'S MAGIC LIES IN THE MIRACLES THAT CO-OPERATION CAN DO. BY GIVING GENEROUSLY WHEN THE HAT COMES AROUND EACH OF US PARTICIPATES IN THE CREATION

6

ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH OR OF THE PRESS OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES."  
IGNORE ALL RUMORS OF CANCELLATION!

**COUNCIL**  
IT IS AROUND THE COUNCIL FIRE THAT BOTH MUNDANE QUESTIONS AND THE FUTURE OF THE RAINBOW ARE DECIDED. WHEN THE CONCH IS BLOWN WE GATHER IN A CIRCLE AND HOLDING HANDS, REDEDICATE OURSELVES TO LOVING THE EARTH AND EACH OTHER.

**OF A VISION OF A WORLD**  
WHERE EVERYONE'S NEEDS ARE MET. WITH THE BULK PURCHASES MADE POSSIBLE BY OUR SHARING OF "GREEN ENERGY" WE FEED THE MULTITUDES. A BANKING COUNCIL HANDLES PURCHASES AND KEEPS OPEN BOOKS.

**DRUGS:**  
AS A FAMILY WE DISCOURAGE DRUGS AND ENCOURAGE SACRAMENTS, UNDERSTANDING THAT THERE ARE MANY DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE TWO. MANY IN THE FAMILY DO NOT CONSIDER ALCOHOL AND MAN MADE CHEMICALS TO BE SACRAMENTS. GENTLE HEALING HERBS ARE. INTOXICATION CAN BE DANGEROUS TO THE SPIRIT OF OUR GATHERING.

ALONG SOME GREEN ENERGY FOR PRODUCTION AND POSTAGE.

**THE GUIDE:**  
AT THE GUIDE BOOTH ARE SIGN-UP CARDS FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO BE INCLUDED IN THE DIRECTORY FOR NETWORKING WITHIN THE FAMILY. THIS DIRECTORY IS NOT INTENDED AS A COMMERCIAL OR POLITICAL MAILING LIST! THE DIRECTORY IS COMPILED AND PUBLISHED YEARLY BY VOLUNTEERS AND IS SUPPORTED BY DONATIONS.  
**WORKSHOPS**  
ANYONE WITH A SKILL MAY ANNOUNCE A WORKSHOP AND POST NOTICES ON THE INFO CENTER BULLETIN BOARD. THERE IS ALSO A

**SILENT CIRCLE FOR PEACE AND HEALING**  
EACH YEAR ON JULY 4TH THE PEOPLE GATHER IN A HUGE CIRCLE, AND FOR A LONG TIME THE BUSY CAMP IS HUSHED. JOIN US IN THIS SILENT MEDITATION AND PRAYER FOR THE HEALING OF THE EARTH. THIS EVENT IS THE CENTRAL FOCUS OF OUR ENTIRE GATHERING.

**SWEATS:**  
WE USE NATIVE STYLE SWEAT LODGES TO PURIFY BODY, MIND AND SPIRIT. ENDURING THE INTENSE HEAT WITH A RING OF SWEATING NAKED HUMAN BEINGS IS A RITUAL THAT DEMONSTRATES

TIME FOR ANNOUNCEMENTS AT EVENING MEAL.

**SCOUTING COUNCIL:**  
THE AREA OF NEXT YEAR'S GATHERING IS DECIDED AT THIS YEAR'S VISION COUNCIL. IN APRIL A SCOUTING COUNCIL WILL GATHER IN THAT AREA AND CO-ORDINATE SCOUTING. RAINBOW SCOUTS WILL INSPECT AND ELIMINATE DOZENS OF POTENTIAL SITES BEFORE SETTLING ON ONE THAT SATISFIES OUR NEEDS.

**BUILDING THE CAMP:**  
ONCE A SITE IS SELECTED TEAMS MOVE ONTO THE LAND AND BEGIN MARKING TRAILS AND DEVELOPING SPRINGS. MAIN KITCHEN IS BUILT AND BEGINS TO SERVE FOOD

**WE ARE ALL EQUAL IN SPIRIT.**  
EXPERIENCED VOLUNTEERS MAINTAIN THESE SWEATS WITH EVERYONE'S CO-OPERATION. (DON'T BE AFRAID TO SHOW UP WITH AN ARMLOAD OF FIREWOOD.) PLEASE DO NOT ENTER THE SWEAT WITH AN INFECTIOUS DISEASE.

**KID VILLAGE**  
PARENTS CAMP IN A GROUP AROUND KID VILLAGE. KID VILLAGE HAS A SPRING AND KITCHEN OF ITS OWN. THE KITCHEN IS SUPPLIED WITH NUTRITIOUS SNACKS AROUND THE CLOCK. VOLUNTEERS AND PARENTS SHARE THE RESPONSIBILITY OF CO-OPERATIVE CHILDCARE.

9

7

### Women's Statement

We struggle to love ourselves.  
 We struggle to define ourselves as individuals,  
 not by the male company we keep (or  
 don't keep).  
 We struggle to be honest, supporting, loving of  
 one another although we have been taught  
 not to trust other women.  
 We struggle to fulfill ourselves.  
 We struggle to show our men (and they don't want  
 to see it) that there is a reason for us to  
 be struggling.  
 We determine not to argue the arguments (and  
 lose), succumb to the frustrations, cry  
 after the fight, and coax for the comfort  
 we want-- however much easier it is. We  
 will not degrade ourselves.  
 We are learning to take ourselves seriously.  
**WE WANT TO CHANGE THE CONSCIOUSNESS**  
 We act arrogantly as equals in order that we may  
 become equals with the 'superior' male.

It is hard to be a man. It is hard not to be a  
 chauvinist if you are a man. It is hard to have  
 to play top dog. It is hard to be always  
 proving yourself. It is hard to forsake the  
 emotional for the promotional.

We want men to be **LIBERATED**  
 from ambition, acquisition, conquest & ego.

We want women to be **LIBERATED**  
 from submission, resentment, insecurity &  
 self-pity.

Let us walk like divine beings on this earth.

We struggle that sex love may be a divine union  
 and not a frustration, perversion or  
 power play.

We call upon men to have the courage to be  
 fathers to their children-- not just figure-  
 heads-- to be in tune with the young ones,  
 to feel a real relationship there, and  
 responsibility (beyond the financial)-- we  
 must share the parent role.

We will not be exploited as sex symbols to be  
 bought, sold, coveted, flaunted.

We proclaim our intelligence, our magnificence,  
 and our strength.

We do not want to be men: we do want to be women.  
 We pray that we are clear-sighted, pure, unspite-  
 ful, creative in the struggle.

We won't give up though we be told a million  
 times we are crazy, overexaggerating,  
 emotionalizing.

And so, dear brothers,

Don't lay sarcasm and condescension on us. Don't  
 corner us in meaningless arguments. Don't  
 feel threatened.

Our struggle is your struggle.  
 Divine brethren we love you and bless you--  
 recognize that our growth is one step towards  
all of us attaining true freedom.

You, too, must change.

Do not impose expectations that stifle us. Stan-  
 dards that enslave us.

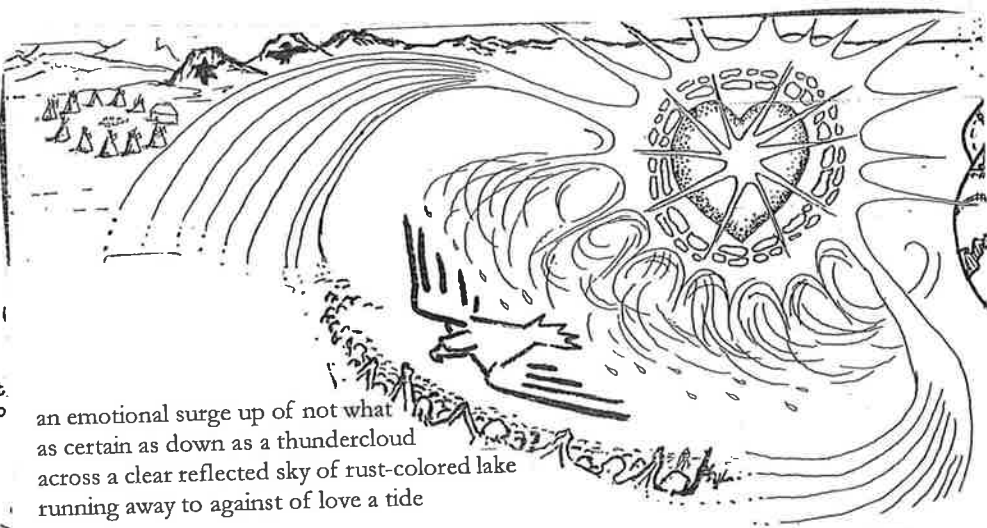
We claim the right to move as we will, act as we  
 must, determine our own lives.

We break the oppressive chains laid over us by  
 male doctors, lawyers, psychiatrists, adver-  
 tisers, policemen, bosses, husbands.

We will learn about our bodies.  
 We will aid each other on the path  
 We will begin to take care of ourselves.  
 We will no longer be dependent.

And as independent women, we will learn at last  
 how to love and give and share.

I am woman.  
 I am me.  
 I am my only security.



an emotional surge up of not what  
 as certain as down as a thundercloud  
 across a clear reflected sky of rust-colored lake  
 running away to against of love a tide

moon ebb and crest become a healing  
 of rattlesnake and goatskin dance a bonfire  
 dawn until the sky chants the incredible  
 vivre joie of together ecstasy alone to  
 forget and thanks give the earth

the earth wet warm after lightning  
 and lion roar deeper than a flash  
 crack the tent and test the flesh  
 so glad to naked swim the mist swirl  
 peace surrounds the water friendship  
 pervades prevails the music the forest

the forest the trees among, the harp rings  
 the guitar's percussive melodic now  
 remote the fog from San Francisco to  
 Minnesota home the true the soul of  
 masks fall the rainbow from all of us

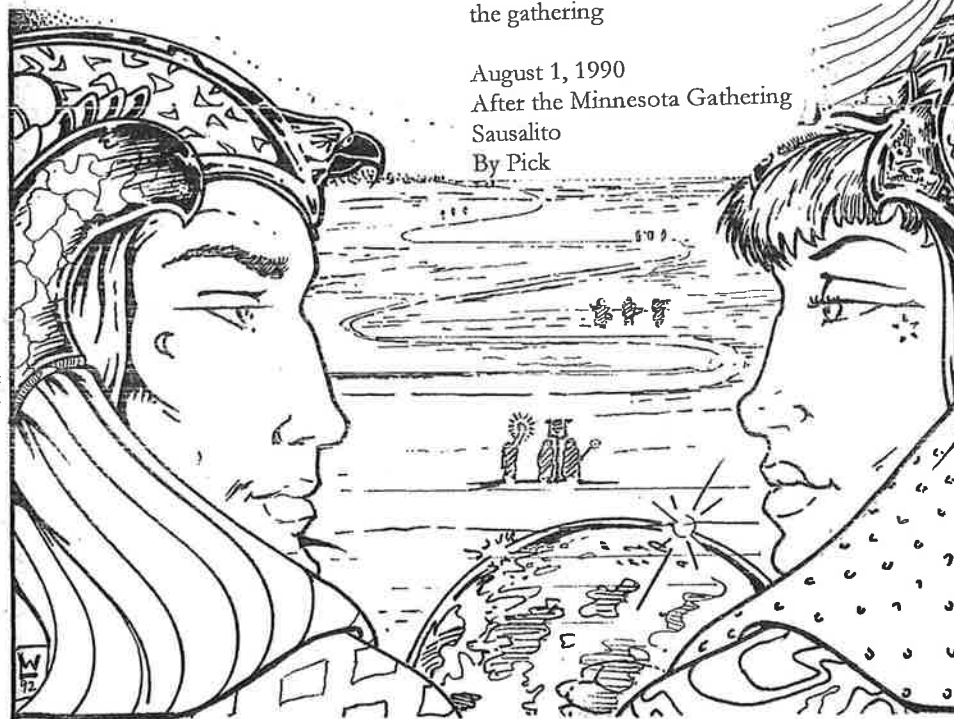
collide-us-all-scope between beads and crystals  
 pyramids like teepees top the sky where poles  
 cross to blue infinity and straw-colored tresses  
 weep unburdened at the crossroads, the crossro-  
 to where going from up down we no not who

by night hunts the wandering predator flies  
 from fire to fire to search wide-eyed for  
 to the key experience of moments never end-  
 ing the photos the wordless poets who share

the silence of the arcane jubilation

the gathering

August 1, 1990  
 After the Minnesota Gathering  
 Sausalito  
 By Pick



## Bam Bam's Eulogy

By Mama Turtle

Bam was a mystic. A modern day heyoka. He was a breaker of barriers. A buster of mediocrity. He always saw an opportunity to raise the energy and shake the boundaries until a higher level could be attained. He inspired generations of people; musically, energetically, spiritually. In a world of numbing mediocrity, Bam Bam was a shining example of letting your freak flag fly and being all you can be. He could not, would not, accept anything less than everything a person could give, because Bam had a gift...he could see into a person, or a situation, and acknowledge the ultimate potential.

This is why he couldn't "just let things be". He couldn't stand to see an opportunity go to waste. He saw it in me. He nurtured my ultimate potential, applauded it, coaxed it out of me...and for that, I thank you profoundly Bam!

Bam was a great humanitarian. "Great" is not the right word..Saintly is more accurate. Truly! His whole adult life was motivated by his desire to help others. He'd frequently take the clothes off of his back to give to another, give his last bit of money to someone who needed it more...spent endless extra time manifesting things for people who needed them. This was Bam's full time job (if ever he had one)! From one action to the next, from one protest to the next, and at festivals, he spent his time helping folks. Truth is; Bam rarely any energy for himself! It was all spent on other people. And for that, I will eternally be inspired by him!

Michael was a channel. He was a guru of music. A master drummer! That man ate, slept, breathed and, obviously, made love to drums! I may have been his partner, but his "LADY" were those drums NEVER have I heard a better

drummer! NEVER have I seen a better drum circle focalizer!

His communion w/ the rhythms around a campfire could inspire even the most tone deaf, rhythmically challenged person to get over their fears, pick up an instrument and give it a go! Time stopped around Bam when he played. and when he really let go and started channeling the cosmic rhythms...thru the djembe...ohh man!! Watch out!! Like a vibrational "H" bomb, the energy of the circle was struck dumb, then immediately exploded beyond the barriers to a higher level of tribal ecstasy!! Unbelievable!! Jaw dropping!! Every time it happened...?

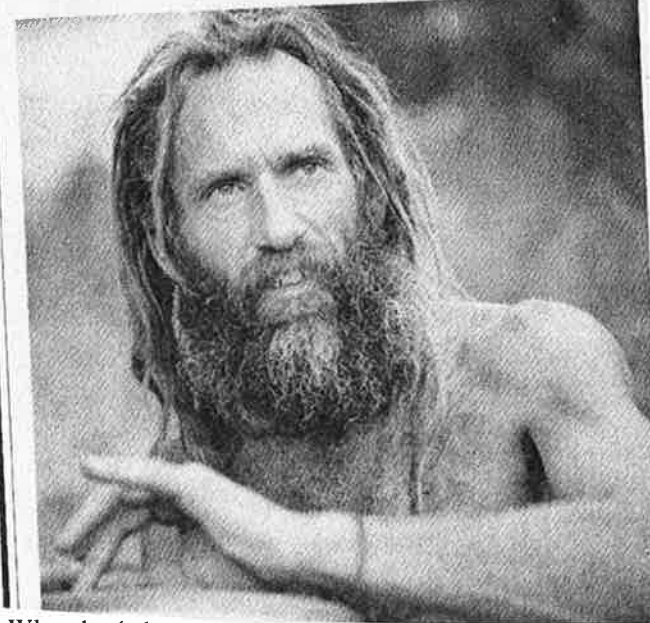
I remember a time at the MO. Gathering of 95'...Bam and I had just gotten married. After we honeymooned for a whole half day (typical), evening set in. Bam said to me, "Honey, lets go to the drum circle. Now, I might get lost in the rhythms, but I'll always look for you". I didn't know what he meant...but by midnight, I sure did! When we arrived, the circle was straggling along...no focus, small fire, alot of people searching for the rhythm but not finding it.

We came in, Bam looked around, tugged on his beard a bit and decided the fire needed stoking. He built the fire up to 4 times the size it was (and that took a while because no one wanted to move back). When the fire was of suitable size for him, he grabbed my hand and shimmed his way up to the front of the circle w/ his djembe. He just stood there and listened.

Bam-Bam's last words & Final message: "HANG LOOSE"

a degree in Russian language, 1988

BAM-BAM IN THE DRUMMERS' CIRCLE, "BLASTING OUT BABYLON."



When he (what I perceived) to "understand" where the rhythm was, he started playing. Then, he proceeded to flail his head about as if he were possessed, waving his arms about in giant figure eights in the air. A kind of Bam Bam drum yoga. His beats were with the base of the rhythm, supporting the foundation of the group. Others started support the base as well and by and by, the rhythm of the circle started to solidify and tighten up. When the base was strongly supported and stable enough, Bam left the base and started to solo.

I fuckin tell you now...up til then, I had never seen anything like it! His whole body was shaking and moving!! His head was gyrating and his eyeballs were rolled to the back of his head. He danced with those rhythms! He broke the level of that groove and sent the whole friggin circle into a frenzy!! Women threw their clothes off and danced like gypsy queens! Men sweated and strained and pulled everything they had in them out into their drums. The very fire answered to the tempo and began to blaze up!

Then, in the height of it all, Bam stopped playing. He sat his drum down and started to hand dance with the flames of the fire, never burning himself. There, in the fire, was a giant log balancing on the top of the pile. The center of the log was on fire, but the ends were free of flames. Bam beckoned to me and silently mouthed the words, "Stand on the log". I mouthed back, "Hell no!" He mouthed

back, "Trust me." I always trusted him...so, I did! He stepped up onto the log, I gently stepped up on my end...and there, in the midst of the most outrageous drum circle I had ever experienced in my short adult life, w/ steaming, jamming hippies gyrating all around us like mystical guardians, Bam and I played teeter totter in the raging fire under the brilliant stars.

Later that evening (early morning), Bam told me that that experience he created was his wedding gift to me. For him, for that gift, for everything, I say, "Thank you. I love you, eternally. You were many things to many people Bam. But to me, you are my eternal love, my constant teacher, my brilliant, blessed reminder that life is what you make it. I won't let you down darling. I won't forget what you stood for. Who you were. Who you still are. I will remember, always!! I promise??"

On Bam Bam, Departing  
by *Scottie Addison*

St. Louis, MO

This got to me -- not like losing an intimate old chum,

but seeing a wondrous dancer give it up and go down.

Bam Bam was an archetype of the Rainbow, an artform of visionary mischief and liberation, a cherub and sage living in the Living Light. Most all of us knew him as the agile myth he projected on the Land, defiant of Everything Numb -- stupidity, oppression, vainglory, death. Scant few saw his heart, how he bore full consciousness in Babylon, how he lived day to day, what he missed inside.

Some laments for his loss hearken to social & medical issues -- how bipolars and other eccentrics are marginalized in the civic matrix and 'healthcare' maze. There are lots of holes in the so-called "safety net", all dumb & sad in impacting many people, and a systemic critique is fair game. But I'm stuck on his unseemly "suffering", and finding out about it in this way:

More deeply it's a tribal faultline, a breach in our understanding and care of spirit brothers & sisters, now going critical as we are getting older. It is a dark iniquity: Honkie Chumps & Dumplings walk American streets blithely satisfied, secure in their ready-made jobs, churches, toys, and families most of all... yet our intrepid Warriors & Seekers come to poverty, doubt, and isolation.

As a generation we set out to change history 40 years ago, bold in our innovations and believing transformative magic would bloom on any path we walked. Now we are elders, and too many have gone down hard roads. These times are more than tough -- more like Devolution, and lately Everything Numb seems to prevail. Ignorance is tenacious, what we have achieved seems fragile, and we may not live to see the world we have lived to create. This is our knowledge and burden.

We esteem love and mutual care, yet in daily affairs we are remote from others' needs and strengths, and we have not built sustaining

institutions and communities. And on a personal level, we are still estranged from troubled souls, with denial and avoidance like everyone else: We may be enamored of the Warrior, but can't handle the War... so we leave all this wisdom to solitary despair.

I was oblivious too, don't know Bam Bam's pain, only my own...

part of it is now seeing an empty place in worldly space-time

where his rad movement and rhythm lived, only listening

to his waves & drumbeats in the winds, and blown by them.

scottie a.



## Remembering Bam Bam

by Miranda Howe

Bam Bam was a man who did what he wanted. He loved a lot, was loved a lot and was much beloved. There were more than several people who didn't care for his drumming or his leadership in drum circles. For certain Bam Bam could be a disagreeable rascal. He was a legend for well-earned reasons. But he was also an arrogant snot. For instance, Bam Bam acted like a know-it-all high holy from time to time, as well as being downright cruel to young neophyte drummers. But let me say it's damn difficult not to seem like a high holy given circumstances that all too easily line up when especially leos bring pressure to bear. Likewise, it's damn difficult to teach and not be cruel because teaching denotes learning and there are always those who will not or cannot learn despite their own expectations and evaluations.

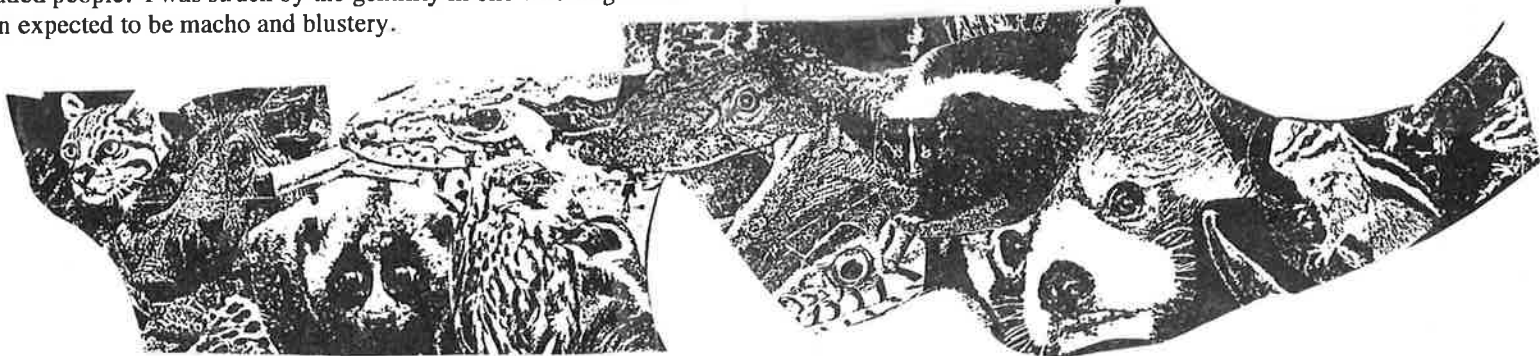
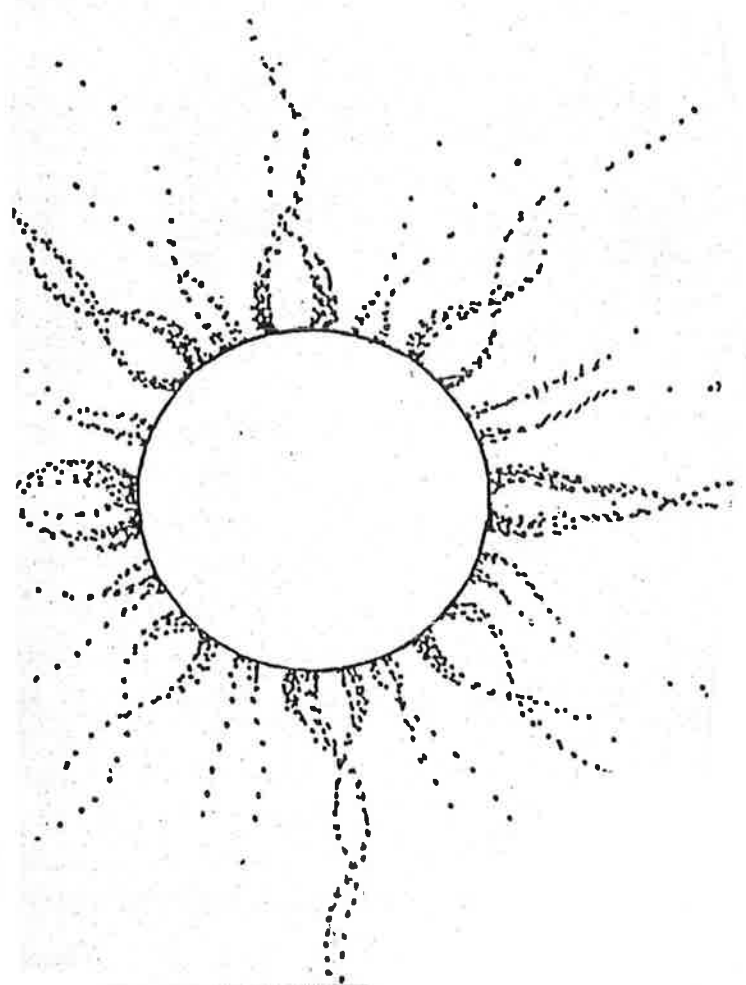
While there's nothing here I wouldn't or didn't say to him, I'm sure that this seems negative in the balance so far especially to those who hold with maxims about not speaking ill of the dead. But I only want to emphasize one more negative before I go on to praise this guy I loved: Alcohol. Goddamned godblessed alcohol. If you tell me what a hell of a good drinking buddy he was I puke on your shoes. Alcohol informed everything. Rather: alcoholism. Bam Bam's life, death, mania, depression, talent, bad acts, good acts, sweetness, meanness-- all of it was affected by alcoholism. Please don't get me wrong. Just don't act as if being good at drinking is a commendable attribute.

I love Bam Bam dearly. I cannot think of Bam Bam and not get happy. I saw him do a lot of things but two stand out. 1993. May? Dead Show. Sacto. It's just the way he would lead that tide of one hundred drummers against that sea of leos and block the squadcars from encroaching on the village in the parking lot, just as he would at various gatherings. It was a joyful thing.

That day was very very hot. 115. Early in the year. Still early in the day, say three pm, under the press of an orange fiery sky on that black coal asphalt, Bam raises one arm, says, "There we were on the Serengeti--" Well, I fell instantly in love and we were paramours for that day, making that scorched Africa motif our script for the day and night. There were only half a dozen drummers at that hour. By the time the crowd swelled to a hundred or more then went down to just several of us again, somehow Bam Bam's brand new very fine djembe had been ripped off. It was such an outrage. Outrageous! He was dejected and whispering after an initial burst of hilarity and invective that seemed so short lived considering the magnitude of the loss. THEN! It also turned out someone has nicked his backpack, rendering him a man with the clothes on his back (plus thousands of friends). He really was like a little boy and even cried a bit and I with him. I gave him five bucks which was half what I had. It was tender and moving to see a big man of such art and ideal who with such extravagant primitivist showbiz acumen "led" a big exuberant motley orchestra brought to little boy tears and knees by some greedy mayadelluded people. I was struck by the gentility in one who might have been expected to be macho and blustery.

Flash forward a few weeks. July 1994. Wyoming. Vision council. I've been knocked flat by altitude sickness and stuck in my rig in the parking lot from the third on sundown until this time on the seventh. Up through the middle of the circle of some hundred people come Bam Bam and a few other brothers carrying the peace pole which they then plant in the ground. Now that's the entire story. No more plot than that. The story was that the story goes on.

The reason I write of it is that this is Bam Bam and this is life! That's the first I'd seen him since the dead parking lot. I mean there he was! In full throes! Free! Yet in harness! A gallop! Nearly naked and magnificent. Muscles. Veins. Sweat. Teeth. Hair tangled like roots or flying clouds or lover's limbs or real life's real soap opera plots. Big bony feet. Pounding a rhythm on the Teton dirt. Smiles, grimaces. All worthy of the late masters' oils. All browns and tans and blacks and reds and golds. God I love the rainbow! God I love Bam Bam! The story is the beat goes on!



## Marie Hanson: Part 1, The Hanson Family Responds

✧ By Emily McCarty

In early July Marie Hanson of South Lake Tahoe, CA traveled with friends to the annual rainbow gathering of the tribes held this year in the Gifford Pinchot National Forest. With reasonably little notice Skamania County Sheriff's office had to prepare their small crew for an influx of alternative culture that would wind up being more than six times the size of surrounding communities. With the assistance of Federal Officers and peace makers from the gathering, like most gatherings, this ended with very little incident.

The one incident truly leaving Skamania County baffled and now scrambling in the wake of the gathering lands in the matter that Marie Hanson, reported as missing from the gathering July 9, 2011 was found considerably close to her last known campsite 3 months later by official search and rescuers after conducting multiple search efforts throughout the summer beginning in later July.

Nancy Enterline, a representative for the Hanson family was willing to answer the following questions to allow others insight to the full capacity of this situation and what they now as a family have to all face together.

**Q:** Did you always feel that Marie was up at Skookum Meadows, even after initial reports came out that she had been seen hitchhiking out of the area?

**A:** I personally felt that Marie was still at the Gathering site beginning Tuesday July 12th. For some reason on that morning I awoke with the feeling that she had died, and was still up there. For other family members, it may have taken a longer, and for all of us we were hoping that she had somehow left. On the evening of the 12th, I started having a strong urge to visit the Gathering site and on July 13th Tawny and I got in the car and drove to the airport looking for a flight up there.

When we arrived at Skookum Meadows on July 14th, we talked to people who were saying she had hitchhiked out, but nobody we talked to had actually seen her, everyone had just 'heard' that she had hitched out on July 5th. Finally in September, when we already had confirmed sightings of her at the Gathering on July 6th a woman came forward and stated that she had met Marie on July 3rd, gotten to know her, and then had seen her climbing into the back of a pickup heading 'down the hill' on July 5th. Because we knew that she was 'back up to the Gathering site' on July 6th, this just validated my our feeling that she had not left.

**Q:** When Marie was found, what kind of emotions did that stir up in the family knowing she had been so close that whole time?

**A:** Frustration, anger, sadness. Mostly sadness on my part, knowing how much her family had suffered for 3 months, knowing that if the stars had lined up earlier we would have found her the first week.

**Q:** Before this, were you familiar with Rainbow Gatherings? Has your opinion of the Rainbow Family changed due to this experience?

**A:** My brother and niece have attended Rainbow Gatherings, none in recent years. I knew that they had attended, however knew nothing about the Rainbows, except that they were hippies who got together and went camping in large groups.

At first the Rainbow Family gave us mixed messages. Many tried to tell us that Marie had deliberately disappeared, that she had had a life changing experience and had chosen to leave us. This was extremely frustrating to Marie's loved ones. It seemed that the Rainbows were minimizing our love for Marie, and minimizing the relationship that she had for with family, and were unwilling to listen to another point of view. Then a few of the Rainbow elders started to really listen. A couple encouraged us to ask "is she ok" rather than "we need to bring her home", helped us speak a language that would be accepted, and make it easier for Rainbows to offer us help.

We kept emphasizing how much she loved her family, her grandkids especially, and eventually almost all of the Rainbows came around to our point of view: that something had happened to Marie, something bad had happened and that we needed to find her. Many Rainbows stepped out of their comfort zone to help us. A few, led by Plunker, actively investigated her disappearance. Then the Rainbow Family started to actively help us in our search for Marie. They tracked down other



## Marie Hanson: Part 2, The Hanson Family Responds

By Emily McCarty

Rainbows, asked questions, helped us create a timeline, and then eventually helped us physically search for Marie's body.

Imagine that you lost an adult family member at a state fair, or a Nascar race, or some other event with 20,000 people. Most of the people at the event would never think twice about your missing family member, a few would realize that the disappearance had happened the same day that they attended the event, most would never think of it again, and certainly none would think to offer their help to your family. The Rainbow Family came to think of Marie's plight as something very personal to them. Most were appalled that she had disappeared at their event. Hundreds of them emailed or messaged us on Facebook, offering help and support. We came to think of them as our friends, as part of our family, so yes, our opinion has changed.

**Q: There were multiple "rainbows" that reached out to you and the Hanson family. Do you feel the voluntary searches they conducted were professional and effective?**

**A: When we first discovered that there were still Rainbows at the Gathering site in July and early August (on the cleanup crew) and that they were actively searching for Marie and clues of her disappearance, we were uncertain how effective the search would be, after all, the Gathering site was hundreds of acres, and there were only a few people left on the ground up there. Then I got a call from a Rainbow family member, who explained how they were systematically going over every foot at the site, and that they were continuing to search, and we started having some hope.**

At the time of that phone call, in early August, there had been no Law Enforcement searches, or any scheduled, and the Rainbow search team seemed to be our only hope. The first 'Rainbow Search', over Labor Day weekend brought about a dozen Rainbow searchers. These searchers had researched areas of interest by talking to other Rainbow Family members and used similar search techniques as Law Enforcement searchers had used the previous week, including walking grid patterns. During that search, a preliminary search of the ground above the waterfall was done by a single climber, and it was decided that further investigation of this area should be done.

At the second large Rainbow search, the first weekend in October, a second decent of the waterfall was done, with 2 experienced climbers. Tawny, a friend of Marie's named Carrie and I were present for the second day of this search, and we were very impressed by both the number of Rainbow Family Searchers and by the professionalism exhibited by them. They seemed no less professional than the Law Enforcement searchers the following day. It is also my opinion that during the weeks of September and October, the Rainbow Searchers also garnered the respect of Law Enforcement.

After 3 months of searching Marie Hanson, wife, grandmother, sister, friend, and mother, was discovered by search and rescuers considerably close to her last known camping spot. A representative from the family shares what they are facing now, and how this has changed their lives forever.

**Q: I understand that a Memorial service was held before Skamania County officially released that it was Marie they had found, and over 200 people were in attendance. How do you think Marie's disappearance has effected your local community of South Lake Tahoe, CA ?**

**A: Although Skamania had not officially identified Marie through dental records at the time of the memorial service October 15th, the family had identified her through numerous pieces of jewelry found among the remains the previous week. We had no doubt that it was Marie.**

We live in a small community, of about 20,000 people (about the size of the Rainbow Gathering if you need a reference). Because of the small size of our community, everybody is connected in some way. We had been rocked the previous summer by the discovery of Jaycee Lee Dugard, who had been kidnapped from my son's bus stop when he was a child. Marie had been very active in mailing posters and other search efforts after Jaycee went missing. The son of a friend, Timmy Smith had been killed in Iraq a few years ago. A huge forest fire destroyed hundreds of our neighbors' homes a few years ago. All of these events brought our community even closer together. When Marie went missing, we were overwhelmed by people wanting to help in some way. People contacted the media, held fundraisers, donated items and services, covered for us at work and took care of us. People we had never met before sent us messages, attended prayer vigils, brought us food, handed us dollar bills, mailed posters, emailed friends and spread Marie's story on Facebook.

**Q: On the Marie Hanson Missing page on Facebook there are many other missing persons that have friended you. Have any of these stories touched you personally? If so, who, what, when, where, how and why?**

**A: During the time that Marie was missing, we were contacted by many families of missing persons, some as early as the first week. Some gave us help and advice, some asked for our help. We were contacted by about a hundred families altogether. The person who stands out in my mind from this period was Carole Degagne, whose son Steven went missing on his way to Bagby Hot Springs right before the Gathering. The group he was traveling with got lost on a forest service road, they stopped to get their bearings, he wandered off and his 'friends' left him there.**

Since Marie has been found we have been contacted by dozens of families asking for our help. There are two families that we are actively helping. The first is the family of Rosemary Day, who is a young woman from Florida missing for about 4 months. The other is the family of Anastasia "Belle" Payne, who left Arkansas with her birth father, after a life of no contact from him, last January to 'go to some Rainbow Gatherings'. Belle's mother and grandmother have not heard from her since then, and are desperate to hear from her. By posting an article on our Marie Hanson Missing Facebook page, we have tracked her through June 14th, where she was safe in Long Beach California. We are currently asking the Rainbow Family for more help in determining if she is safe and healthy.

**Q: Are there any details you are still asking people to jog their minds about Marie and her disappearance? If so, what specifically are you asking people to try and remember?**

**A: Anyone who was at the Rainbow Gathering during the 24 hours of July 8th, who were anywhere on the 150 road, the 3220 road, especially near the intersections of those two roads or near the 150 gate needs to contact Law Enforcement, or the family. No matter what you saw, who you talked to, it could be important to the case. We have found Marie, now we need to discover what happened to her that last day of her life.**

**Q: If people are interested in donating money to assist with incurring costs during this process, how would they go about doing that? What specifically will their donations be used for?**

**A: Donations can be mailed to Marie Hanson Memorial Fund: El Dorado Savings Bank, 1036 Al Tahoe Blvd. S. Lake Tahoe, CA 96150**

During the three months that Marie was missing donations to the Marie Hanson Search Fund were used for a private detective, to help offset the family's expenses incurred traveling to Washington,

printing costs and supplies for fundraising efforts. and transportation, food and lodging for volunteer searchers. Any remaining search funds and any Memorial Funds raised were used for the Memorial Service and will be used for other funeral type expenses, including bringing her remains back to Tahoe when they are released, and placing some type of memorial at the Gathering site, and here in South Lake Tahoe.

## Marie Hanson: Part 3, The Hanson Family Responds

*By Emily McCarty*

After an extremely positive response to the first 2 parts of this article, the Hanson family agreed to answer more questions giving some insight into the ongoing investigation and the series of events leading to Marie's disappearance.

**Q: At what point exactly was Skamania County notified of Marie's disappearance?**

**A: On the evening of July 9th Tawny (Marie's daughter) called Skamania Sheriff's office and reported Marie missing. She emailed a picture of Marie to them, they stated that they would distribute posters on the following day.**

**Q: Were posters distributed?**

**A: When Tawny and I arrived on July 14th, we saw 2 posters, one at a gate and one at info. We also ran into several people who stated that they had been shown a poster, and several who stated that they had been shown Marie's id by the neighbor.**

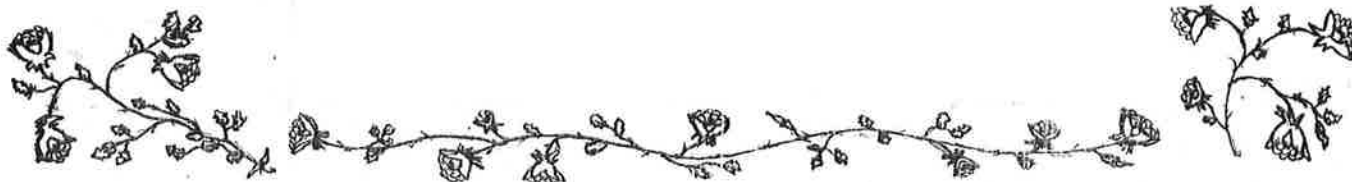
**Q: So, the neighbor was really looking for Marie, and if yes, how long did he look?**

**A: Marie had left her purse, with her id, in her camp area. The neighbor showed her ID in the Gathering area for at least one day, asking if anyone had seen her. His last sighting of Marie was early in the morning, just before dawn of July 8th.**

**Q: Originally the family was stating that the last sighting of Marie was July 5th or 6th, why the confusion?**

**A: When the neighbor originally reported Marie's disappearance to the family, he stated that she had been missing for '72 hours', and that he had seen her before dawn. By doing the math, we backtracked the date to July 6th, and were looking for anyone who had seen her on July 5th or later. It took 2 1/2 months to track down people who had attended the gathering and who had seen her as late as the night of July 8th.**

**Q: Did the neighbor report her missing to the authorities?**



A: No, the family reported her missing the evening of July 9th.

Q: There were two men who played a big part in the search for Marie, what can you tell us about Owl and the man in the sketch?

A: When Tawny and I arrived in Washington, we met Sheriff Pat Bond at the Gathering site the morning of July 14th. Detective Bond escorted us throughout the day at the site. We approached almost everyone who was still there, or at least anyone who did not turn away from us when approached. There were still hundreds of people there. Many people reported that they had seen Marie the evening of July 4th, sitting next to a man that they identified as "Owl". It is common for Rainbow family to use a name other than their given name and we began to research who "Owl" might be. Once we began posting on our website and our Facebook page, we began getting "Owl" tips, the most predominant one about a Rainbow from Florida. Ultimately we were either contacted by, or tracked down about a dozen different Rainbows named "Owl", none of whom had either attended the Gathering or met Marie. As for "Sketch Man", his sketch was done in cooperation with Law Enforcement because the man had been seen with Marie, or with the dog Bandit several times. We were looking for him to see if he had any idea of where Marie had gone, or what had happened to her. The man in the sketch was never identified and we never discovered who he was.

Q: What about that dog Bandit?

A: Bandit belongs to Marie's neighbors. Bandit went to the Gathering w/ Marie and the neighbor. He was seen several times with the man in the sketch, and frequently with Marie. Many people will remember a dog, and not a human, so when we started looking for the man in the sketch, we posted a picture of Bandit. He is home.

Q: What was the reaction to Marie's disappearance from the local major media outlets in Portland, OR.?

A: I think that a universal problem that families with missing adults have is that the media loses interest rapidly. In Marie's case, there was almost no reaction initially and we had sporadic coverage at best. We had much better coverage in California and Nevada.

Q: Continuing on the subject of media, I understand there were at least two reporters that work for major media in the Sacramento, CA area, how did they become involved?

A: Shawn Boyd of KQED in Sacramento Ca became involved and did a long segment on Marie's disappearance because he is the nephew of Marie's best friend Carrie Wieland. Cassandra Duvall of KQED in Reno did many segments over three months. She became interested in the story very early on, and followed up with us quite a bit. We really appreciated all the help that these two wonderful people gave us.

Q: You and other family and friends traveled to the site twice. Did those visits give you a better perspective of the efforts actually happening on the ground?

A: Yes, traveling to the site initially gave us a 'lay of the land', and helped us realize what a huge area that was involved. It also gave the Law Enforcement a feel for the family and through us they gained an idea of the kind of person that Marie was, eventually helping them realize that she had not left the gathering under her own free will. This led to several Law Enforcement searches. We were also able to make some contacts in the Rainbow Family.

During the second visit we were able to get an even better idea of the terrain. We were able to meet and get to know people that we had been talking to for months by email and phone, and we were able to observe a Law Enforcement search and a Rainbow search. Both groups put forth a huge effort on our behalf, long hours in miserable weather, with very little results. We so appreciate what the search and rescue crew, and our Rainbow friends did for our family.

Q: Did law enforcement and rainbows work well together?

A: Hmmm, no comment. Actually, at first I felt that they were on different planets. The Rainbows had such good information, such insight into the event and other pertinent details and I felt like Law Enforcement was not listening to them. Eventually they had a more open line of communication, helping each other, especially during the last few weeks before Marie was found.

Q: What are you finding yourself missing the most about Marie?

A: Marie and I had a unique relationship, we were both parents to our kids (my son Tim, and her daughter Tawny, who are married) and we were both grandmothers to our grandkids. I miss her laugh, her great humor and wit and her love for her family. My heart aches for her daughter Tawny, who misses her every hour of every day, and for our two little ones. The other day my

granddaughter, who is 5, saw a picture of an angel and said "my grandma's an angel now" to a complete stranger who just looked at us and walked away. Until you lose someone you don't know what it is like to not have them in your life, we will never be the same.

**Q: If someone was at the gathering any time during the 7th, 8th or 9th of July parked near the back 150 gate and is not sure if what they saw is important or not, what would you say to them?**

**A: Email us. No matter what you saw. We won't know if it was important until we hear from you. We are still trying to piece together the last two days of Marie's life, please contact us.**

**Q: If someone does have information or pictures, is there a way they may contact the appropriate officials or family members anonymously?**

**A: The South Lake Tahoe Police Department has an anonymous hotline (530) 541-6800. Of course anyone can email us at [findmariehanson@gmail.com](mailto:findmariehanson@gmail.com), or message us on the Marie Hanson Missing Facebook page.**

**Q: Do you know how Marie died?**

**A: The Medical Examiner has not released his findings yet, and we expect it could take several more weeks. We do know that she was ill the last day of her life, we do know that she was found within a half mile of her last campsite, we do know that she would have come home if she were able to do so. Other than that, we will wait for the report.**

**Q: What will happen to the Marie Hanson Missing Facebook page and her website?**

**A: We will continue to use both as long as there is an active Law Enforcement investigation, so that we can share information with our thousands of supporters.**

**We have begun to use our Facebook page( in a very limited manner) to help other families of missing persons spread the story of their loved ones. We will not be 'spamming' dozens of postings a day, we will probably concentrate on one story per week. We are limiting our involvement to those families who directly contact us, and who have a connection to us or Marie in some way. Recently we posted for Steven Moline's family, he was believed to have been headed to the Washington Rainbow Gathering at one time, however he became lost on the way to Bagby Hot Springs. His mother Carol helped us hang posters the first week that Marie was missing. We also posted on behalf of Anastasia "Belle" Payne's family, because Belle was known to attend Rainbow Gatherings, and her Grandmother Sharon and Mother Lora contacted us**

and asked for our help, due to our large Rainbow Family friendship base.. Another family, whose sister Rosemary Day is missing, contacted us and asked for our help, and we posted her information. Our friends should be assured that we will use Marie's page with respect as long as Facebook allows us to do so. We have been warned that since Marie is deceased that we should close her page. I have appealed to them to allow us to keep posting while the Law Enforcement investigation is ongoing, and have not heard from them yet.

## THE RAINBOW IS NO HAVEN FOR CRIMINALS

**No joke! In 1998, Florida officials notified members of the Rainbow Family that a murder suspect was believed likely to attend the Rainbow Gathering in Arizona. Rainbows working with the Shanti Sena ... a made-up word meaning Peace Scenes ... observed the suspect at the Gathering and made an arrest. Wrapping him tightly in a blanket so he wouldn't escape, they turned him over to local law-enforcement officials for extradition to Florida.**

*It's the life in your years.* — Abraham Lincoln



**Marie Colello  
Hanson  
1956 – 2011**

Marie Colello Hanson tragically lost her life while camping in the Gifford Pinchot National Forest near Stevenson, WA in early July 2011.

Marie was born on September 27, 1956

in Chicago, IL ... the daughter of Anthony and Anne Colello. She was raised with her brother James and sisters Valerie and Barbara. At the age of 16 she met the love of her life William Hanson in Covina, CA. They married in 1977 and had 2 children: Michael and Tawny. In 1985 Billy and Marie moved their family to from Southern California to South Lake Tahoe to provide a healthier place to raise their children. Marie worked for the District Attorney's Office and Family Support for many years.

Marie was known for her great sense of humor which was punctuated by her infectious laugh. Her friends describe her as the most kind, loving, giving and loyal friend one could have. She was very generous with her time; volunteering at her church Sierra Community and helping everyone around her. She always cared more for others than she did herself. She was very grounded and sure of her faith in Jesus Christ. Although she will be missed terribly we know she is home with the Lord.

Marie lived for her family; she loved taking walks with her husband Billy and listening to him play the guitar. They spent lots of time reading the Bible together and shared a love for Christ. She was thrilled to attend her son Michael's wedding in late June and watched him marry a wonderful woman Nina Ancharski. Although Mike lived on the other side of the country, she always made sure they talked frequently so she could keep up with his life, they had a very special bond.

Marie and her daughter Tawny shared a love of travel, taking trips together during which they would have long talks sharing stories and laughing their butts off. They frequently went to the theater to watch the newest movies. Marie and Tawny weren't just mother and daughter they were also best friends. Marie absolutely adored Tawny's children, her grandchildren Mikey and Leilah. She was the best "Ma" in the world. They loved having sleepovers at her house and she spoiled them silly. She couldn't get enough of them.

Marie is survived by her husband Billy, son Mike Hanson, daughter-in-law Nina, daughter Tawny Enterline, son-in-law Tim, grandson Mikey and granddaughter Leilah, her mother Anne Colello, sister Barbara Chen, sister Valerie Hahne and brother Jim Colello, many nieces and nephews, extended family and many, many friends.



**MEMORIAL SERVICE**

**SATURDAY • October 15, 2011 • 12 NOON**

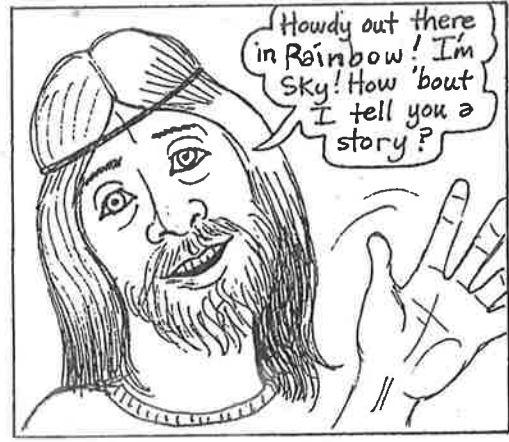
**Sierra Community Church**

**1165 Sierra Blvd • SLT-CA • 530.544-7055**

# IN RAINBOW

## A DOG AND HIS KID

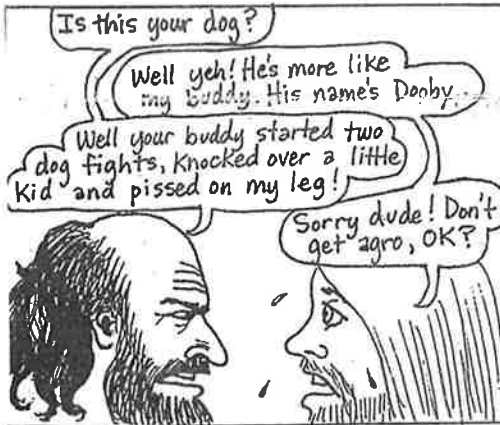
BY LUANN TURNER



IT WAS BACK IN '84 AT THE CALIFORNIA GATHERING WHEN I HAD ESCAPED BABYLON WITH MY CANINE BUDDY DOOBY...



AND MY WORDS OF WISDOM:



SO I TALKED TO DOOBY ABOUT IT.



Listen Buddy  
You know I love  
ya, but ya  
gotta be cool.  
Understand?  
Good!  
Now go out  
there and be  
good and  
stay outta  
trouble.  
OK?

BUT THE NEXT DAY I  
STEPPED IN SOMETHIN'



MAJORLY  
SHWAG!

OH  
SHIT!

AND LATER...

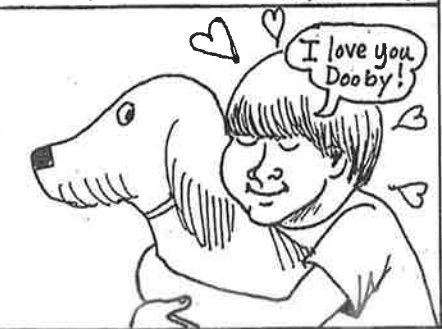


What's wrong  
sister?

Oh man! My dog  
was chasing a car  
and got killed!



THAT HIT ME HARD. I COULDN'T  
LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO DOOBY.  
I'D HAD HIM SINCE I WAS A KID!



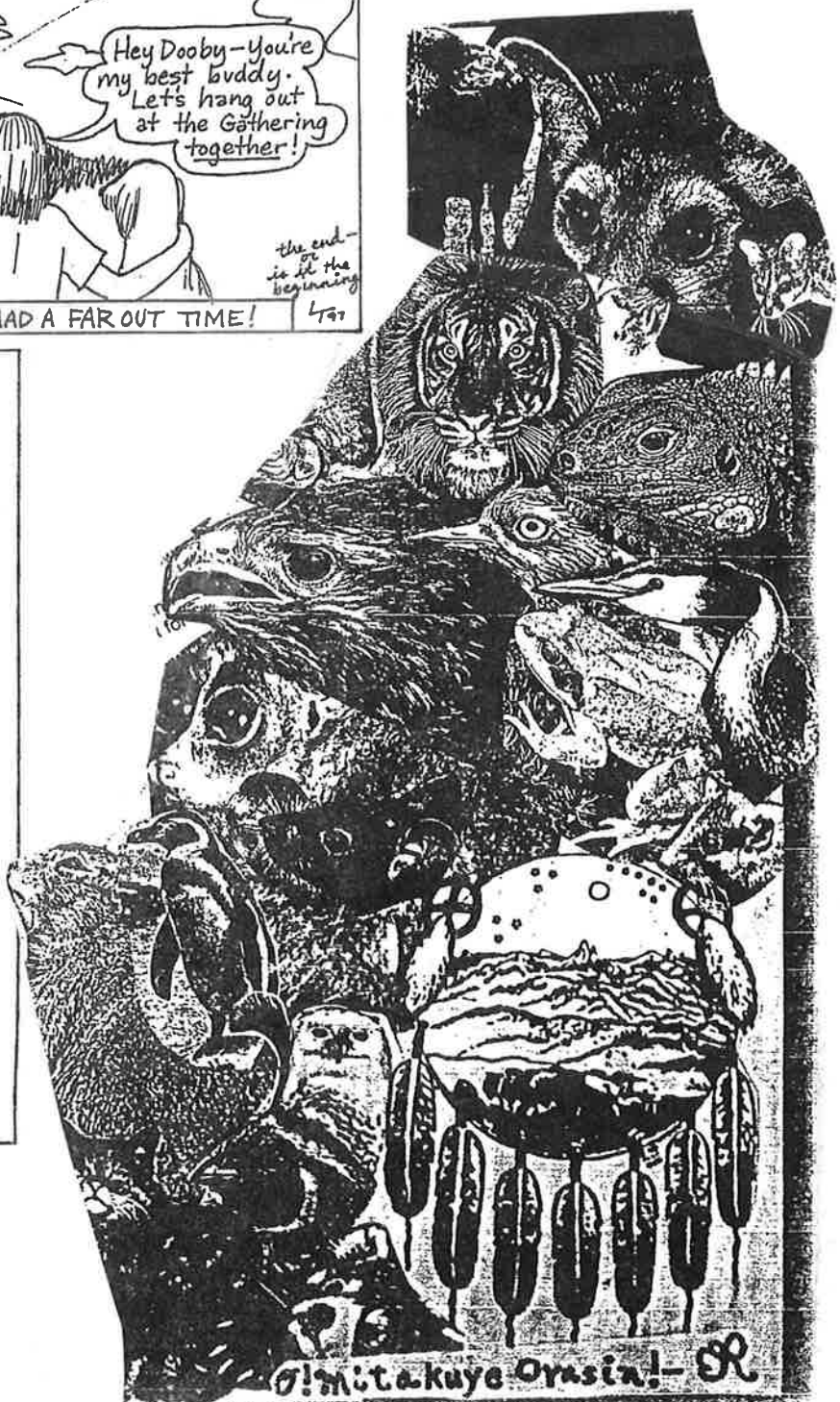
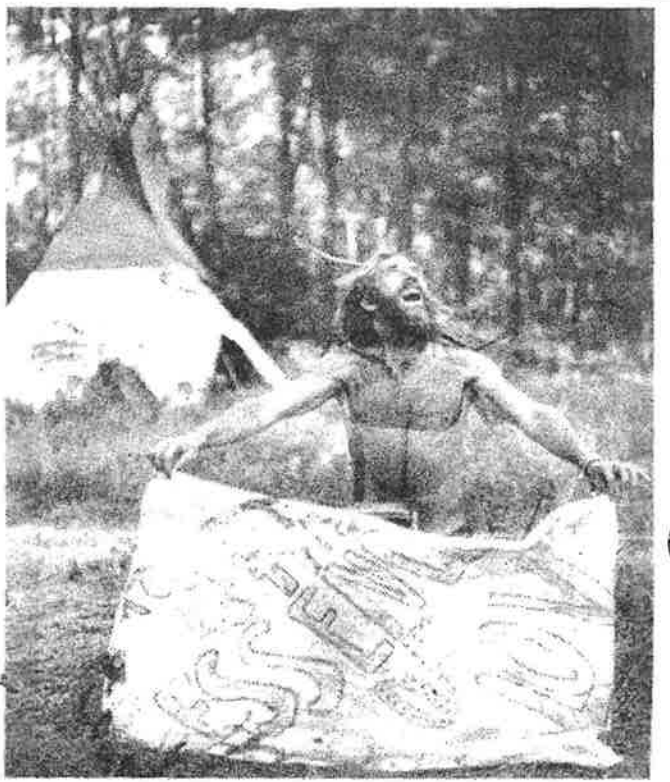
I love you  
Dobby!



Hey Dobby—you're  
my best buddy.  
Let's hang out  
at the Gathering  
together!

the end -  
is at the  
beginning  
L797

...AND WE HAD A FAR OUT TIME!



!mitakuye Oyasia! - R

**Respect is the  
Essence of Love**



## GATHERING CONSCIOUSNESS

#107

PLEASE PROTECT THIS BEAUTIFUL LAND. WALK softly. Allow plants & animals to be HARMONIZED & BLENDED. Use ONLY DOWN, DEAD WOOD. PRESERVE THE MEADOWS... CAMP IN THE WOODS.

EVERYONE SHARING MAKES A STRONG HUMAN TRIBE. PLEASE PROTECT THE WATER SOURCES, STAY OUT OF DELICATE SPRING AREAS, PLEASE. AVOID CAMPING, PEELING, WASHING ABOVE SPRING AREAS. KEEP ALL SOAP OUT OF STREAMS, SPRINGS OR THE LAKE.

USE THE SLIT TRENCHES OR COVERED LATRINES, COVER YOUR PAPER & WASTE WITH ASHES/LIME... WASH HANDS. CAMP TOGETHER - ESTABLISH NEIGHBORHOODS.

COMMUNITY FIRES ONLY! - EACH WITH WATER BUCKET, SHOVEL AND AX OR SAW FOR FIRE PROTECTION. WATCH YOUR GEAR - "TENT NOT LEFT TO BE LIFTED FROM." BE RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR ANIMALS. KEEP THEM FED AND OUT OF THE KITCHENS & SPRINGS. LOVE THEM. SEPARATE GARBAGE FOR RECYCLING. FIND NEAREST COLLECTION POINT. COMPOST IN PITS ONLY.

USE YOUR OWN BOWL & SPOON! PARTICIPATE IN ALL ACTIVITIES, COUNCILS, WORK CREWS, WORKSHOPS. YOU ARE THE GATHERING! R-E-S-P-E-C-T YOUR SISTERS & BROTHERS ENERGIES. HEALTH PROBLEMS? CONTACT C.A.L.M./M.A.S.H. FOR AID!

NOTICE THE BALANCE: EARTH, SKY, TREES, WATER & PEOPLE. ALCOHOL IS DISCOURAGED, GUNS ARE INAPPROPRIATE.

DONATIONS TO THE MAGIC HAT FUND OUR NEEDS. JOIN US FOR JULY 4<sup>TH</sup> SILENT CONTEMPLATION & PRAYER FOR PEACE...

WE ♥ YOU



## HAPPY TRAILS

#701

IN PREPARATION FOR LEAVING... PACK UP ALL YOUR TRASH & BRING TO THE APPROPRIATE RECYCLE AREAS. DISMANTLE & DISAPPEAR YOUR ENCAMPMENT. VANISH ALL TRACES. FIREROCKS SCATTERED, ASHES COLD OUT & BURIED, PITS FILLED IN. LATRINES & COMPOST HOLES COVERED OVER. STRING & TWINE GET REMOVED FROM TREE LIMBS. HARDENED GROUND GETS AREATED WITH TOOLS FOR FUTURE ROOT GROWTH & MOISTURE CATCH. ALL LITTER IS PICKED UP. HELP WITH RECYCLING- WHERE EVERYONE HELPS, THE EFFORT IS EASY.

WHEN AN AREA IS CLEAR & CLEAN, THEN NATURALIZE! SCATTER LOGS, BRANCHES, LEAVES, DUFF TO DISAPPEAR TRAILS & CAMPS AND RENEW FOREST HABITAT. H<sub>2</sub>O SYSTEMS & LATRINE TORS ARE REMOVED & CLEANED FOR NEXT TIME. IN PARKING AREAS HELP WITH DISABLED VEHICLES AND FULLY DISMANTLE RAMPS & BRIDGES. STEEP PLACES ARE WATER-BARRIED TO PREVENT EROSION. THE FINAL CREW RESEEDS APPROPRIATE SEED TO RENEW VEGETATION AND COMPLETE THE PROCESS.

TRANSPORT AS MANY RIDERS AS POSSIBLE TO AID OUR TRAVELS. TREAT LOCAL FOLKS WITH GREAT KINDNESS. THEY HAVE BEEN KIND TO US. DRIVE SAFELY AND SHARE THIS LOVE WHEREVER YOU GO.

