

ripples

Are u ready to bust out or what?



inside

**Subversive Seed
Dropping
Incantation Tea**



All right, buckle up,

Cuz it's time to seize the secrets of spring. So get up, get up and get down, drop to the ground and get yer booty moving around. Why u say? Because lots of folks seem to feel beat up and frustrated about our government laying siege to the people of Iraq, our civil liberties and life itself. It's good to get close to the earth, crawling about in search of renewal and perspective. Some of what spring is about is the infectious groove of youth and yeah this war is whacked, but blues ain't no use, we gotta take a longer view.

For this we call upon the season to share her wonders and for each of us to take the time to discover what's truly lovely in the subtlety of seeds and weeds and planting new creeds. To some this may sound silly, but silly can set u free. Release yer spirit's core, transforming metaphor, so yer words feed yer actions and yer actions feed u more.

First on our list is to ditch these snivels n bits, let go and succumb to spring's grip. I know, I feel it too, overloaded with crazy amounts of work and difficulties to overcome, but as soon as u let go, u feel spring's surge, growing sure that WE'RE gonna pull it allllll off. It's heartening to see how hard people are shining in these tough times. Yer stepping to what yer not quite sure u got in u, and we're over hear coming strong w/ ripples spring release, all hopped up on seeding peace.

Yep, you'll soon see, but we got more than pretty words; we're taking it to the yards, farms and streets with so much sustenance, you'll be LUVIN this, then making it yer own, cuz homeland security will be grassroots and homegrown.

Can ya feel that? Can ya feel it pushing u to splurge on the absurd and bust thru the crust of the earth, reaching to the light, intent on life? Are ya ready to insight riots of delight and verve as we serve up this hot fudge mountain of verse? These words are piled so high; u will TRIP w/ disbelief, as we break free of propaganda paradigms poured like concrete over society's minds.

Sure, it can be difficult, with war and hurt and grief so deep it's hard to believe, but we've made it thru winter and spring is here with relief. There's a new age on the rise and all across Mama Tierra millions are taking to the streets. Folks are done w/ the power and cash hungry rage displayed on the nightly news, as if death, destruction and this military machine is the only way. Nope, we're over complacency and taking freedom for granted, so step back chicken butt! We've had enuff and yeah, last year we stepped up, but it's time to REALLY climb behind yer beliefs, getting all subversive and Johhny Appleseed w/ yer deeds.

Uh huh, that's what we're talking about. ■

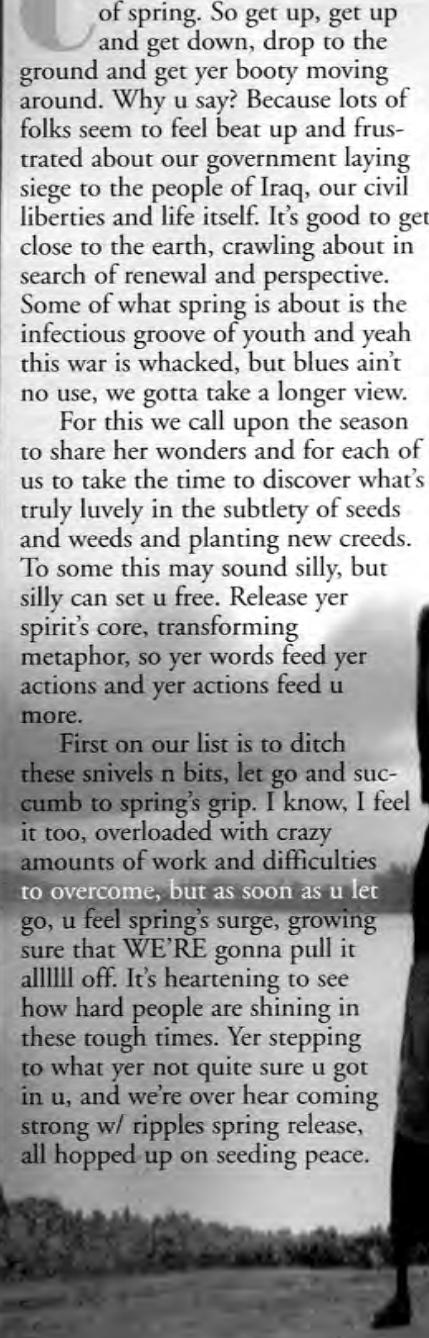


image: fresh tortillas, a.m. Flores, Guatemala
photo: Don Quixoteripples

"I have the audacity to believe that people everywhere can have three meals a day for their bodies, education and culture for their minds, and dignity, equality, and freedom for their spirits. I believe that what self-centered men have torn down, other-centered men can build up... ...human progress is neither automatic nor inevitable.... We are now faced with the fact that tomorrow is today. We are confronted with the fierce urgency of NOW. In this unfolding conundrum of life and history there is such a thing as being too late.... this is no time for apathy or complacency. This is a time for vigorous and positive action." - Martin Luther King Jr.

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cover: freeing mama tierra
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NEW LEAF PAPER ENVIRONMENTAL BENEFITS STATEMENT				
This magazine is printed on Reincarnation Matte, made with 100% recycled and 50% post-consumer waste, processed chlorine free. By using this environmentally friendly paper, Ripples saved the following resources:				
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RIPPLES JOURNAL STATEMENT OF UNINHIBITED GOODNESS				
Ripples is written with 100% good luv, recycled thru life gazillions of times. By reading the following words on many occasions thru these pages yer insides will echo w/ eewghness:				
seeds	believe	weeds	and	breathe
18	9	3	417	12

Above figures represent number of times each word was used in this issue of ripples
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art: The Happy Place 604-215-7705

YES YES YES...

Don't ya just wanna kiss the earth beneath yer feet and give thanks for the newness of spring? Jeez oh mighty are we in need of the crispy crackle these months are about. It's too ez to get immobilized by all the hurt out there and so we must, must, must keep open to all that is being born across the world as we unify for peace and global justice. Feasting on the new growth of renewal and hope is a source of strength that is vital in these war-mongering times. It's important to juggle fighting what we are against, while creating and sustaining what we are for. Spring is here to remind us that we are FOR LIFE, here to birth this new cycle in Gaia's spiral, bursting free like a willful seed, knowing nothing but to unfold and become. We are here to celebrate drunken songbirds dancing, twirling, grabbing ass, and playing tag, and to melt in the wide-eyed innocence of youth and and so much more.

For all this we have a hell of a fight on our hands. We are up against this disturbing blend of comfort, complacency and fear which suffocates our humanity as it feeds the bloated diet of justifications keeping our bubble intact. But worry not, spring is here with the juice to see us thru the tough questions like: is a false sense of comfort what we long to revel in? How much does the complacency we lounge in truly cost us? Yeah, ease is o.k., but it sure ain't "daaaamn, I can't believe how that feels!!!!" Nor is it that subterranean serenity settling deep in yer belly and wooing emotional aches. Spring beckons us to discover layers of wonder til our last day, and that's what



I'm talking about; why not strive to step outside, unable to tell yer insides from the sun's shine? And please don't take this as metaphor.

I mean, I dig similes and love to symbolize, but really, this spring induced lyrical lounge act allows me to grovel and implore, 'Pleasssse don't be confined by an overly kept mind, we have enuff limits to unwind from our lives. Get out and explore, ease yer mental mass, open each orifice and pore. Like the season at hand, our less recognized organs of sense have much to share. Shall we step outside for a bit?

Lately I've been hooked on feeding the footprints in our garden. My pal Scotty (Bolas de Vida) had the grand idea of making footprints out of clay, soil and seeds, a literal healing of our ecological footprint. So I've been out watering the footprints and watching the seeds take off. I have also been pulling heaps of weeds to prepare gar-

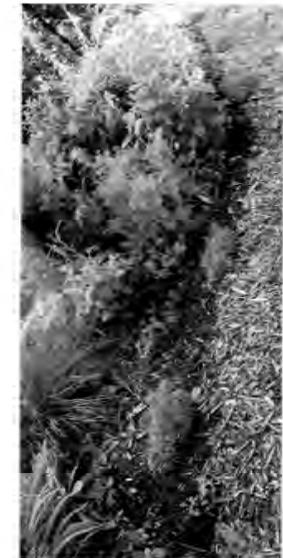
den beds and ya gotta appreciate their tenacity. We could use a bit of that relentless, life-craving weediness ourselves. Weeds rock way harder than you'd guess. Dandelion, yarrow, plantain and other pioneer species move in to damaged areas to protect and heal the soil, drawing nutrients to the earth's surface and loosening compacted soils to unpave the way for future generations of plants, bushes and trees. They're often packed with nutrients, minerals, and medicinal qualities and can be a wonderful helper in the landscape, if understood and properly used.

"Cherish your visions and your dreams as they are the children of your soul; the blueprints of your ultimate achievements."

-Napoleon Hill

Even though they're out there healing the earth and nourishing us, it's really just their general weediness that I luv. Lil tenacious hell raisers who don't take no for an answer. When I'm cruising thru the city, drowning in concrete and I see some lil patch of green climbing up thru a crack in the sidewalk or reclaiming an old building, I feel immense hope. For no matter how we suffocate her, life is strong and as we are of the same soil, rocks and rain, we too are strong. With the world seeming like one giant disturbance pattern right now, it's time to tap the super-weed u got inside. Reach deep into life and suck her marrow til spirit bubbles up to yer surface and u ooze unbridled hope filling each crack, crevice, nook and cranny that comes yer way.

Thoreau said this thing about it being ok to have built your castles in the air, but to be sure to put foundations under them. This is good to consider because we want to move with the vigor of youth, boundless hope and vision, but not with naiveté, and blind or ungrounded efforts. Life is a spiral, and while each year begins anew, we build upon the growth and experience of the past w/ deep roots, a strong trunk and branches to safely mature and flower from. Until recently, I never really understood why wood is considered the element of spring in Traditional Chinese Medicine, but it is the organizer and structure. Wood is the foundation from which our dreams, visions and castles in the sky may flourish. It is our skeleton that protects us and helps us continue to grow when rocked by unsure times or painful events. Like the wood of a tree, our everyday efforts can provide the rooted structure that enables us to grow more full. Are there any seeds in yer world that could use a bit o' nurture, any unmet needs that could use a bit o' weediness? How do u affirm and tend to that which enables u to grow more full? ■



healing our ecological footprint, just add clay, soil and seeds
photos: trathen



Wage Peace

Wage peace with your breath.
Breathe in firemen and rubble,
breathe out whole buildings
and flocks of redwing blackbirds.

Breathe in terrorists and breathe out sleeping children
and freshly mown fields.

Breathe in confusion and breathe out maple trees.

Breathe in the fallen
and breathe out lifelong friendships intact.

Wage peace with your listening:
hearing sirens, pray loud.

Remember your tools:
flower seeds, clothespins, clean rivers.

Make soup.

Play music, learn the word for thank you in three languages.

Learn to knit, and make a hat.

Think of chaos as dancing raspberries,
imagine grief as an out breath of beauty
or the gesture of fish.

Swim for the other side.

Wage peace.

Never has the world seemed so fresh and precious.

Have a cup of tea and rejoice.

Act as if armistice has already arrived.

Don't wait another minute.



Did u ever color in Bert's nose and just keep dragging the orange across the sky?

WHITE
BLUE
Remember when u were a kid and the lines didn't apply?
Then as u get older, yer taut to stay within them.

Stay between the lines, grass is GREEN skies are BLUE.

Ahh, NOPE. We need to regress from life's glossy pages, to step away n'touch of life outside the lines.

Ewww it feels good to stretch beyond the lines for the sky and be owned by the earth. To soak in the whispers of the breeze and whistle in the trees,

'Boundaries are where we begin, not end' say the voices.

So set yer own boundaries and definitions of success, Erase the confining bars of comparison.

The brush isn't in yer hand, it's yer mind, and

the only colors that show up are those u apply eleeeeee

"The seed is not merely the source of future plants and food; it is the storage place of culture and history. Seed is the first link in the food chain. Seed is the ultimate symbol of food security"

- Vandana Shiva

Stepping to the glimmer

I was recently listening to Seven Generations on K.P.E.A. while this fella was talking about scientists, seeds and the Siege of Stalin grad. What he was saying seemed nuts. Apparently, researchers at the Mendeleev Institute chose to take their own lives through starvation rather than sprout and eat the precious seed bank they worked in that was the heritage of their people. This sort of decision can be difficult to understand amongst the normalcy of now, where our dependence upon healthy, fertile seed has become an abstract concept. Most of us don't feel the gravity of how we impact and are impacted by the germ of life on a daily basis. This and the season of spring beg the question, what are we sowing with our relations to events occurring around the world? Starvation, war, ecological devastation. How are we linked to this and what do we wish to have in its place? You won't find a simple answer or a fully encompassed anything in this trickle of words, just seeking to scatter a few seeds that have occurred to or been shared with me.

Along with the Mendeleev sci-

tists, there is another piece that can be hard to grasp from our one tract buy-sell-consume body of experience. While we take money out of the bank to buy food at the store, all over the planet people are collecting seed from the plants they grow, to feed their loved ones. Throughout time, cultures have cultivated, bred and passed on seed that has provided much of what we today take for granted. As Vandana said, seed is much more than food; it is a people's legacy and connection to life, with the unique crops grown by the inhabitants of a place indelibly woven into who they are. For ages humans have passed seed to their children as farmers have selected and adapted plants for over 200 generations!

In recent years, all this has drastically changed with the patenting of life for profit. One such story is that of Canadian farmer Percy Schmeiser, who is being sued by Monsanto Corporation for stealing their seed and not paying patent fees. Schmeiser lost his life work as a plant breeder from the mysterious contamination of his crops by Monsanto's genetically modified seed. That's a scary

thing about G.M. crops, there's no recall or pulling a product off the shelf if it's determined to be unsafe. Who knows where it'll end up. And oh yeah, sorry about your life work Percy, but do you have that cash for our seed that wound up in your field? It is absolutely amazing for this brave farmer to risk his life savings as he nears retirement, standing up to a mega-billion dollar corporation who is bullying small farmers into submission. This is indicative of a much bigger problem where farmers are becoming serfs on their own land, losing their independence as they become required to purchase the seed of life from large corporations subsidized by the government and our dollars. Monsanto is the maker of Agent Orange and a whole host of other heavily polluting chemicals including synthetic hormones in non-organic milk. They have spent over \$8 billion dollars acquiring seed and biotech companies.² Together with DuPont they control 73 percent of the U.S. seed corn market and are 2 of 4 companies who control 47 percent of the commercial soybean market. How's that for steady profits, people gotta eat right? This is our common heritage; co developed by life and our ancestors for eons which is being privatized, stolen from the people of this planet.

In addition to cross-pollination, another vicious but profitable side effect of hybrid seeds is that due to a focus of increased seed production, they are deficient in other ways, requiring a great deal of fertilizer, pesticides, herbicides and irrigation. This results in not only pollution, but loss of vital natural resources, as our soil, water and family farms are destroyed to funnel cash into a shrinking number of giant agribusiness corporations. As J.J. Happala put it, there is a 28 BILLION dollar annual

bailout by U.S. taxpayers, so farmers can pay bankers to continue allowing people to destroy our environment with poor practices. Alongside this, small farmers needing our support are going out of business by the thousands each year, as our tax dollars subsidize a small percentage of large-scale operations with more of a focus on making money than providing us healthy food while caring for the land. This is an inevitable side affect as the places where decisions are made move farther away from the earth and the people affected by those decisions.

If our connection to the earth is in what we grow and disperse, what are the seeds we sow as human beings when this fills our basket at the checkout line? Wade Davis said that, "Culture is structures we create to explain who we are". Well, I don't think this market manipulation shaping us thru our blind acquiescence is who we are or want to be. It's like the Cake song goes, "excess ain't rebellion, your still drinking what they're selling". Each day we must better recognize when our decisions aren't our own, that free range in a fancier cage still ain't that great. Challenge yourself to read and rethink things, getting your visions in sync with real cultural icons, ones that know freedom doesn't come in a cage. Not for you, me, our farmers or life.

A seed is not a machine to be patented, controlled and sold for the sake of greed, laying waste to human need. It is crucial for us to become more aware of the current state of food and the impact we have upon farmers and land all over the world. As we exercise this awareness with our choices, we gain freedom for those we unknowingly affect as well as ourselves. This is how we get to what Wade Davis was talking

about, so we can regain control of creating and explaining who we are as a people. Of course stepping up to the glimmer of a deeper, more connected world arrives with the realization that it's new and ungrounding. Since even cages can have that familiar sort of comfort, we're gonna cook up a lil snack to encourage ourselves to learn and share. First, grab a handful of these newfound mental seeds and throw em in the skillet w/ a sauté of your favored spring greens. Add some ingredients and research of your own. Then draw a

few strangers and friends in for a nibble of these tender vittles, because these truths want to be shared. It's the sharing with others that gifts us a deeper capacity to receive. Life says, "Well hot damn, if yer gonna hook others up w/ the good luv, here have some more". This is how it goes. Lastly here are a few questions and thoughts from Gary Paul Nabhan that make pretty good sense. ■

1,2 Fatal Harvest, Pg. 323
www.percyschmeiser.com
www.monsantosucks.com

"What if each of us, day by day, fully fathomed where our food comes from, historically, ecologically, geographically, genetically? What would it be like if each of us recognized all the other lives connected to our own through the simple act of eating? The way we garden, gather, fish, or forage can be a communion, or it can be an ecological calamity. The more we understand where our food comes from, the greater the chance there is that we can save the living riches of the natural world."

- Gary Paul Nabhan



Spring, Wood and Loving Your Liver

by Bernard Langan

Spring is the time of the Wood element, the organizing principle of the other four elements (metal, water, fire and earth). Wood is associated with the liver. In the Nei Ching, a classic text of Chinese medicine, the liver nourishes the tendons and muscles, which in turn strengthen the heart, associated with fire. The liver also governs the eyes and vision, and its proper functioning produces a smooth flow of energy in the body. The gall bladder, which secretes bile to metabolize fats, is associated with wood as well.

On an emotional level, the liver can produce a healthy drive to achieve ones personal vision and goals. Writing down goals is the first step to achieving them, as they will not manifest without the visionary means to realize them. This necessitates an understanding of the resources one has to draw upon. The gallbladder is also associated with decision making and prioritizing of tasks. The energy of the gallbladder is at its peak between 11 pm and 1 am, a time when many people find themselves listless. This is a good time to write a to do list if you cannot get to sleep. When perceived obstacles to these goals are encountered, the frustration one feels results in anger, which is the primary emotion associated with wood. You need to be able to express a healthy anger when appropriate, and anger can be a driving force for good when properly channeled.

Lastly wood is associated with the imaginative faculties of the soul, the color green, the number 8, shouting, Jupiter, the morning, wheat, tears, plums, various species of fowl, toe nails, the direction East, wind and leeks. ■



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Subversive Seed Dropping

So many people complain, always talking about change, but what's your contribution to life? These words and the beats behind them are from a Jurassic 5 song that's been sticking to my ribs as of late. When they speak, I think, remember, and realize that we gotta drop our squawking and focus in, to put our thoughts and talking to some provocative plotting. These words and ones like em help me muster the spunk to sprinkle some extra funk into each trip to the store and each other out the door.

And so my peoples, grandma juju has sent me to say: it's time to drop the mindless shopping, stir some intent into your to-do list and start subversive seed dropping. Just consider the interactions and possibilities lying about a common day. Everywhere are streets, stores and checkout counters full of fertile lives, ready to be fed by questions and conscious intent, ready to reclaim the dwindling soul-space sapped by this abysmal state. But caution Will Robinson, we need to engage, not overload or berate. Create the space for conversations, questions, and consciousness to arise. Sometimes we even gotta conceal the blue tights and cape-- getting stealth in the frozen food aisle, thinking out loud, "WOW, will ya look at that, ORGANIC blueberries are almost the same price as conventional ones." Or maybe the next time you're offered a triple-bagged plastic sack, to get your snacks from counter to car, you'll kindly decline with a smile letting the cashier know there's enough bags in the world. Maybe someone in line will hear, and consider this thought; maybe it'll lead to another thought or action and a general elevation of our life literacy.

That's right darling, this here's a whole new age, and trips to the store will never be the same. Anyways, how drab is it to just shop. ALLLLL the COOL kids stop, talk and seed drop. They distribute connected views, but stay pervious and receive some too because even when we're sure we're right, and we get all uppity on factoids, we have to recognize that it's tricky to change the trajectory of the disconnection infecting society. It is not just monocultures of the mind that erode life's variety, but also our inability to get creative with how we share painful truths and their solutions. Nor is it enough to understand the problems or act in isolation, we must value how we relate to life, and better illustrate this in the context of others' lives, especially those on "the other side". Understanding how and why our vital concerns, are their vital concerns, are life's vital concerns, is something we all must learn.

So peruse this vision in your mind's eye: a world alive, like those invisible swirls of air helping birds fly. Uh huh, that's you, bringing the fruits and bitter truths of life with wit and style, wrapped in smiles. This is OUR work, figuring how to take in, be with and share the hurt, without tuning out or frothing at the mouth in a frenzied download of gloom, victimizing any who pass by. Oh yeah, I've been that guy, recently even, but what I really prefer, is to take that hurt and bundle it up with some "OHHH DAMN!!!!.... You gotta taste this...life that is."



art: sassy artisan,
seed dropper, the
lively riverwind

We are standing on a threshold
A threshold that is linking
The wisdom of the past with
The wisdom of the future

This land is the link
This land is a witness
This land remembers

This land remembers when
The waters ran clean and pure
This land remembers when
The Salmon could return freely to the place of their birth.
This land remembers when
The gentle people who walked here, did so with respect & gratitude.

This land has watched smog grow on the horizon.
This land has experienced water being drained from her body.
This land has experienced her pure waters being fouled.
Soil has been washed away only to return when
Seas turn to mountains and mountains turn to seas.
This land as beautiful as it is, is grieving a profound grief.
This land holds extreme compassion & a deep, deep love for humanity.

Aligned with grief lies hope
A hope for healing
A hope for re-uniting spirit with the earth.

This vision embodies wholeness
This vision is the gift & promise of this place
All you have to do is ask. All you have to do is listen
Now, is the time of awakening.

She's been waiting, waiting
She's been waiting so long
She's been waiting for her children to remember to return

Question to the earth: What do want me to tell them?
Asked by: Penny Livingston-Stark
Answered by: Earth mama herself

Did I mention that Penny is the rockin'est of Permaculture teachers. To find out more, check the Permaculture Institute of Northern California on page 19.

Bolas de Vida

by Scott Horton

I feel like I'm in a cooking class, with ingredients measured out in front of me ready to make seedballs with Trathen. I'm a muddy Martha gone green. We roll up our sleeves and begin to get messy making some powerful, pregnant pellets that can help build soil, re-introduce beneficial microbiology, plants and invertebrates to even severely degraded ecosystems.

Like many Permaculture folks, I first learned about seedballs when I read Masanobu Fukuoka's *The One Straw Revolution*. But my friend Beto really taught me how magically transformational seedballs can be, not only to the land, but to education and community.

Beto is a ten-year-old student at an incredible eco-school in Tlaxco, Mexico, one of 57 amazing forces of nature that attend the school in their small agricultural town in the mountains east of Mexico City. As part of their sustainability-based curriculum, these kids literally grow up learning how to restore the earth and enhance their community through daily acts of awareness, care and action.

On a sunny afternoon last December, Beto was coaxed by one of his teachers to share with a group of 30 gringos and Mexicans how he and the other students have been using seedballs for years to restore acres of land degraded by deforestation and overgrazing. He explained how they go into the hills in the fall to collect the seeds of native species. As they gather them, they are careful to be gentle with the seed heads of the grasses and wildflowers they harvest, making sure they don't damage the delicate plants. They are diligent about not taking all the seeds from a seed head—wanting nature to be able to do her work while they help. Beto and his friends know the names and many uses of the plants, where they grow, when they flower and seed.

In the spring, students make bolitas de vida (little balls of life) from local soil, compost, clay and seeds. They return to the hills and scatter the bolitas before the rains come and take over the rest of the process for them.

Standing on the spot where Beto taught us about seed balls, I looked across the little river valley as he spoke. Where I stood was parched and compacted soil, victim of human overuse only now responding to the kids' restorative efforts. Across the valley were green, forested hillsides that Beto's teacher, Paco, told us forty years ago looked just like the land on which we stood, before concerted restoration and care.

- To learn more about seedballs, visit Jim Bones' magically delicious website, www.seedballs.com.
- To learn more about Beto's eco-school in Tlaxco, Mexico, and how to take one of many courses nearby offered by Proyecto San Isidro and Oregon's Cob Cottage Company, visit <http://www.deatech.com/cobcottage/>
- Tio Scott invites 2003 Sustainability Tours' visitors to participate in an interactive e-journal project involving seedballs in Sonoma County. For information on the tours, check out pg. 30 and prepare to be rocked by goodness. ■

Beto

photo: Sandro Canovas



I am whole, u are whole

Do you feel this? Please, stop for a second, and claim it. Sense the lightness, the full rich and rightness, when you speak, think and write this. Draw it close to your belly, keep it for a minute, an hour, eternity. Imagine what happens when mindful masses move thru more of our lives w/ this seed of wholeness willfully growing. There are things we know that we don't even know we know and when we acknowledge our flow, there are intuitions and subconscious acts who move us. Even when we don't fully get it just yet, our thoughts and efforts can guide us to greater possibilities. Even when we sometimes feel less than whole, claiming wholeness puts us where we need to be, to become. Of course

some portion of comfort must come undone, because to become isn't to be comfortably numb, it's to relinquish our heaps of unearned privilege and apply it to the good we are capable of. It's not enough to feign compassion and rage over the planet's pain while decisions made don't equate to the values we claim to maintain. When we ditch our justifications and own our effects, that internal critic eases up and leaves the space to remember, "oh yeah, I am whole and you are whole and wholeness is what we uphold in fulfilling the potential of our soul." ■

I
am
whole
u
are
whole

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Incantation Tea

Morning, the spring of our day. Words can't hold the feel of beginning anew each day with a warm gourd of Yerba Mate filling my hands. That full roundness, warmth radiating up into my core, mind slowly waking from a syrupy daze. Soothed and satisfied. By taking this slow time to get under way, there is space left for something more to seep in. At times I'll be on the porch, gourd in hand, and some ray of light will illuminate a thin strand of web suspended in nothingness, or strike a purple coneflower guiding a hummingbird to breakfast. This morning the hummer wasn't so lucky, zooming up to my bright red beanie, hovering and taking off when it realized I wasn't the snack it was searching for. Recently in the cold quiet, a wee feather fluttered out of the sky gently circling to the earth. **It blew me away.** Other days the slow thick swirls of tea catch my attention, where warm scents rise up to mingle with a crisp morning's air. As this ritual grows common, I've noticed, I more often wake ready to roll naked in the day. But when I don't, I try to draw deep from the new day's breath, feeling the warm gourd percolate into those stuck spots where mental aches and physical ails have gathered.

If it's raining, there are moments with a quiet mind before the programs, filters and agendas take hold, that the rhythmic procession of a kazillion raindrop voices chime together penetrating deep into my senses. Short ones from roof to deck, tall ones from redwood to earth, ones pooling in a plastic fold, drumming in a bucket and puddling in a muddy divet, hasty ones piddering off an eave, others patient, slow to fall from the tips of leaves. The sound washes over, dripping thru me like a warm trickle melting ice. It slowly dissolves anything that might stand in the way of what today can be. With the dizzying array of hopes, fears and clat-

ter out there, it's ez to get whisked away and unknowingly relegate life's majesty to background music.

Of course a quiet tea is a wonderful way to spend sun up and it could easily be enough, but in such a potent time it's nice to stir a bit more into yer morning. And I don't mean cream and sugar. This is about stirring up so much intent, it about melts yer head. You ready for some of that?

1 Start by thinking of where you are at with the day, the season, current events and some of the themes that can help you to flow. For me it's the wood my day unfolds from, the wisdom in this old stool, and the redwood boards below my feet. Some of which have over 187 years of paper-thin age rings in a board barely as wide as my foot. These boards are from the flesh of a grandmother tree. So I draw up thru my feet whatever tidbits these wise old planks wish to share.

2 Take three deep breaths drawing vitality into each pore. Slowly exhale inhibitions out, knowing as they melt away, they are off to feed life. Feel the pulse of your body mix with the morning air as a river mouth mixes with the ocean. Sense that you are receiving the wisdom it takes to flow with this new and unique day.

3 With morning tea, include your Towel Chi Gung warm ups and Tai Chi Toast (ripples #1 & 2), if you don't know these, giving a vigorous rub to your body and thanks to the ingredients in your morning is a good start.

4 Next, you must know what you wish to decant from your life and incant into it. Gaia's the limit, but for a sampler, here is some of what I release and reel in. I

begin by stirring out lack; lack of compassion, luv and strength; lack of inspiration, clear vision and the ability to educate, and inspire. I stir out ego and imbalances that get in the way of living full, whole and connected. Lastly, I stir out anything that gets in the way of hearing any questions this day asks of me.

5 When stirring, be conscious that you are stirring something in your body and all thru life. Upon stopping, feel the momentum continue out into the world, placing extra intent into physically feeling a lightening release.

6 After a moment of relaxed but concentrated effort, begin stirring clockwise from the outer edges of your cup or gourd, affirming all that you wish to draw in from the edges of creation. Sense a condensing feeling as life magnetizes your tea and body.

7 Upon finishing, take a moment to sense all that you envisioned settling into your cup and body. Then, when you take that first drink.... oh damn, William Blake saw heaven in a wildflower, you got it in your mouth!!!

*Some extra tidbits are to keep a journal or some scraps of paper to write what may come and to always return your tea, coffee grounds or whatever to a patch of earth with thanks. ■



maybe, maybe not

By Chasmo, CAA

When I think of things that have influenced me, a key one was Mad Magazine. Anyone knowing me personally soon realizes I took "snappy answers to stupid questions" a little too much to heart. The satire of 'Spy vs. Spy' seems as biting and current as it did during the cold war. Yet there is another piece that I've been thinking about recently. In it, there was a bar keep in a western saloon. For every question posed to him he would reply, "Maybe, maybe not." My youthful best friend and I found this hilarious; so much so that one whole day, we answered all questions this way. There are times that it amazes me that our parents still even talk to us.

Lately I've been feeling the desire to go back to this. This time not to be obnoxious, although that does still have a certain appeal to me, but instead because it is an idea that seems so missing in our society. Everywhere else, everything is drawn as so black and white, the false dichotomy of Spy vs. Spy. "I'm right, and you are wrong." "Either you are with us or you are against us." War or Peace. Vineyards or suburban sprawl. Saved or damned. Where has nuance gone? I want to bring back uncertainty.

Perhaps it is part of living in the digital age. My CD collection is huge and I'm not opposed to technology. But is it changing society in unknown ways? My music has all been reduced to either a zero or a one—now, please

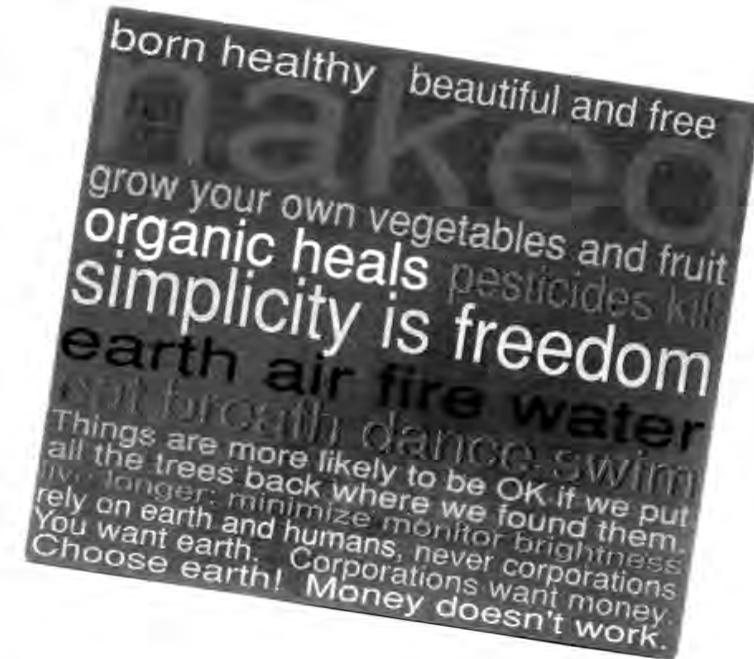
do not ask me to explain how this is done. Yet something seems to have happened in this process. I remember the early CD's sounded cold. Our society seems to be getting that way now. There is so much of life that can't be reduced down to binary understanding.

In the last year, I have watched as my mother dies. A cancer slowly takes over more of her brain. Like birth it is a process. Death does not seem to be a point—living one minute, dead the next. It seems more of a continuum. During this same time, I have had more of my friends have babies than at any other period in my life. We DO get shown the light in the strangest of places, if we look at it right. Births don't just happen. I'm not referring here to the amazing process that women go through in their hours of labor, but the whole process of creation. (Mothers are the mother of creation.) The male's sperms swimming up and finding an egg. (Not that this is all that fathers do.) That miracle that seems to transform the mother, as a human being develops within her. Yes, that labor process as well. If neither death nor life is an 'off' or 'on' question, why would anything else be?

Let's spend this Spring pondering, appreciating, and reveling in maybe, maybe not. That is what we are given each moment. When I awake, will I do something that makes the world a better place? Maybe, maybe not. Will the acorn I plant grow into a mighty oak? Maybe, maybe not. Will the good Lord give me more than today to find out? Maybe, maybe not. ■■■

"Life teaches us to be less harsh, with ourselves and with others."

-Goethe



What if we designed
our homes, our communities, our cities
like the forest?



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From the perspective of any single discipline, these facts appear to be random. In truth they are not random at all but part of a larger pattern that includes shopping malls and deforestation, glitzy suburbs and ozone holes, crowded freeways and climate change, overstocked supermarkets and soil erosion, a gross national product of \$6.5 trillion and Superfund sites, technological wonders and insensate violence. These things are threads of a whole cloth. The fact that we see them as disconnected events or fail to see them at all is evidence of a failure to educate people to think broadly, perceive systems and patterns, and live as whole persons. David Orr, Adbusters #46

- Between 1904–1983 we lost 97% of plants our forefathers used for food.¹
Diversify your diet, buy local organic and heirloom varieties.
- When a plant becomes extinct, so do the 20-40 animal and insect species that rely upon it.²
Plant a garden; grow food for u and some for the wildlife too.
- The U.S. Military is the world's largest polluter generating 750,000 tons of toxic waste material annually, more than the United States' five largest chemical companies combined.³
BE PEACE, speak to your politicians, support Dennis Kucinich for president.
- Just 10 corporations own a controlling interest in more than 11,000 radio stations, 2,000 t.v. stations and 1800 newspapers in North America.⁴
Diversify your media diet, share with friends and make alternative media mainstream.
- 51 of the world's 100 largest economies are corporations, 49 are nations.⁵
Support your local economy; invest in life, not unaccountable multinational corps.
- Since 1984, California constructed 21 prisons and one state university.⁶
Check out www.booksnotbars.org, www.prisonactivist.org.
- If a real person steals for a 3rd felony, they get 25 to life, when UNOCAL was convicted for the 15th time they got a small fine and continued w/ business.⁷
Educate yourself; unchecked corporate power is in many of our unconscious decisions.

Por la madre tierra

- Next year's U.S. budget spends more \$\$ on military than EVERY nation on the planet put together.⁸

Read up and take action at www.nationalpriorities.org. This is OUR tax \$\$ at work.

Each of us are a part of these nasty tidbits, but don't trip. Rock your daily acts and it all grows rich. Dream, believe and share what u got. Be the seed.

Sources: 1. www.ens.com/8.29.01 2. Collective Heritage Letter, Spr 98 3. Project Censored, North Bay Progressive, 3.28.03 4. www.citizenworks.org/corp/stopcorpwar.pdf 5. www.citizenworks.org/corp/bbdmanual.php

6. www.booksnotbars.org/archive/archive.html#Anchor-The-49575

7. Dave Henson, Fatal Harvest. 8. Alex Steffan, Visionary

Activism Show, K.P.F.A. 3.28.03

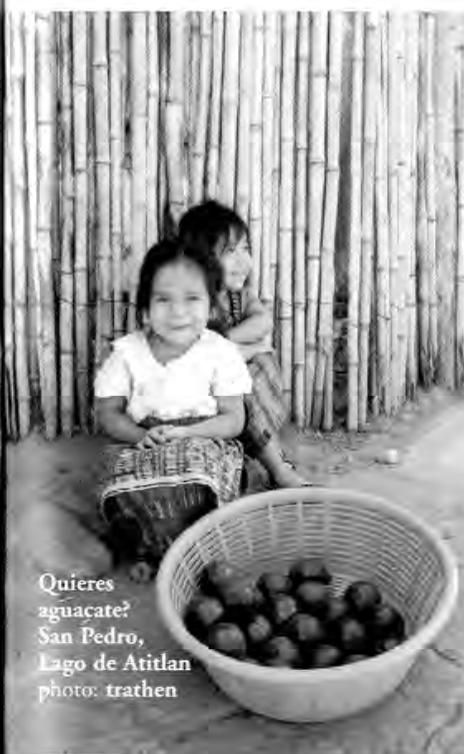
Guatemala City
photo: trathen

I'm thinking about how we get all wrapped in our daily traumas. What if we just stopped for a second, opening our senses to breath deep, look around, and sniff the air, to strip off our shoes and socks and stand in the cool green grass of spring?

Damn, what else is there?

- What if we produce more food, love and life than we consume, pollinating the world the way bees feed flowers who fill their needs, the way we feed plants when we speak and sneeze?
- What if something so simple as breathing a breath could feed your intent?
- Why not sow seeds when you think, breathe and drive down the street?
- What if your words and thoughts are like warm sunshine upon life's lake reflecting your visions and dreams all over the place?
- What if you could breed goodness wherever you traipse, getting all Johnny Appleseed with your booty and headspace?
- How much of our vitally unlooseable life systems will we lose before shifting our views?
- How do today's decisions affect tomorrow's children?
- How can we support our soldiers and citizens while putting an end to the manipulated and misunderstand acts of violence and degradation we commit?
- By what authority do large corporations wield so much power over nature, our lives, cultures and economies?
- How bad does life suffer when a select few corporate interests control the media that shapes our beliefs, values and wants?

*Q 9, Dave Henson, Fatal Harvest



Quieres
aguacate?
San Pedro,
Lago de Atitlan
photo: trathen

"If you were accused of standing up and doing what's right, would there be enough evidence to convict you?"

-Pontius Pilot

"The health of a democratic society may be measured by the quality of functions performed by private citizens"

—Alexis de Tocqueville

Major Doug Rokke, P.H.D.
2737 C.R. 1200E
Rantoul, Illinois 61866

Dear Major Rokke,

I just wanted to send my deepest appreciation for your honesty, valor and continued efforts to do the job you were assigned as Director of the Depleted Uranium Project for the Department of Defense; to teach nuclear, biological and chemical warfare and bring our soldiers back safe, while developing the procedures for environmental cleanup and medical directives for radiation exposure.

I especially value your integrity to do what is right, as you've gone from being the U.S. Army expert with total intent on use of uranium munitions in the first Gulf War to its most vocal critic, claiming that their use must be banned from the planet. I am sorry that you sicken from this radiation exposure and watch lifelong friends die of it, denied the required medical attention resulting from their patriotic service. It is heartening, to see you, as an active military officer and veteran of both Vietnam and Gulf War I, speak the truth in spite of fierce pressure and consequences from the military and our government.

I question, what are the seeds we sow, when our troops are knowingly exposed to radiation from our own weapons, when as you stated, the result of similar exposure to U.S. Military personnel in the first Gulf War resulted in 2 – 3 times as many birth defects as normal, with uranium showing up in the semen of our unknowing soldiers. When people beckon us to support our troops in war, do they realize, how this will affect our soldiers for the rest of their lives and their children's lives and their grandchildren's lives?

With examples such as your own, I believe that people everywhere will gain the fortitude to speak their truths in spite of personal consequences. It is a powerful time we live in and I am thankful for those who each day stand up to the atrocities that have become commonplace in all our lives.

Sincerely

Peace is patriotic

Please cut out and send,

make a copy or write your own version.

For more info on this important topic:

<http://traprockpeace.org/depleteduranium.html>
www.futurenet.org/25environmentandhealth/rokke.htm

take the time
to speak to others.
post your feelings
on your tshirts,
your arms,
your necks,
your foreheads,
+ walk into office buildings
+ supermarkets
+ let people read your shirts
+ hearts + minds
+ just share it,
+ share it
gracefully

UNA VIA

Antigua, Guatemala
photo: trathen
quote: Saul Williams,
Not In Our Name
Concert 1-03

TO DO LIST

call mom back (protect rainforest)
return printer's call (defend endangered species)
chat with granny (empower future leaders)
dial big whitey about peace (extra credit)
call george/bday (protect clean air standards)
renew ripples subscription (clean up toxic waste)

*Revel in the richness of bettering life w/ each call.

Poor superman, still zoomin about in blue tights.

Doesn't he know about EarthTones?



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www.earthtones.com

Tell em ripples sent ya.

Tag Yer It

I beg to believe that what spring really seeks to say is "THIS my dear kiddies is how to be really, really alive. Tag yer it". And her champion, lucky charm and magic Genie is the humble seed. Who would think life's blueprint might be stashed away in such modest attire. SEEDS ARE IT, packed full of verve and just waiting for that spark to be whisked from hidden potential into life-unfolding. We are all seeds, each with unseen possibilities lying ready to be known. Set to unleash our creativity, springing from dormancy with the right inspiration. Who knows, it could be a book, person or personal crisis. It could be anything, or many things. But take notice, cuz they're everywhere. Some grab and shake you, while others prefer a softer touch, or hide in small places. You may even have to get frisky and ferret them out.

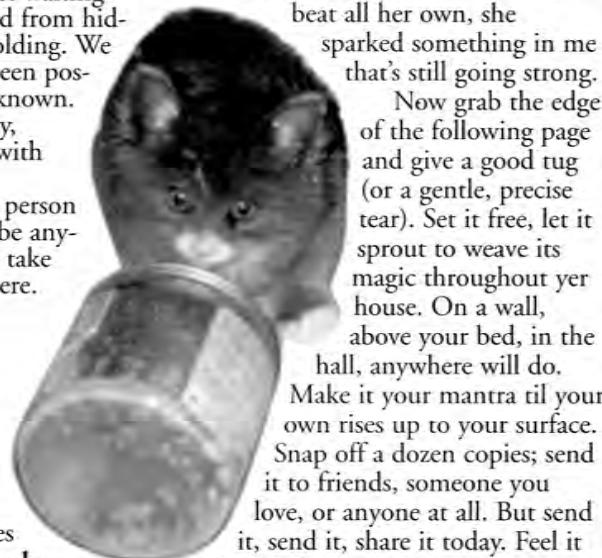
A sower of a seed that jiggled me all about was a simple page of bright shades and big thoughts. **"How to be really alive!"** By Sark. Ewww, I get a funny feeling in my tummy just remembering the first time I spotted it on a friend's wall. It immediately jitter-bugged thru my senses with such an intoxicating barrage of feelings that my insides were quickly

flooded with joy and validation. Validation of what, who knows??? It just felt right. I remember wunderin, who could've spun such thoughts, let alone squeezed em into words?? Where does this sort of life grow? A seed was sown. With the way Sark weaves tales, and charms words alive with a beat all her own, she sparked something in me that's still going strong.

Now grab the edge of the following page and give a good tug (or a gentle, precise tear). Set it free, let it sprout to weave its magic throughout yer house. On a wall, above your bed, in the hall, anywhere will do.

Make it your mantra til your own rises up to your surface. Snap off a dozen copies; send it to friends, someone you love, or anyone at all. But send it, send it, share it today. Feel it flow, help it grow. ■

image: Hymmm what's in there,
Loofah in the jar



HOW TO Be really ALive!

Live juicy. STAMP out conformity.

STAY in BED ALL DAY. DREAM OF GYPSY WAGONS. FIND SNAILS MAKING love.

Develop an ASTOUNDING APPETITE FOR BOOKS.

DRINK SUNSETS. DRAW OUT YOUR FEELINGS.

AMAZE YOURSELF. BE RIDICULOUS. STOP WORRYING NOW. IF NOT NOW, THEN WHEN?

MAKE YES YOUR FAVORITE WORD MARRY YOURSELF. DRY YOUR CLOTHES IN THE SUN.

EAT MANGOES NAKED. KEEP TOYS IN THE BATHTUB. SPIN YOURSELF DIZZY. HANG UPSIDE DOWN. FOLLOW A CHILD. CELEBRATE AN OLD PERSON. SEND A LOVE LETTER TO YOURSELF.

BE ADVANCED. TRY ENDEARING. INVENT NEW WAYS TO LOVE. TRANSFORM NEGATIVES. DELIGHT SOMEONE. WEAR PAJAMAS TO A DRIVE-IN MOVIE. ALLOW YOURSELF TO FEEL RICH WITHOUT MONEY. BE WHO YOU TRULY ARE AND THE MONEY WILL FOLLOW. BELIEVE IN EVERYTHING. YOU ARE ALWAYS ON YOUR WAY TO A MIRACLE.

© SARK '00

THE MIRACLE IS YOU

daily acts

This whole priorities conundrum has been nibbling at my brain these last few months. Do you ever find yourself in a steady state of questioning what is the best and most effective, filling way to rock all the goodness out there? Or with all the war we're unleashing on the world, do you find yourself buried in fighting what we're against? Recently, I was struggling to get ripples and the sustainability tours together, while feeling torn and conflicted about where to focus. All the while, spring is asking "What are we sowing with this war and the cumulative impact of our countless disconnected decisions?"

With my head spinning every-which-way, and deadlines slipping, I felt an urge to read Dave Henson's essay in Fatal Harvest. Dave is the director of the Occidental Arts and Ecology Center and is entirely on his game. It was a perfect fit for recalibrat-

ing my efforts. Some of what he wrote, is that we must focus in three areas: fight the current fight, support and create needed solutions and change the system producing the symptoms we run amok trying to beat back. Whether it's war, deforestation, pollution or whatever, unchecked corporate control of our lives and global economy is deeply rooted in the planet's problems.

We are too often thrown out of whack fighting back the destruction or we get overwhelmed at the enormity of global issues. It's vital to support solutions, thru each act we commit. Grounded, positive actions give us the space to better understand the broader problems associated with this cancerous globalization we're at the epicenter of. When we weave Mr. Henson's 3-part approach with efforts at being patient, organized and disciplined as we piece together individual and collective strategies, we can rock all the goodness.



We need to be able to function; breathe, laugh and love to best affect the changes we seek. This is no quickie; we're in for the long haul. Like the seed who will be a big-ass oak tree someday, it's all inside us.

That's what we're all about with our rippleness, finding that right blend of actions, to keep acting from the right place, while still stretching our comfort zones. So don't get so caught up in what we're against that you get depleted. Commit to a few more daily actions w/ some zip n zowie. On this end, we'll keep dishing new views and resources. Of course, we're rolling into tour season, ready to rock some serious hope. So check out the Sustainability Tour Series and keep the long view. This is a big time, and you're here for a reason. Damna digity didiliwitz, we are on our way. ■

Try a few of these goodies on for size

1. Plant a seed, watch it grow everyday, feel it renew u
2. Go seedballing, plant wildflowers

3. Protect our children, use less toxic chemicals, find natural alternatives

4. web sites:

- www.essentialaction.org
 - www.life-garden.org -wildlife gardening
 - www.nwf.org/backyardwildlifehabitat
 - www.greenmaps.org
 - Other seedy sites: www.youthspeaks.org, www.schoolsnottjails.org
5. Books for yer brain, belly and soul:
- One Straw Revolution, Masanobu Fukuoka
 - Healing Wise, Susun Weed (weeds that rock)
 - Gardening For The Future Of The Earth
 - Fatal Harvest, Island Press
 - The Party's Over, Richard Heinberg

Awaken

One man awake,
Awakens another.
The second awakens
His next-door brother.
The 3 awake can rouse a town
By turning
The whole place upside down.
The many awake
Can make such a fuss
It finally awakens
The rest of us.
One man up,
With dawn in his eyes,
Surely then
Multiplies.

- Lawrence Tribble



1 Become a real conservative

USDA estimates we have already lost 1/2 our topsoil in the US and the other 1/2 will be gone in less than 50 years. Conserve topsoil so spring has somewhere to spring from.

- Buy local organic, plant perennials and trees, mulch and seed bare soil, everywhere!!!

2 Grow or eat something unique

At the beginning of the 1900's there were over 7,000 varieties of apples in the US. Over 6,000 of those are now extinct—these same rates of loss have happened in all our food crops. Plant something you have never grown before. Keep an old variety of something beautifully strange growing. Eat and live well to save biodiversity, check out the Slow Food Movement.

- www.seedsofchange.com, ask around at local nurseries for local plant resources
- www.slowfood.com

3 Write See something wrong being done—point it out! See something good being done—send em a shout out! Use your own words—a quick postcard or a letter giving them a piece of your mind and heart does the most. Personal emails work too.

- www.house.gov www.senate.gov President@whitehouse.gov
- Phone calls are also fast and EASY. Capital Hill Switchboard (800) 839-5276. The White House (202) 456-1111 (guess he can't afford an 800#)
- www.eanetwork.org for Action letters delivered to your door each month

4 Read You've got ripples and all these great websites and books but check out these fine publications as well.

- Alternative Press—Utne Reader; The Nation; Adbusters; Mother Jones; Lilipoh; The Permaculture Activist, Clamor Magazine

5 Eat well Buy seasonal, local and small scale. Get to know the people who grow your food—join a CSA and grow some of your own. Organics is important but we need to move BEYOND ORGANICS. Permaculture and Biodynamics are part of that movement to properly steward our planet. Try a new food item, then Spring it on a friend.

- www.biodynamics.com; www.lagunafarm.com; www.farmland.org; www.stirringthecauldron.com

6 Buy Fair Trade It feels better when you buy something that you know is helping people and the planet with food and other products. It's another chance to have a relationship.

- www.coopamerica.org; www.sweat-shops.org; www.responsibleshopper.org; www.woodwise.org; www.globalexchange.org; www.shopforchange.com

7 Put dead presidents and dead trees to work

Support worthy causes. These are tough times for all of us, especially economically but non-profits are really hurting, so find one near to your heart and send what you can. Turn your small pile of greenbacks into big piles while doing good things with socially responsible investing.

- www.socialinvest.org; www.pcuonline.org; www.rsfoundation.org

8 Use a green company

- www.earth-tones.com, 888-327-8486 uses 100% of its profits to support environmental groups and their prices are competitive. Tell them ripples hooked u up!!
- www.ecoisp.com 50% of their profits go to the environmental organization of your choice.

9 REDUCE, REUSE and recycle

We need lots more of the first two, since most of the last is really down-cycling and that can not go on. And with recycling if you ain't buying recycled goods that ain't no cycle.

10 Talk to your friends, neighbors and even strangers. Reconnect to the art of conversation. Bounce your new understandings off friends. They are your first zone for making changes. Then try your neighbors and strangers.

11 Spend time w/ nature Spring fever—catch it. The birds and the bees do it, so should you. It's a great time to be outside. It reminds us that new beginnings are all around and everything seems possible, and it is.

*actually maybe if u tell all these orgs and companies ripples sent u, they'll support and help keep us around.

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2003 Sustainability Tour Series

Ohhh Glory, Glory Beeeeeeee!!!!

Glory be all these crazy-good solutions we have amongst us. Yes, it is time to gather, fest, and fill up on the inspiring work occurring throughout Sonoma County. Beginning May 25th we will have a series of one day tours, highlighting solutions anyone can joyfully apply. Below are details for May and June's events with more to come.

Each tour will visit 3 to 4 sites, experiencing what people are doing to better life. Some of our transportation and a component of each tour will include hybrid cars, vehicles powered by Bio-diesel and EVEN ones run on recycled vegetable oil!!! That's right kiddies, powered by PURE VEGGIE LUV and claiming grease for peace.

Tour participants will receive a copy of ripples journal, a resource list and a magic seed ball. All this fun-filled goodness and hope, for a mere \$20-\$50 sliding scale donation per tour, but no one will be turned away for lack of funds (work trade possible). If you can't attend, but would like to support the tours, a donation is WONDERFUL!!! Reserve your spot early; there will be limited space. Registration deadline is one week before each event.

May 31

Sebastopol Walking Tour

Erik Ohlsen will be our guide, beginning w/ an excellent example of the abundance that can be squeezed into a small backyard. We will then walk downtown for a talk with Mayor Craig Litwin on Sebastopol's organic focus, followed by a trip to the Community Garden and the proposed site of the Permaculture Garden/Skateboard Park Project.

June 7 Good n Plenty

Indeed, indeed. Today we'll tour Shone Farm with Laura Mendes and Wendy Krupnick of Santa Rosa Junior College's Sustainable Agriculture program. Up the road, local Biofuels expert Rusty Davis will talk veggie vehicles and tour us through Permaculture gardens at Porter Creek Vineyard. We'll visit Davis Bynum Permaculture gardens w/ breathtaking views before heading to Golden Nectar organic farm with medicinal plants, tasty fruits, a cob oven and a natural building with a living roof, recently featured on the cover of the North Bay Bohemian.

June 29

West County Delight

On this lovely afternoon you will enjoy a Brock Walk with Brock Dolman at Occidental Arts & Ecology Center, then mosey up the road to see how Michael Presley weaves his magic at Taylor Maid Organic Farm. With your brains and senses satiated, we'll head to Monte Rio for some hillside Permaculture at Trathen Heckman's house where we'll nibble plants, have sun tea from the garden and talk natural patterns that occur in our garden, bodies and lives.

Each of these tours includes MUCH, MUCH more than could possibly fit into these lil paragraphs, so please join us and bring a friend. For questions or reservations, please indicate the tour date/name. Send contact information and reservation/donations to Daily Acts, P.O. Box 826, Monte Rio, CA, 95462 or dailyacts@ecoisp.com or Marty @ 869.2565. ■



thanks

Thank you, thank you, thank you
when I say thank you

I really mean it sincerely, because I believe that as artists
what is created on these pages or what have you,
is pulled from the collective subconscious,
so that, you wrote that,

I wrote that,
we wrote that,
and if it connected to you,
it's because it CAME from YOU. You know.

Saul Williams (u NEED to hear this man speak)

Saul put this so perfectly, that not much else needs to be said. This is how I feel about the words, images and everything else in ripples. If it connected to u, it came from u. Enough said. Well almost. I also want to say that this issue was a little lighter because things are so harsh out there and I pre-thank all who take any scrap of goodness they gain and put it towards healing the hurt. This was the intention; we know where the healing needs to be. Breathe deep and dive in. Stay full, connected and singing the song that keeps u strong.

Oops

Lo siento to Marianne Williamson who's quote I attributed to Nelson Mandela on pg 3 of ripples #4. Nice words sassy.

Facts and filler

Big ups to Mary Oliver, Sark, Saul Williams and all the lively contributing artists, writers and friends for growing the diversity of these here ripples. Many thanks to the emails and other tidbits that enrich ripples but somehow miss mention or sighting, cuz these thoughts are from all over the place.

send luv

So what it all comes down to is: how we bare witness and care is a litmus for our ability to share in the glory we hold possible. Anyways, aren't u over the inane? It's time to help this current phase fade away. Muster the passion, persistence and internal emphasis needed to rethink this cultural impetus. Like water, we have to find pleasure in being relentless w/ our actions and love. Keep folks on their toes, giving em hell, then giving em hugs. When fed by the season's alchemy, we can push thru emotional outcroppings that confuse, paralyze and repress us, getting creative with what presents itself. Physically release what limits u, stirring in so much good intent that yer insides quiver w/ awe.

Do ya feel that? That stopping's no longer an option and Gaia's done got u, boogying to the pulse of spring's hypnotic procession, lapping up this biotic lesson. Whatever yer deity or source of divinity, living, loving and giving is a real holy trinity. While u may not feel it's yer time to step up, we all need shining examples along the way and the smallest of actions we reclaim may be a catalyst to someone else. Speak up about recycling at work or finding the facts to back yer heart and mind. The time has come to stir this into yer mix. Stop, talk and seed drop. Infiltrate like a weed, getting all 007 with lovable creeds. And I am completely and totally not screwing around.

As always, if u believe, laff or steam w/ anger, spread yer ripples and plug in here. Send words aret, scraps of luv and pocket change, or the big bucks if u got em. We luv support of all sorts, submissions, feedback, DISTRIBUTION, SUBSCRIPTIONS. Bring it.

And u knowwww that Ripples will only continue w/ U, so get jiggy w/ a subscription or 2 of the next four seasons for a measely \$16 or more if yer feeling extra big-hearted. Start getting yerself set for summer, cuz w/ the state of things we went soft in spring, but summer ripples are gonna be bringing interdependence hard n' heavy. Until then, get up get up and get down, wiggle, shake, n' work yer magic all around!!!!

In The Newness and
Hope of Spring's
Greens We Do Reside
xoxo
trathen

Drop us a note
why don't ya:

*Always available for talks,
workshops, Tai Chi toast,
and subversive acts
of the conscious kind.*

daily acts

p.o. box 826

Monte Rio, CA 95462

dailyacts@ecoisp.com



art: riverwind hooks
us up once again

“Each of us has a spark of life inside us,
and our highest endeavor ought to be to set
off that spark in one another.”

-Kenny Ausubel