

#1: EVOLUTION OF THIS LIBERTARIAN or HOW I GOT HERE FROM THERE BY ROBERTA (SEPTEMBER 1969)

Only a few months ago I was teaching in a state “gun run” school. It was my first and I had decided my last year of teaching in such a school. While at the job, I was thoroughly miserable and in search of a happier way of spending my life.

Since I felt that the U.S. Government was as bad as the Nazi regime had been, I was interested in a way of life whereby none of my earnings could be used to support a war machine. I had plans of going to Florida to work at a health resort in exchange for room and board as soon as my teaching contract expired (last June). That way, I hoped to avoid income tax and also learn about natural hygiene. (My weight was a terrible problem and I had great hopes of reducing at this resort.)

Before going on to explain how I got “here from there” I’ll fill in a little on how I got “there.” I’ll go all the way back to my grandfather.

As a young man, Grandpa fled from Russia to avoid being drafted into the Czar’s army. (Maybe he was running away from shulla too. Shulla wasn’t his girlfriend: it’s Jewish Sunday school, only on Saturday. Grandpa’s father was religious but Grandpa had other ideas, like he was an atheist.) Newly arrived in the U.S. and safe and sound from the nasty old Russian czar, Grandpa started to “work his way up in the world.” After years of hard work, he was owner of his own store (general merchandise). He also married. By this time, the U.S. Czar, commonly called Czar Samuel or translated “Uncle Sam” was after Grandpa. But a baby daughter exempted Grandpa from Sam’s army.

The baby was my mother. As a young girl, she was active in leftist, communistic political-action groups. (Today she is involved in groups like Women for Peace as opposed to communistic groups.) My parents were hounded by the FBI when I was little and I was taught to say “I don’t know” in case I were questioned. The police were DEFINITELY NOT our kind of people. When young, my mother took me to some picnic where Paul Robeson was to sing. The people living around the picnic grounds (Peekskill, N.Y.) didn’t like Negroes or something and as we were being bussed home, I remember the local residents lining the streets with rocks – boulders – ready to throw. They threw them too. There was blood and broken glass and I can still see in my mind those people standing with their rocks and next to them were standing policemen: the policemen and the rock throwers were buddy-buddy.

So much for recollections of early childhood. While at my teaching job last fall, I received from my mother a copy of “Vocations for Social Change.” It’s a Bay Area publication which lists among other things, the School of Living. I wrote the School and subsequently subscribed to its newsletter THE GREEN REVOLUTION (Heathcote Center, Freeland, MD 21053, \$4 per year), also receiving its book, GO AHEAD AND LIVE. But even though I agreed with many of their ideas, the prospect of homesteading left me with some reservations: like who would feed the chickens and milk the cows and water the crops when I was on a bicycling trip? In other words, I viewed being tied down to a homestead just like that; being tied down.

G-R was exposing me to libertarian ideas however. And it was in G-R that I saw an ad for PREFORM-INFORM which mentioned nomadic living. I suppose this appealed to me because I had dreams of getting on my bicycle and riding – destination, the world. I’d be a bicycle gypsy. One of the Preform editions came with a hand-printed note on it from this guy who said he was going to British Columbia and would it be O.K. if he were to stop by to see me on the way. I answered and said sure, stop by. And that’s how I met Tom, and found out who is John Galt and a few other things.

Tom came by on a Sunday. He stayed for the next few days. We exchanged literature. He gave me Rand’s ANTHEM to read. It made sense and with Tom’s help, I was able to dislodge some of the cobwebs of prejudice that had been woven in my mind by an upbringing in a leftist family atmosphere. Thus I was able to accept and adopt much of the philosophy of that small volume. After the days had become a week Tom asked me if I would like to go to B.C. with him. I thought about it (I can’t remember if twas for a minute or a day) and said “yes!”

So when school was over and all my stuff moved of the rented apartment I had been sharing with a friend, Tom and I were off to B.C. Tom drove the first stretch – I shelled walnuts and asked a lot of questions. Along the way north, we stopped to visit with other libertarians, exchange ideas, knowledge, ask and answer questions. It was all very stimulating. While in B.C. at our forest squat spot I read ATLAS SHRUGGED. I read it for breakfast, brunch, lunch, high tea, low tea, dinner, supper, and even by candle light. I loved every minute of it. It is a work of art, a work of genius, a phenomena in itself. Though I cannot meet the people in the book, I look forward to meeting and spending time with other libertarians as I would look forward to meeting John Galt, Dagny, and their friends.

Whereas before (when I was “there”) I was not opposed to government spending my money for “good” things, now (that I am “here”) I oppose government spending ANY of my money. I wish to be free to do as I see fit. Before I was concerned with helping to make this a better world for everyone. I am no longer concerned with everyone. Each must decide for himself what “better” is and then seek for that himself. What I now consider “better” is FREER and I will strive to be as free as I can and help those who feel the same way I do towards that end also, thereby increasing my own freedom.

I think my present goal – freedom for myself and those close to me here and now – is much more realistic than “trying to make this a better world.” (Of course by making my own world better I am indeed making the whole world better, but better only by my standards which I don’t ask everyone to accept.) Whereas before I was much in favor of ending the Vietnam War (or any and all war and arms races for that matter) what could I do? Write letters to my congressman? I never saw a piece of paper stop a bullet. But now I know just what to do. I can make damn sure that none (or an insignificant amount) of my money (energy) goes towards buying bullets and bombs and other things that are used to make wars. People are still dying but I have no hand in killing them and I will be responsible only for my own actions. I will no longer allow anyone to use guilt as a weapon on me. There are people starving and people dying, yes. Before I felt I should join a cause to help these people: more letters to congressmen. Now I feel all I SHOULD do is my own part, e.g. not overpopulate the world or initiate force. I will not allow myself to be held accountable for other than my own doings.

Right now, Tom and I are at a squat spot overlooking the Pacific Ocean. Since we are opposed to the State, its bureaucracy and all its trappings, we feel it is not in our best interest to have a State marriage license. However, Tom has drawn up our own free-marriage contract. Each of us is a “freemate.” Also in the contract, Preform is a joint venture. Therefore, in the future, you’ll be hearing more from this “freemate.” –ROBERTA

#2: The Best Things In Life Are Free! By Roberta

Free Yourself of Dust: If you happen to forget to ensure positive pressure in your camper or trailer and are covered with dirt inside just use the COMPRESSED AIR hose at the next gas station. Open all doors and windows so that the dust goes OUT! (“Dust” off the outside while you’re at it too and any hard to get at places like under the burners on the range.)

Horsetail and other plants with silica make handy abrasive scouring “pads” (and they don’t stick in your fingers like steel wool!).

Fractionalize cooking time and therefore save on fuel – by overnight soaking of grains (wheat, rice, etc.) and pulses (lentils, beans, peas).

Free for the Making: Here are some uses for discarded rubber inner-tubes (obtainable free in your neighborhood gas station’s trash.)

Holster – I used a paper punch to make holes and a thin strip of rubber for lace.

Shock cords – I fashioned hooks from old hangers (double thickness) to which I attached a stout rubber band out from inner-tube. I use a few of these cords to hold my bicycle in its place on the camper.

Binocular/camera “keeper” – A length of thin rubber band around my chest and over my binoculars keeps them from banging to and fro. Works for cameras too – or carry them conveniently in a G.I. canteen case on your belt.

Drawstring “keepers” – On sweat pants, hooded sweat shirts, and sleeping bags, the drawstring’s tendency to get lost by retreating into its hem can be overcome by fastening a small square of rubber inner-tube on the end of the drawstring. (The rubber seems to stand up fine to hot detergent washings.)

Door mats – Assorted rubber bands – You can make them any length by cutting a narrow rectangle to the desired size and then just making a slit lengthwise, within the rectangle. Punching a round hole at each end of the slit will prevent its tearing.

Washers and gaskets – Cut out whatever shape/size you need.

“Rope” – Cut long, stout pieces of inner-tube and keep handy for tying things down.

– ROBERTA

#3: A LETTER FROM TOM DUCKWORTH TO TOM MARSHALL: Armchair Libertarians!

Tom: “Armchair libertarians” are like people on a bum “acid trip.” They may know what “Right Action” is but they are too scared to take action. They see the world crumbling before their eyes but rather than step out into a new world – a new thought – a new universe, they beg for the “old time right reality” and then set about putting everyone else on their bumper. You handle both situations (bum acid tripper and armchair libertarian) in the same manner – you give a lot of love – show a great deal of compassion AND DON’T allow yourself to get caught in their dance.

In India, there are many PUNDITS who are able to expound at great length on the Sacred Books, the yogic teachings, etc., etc. They are not holy – just expounders of what is holy. (Alan Watts is much that way with zen.) So too, the armchair libertarians “KNOW” the most, have a fine INTELLECTUAL grasp of Libertarianism BUT – DON’T get caught in their rut.) Don’t wait for them to join you – it will take too many life times. Go – “do your thing” – be centered for those who are in need of it but don’t get hung up on them. Shanti, TOM DUCKWORTH

#4: Wheelbarrow Tex, The Desert Nomad’s Mini Mobile Home

MINI MOBILE HOME: Death Valley – where the summer temperature may reach 140 – is home to a nomad who calls himself Wheelbarrow Tex. He’s lived in the area of the California desert for 19 years. For four years he has pushed his covered-wagon like a wheelbarrow. It holds all his possessions.

“It’s my home, he says. “Everything I own is in that contraption.”

So day after day for the past four years, he has pushed the contraption throughout the valley and to neighboring areas.

“I like this place. I like this desert. I walk along the roads, pick up stuff, meet good people, run a few yours. I have my own tour – of old mines and the like.

“I have a lot of fun. It’s not a bad life. I walk in the desert and sleep in the desert. When I’m tired, I just stop, roll out a blanket.”

Occasionally, he works. “I’ll do most anything. I can do most anything. I’m a real handyman. Can fix most anything. I can even fix cars.”

He looks like a prospector walking along the road: felt hat and a beard, long hair, old clothes. And he has been one. Still is for that matter.

“I walk during the day, and stop sorta early – then I go prospecting. Too early to go to bed.”

He’s never found much, but he never stops trying. “I get a little ore. I’ve found a little gold. But I give it away – or sell it right cheap.

Lately, however, he did make a strike. He found a hill that was full of magnesium. “I found it all right, but what’ll I do with it?”

The wheelbarrow, of course, is his biggest interest. It’s yellow and white with a canvas top. What’s inside it?

“I have two blankets, one bed spread, one double pillow, a sleeping bag, five pots, three lanterns, a can of kerosene, one empty can, two ice boxes (without ice), all my clothes, an extra pair of shoes, cooking utensils, seven gallons of water – but three of them are empty. And all my beans – other canned things.”

Most of his income is derived four tourists – who take his “tours.” But some don’t pay, and most very little. No more than a dollar.

He never sets a price on his abilities or time. If he helps someone, or shows them around, he takes what they give him. “They decide my worth.”

An extremely clean man, he washes incessantly, washes his clothes about every other day. And he keeps his “contraption” spotlessly clean.

To those who are interested, he gives his address: Box 66, Death Valley, California. (From newspaper article by Cliff McAdams, sent in by Rusel.)

TOM/RAYO REPLY:

The article and letters triggered the following idea: Using lightweight materials/techniques such as fiberglass/foam-sandwich, I think a collapsing-tent-tape hand trailer with most “conveniences” could be built to weigh less than 500 pounds. Mounted on a single rolligon or low-pressure tire which would take most of the weight, it could be pulled over most terrain by a single person. (Pulling is more efficient than pushing, especially uphill; a harness could be trapped to the hips, leaving hands free.)

A hand trailer would be suitable for migratory living within an area such as Southeastern California: ranging from low desert in winter and high desert in spring and fall to mountains in summer. Travel would be on back trails, avoiding motor roads and fuzz. (Though Wheelbarrow Tex seems to have had little or no trouble in this respect; for some reason, apparently, cops only hate YOUNG hippies.)

A hand trailer would provide much more carrying capacity, space, and conveniences than a backpack, yet be equally independent of the products of “civilization”; ideal for anyone willing to forego long-distance migration and extended visits to cities. And, if politico-economic disturbances make highway travel dangerous or impossible, a hand-trailer offers a retreat: an alternative to emigration, sailing yacht, or remote/underground hideout.

#5: RETREATISM, TROGLODYSM, & MORE IDEAS SURROUNDING LIBERATION (A DISCOURSE BETWEEN TOM AND BEN)

To Preform: Thank you for your comments on my letter. As a result of my increasing stability, I am becoming less afraid of the state, the people, and the future. I do think that coming changes justify knowledge of neo-nomadic and retreatistic lifestyles by at least SOME libertarians (who can educate and otherwise help others to adapt to their lifestyle should events prove more catastrophic than expected). But a division of labor among libertarians is to be encouraged, both

“economically” and intellectually – for understanding the world as a whole as well as establishing an underground market between rational individuals.

While the Establishmentarians and the Antiestablishmentarians are fighting it out, rational individuals should continue trying to live a life based on peaceful, voluntary exchange. And in the event of a collapse of state currency, rather than running to the hills, libertarians might be able to make a propaganda coup and a tidy profit by being ready to initiate alternate media systems on a community basis. I can see no reason why well-fortified, semi-secreted areas should not be contributing agricultural and manufactured goods to the market of libertarians.

Can you enumerate specific freedoms the neo-nomad can achieve that others cannot by means of figurative rural or urban fortresses? --BEN, North America, Nov. 1969

To Ben: Replying to some of your previously-unanswered comments in P-I #6: While I hold that a fully-liberated lifestyle must be able to cope with any likely emergency situation, and that a disaster of one kind or another is very probable sometime within the next 30 years, I don't think that the primary objective of present living is to prepare for a disaster. (For more on this, see El Ray's remarks in Autumn 1969 INNOVATOR.) Most important, I disagree with the present-future dichotomy of retreatists – that they will continue servile living until “conditions get much worse” and then, presumably, move permanently to their log cabins and watch society obligingly collapse – on schedule!

More info on the urban and rural fortresses you propose would be of interest. –TOM, Feb. 1970

To Preform: The urban and rural “fortresses” to which I referred would both be very similar to what the “Burrow-Smiths” mentioned in the Autumn 69 INNOVATOR had. “Fortress” is a word I chose to convey impregnability, though it also implies armamentation, which is not something I had in mind (should I have?). It does seem to me that retreatist if he can make a lot of money has the potential of safeguarding himself to a much greater extent than a neo-nomad. He could afford the tools and the rapid-access aircraft to discover a rock rising NOT QUITE to the surface in the middle of the Pacific which he could hollow out and stock for several years' survival. He could actually spend a lifetime making more and more such fortresses all in very different areas, adapted to different conditions and built for different purposes such as one built for five-year survival below earth after a nuclear holocaust – the most (only) “permanent” type disaster I would really worry about, others built specifically for remoteness from humanity, etc.

I think that you have misrepresented the retreatist position and are also wrong in your censure of it. The present-future dichotomy is based on the fact that the present is not the future and preparation for a disaster shows foresight. What you apparently object to is the fact that some individuals do not find contemporary society so intolerable that they would want to leave it immediately. (Is this right? – or is it that you demand that preparing for the future and living in the present be all part of the same living process? Why should this be necessary? Is this really the most efficient approach? What if someone gets a kick out of building “fortresses”?)

It does seem to me that your “troglodysm” can very easily result in excessive lifestyle insularity (as you mentioned in P-I #6 in response to my letter). It can very certainly make it difficult to move from one spot on the globe to another as well as secure employment anywhere, etc. But I really think that a “fully liberated” lifestyle as well as a “fully secure” lifestyle are both fictions. Both liberation and security are never complete and, moreover, could probably be continually increased to infinity without being ever fully “air tight”. And I think that to concentrate on one of these two values always sacrifices something of the other (you can't really concentrate on both). Specifically, I think “multi-fortress retreatism” is a far more SECURE approach, though pedestrian-nomadic/troglodysm is probably more LIBERATED (from authorities, at any rate, the maximum liberation of time still being moot).

I must admit (and I expect that you will find it heretical to say so) that in the last couple of years I have developed an increased capacity to tolerate authoritarians. I don't equate this with increased servility, but rather mean that I can listen to an authoritarian, interpret his commands, and decide whether to respond to them on the basis of my self-interest, without feeling my ego as deeply participating in the experience and therefore without the violently and obstreperously

irrational rebellious passions which all commands elicited from me three years ago. Admittedly, I seek maximum independence (without sacrificing maximum efficacy), but being able to respond rationally to an authoritarian can minimize trouble and leave you more free to move in or out of society than if you could not so respond. If I had not developed this ability I would now be in jail. I AM very interested in liberating as much of my time as possible from dealings with authorities (so-called) as well as occupation with biological requirements (repetitive and uninteresting). Your conception of self-liberation tends to decrease the former only by increasing the latter, I fear. – BEN, Feb. 1970

To Ben: I strongly disagree that retreatism offers more security. Most “multi-fortresses” never get out of the dreaming stage – BECAUSE of the present-future dichotomy implicit in retreatism: somehow most retreatists never have enough money and time left over from “living it up” in the present. But, assuming a retreatist does carry through and build his fortress, he still faces the prospects of long-distance travel under hazardous conditions. And he will be making a formidable change in living conditions precisely when there is no time for learning and little margin for errors. And, if instead of an apocalypse there is only a slow deterioration, he will probably never bring himself to abandon his familiar pastimes.; most likely he will only complain, as usual, and “adjust.”

But I can't be very down on retreatism: some retreatists graduate to self-liberation. (For several years before opting out, I carried food supplies around in the trunk of my car, explored retreat areas, etc. What finally prompted my move was not “society” getting worse, but my own head getting better – disentangled from status and Statist games, plus more and better ideas on how to liberate myself.)

Once your hypothetical super-retreatist has a fortress or two, is it rational for him to keep living in some city apartment, earning still more money to build still more vacant fortresses? For the cost of several years of “middle class” games he can equip a fortress with almost every facility and comfort he (and his harem?) could want: machine shop; liquid-nitrogen-temperature deep freeze; book-record-film library; secret communication links to other fortresses and urban contacts, etc.

The person who expects to do nothing until there is an emergency, on the supposition that he can THEN get help from self-liberators (or the few prepared retreatists) had best have something to trade – besides bullshit!

We spend less time (and money equivalent) on “repetitive and uninteresting biological requirements” (preparing food, cleaning shelter, etc.) than do “conventional” dwellers; more time on some items but less overall. But genuine biological necessities don't consume much time anyhow. The big drains in the Servile Society are the status games: biological luxuries which become psychological (and often political) necessities. (Even most traditional “primitive” people spend more time on status games than biological necessities – often with fatal results.)

While it might seem that one could live “conventionally” and yet avoid status games, this is seldom possible – the games are too interwoven with “conventional” society. Even if one is not incarcerated for “peculiar behavior,” or fired from job after job for “anti-social attitudes,” he incurs crushing psychological burdens – spending most of his life in contact with people and media hostile to his values. A degree of physical separation seems to be essential for liberation.

Certainly it may be wise play sheep on occasion. But those not of sheep mentality will be freer, healthier, and happier in a lifestyle where such occasions are few and far between. –TOM, March 1970

#6: COPING WITH DISASTERS OR TOTALITARIANISM: SOME NOTES By Tom

If, for freedom and survival, one is dependent on societal conditions, especially laws and their enforcement, remaining as they are, one is not truly free. A liberated lifestyle must be able

to survive a major disaster and/or an enduring totalitarian state. In our synthesis and evaluation of possible lifestyles, we have posited the following scenarios:

Disaster: Surprise, all-out nuclear/chemical/biological attacks on major urban-industrial-military areas of U.S. and most other western countries, which is fatal to 90% of U.S. population. (Fatalities include not only casualties in attack but those who die of fallout, starvation, and exposure in the aftermath of war.)

U Totalitarianism: Compulsory carrying of I.D. Compulsory State service for some. Compulsory registration for most employment.

V Totalitarianism: Coercion of U plus: gas rationing; shortage of most supplies and equipment and/or very high prices; compulsory registration and service of most. (England, 1943)

W Totalitarianism: Coercion of V plus: internal travel restrictions; active suppression of dissent; outlawing or severe regulation of many devices and kinds of equipment. (Contemporary U.S.S.R.)

X Totalitarianism: Compulsory, “universal,” fully-automated I.D. system cross-correlated with almost all public activities. I.D. is based on fingerprints and/or eye retina patterns and is not easily counterfeited. One must show I.D. (which is immediately checked by electronic means with central records) to enter freeways, drive past checkpoints on most highways, board public transportation, enter hospital or receive medical care, use public library, enroll in any school, work at any job, or purchase most goods. Currency is outlawed except for small change for use in some vending machines; all credit accounts are integrated with the I.D. system. Most scientific and industrial equipment and supplies can be purchased only with special, difficult to obtain permits; use subject to intense regulation. Consumer devices are sealed and periodically inspected (severe penalties for unauthorized opening) to prevent use for parts. Outlawing of most do-it-yourself building and maintenance (in interests of “safety” and “anti-pollution,” of course). Compulsory State service for everyone not “fully employed” (and paying taxes to satisfaction of State bureaucrats. There may not be formal State seizure/ownership of most businesses but simply more total regulation along present fascistic lines. Compulsory schooling from age two on, with identification and “special treatment” of children considered likely to become “social deviants”; treatment to include removal of children from parental homes considered “inadequate.” While X totalitarianism will be more complete than anything which has existed so far, it may be more sophisticated, include less obvious brutality than Nazi Germany or U.S.S.R. Opt-out may not be especially difficult (the State will be kept busy controlling the sheep) but one must be either totally liberated with very little interaction with the slave society, or totally enslaved; there will be very few usable legal interstices.

Our present criteria for an adequately-liberated lifestyle:

*Probability of surviving disaster: 95%

*Mean-time to arrest/prosecution under W totalitarianism: 20 years

*Mean-time to loss of most facilities under W total: 50 years

*Can readily evolve (change in small steps) to provide under X totalitarianism: 50 years mean-time to arrest/apprehension and 100 years mean-time to loss of most facilities. –TOM

#7: TWO LIBERATION REPORTS FROM AL FRY

To Preform: “Hail America,” there is no substitute. Wandering through the places where the grass is supposed to be greener usually convinces the weary wanderer of this fact. It took me several winters in Mexico and a time in Australia and the S. Pacific to finally digest the fact. America is the cheapest place in the world to live a decent life. By decent, I mean that you enjoy yourself among your own kind whatever class of Homo Sapiens it may be. I’ve observed few “loners” are happy and it is hard not to be a “loner” in a country or situation where there is little or no chance for real honest communication.

Sparing the details, let me say that the last ten years I have spent less than a dozen dollars a week on an average and manage to enjoy myself to boot. After a beatnik period and much

discomfort we found that the ideal “ace in the hole” is a bread delivery van, can only suggest that it be a larger one since the gas mileage, etc., is that much more and it’s nice to have enough room to expand. Anyone who REALLY applies himself can get the shekels together to buy one. And any leasing company in any large city will have used trucks (which they lease to bread Co’s), if a person can’t find one by chance. In the “states,” California is “my state” and so if I feel like a stay in L.A. or S.F. the chances are I’ll be near water if available or where something is going on. L.A. has a few places under freeways in the Hollywood area that are good for a week or so until you make contact with a safer area. A truck fixed like a camper with side windows is less desirable to me because overnight camping on streets is frowned on throughout certain areas of country. If you fix up a roll down lightproof trap over driver’s area, and put window skylight on top, you will gain more light and less police interest. My usual procedure for extended stay is to put a mental order in for what I want and then try to spot a fenced in “safe area” that looks like it need guarding – protection – or squatting on – a little inquiry and it usually isn’t long before you often have a safe place with electricity to plug into and with aid of hose water to boot. A couple of hours a week of helping, or whatever, usually suffices for rent.

I have a little French Citroen which I pull behind me wherever I go, but cycles are easier. I only like comfort and at 50 miles per gallon, I can afford the nuisance of towing my little friend along. A truck will run well over \$50 in license fees yearly unless converted to camper.

I passed through various stages of “step in” van but finally settled upon a truck with the “whole works,” paneling and all. Although I have had a lot of portable stoves and closets which served well (some motor vehicle departments don’t check out your improvements, so it is up to you how much work you want to do) the big 3 would be (1) toilet, (2) water, (3) fuel (gas or?) in that order. At this writing a “Porta Potti” is best thing on market 9at a steep \$100) but any air tight can can be used as chemical toilet provided it is laced with chemical (Chlorox works if done daily). Once this is solved, the water is no problem with a cheap Jerry can plastic tank and hand pumper if desired. Always try to get a propane stove somewhere but it is surprising how well a little wood stove works. A little coal or hardwood banked up keeps you warm all night – and everywhere you go there is wood for the picking up. Put a screen over stove-pipe top to arrest sparks and watch where you park and you’ll smell the woodsy smell often enough to learn to love it.

I have camped with permission “gypsy style” near some of the most interesting areas in California. Sausalito near S.F. is a mecca for bohemian wanderers and you will often see the ultimate in “way out” mobile homes thereabouts, although property owners are getting a little hard-nosed in recent years. Many in this area have gotten their hands on a “whale boat” or larger and anchored beyond the houseboat area and thus beat the \$35-up dock fee – the hassle being water, and going and coming when it’s a mud flat with the tide out.

So having found my domicile it took me years to find out that you can’t live healthy on human food from stores – every additive is a poison as far as I’m concerned now. If one gets some green foliage of some kind in his system every day, he will beat virus, etc., providing he stops with the sugar things. Any kind of weeds that aren’t too bitter taste great mixed with a little pineapple juice and blended into a blender. Avoiding wheat, you can get good brown rice, lima beans, and other healthy staples for around \$10 a hundred if you get to the right milling outfit in any large city (often must get together with someone to buy enough quantity). Alkaline grains and beans you can exist on exclusively and be healthy, whereas you’d get sick fast living on wheat flour and its products. A teflon-coated waffle iron makes me delicious waffles out of any kind of thing I want to grind up in my little health food store grinder. Bone meal from any feed store, mixed with custard mixes and dried in sun (now palatable) will end forever any trips to your dentist, provided you don’t allow tooth calcium leaching due to very high acid food – wheat, sugar, meat – diet.

Many women in my life who enjoyed this type of living as are girls all over the country who are going the “gypsy way.” But, generally speaking, the propaganda of the “big American dream” has taken a heavier toll among women. I have met retired couples and even those under retirement all over who are going from town to tow, working a while at lower paying and moving on again – convinced that they should have done it years ago. Kids love this way of life although parents often “chicken out.” My son is probably as well rounded as a son of one of the “Jet Set.”

Our thrift shop clothes are the latest thing and cut, due to a little sewing machine work, and with no rent, little food cost, and a trifling gas bill, I haven't been gainfully employed for a stereotype boss in years. By choice the dollars seem to come in through helping people who ask – or odd coincidental bumbling – each can work out his own money problems. It is only really a case of application and accepting a lot less than the next guy gets (and must spend pronto). Remember, no other nation in the world has thousands of used transportation cars for so little or refrigerators, appliances, etc., so cheap when used and secondhand. It's incredible. You can enjoy life no matter what the brain washers say.

(Later letter) Just picked up my accumulation of mail and so now have an idea what your goals are – must say I am pleased that there is a little organizing going on. It really could be a wonderful thing to get us all together in a closer set of ties. Everything enjoyed is greater when shared. My greatest moments were usually spent in modest surroundings with good company – good conversation – guitar picking – philosophical feasts.

Wow, did you ever get hung up staying around a hot springs? Let me say that it is my idea of good things – freedom and warm relaxation. There is one back of Santa Barbara (in hills, about 6 miles or so) where the S.B. bohemian element take their midnight skinny dips. Also there is one fitted as public camp to right of highway leading to Bishop; I'd have to get map but I think it is about 20 miles this side of Lone Pine, 2 miles off road. In N. Calif., Idaho, etc., there are oodles of them. And while many are not dammed or tanked, I have camped many enjoyable days around an improvised tub resting in a primeval little meadow.

Bread vans are going toward diesel engines because it cuts costs almost in half. They are really hidden gems at any reasonable price. Diesel oil is cheap in Mexico, etc.

Hope you will try to get a compilation of “safe zones” for western states travel. I have found quite a few in S. Calif., but many thousands are available with a little digging and permission hunting. Desert is full of beautiful places and surprises; an old favorite of mine when going or coming is Whitewater River Canyon about 10 miles north of the Palm Springs just off Indio freeway. There is a river running the year around – occasional wind is the only hang-up. The whole mountain top overlooking Riverside area (Pidgeon Pass Radio Towers) is owned by G. Wong who is at 4545 Brochton (Chinatown) and who would grant anyone usage who talked to him and mentioned my comment. Most river bottom areas hereabouts have many places – the hang-up is finding a fenced-in area to prevent vandalism if a van is left – a problem eliminated when several groups would be in same spot. –AL FRY, Alison Studios, 879 Park Ave., Perris, CA 92370; OR3-5543, 784-1850.

To Al: Thank you much for all the insightful information! While you're enjoying the California desert, we've been enjoying the mountain SNOW. Yet we're both near L.A.! I think beauty is and will be around a long time for all those who seek it, regardless of the environmental “crises.”

Re: the big 3: I think we have a cheaper, simpler solution for a toilet. Most Americans are conditioned to accept the necessity of a “commode” yet we don't have one nor do we want one! In the city, our “toilet” facilities consist of a supple of plastic bags (for feces) and a set of gallon plastic jugs (for urine). The narrow mouth jug (his) is a bleach container, easily replaceable with discards from laundromats. Mine is a wide-mouth mayonnaise jar. When we are in the country, the “toilet” is supplied by mother earth. (By the way, I've read that squatting is healthier than sitting, which can encourage constipation: sitters be warned! Squatters squat assured.)

I dig the thrift stores too – and they don't take tax! (if “nonprofit” like Salvation Army). – ROBERTA

#8: A Second Realm Transition with Martin & Sharon

To Preform: I saw your names in the People Directory (MODERN UTOPIA) and from your descriptions of yourselves, I think we may be on the same track. So I thought I'd write and fill you in a little more on where we're at. If after reading this you think we mesh, we'd like to hear more from you.

Until last Friday (Feb. 27) I was working as an electrical engineer for General Electric. There are several reasons why I quit. First of all, I've recently become a pacifist (my appeal for 1-0 classification is pending before the state appeal board) and the fact that some of my work went for military applications bothered me. As an engineer, I had very little control over what I worked on, and no control at all over how it was used when it was finished. Another that they really bugs me about the whole business-technology scene is the incredible number of hung-up, stuffy, phony, up-tight people there are in it.

From now until school is out, I'm doing substitute teaching. My little experience so far confirms my ideas that school = jail = automation factory. I like rapping with the kids though. Some of them are seeing through it.

Sharon is a speech therapist in two public schools here. She works mostly with kindergarten through sixth grades. One day a week, she also works at an occupational center with mentally retarded children. She likes her work quite well because she sees the kids on an individual or small group basis and can treat them more like people than a regular classroom teacher (read: cop) can. Also, she doesn't have to put up with a lot of the administrative bullshit that the other teachers do. She certainly sees the need for something pretty radically different in the schools and the whole society, but I don't think she's quite as fed up with things (yet) as I am.

Now about the revolution. First, I don't think revolution (in the usual violent sense) has a chance in this country. Too many people with too much money (equals power) have too much of a vested interest in maintaining the status quo. But even if it did have a c chance, I don't feel that violence is very likely to lead to peace, love, fulfillment, and happiness. Not only that, but this country has a history of violence and is well practiced at it so it makes more sense to fight with a weapon that the opponent doesn't know how to use, i.e., non-violence.

As far as sex goes, we've learned a lot about that too. We're coming now to the place where we can enjoy it really freely and for its own sake without expecting it to do more than it can do. I sort of think the conventional marriage-counselor-type wisdom and the sexual freedom swingers and orgiasts both have it wrong. On one hand, I don't think it's some kind of holy mystical experience that somehow unites two immortal souls, etc., but neither do I think that just fucking constantly with no personal commitment or understanding is likely to produce much in the way of lasting friendship, community, or happiness. As far as shared sex or group marriage goes, I don't think either of us really know how we would feel about it. We both fell, though, that if it were to happen it should be based on a very good and intimate acquaintance and understanding of all members mutually before it was attempted. Since we do have a really beautiful relationship, we would hesitate to rush into anything that might mess it up until we were pretty sure it wouldn't.

About drugs, we don't indulge (tobacco or alcohol either) because we feel no need of them, but I have no hang-ups about pot if somebody wants to use it. I just wonder if the high is worth the risk of getting busted. Hard drugs are a no-no.

We're quite a bit the outdoors type and like to camp, hike, and climb especially with compatible people.

Plans for the immediate future are to buy an old school bus and fix it up and live and travel in and make a grand tour next summer meeting beautiful people all over the country, and seeing what ideas they have for "living better eclectically". We've applied for VISTA and are telling everybody we're going to go in the fall. It's pretty "establishment" and it's probably treating symptoms, but it would give us a close-up look at the problems and only lasts a year so we think it might be a good way to survive while we get our thing together and figure out what to do for the long run. If someone comes up with an idea that looks better and can't wait though, we might just chuck VISTA.

At this point, I can't see living in the city and I know from my own childhood on a small farm in Missouri (my parents still live there) that it's possible to live on very little money and quite comfortably if you know how to do without things. That may be a hard lesson to learn after having been brainwashed by the advertisers and money lenders to want all the gadgets and want them now. I think we could live quite simply and be happy with a few other compatible people. We will have a little money, probably not over a couple of thousand that we would be glad to put

into the cause. I think starting a group might be preferable to joining an existing one, but I don't know.

(Later letter) It's really great to know that other people are trying and succeeding at liberating themselves.

We have bought an ex-circus van for \$250 and plan to make a home out of it. It's really great – much more efficient utilization of space than a school bus. The ceiling is about 7' high and the overall length is about 23'. The only thing about it I don't like is its looks. It's not that I mind them actually, but it's so funny that anyone who sees us will remember it and that might make concealment/flight more difficult. But that might be borrowing trouble and in the meantime, it sure has a character of its own.

Our travel plans are presently in a state of flux and won't be solidified until early July, pending the outcome of the exploration of an island in Lake Huron that Steve Bradley (Ontario) knows about. We've been corresponding with them since I sent out the first letter that I also sent you. If the island looks good, we will make a fairly quick trip to visit my parents in Missouri and Sharon's in Portland, Oregon. If things don't turn out with the island, our travels will be more leisurely and will probably go through the Southwest and visit some communes and people on our way west.

I've been re-reading Walden and it strikes me as quite singular that Thoreau looked at a farm as the nadir of slavery, yet many communes, etc., today are buying land, keeping animals, raising crops, and doing all the things that tie one down. I find that I'm leaning more toward a very simple mode of living, not particularly nomadic, but certainly not animal husbandry/agriculture either. I think maybe a combination of nomads with subsistence living in one or more permanent well-concealed locations with permanent shelter there, preferably beyond the reach of motorized vehicles, might offer the best of both worlds – mobility with stability. Pace and Freedom, MARTIN & SHARON, Box 419, Weedsport, NY 13166.

#9: LAISSEZ-FAIRE > CAPITALISM (TOM MARSHALL/RAYO RESPONDS TO A P-I CONTRIBUTOR)

Invitation of I.C. For tens of millions of Americans, the technology of Capitalism has become, in fact, a monster which now dominates the very texture of their lives. The victory of this anti-human technology has produced a people frightened by the world, unsure of their own worth, anxiously buying emotional security through the accumulation of material objects. Their own culture has impressed on them that unless their physical appearance and their values match those of the T.V. commercial, they are incomplete people. The owners and operators of the mass media have mastered the techniques of personality manipulation and motivation. They utilize all the weapons of psychological warfare – fear, distrust, self-flagellation, guilt, etc. – for the purpose of selling their products and making profits. And now the American people have become prisoner in their own land. Most are unaware of their imprisonment or that the creeping entropy which is engulfing them is itself part of the process which has dulled their minds and senses to the world that they live in. Wealth and material satisfaction have not bought personal fulfillment or happiness to the American people instead only opiates to cover the pain. If you have come this far down the road to reality we can at last dispense with the luxury of illusion. It is just impossible to change the society from within! We are the most wonderful country in the world if the reason for life is to GUZZLE and GORGE to one's heart's content.

When the primary motive in production is profit rather than use and need, what can be said for the society that would allow this?

Individualism should subside. The idea of a society of individuals where each person shuts himself up in his own subjectivity, and whose only wealth (really) is individual thought. This is false! Brothers, sisters, friends are real words – our society uses lip services only to these words. Because of this my brother is my purse, morality is bought and sold, my friend is part of my scheme for getting ahead.

Look out for yourself – as a motto is as immoral as the capitalist system itself. The interest of one must be the interest of all. One answer is an alternate society – where like-minded people would be able to come together without being harassed by the Man. I am thinking of intentional communities (read I.C.) and most definitely Walden II oriented. There are some I.C. in existence at the present time. The most aware magazine on I.C. is put out by the Starr King Center, 2441 Le Conte Ave., Berkeley, CA 94709. Called “The Modern Utopian.” The ultimate of I.C. should be the building of a community without the domination or the exploitation of man by man. Where men can determine their own way of living, their own needs, their own way of satisfying and developing these needs and so exist as free men. As a small I.C. this can be achieved: The min. biological needs – adequate food, shelter, clothes, and medical are really not that hard to solve. Freedom from threat of an arbitrary death in war, real friendship, recreation, leisure, and freedom from drudgery type of labor may also be solved by determined people. A culture without destructive myths or superstitions, a culture where sex is experienced as delight and used as a fine means of communication, where each person is not threatened if he or she does not “CONFORM!” The only criteria for man’s social behavior would be his concern for others, their happiness. Everything else not associated with love of mankind is more or less disguised ambitious aspiration: egoism dissolved in fine words.

I and others do have ideas where and how to start I.C. and would love to hear your ideas also. May we share together?

(Introduction to an I.C. survey distributed by D. Sommerville, Box 5166, Seattle, Wash. 98107.)

Thank you for your concepts and the survey. Some comments:

The word “Capitalism” – used in either a positive or negative sense – is I think unnecessarily divisive among libertarians. “Capitalism”, both historically and etymologically, denotes certain kinds of economic associations, and not merely liberty (or tyranny). To describe my ideal society as laissez-faire CAPITALISM (or laissez-faire COMMUNISM, for that matter) is rather presumptuous: the economic patterns which develop in a future free society will be the resultant of individual actions in the technological context, and not something I think can be predicted with any confidence. I can describe my ideal only as laissez-faire – PERIOD. I think libertarians of all varieties would be wise to not use “capitalism” (also “collectivism”). Suggested replacements: (negative) fascism, corporate state, authoritarianism; (positive) laissez-faire, liberty, free enterprise, voluntarism.

Going beyond semantic picking, I think you have an unnecessary dichotomy between egoism and benevolence: (non-coercive) selfishness and (non-coercive) regard for others. I see nothing immoral in “looking out for one’s self” so long as this does not include sticking a knife in someone else’s back. An individual should be free to shut himself up in his own subjectivity, if he wants – be it built of boob-tubes, drugs, bibles, or whatever – so long as he doesn’t try to force his thing on others. Of course I may not want to associate with him, but then that’s MY free choice.

“Love of mankind” is also “disguised egoism” – be it love for one woman or concern for the whole human race. If you have come this far down the road to reality, we can at least dispense with the luxury of illusion: what you do, you do because you gain satisfaction (psychic profit) from it, as do I. I can’t climb inside your head, baby! But peaceful association with others can be FUN! Maybe there is no disagreement here: re-reading your leaflet, I think maybe what you condemn as “ambitious aspiration” is attempting to gain coercive power over others – I would condemn this too.

While I may not completely agree with your statement of the problem I can find little wrong with your proposed solution – power (non-coercive) to you! Have you looked into May Valley Co-Op near Renton, Washington? I visited there briefly, a couple of times, two years ago. The people are predominately “liberal” Quakers – there were some vast differences in basic premises between them and myself, but even so I was very favorably impressed with the people I met -- -especially the children – seemed much healthier in the broad sense of the word. The community is not far enough out, neither physically nor ideologically, to be very free unfortunately, but even being able to live around persons with similar values seems to have had a decided effect. It might be worth consideration as an interim solution for people in the area.

I wonder how long the U.S. will remain a wonderful place even for the guzzle and gorge crowd! –TOM MARSHALL

#10: A Run-In with The Bludg & A Troglodyte Report from Siskiyou (Tom/Rayo & Roberta)

To Readers: Here is a report on our happenings and plans.

About 10 days ago, we were surprised by four bludgies – three forest rangers and a Ventura County deputy sheriff – while excavating our first (attempted) shelter in Los Padres forest.

The day before, it seems, while we were away, our area was intensively searched for a lost boy. The bludgies discovered our camper, parked deep in the woods. They also noticed we had camouflaged our trails, which further aroused their curiosity. They did not (then) discover our shelter site, 200 yards away, which was covered and adequately concealed.

(Bludgy – rhymes with pudgy – is short for bludgeoner, was coined by Roberta, who doesn't believe that the name of a useful, inoffensive animal (pig) should be an appellation for usually offensive beasts.)

The next morning, the bludgies came again to the camper. We were both away from it, but unfortunately, our digging sounds – hammer on digging bar – were audible; we were not yet far underground and so were working with the hatch cover off.

When asked, I explained that the hole was for mineral exploration. (As it turns out, one can't file a claim until one finds minerals of value.) But with our well-crafted entrance-way in place, complete with electric wires, vent pipes, and a hatch cover festooned with a bush and surface degree, they didn't believe me.

When asked about our concealed trails, I said something like, "Never know what people will come wandering through the forest. If they find camper tracks, they will follow them, and my wife might be at the camper alone..." To this, one of the bludgies replied, sardonically, "Yeah, never know what kind of people you will met in the forest."

Had they arrested us, apparently the only charges they could have made were for camping outside of authorized campgrounds and cutting a few tree branches. Our hole was apparently not clearly illegal.

This brings up an interesting question: Why didn't they arrest us? Certainly our behavior was "suspicious." If it had been up to the deputy sheriff – an extremely uptight, paranoid type – I suspect we would have been busted – for further investigation, if nothing else. But the forest fuzz were not eager to press charges. Of course, we were not doing anything especially heinous in their eyes (our camp site was clean and neat – no strewn trash around, no campfire remains, etc. Also, perhaps they guessed part of the truth about our hole and were semi-sympathetic. But the main reason, I believe, is their own vulnerability. They really can't control "their" forest and some of them realize it. Their installations and equipment are often "vandalized" even now. And the more they hassle "the public" for inconsequential infractions of their rules, the more "vandalism" they must expect. (It wouldn't be difficult to destroy one of their \$50,000 helicopters, for example.)

We returned to our site two days later and salvaged our entry-way. So our only losses were in time – about three weeks total spent scouting, preparing squat-spot, and digging.

Some sheep-person might comment: "You lost three weeks of your time. And in three weeks, I can earn the money to pay property taxes. So how are you freer than I?" Of course, the "land owner" may still be hassled. (He probably needs a special permit to legally build something underground on his "own" property.) But, more important we learned from our experience. We are improving our techniques; gaining competence and confidence. Next time, we won't be such easy prey. What does the "land owner" gain from his taxes? Only the realization – highly destructive of his self-esteem – that he is rewarding his oppressors, paying for his further enslavement.

So what have we learned? Our loss was directly due to an unlikely coincidence. Had the search happened two weeks earlier, we wouldn't have been around; had it happened two weeks

later, we would have been working with cover in place and warning devices operational, and with camper moved out of the area. But also, in hindsight, we can identify some mistakes:

We failed to check the area for strange footprints upon our return.

We used two-phase resin paint which requires a week of heat-treatment. This caused us to bring the camper to a squat-spot close to the site. (The entrance-way was too heavy to pack a long distance; an alternate error.) Originally we planned to squat a mile or more from our shelter site.

We should have dug with cover in place as soon as our entrance-way was installed, even though this cramped our working.

We should have spent more time (away from site) designing/building a lighter, more-quickly-installable entrance-way.

But this incident has also prompted a searching re-evaluation of motorized nomadism in general. This is the first time in my two-and-one-half years of living aboard that I have been hassled while parked in a well-prepared squat-spot. While vehicle squat-spots are relatively secure (compared, at least, to “conventional” living accommodations), they are not so safe that we feel fully free. If I hadn’t had a driver’s license, we probably would have been busted. (If you have to get a permit from the Man “to be free,” you ain’t free.)

With trail concealment, perimeter barricades (extra dead bushes, etc.) and camouflage, we may be close to the point-of-diminishing-returns for vehicle squat-spots. There are more things we can do, but the increased security may not be in proportion to the increased time. (Scouting and preparing the squat-spot at which we were hassled, cost nearly a week’s labor by both of us.) Basically a four-wheeled motor vehicle with its access trails is difficult to hide. A pedestrian nomad has it much easier. His tent might be as large as a vehicle, but it can be in a much more inaccessible site.

Of course our camper is quite secure in a more remote area, such as central British Columbia. But trade (import-export with the Servile Society) becomes more difficult. And, by not relying too much on remoteness of protection, we grow stronger – more capable of coping with threats of coercion – more self-confidently free. (If we rely on remoteness now, what will we do, if in 40 or 50 years, the most remote places on earth have population densities comparable to Southern California forests today?)

And even if a motor vehicle is reliably hidden, one’s mobility – the main reason for having the vehicle – is compromised by its dependence on State-controlled highways and fuel.

So we now look upon a live-aboard motor vehicle as an often-desirable ACCESSORY for import-export. And we will maintain our camper indefinitely for this purpose. But motorized nomadism, in itself, doesn’t offer sufficient freedom. So for further liberation we will combine troglodysm and pedestrian nomadism.

As a result of the harassment we are accelerating subterranean development. We will not bypass our Phase I – a den in Southern California for storage and emergency shelter only – and begin work on a home/workshop.

While there is plenty of unoccupied land in Southern California, most of it is rather dry. And hydroelectric power seems desirable for underground living. (Combustion, especially of wood, gives off fumes and requires hauling fuel; solar cells or windmill might be spotted.) We presently favor Northern California or Southeastern Oregon for our home base. British Columbia is a strong second choice.

We have brainstormed and critiqued dozens of different subterranean construction methods. We have rejected the “impregnable fortress” – i.e., any very expensive technologically-elaborate approach. We prefer a relatively simple low-cost facility which can be abandoned if necessary. We believe that increasing equipment beyond a relatively low level will not pay off commensurately in comfort and safety. For one thing, even if a facility is PHYSICALLY undetectable, there is chance of discovery through apprehension and interrogation of people if people come and go. (In Robert Mirvish’s novel, THE LAST CAPITALIST, Dmitri moved their cache any time one of the group failed to return on schedule.) Increasing the group size would reduce per-person cost but would also increase people-related risks.

Some of our ground rules are: Any non-native materials must either be expendable (very low cost) or mobile. All valuable equipment must be backpackable with some disassembly. Any

technology we develop must utilize mostly native materials. (While we are willing to import finished products from the Servile Society (our camper, for instance), we don't wish to invest time in developing techniques dependent on materials from that society.)

We have rejected a prefabricated design (mentioned in P-I #8) because of weight and technological dependency. We now envision a tunnel in hard soil or soft rock, dug with hand tools and timbered with cut trees. The entrance will be a vertical shaft.

Since we are giving priority to the troglodytic phase of our future lifestyle, we won't have much to say about pedestrian nomadism for some time. But I don't believe that foot mobility limits one to "primitive" living conditions. The more sophisticated the technology, the less the weight and space required for given facilities. Consider some of the possibilities with lightweight thermal materials, compact batteries, efficient fluorescent lamps, solar cooking stove made out of inexpensive plastic compound lenses, microfilm library, etc.

We will head north about June 5 for scouting, then building. If you are summering in the area I hope we can meet. -TOM

#11: The Doukhobors of British Columbia

THE DOUKHOBORS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

By Darryl Bloodoff

A tourist entering the B.C. Interior near Osoyoos may find himself going through "Anarchist Mountain Pass" and wonder what kind of country he is entering. Heading westward towards Nelson, he may have occasion to hear some people in the streets munching on "Krestova Krunchies" (sunflower seeds) referred to variously as "firebugs", "pacifists", "Freedomites," "Doukhobors", or even "anarchists." A libertarian chancing upon the same individuals is likely to wonder exactly how libertarian these people are and what their potentials are as allies in the struggle for freedom.

This article does not pretend to offer an answer to the question of the libertarian potentials of the Freedomite Doukhobors. The Encyclopedia Britannica doesn't even have an entry for the topic "Doukhobor" and the literature available on the Freedomites is so scant and so warped by statist hysteria that trustworthy information can only be obtained firsthand. It is the hope of this writer that the following sketchy history of the Doukhobors will inspire libertarians to visit the Freedomite stronghold in Krestova, B.C. (25 miles west of Nelson) and learn about these people personally.

The Doukhobors are descended from a sect of peasants that splintered off from the Russian Orthodox Church during the "Great Schism" of the 17th century. Despite the sect's fundamental axiom that man should not be subject to government or any other human authority, the members have always been totally under the "divine" authority of a hereditary leader. Even the Bible is denounced in favor of "the Living Book, the Lord Himself."

The Doukhobors experienced a long history of persecutions in Russia for their anti-statist, pacifist ideals. In 1887, Peter Verigin I assumed the leadership and was so pleased to discover the similarity of ideas in the writings of Leo Tolstoy to Doukhobor ideals, that he adopted many of Tolstoy's conceptions as part of Doukhobor faith. Doukhobors were not to kill animals, even for food, and thus became vegetarians. The Doukhobors built communes, burned their firearms and refused taxes and conscription only to be subjected to an extraordinary outburst of horrifying persecutions by the Czar, including torture, decapitations and burials of the living.

Tolstoy discovered the sect and was enthusiastic to find in them a "natural" example of his principles in practice. He nominated them for the Nobel Peace Prize and described them as "ideally peaceful people full of charity even for their enemies, submissive to exactions whether made by government or brigands." Working with the British philanthropist Aylmer Maude and the English Quakers, Tolstoy helped the sect to relocate to Canada. The Doukhobors were given nearly three-quarters of a million acres of land (mostly in Saskatchewan) by the Canadian government.

The sect was renamed the Christian Community of Universal Brotherhood (CCUB) by Peter I who also adopted the motto: "We will promise the government anything, but what we will do is another matter." Peter's authority was astounding; he could and did sleep with any of the women or beat any Doukhobor without meeting defensive actions from his victims.

All Doukhobor land was "communally owned", but the Canadian government demanded individual registration. The Doukhobors began their famous nude marches, one of which went right into the city or Yorkton where 28 were arrested and sentenced to three months in jail for "indecent exposure." The government became more impatient with the Doukhobor's refusal to register land individually and in 1907 the lands were advertised for public homestead (most of which was taken within two months). Protester continued nudism, passive resistance, and hunger strikes resulting in imprisonment for most; though quite a number were committed to mental institutions.

Fortunately, Peter I was able to buy a large piece of land in the Kootenays of British Columbia and the largest segment of the Doukhobors relocated there. They built an extremely successful community the center of which was a very lucrative and famous jam factory. The empire crumbled in 1924, however, upon the still-unresolved murder of Peter I (which the Doukhobors blamed, characteristically, on the government).

Peter II allowed the community cooperation to fall apart while he spent the vast sums he took from it on "gambling, girls, and liquor." He made ample use of his privileges to make any Doukhobor woman his bedmate and to mercilessly beat anyone he chose.

The Doukhobors have always refused not only to register land, births, deaths, or marriages with government, but have also refused to send their children to government schools (which they claim teach "nationalism, patriotism, and militarism"). Their resistances which had involved only nude demonstrations and hunger strikes began, in this period, to include the burnings (and later, the bombings) of government buildings, especially schools. Not all Doukhobors were as passionate in these enterprises, however, and the more militant began to be known as the Sons of Freedom, or more simply, Freedomites.

In May 1932, when Peter II was sentenced to three years in prison on a perjury charge, nude demonstrations during that month resulted in 725 arrests for which the government created a special penal colony at Piers Island in the Straits of Georgia. After an unsuccessful attempt by the government to secretly deport Peter II to Russia, he was released to continue a few years of dissolute living until his death, after which many mortgages were foreclosed on the jam factory and other Doukhobor building.

Until 1950, the Doukhobors were ruled by "Michael the Archangel" who propagated the idea of "wife sharing" and established a "free community of love" in his Spiritual Home. He encouraged a continuation of Doukhobor arson and resistance to Canadian law (which in World War II included resistance to conscription). He was ultimately imprisoned and later transferred to a mental hospital where he was given a lobotomy.

Since the early fifties leadership has been in the hands of John Verigin, grandson of Peter II, whom most of the Orthodox recognize, and Stefan S. Sorokin (claiming to be Peter III), whom most of the Freedomites recognize. Sorokin left Canada in 1952 with \$100,000 in Doukhobor money to live in Uruguay for 18 years as a distant "Pope" who has issued orders and accepted money continuously.

In the 1950's, the B.C. Government began a strong crackdown on Doukhobor truancy. Hundreds of children were confiscated and sent to a dormitory-school in New Denver, to remain there until parents agreed to send the children to school. Some agreed, but many would not. Since the Doukhobors refused to register marriages or births, police (who had no way of knowing who had children) were forced to raid villages and try to catch children by surprise in their hiding places.

In 1960 in another extensive government drive of "Canadianization", 1,136 Orthodox Doukhobor couples, beginning with John Verigin and his wife, were registered as married and 3,500 Orthodox children were "legitimized". The Freedomites responded with a massive wave of arson not only against government buildings, but including the firebombing of Orthodox villages as well.

A major figure in the 1961-62 rash of “depredations” was “pacifist-arsonist” Mike Bayoff, “the man who could set fire under water.” Characteristically, his first act of arson was to set fire to the Spiritual Home after which he rushed into the blazing building to save a little girl upon learning of her presence there. He was later described by psychiatrists at the Provincial Mental Hospital as the “most hostile human being they had ever encountered”.

Captured Freedomites when interrogated about the violent character of their deeds responded that they attacked only wood and brick “not flesh and blood” and that bombs and fire are not weapons of war, but are “means to avert war”. Out of the 1,112 “depredations” committed during the period from 1924-64 only 20 lives have been lost.

Very little has occurred since 1975 until mid-1970 when Stefan S. Sorokin obtained Canadian citizenship and settled in Krestova. In June 1970 John Verigin’s home in Castlegar was set ablaze by six women who then proceeded to parade around the burning building in the nude.

Future developments are not predictable, but most non-Doukhobors in the Kootenays seem convinced that the sect has been Canadianized and that what passion remains rankles only amongst the old. According to the 1961 census there are (in B.C.) 5000 Orthodox or Community Doukhobors, 2500 Freedomites and 1500 Independents. It is not for this writer to say which of these categories would prove most hospitable to libertarians, perhaps none. But if there are libertarians who have been inspired to wonder if there exists in the Doukhobors a potential worth cultivating, it is hoped that they will take personal action to investigate further, firsthand. (END)