•• SAM ELY ••

MAINE LAND ADVOCATE

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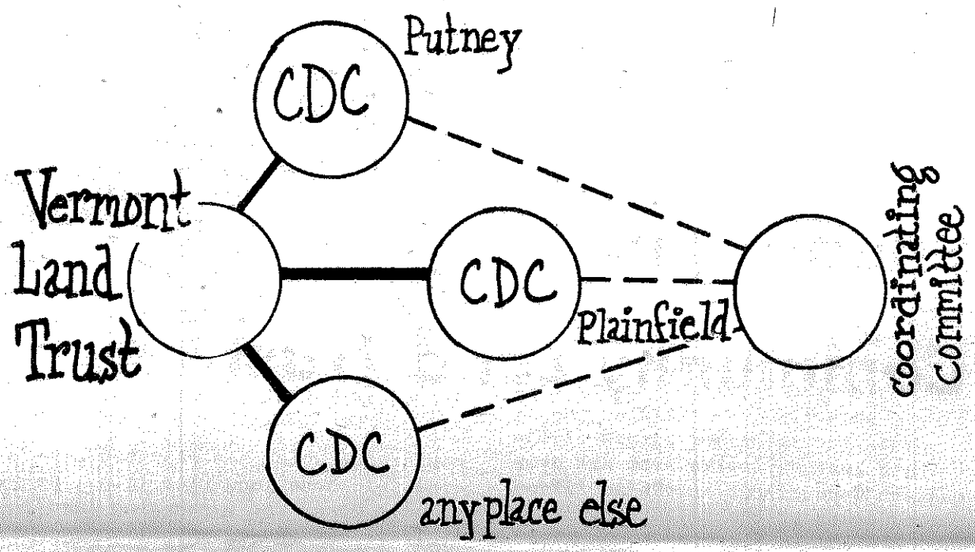
A Proposal:

Vermont Community Land Trust

Organization of the VERMONT Community Land Trust.



The above is a diagram of how we think the Land Trust in Vermont should be organized. There should be a central trust set up as a simple trust with three or four trustees from various regions of the state. This would have one function: to hold deeds. Each town/region in the state with appreciable land in trust would incorporate a community development corporation (CDC). These CDC's would be entirely autonomous and local in character. They would have the primary function of administering land held and developing it to suit local needs. Each CDC would send representatives to a state coordinating committee whose primary functions are to make the trust grow and to keep the local CDC's in contact with each other.

This structure has several advantages. One is a tax advantage. The Internal Revenue Service already knows what a CDC is and readily grants it nonprofit tax exempt status but it ain't never heard of a land trust and would take a long time figuring out what to do with one. This tax exempt status means that individuals wanting to donate land or money to us will be in a better position to do so because they could deduct these donations from their income tax.

Another advantage is protection for the land acquired. A well written trust agreement can prevent the land from being sold. Also land is not subject to loss through law suit against the active part of the organization (the CDC's and the coordinating committee)because they do not own it. For these reasons Maine is thinking now of reincorporating along these lines. I believe presently they are using one CDC for the whole state. (Editor's note: At the September annual in Maine we will be deciding whether to do this. The model we now have has one CDC for the state. The next issue of the Advocate will have an article on the proposed changes in the Sam Ely Community Land Trust, and reasons for the changes)

One of the greatest fears people have throughout the state is fear of people far away from them having control of their land. In Plainfield, one hears "Well, I don't want anyone in Brattleboro telling me what to do." The people in Brattleboro feel the same way about the people in Plainfield. On the otherhand, if we are to grow and establish the land trust as a viable alternative to the present form of land holding, we need some central organization. If we are going to get gifts and grants, we are in a better position as the Vermont Land Trust than as several small competing organizations. This is one structure that seems to bridge the gap between the need for local autonomy and centralization. Remember, the far off trust simply holds the deeds. It is your local friends and neighbors on the CDC who administer the land. The trust document should be written by some very good lawyers so as to be able to operate almost independently of who the trustees are. The coordinating committee, a group which has no actual land holdings, aids communications among individual CDC's and hires and/or gets volunteer staff to spread the idea and encourage the incorporation of new CDC's in different areas. It can acquire monies from a self tax on the land or through grants from organizations like AFSC who are interested in the idea, or from dues of Vermonters who are interested.

This structure is an easy one to expand. We just would have copies of CDC incorporation papers on hand and suggested by-laws for any new region wanting to join. The uniformity hereby gained is much better than the confusion of each region having to get a lawyer and incorporate.

This structure seems to grow out of what we now are. There is already a coordinating committee functioning (called at this time a steering committee). We are already starting to get a local incorporation in Putney, the Abnaki community Land Trust, and in the next 6 months I expect one to be formed in Plainfield. Essentially all we are adding is the simple central trust to hold deeds.

One of the most exciting things about this structure is that it would foster the development of CDC's throughout the state. These can go beyond the management of Land Trusts

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land.

Once they are incorporated, they can turn to other community problems. They can coordinate local efforts in low cost housing, start needed cooperative industries like saw mills, and/or relate to other social needs by establishing day care centers and the like. They could even build new villages. We are in essence setting up the legal framework for building a truly alternative society. Our thinking has matured to the point where we see the land issue as only one of several very pressing social issues. We should not go at these things in fits and starts, but take an integrated approach. This is one. These CDC's should grow out of existing local organizations as far as possible. The food cooperatives in the northern part of the state are one very good starting point. Thus we can integrate efforts for social change and unite our strengths.

A.K.

Why a Maine Newspaper in Vermont?

About nine months ago, the Land Trust people in Maine got themselves together to do this paper. As you can see, it is a good paper and has many articles of general interest that go beyond Maine. We on the steering committee of the Vermont Community Land Trust felt that we also had to get a paper out to communicate to you, our constituency. Rather than trying to do something all on our own, we decided to ask the Maine people to let us have a Vermont page. They agreed, so here it is.

This issue is on the house. You are receiving this paper because you are on our mailing list. You got there either by coming to a Land Trust meeting, by asking for information, or by being a friend who, we divined, is interested. Now it costs money to run a paper and also to continue to send out mailing list mailings.....and to otherwise finance our emergence as a viable organization. So if you are seriously interested in the Land Trust and want to continue to receive this paper, you should send money. We decided that five dollars a year is reasonable. Three dollars of this goes to Maine for the paper, and two dollars goes to us for organizing. If you are poor and cannot afford five dollars, send what you can and we will do what we can. Energy is more vital to us than money. Get your friends to join also.

The contributors to the Vermont page this time were Helene Arons, Putney; Arthur Krueger, Walden-Plainfield; Carlene Lindgren, Plainfield; and Judith Odiorne, Stockbridge. We would like any others of you to contribute. Send articles to us and we will have them in the following issue.

We are now a steering committee that meets at the Methodist Church in White River Junction on the first and third Wednesday of every month at 9:30 a.m. All who want to add energy to us are welcome. We are also trying to build local organizations. If you are interested in helping set one up in your area, please write. Our address is:

The Vermont Community Land Trust
c/o Arthur Krueger
Box 91
Plainfield, Vermont 05667

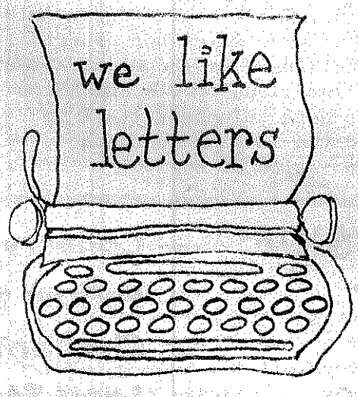
Rhode Island Community Land Trust

Late last May folks from all over eastern Connecticut and Rhode Island got together at the University of Rhode Island in Kingston for a land trust conference. The atmosphere was friendly, enthusiasm was high. Those attending were old and young, straight and hip, students, professors, homemakers and workers. The conference was the first in Rhode Island on land trusts and as such was exploratory by nature. Bob Swann, director of the International Independence Institute of Ashby, Massachusetts opened the conference with a brief history and description of land trusts. After lunch Ralph Greene and Randy Curtis, of the Sam Ely Community Land Trust, shared in a down-to-earth and extremely helpful way their experiences in establishing a land trust in Maine. Later, with the help of Bob, Ralph, Randy and Karl Davies (Economic Alternatives Program of the AFSC), the conference met in smaller groups to discuss how to proceed in setting up a land trust in Rhode Island.

The majority of the conference attenders have decided to meet on a regular basis to get acquainted with one another; define their collective concept of a land trust; and set committees in motion to prepare legal documents, research the ownership of land in Rhode Island, investigate possibilities for acquiring land, and coordinate communication and outreach. Thanks to our Maine friends, we are aware that time and patience are needed to realize our goals and that frustration and apparent failure are an inevitable part of the struggle.

Interest in land trusts seems not to have waned with the conclusion of the conference. The Providence Journal published a story about the conference which has elicited several telephone inquiries (e.g., do we have money for purchasing land?) At least two people who attended the conference plan to devote substantial portions of their time during the coming year to the establishment of a land trust in Rhode Island. A URI student, after sounding out people at the university, reports that if the land trust group affiliates with the Cooperative Communities program at the school it may be eligible for free office space and Student Senate funding. In addition, some University-connected organizations have access to toll-free telephone service within the state. Hopefully we might have a part time staff person funded through the A.F.S.C. in the fall.

If anyone is interested in further information about our effort, they should write to Carol Bragg, 88 Gordon Avenue, Providence, RI 02905.



ABNAKI COMMUNITY LAND TRUST

Putney, Vermont, ACLT is working toward entrusting land in southeastern Vermont. A planning committee has been meeting regularly for the past two months. We've written up the articles of incorporation. We want to incorporate as a non-profit, tax exempt institution. Hopefully incorporation will be completed by Fall. Copies of the proposed articles and by-laws will be sent to interested people in the area for comments

The planning committee is struggling with issues like the following:

-Should the corporation be involved with the dwellings and outbuildings of a tenant;

-Should it place restrictions on the size of the house and/or the amount of money used to construct it. Thees issues are difficult to deal with because there is as yet no model.

There is one parcel of land, about 50 acres, that will be put into Trust as soon as we are incorporated. This parcel will be divided into 5 ten acre parcels. 2 families are already living on this land.

If anyone is interested in further information, Please write;

Abnaki Community Land Trust
c/o Aarons
Box 108
Putney, Vermont

The Land Struggle V

Guides to a Democratic Community

We, the advocates of the land and the advocates of a good life for the people on the land, are in the position of having to feel our way towards a new kind of society. To me this is a society that is neither traditional nor modernist, but is something I call the democratic community.

We can and must reconstitute the idea of community inherited from traditional society. This is still present among us to a degree in areas like Maine. We can and must reconstitute the idea of democracy which has come down to us from the early stages of modernist society. It is these two in combination that is the key. The combination represents a dialectical movement beyond both, yet incorporating elements of each. In the process of historical movement these two ideas will be transformed into a new vision of the human being and society; and they will be transformed into a new consciousness and a new practice.

However, as yet, democratic community is an un-clear concept. It is an idea that has come forth out of the fires of experience of many groups of people and individuals in the liberation movements here and around the world. Out of this experience there is emerging new understandings of roles, of relationships, and of what it means to be a person. This is emerging. It is not defined. Or say that only bits and pieces are being defined and not the whole.

Yet all the time there is more and more experience to draw on, as people try for something better in their lives and their organizing. Better, that is, than the cosmopolitan and bureacratized life styles, and the kow-towing to the super-corporate class, that has now become the hallmark of mainstream living.

So that a new practice is going on: better living and better organizing. And any new theory must go along hand in hand with new practice. In other words, as we go along we must define and refine our concept of democratic community (or whatever name we want to use to get at what we're trying to define) and then feed that newer awareness and sharpness of understanding back into our practices.

Roles: How Important They Are

Remember the notion that one must treat everyone as an end and not as a means? The German Philosopher Immanuel Kant, in the 18th century, was the first who clearly conceptualized this proposition. It has been repeated in various ways by humanists and would-be humanizers of modernist society since that time.

But this "noble" proposition has been applied again and again by reformers and humanists without any serious attention being given to the power of roles in shaping and limiting human behavior. Here are people in the workplace, hard at work on the assembly line, the work bench, the farm, the boat, the office stool, the desk, the kitchen, the classroom, the laboratory. What relevance does the exhortation to treat people as ends and not as means have in these work situations? What relevance if the role that the worker is expected to fulfill--and, of course, value as good and right!--makes him or her primarily the means of others?

Or, turn it around and look at this from the point of view of the person in a position of "command". What relevance does this exhortation have if as foreman, or principal, or supervisor, or director, or professional-in-charge, or husband you must, in order to fulfill the way your role is defined, treat others as if they were means?

In the face of this, and looking at real work situations directly and not sideways, it seems starkly evident to me that no amount of personal relating, or sabbath day sermonizing, or even sensitivity training will alter the realities of present day role differentiation or will change the hierarchy and power plays imbedded therein Such humanist remedies can even make this worse--by hiding the bare facts of how much people are reduced to means and things in the workplaces of modernist society, and how much people at the middle levels of "command" are expected if not forced to treat others like that.

To Give and To Get

"It is better to give than to receive"-- we have heard this for thousands of years. But in no way has it been followed in the "real" world of money and power. So people have been forced to make rude choices: to be a taker (or getter) in the world of money and power; or to be a giver in the so-called "nice" world of services. Or, to be a taker six days a week and a giver the seventh.

Or, as most often happens, society has already decreed one's choice. One is a giver: mother, wife, worker, student, child, racial "inferior", slave, serf. As such, one is given in exchange for blood, sweat and tears the benefits of civilization and order and harmony by those who are the takers, namely, the ruling classes.

In the face of this dismal record of human societies in action, I'd say it is better to give and receive. It is better to be an end and a means. Or say that it is better -- necessary!-- to abandon this way of thinking about the problem and to redefine person and role and the connections between them.

To Be Active and Passive

A light on this has come through to me by noticing aggression and passivity in the human being. Or say the active principle and the passive principle. Each person, I have come to believe, is by nature both active and passive. The development of both states in harmonious tension with each other is necessary to the positive growth of a person, be it a man or a woman, be it a layman or a professional, be it a worker or a "boss".

One realizes that throughout the history of most human societies, people have been typed for one or another role which "needs" to be "filled" by one or another of these states. So that some become "destined" for passivity in one form or another (the well-disciplined industrial worker, the wifely woman, the secretary, the rude but deferential yeoman, the servile slave.) This is to the neglect of their active principle. Others have been "destined" for action (the hunter, the leader, the warrior, the capitalist, the commissar, the movement "heavy", "the man"). This to the everlasting detriment of their need for passivity.

The Central Feature of Democracy

The central feature of democracy for me is that since each person has both active and passive parts, each person must have full opportunity to exercise, expand, and balance these parts within him or herself. This of course can only be done through a new and wise ordering of roles and new definitions of roles-- so that peoples' expectations of roles will include a sense of the need to exercise the active and the passive principle in each role.

There is an older philosophic tradition to which this way of looking at roles is not all that strange. For example, Plato's specification for the philosopher kings, whether men or women, was that they combined in the same nature an harmonious balance of the spirited (active) principle and the intellectual principle which he associated with a more passive outlook that was ultimately contemplative in character.

In addition to such older traditions as Plato that are precedents for this way of looking at roles and persons, similar lessons can be drawn from some newer notions and practices:

*For example, that in education each person-- whether teacher or student-- is both one who learns and one who

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THIS COLUMN NEXT TIME

Next time this column appears it will be called The Land Struggle: OPEN FORUM. My aim is to make it as much as possible a forum for the thoughts, comments and questions of Advocate readers and of people in Sam Ely.

If you have things you want to explore and share, send them to me in care of Sam Ely, P.O. Box 116, Brunswick, Maine 04011.

John Rensenbrink

aches. Actually, this notion quite old too. Consider the rds of the great pre-modernist et Chaucer: "And gladly would teach and gladly would he arn."

*For example in economic life as in art) that the worker hapes the material and the material hapes the work... and the worker?

*For example, in the professions, that each person, whether professional or laymen, is in some vital senses both expert and laymen.

*For example, in politics, that each person is one who rules and is ruled (again an old idea stated very well by Aristotle).

*For example, in the inner experience of various people lately of their own nature (and of nature in general), that to them nature speaks in both an active and a passive voice, and that the eternal movements of life and death are in a closer relationship than had been supposed, and that they approximate a state of harmonious tension.

*For example, in the family, that both husband and wife are both active and passive and both need to be able to express that.

*For example, in so-called shitwork, that each person in a group or organization or society at large has, or should have, a share in doing it.

And so forth.

Many of these ideas are old, or have antecedents. Yet they all seem new to the people of advanced modernist society. This is understandable given the gross rationalism, the lack of real community life, the giddy commercialism, the intense specialization of things, the endless deceptions of those at the top of the pyramid of power and money, and given the spreading ooze of the feeling of powerlessness which these conditions impose on people.

To the weary victim of modernist society and to the determined apologist alike, the above ideas seem impractical.

Yet every day we find fresh evidence that we can move in these new (yet old) directions; that in fact, in our organizing and our living, we are moving in these directions; and that we must and can continue to do so steadily and surely.

These Guides in Practice

I have said that we must feel our way towards a new kind of society. Yet we are not without guides, as the above brief analysis illustrates.

Of equal importance to the finding of guides for practice is the manner in which they are applied. Some caveats are in order: not to take what are meant to be guides as if they were absolute laws, or as if they were measuring rods by which to judge exactly our own and other people's "performance". People who do this are not looking for guides to aid practice; but they are looking instead for precise formulas to impose on practice. They repeat the rationalist mistakes of the past.

Another caveat: not to look for "instamatic" change. This has been the bane of movements for change. It has covered up a lot of shoddy thinking and preparation, impatience, and arrogance.

Another caveat: not to get bogged down in arguments over what comes first, structural (and role) changes or personal change. This seeming paradox can only be overcome through practice, where it is seen again and again that both happen together; that each to be solid and real needs the other to sustain it.

To Do It and To Undo It

Another caveat: not to assume that because we have new ideas and a new set of directions, all we need do is set these in motion and "do it". This is good to strive for. But it's not that easy. It tends to hide from our view how much modernist society and its distortions weigh us down in our characters and personalities.

Some of us suffer from having been too active and aggressive; others from having been too passive and even masochistic. Many also have developed patterns whereby they are too aggressive in one role and too passive in another. There are many different configurations of these basic types of distortions.

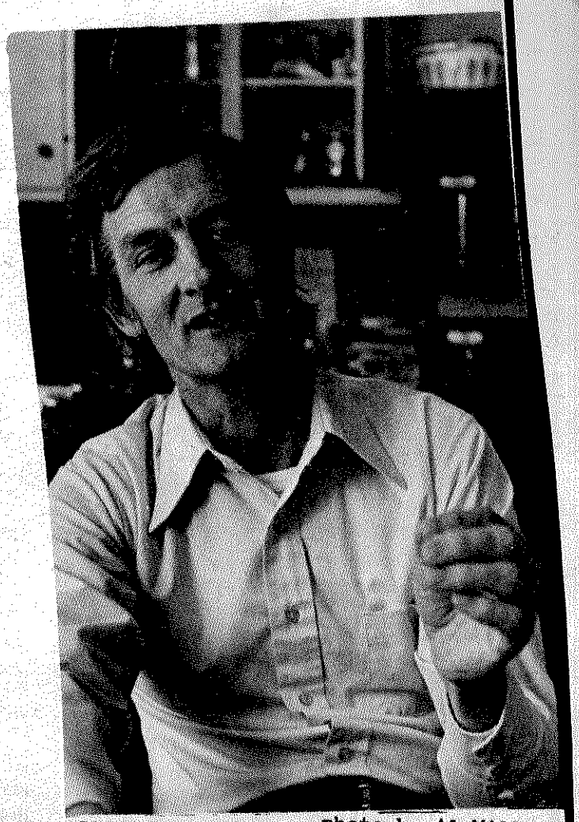
What this requires is a lot of undoing of ingrained ways and typical hangups. Often, before one can "do it", one has to "undo it". Hopefully it is possible most of the time to work at both simultaneously; but that may be an optimistic statement.

In any case, undoing takes a lot of mutual acceptance of one another. It also takes a willingness, and a will, to help one another in the processes of un-doing--to find different ways for people with different problems to grow.

Basically, this means (strategy A) gently adjusting roles to meet the particular needs of a given person; then helping that person grow into a creative balance of active and passive forces in him or her self within the role; then working with both the role and the person so that they can begin to interact effectively with other persons in other roles.

Or this means (strategy B) working at this problem from the other end: start with a distribution of roles in a pattern of equality and reciprocity; then work closely with the persons in these roles to help then understand what this actually demands in practice; then strive to have then help one another through the bad times. Bad times, often really bad times, happen with this strategy because persons, however ready in theory to accept a fully reciprocal ordering of roles, find that they are not ready for this in practice.

Strategy A seems more applicable to efforts to transform already existing institutions and organizations. However, it may also be that in some situations it is good to move back and forth between these two strategies, modifying each in practice as one goes along.



JOHN RENSENBRINK photo by Al Miller

On Thrift and Other Values

I was going to include in this article some emphasis on the values of self-reliance, autonomy, mutuality, enjoyment of life on the land, work (that it is good), and thrift--thrift in the sense that one opposes the appalling waste of modernist society and one affirms a kind of living in which you do more for yourself.

These values are significant features of a democratic community as I understand it. They also overlap to a considerable degree with the still lingering traditional values of Maine culture, and with the life of the people who exemplify those values in various ways.

It is this overlap which needs much more study and practical community-related research. I hope that during the coming year we in Sam Ely can find ways to do that effectively.

The Economic Question

The analysis of roles of course invites, and necessitates, attention to the economic organization of society. Present capitalist and communist organization precludes in most cases a democratic arrangement of roles in which autonomy (self-help), mutuality, genuine interaction of persons, and the creative power of work are respected and encouraged. Almost everything is instead subordinated to so-called efficiency (which pollutes the earth) and profit.

We obviously are in much need of new directions and new thinking on this. We need thinking that is hardheaded; thinking which puts into a conceptual balance the needs of land and the needs of people; thinking which explores such questions as: what kinds of technologies help such

please turn to page 6

Conservation Commissions — Action at the Local Level

Of the two sides of the land reform coin--A. Economic: redistribution of wealth and income, and B. Environmental: preservation of our land and resources--perhaps the most important vehicle for dealing right now with the environmental side on the local level is the Conservation Commission.

For example, among its many powers, the Conservation Commission itself can be a land trust. It can acquire and hold land for conservation and recreation purposes, or it can set up a private (quasi-public) community land trust like Sam Ely.

Conservation Commissions (CC's) can raise money for their activities from town meeting, they can distribute literature, conduct research and make inventories of all property in the town by use and ownership.

Currently there are 148 cities and towns in Maine with CC's. Advocate readers are encouraged to contact their local Commissioners and become Associate Members; CCs are always looking for help on projects, and usually you can convince them to help you undertake a project you'd like to see done in your town. Your local CC is one of the best ways to begin getting involved in land reform at the local level.

To give you an idea of some of the potential activities of a CC, below is a description of a recent meeting we had of the newly formed Lisbon Conservation Commission.

Mr. Sterling Dow, Executive Director of the Maine Association of Conservation Commissions, was featured speaker at the June 19th meeting of the newly appointed Lisbon Conservation Commission (LCC). The LCC meeting, held in the Lisbon Falls Community House, heard Mr. Dow discuss the authority, and possible concerns and activities of the Commission.

"A conservation commission is an advisory board to the town at the same level as the Planning Board," explained Dow. "Your real power comes from people, while your authority is only advisory to the Selectmen." People involved--people helping you out on projects is the way you'll get things done.

Under Maine law there are many possible concerns of the new Conservation Commission. It exists to promote conservation: To preserve, maintain, and sometimes restrict the use of "open areas" in the town. These "open areas" include all our natural or scenic resources: The streams and water supplies, the swamps, wetlands, and beaches. The Commission tries to increase the value to the public of parks, forests, and wildlife preserves. It can be concerned with puolic recreation opportunities and historic sites. Helping the Planning Board with its work, and promoting orderly development, in general, are other purposes of the Conservation Commission.

Jack Arndt, a local farmer and Commission member, summed all this up: "Our biggest problem is how to protect land from people."

Dow explained, "the Planning Board is concerned with the structures--the buildings--you're concerned with the spaces between the structures, especially the larger open spaces. Your job is to look after the general environment of the town," he said, "like the dump, a new highway, gravel pits, or recreational areas and parks."

At this point discussion began on many specific projects that could be undertaken by Lisbon's Conservation Commission. Projects discussed ranged from Beaver Park to street re-numbering.

Since Beaver Park is a public park, the question was raised whether the LCC has authority over its care and supervision. The Commissioners all agreed this was an important matter to resolve and decided to invite town manager Edward Ainsworth, Selectman Leon Roehrig, and a representative of the Recreation Department to discuss the matter at the LCC's next meeting July 10th.

The Planning Board has requested that the LCC undertake the project of zoning the Town's shorelands. While the Commission itself cannot do zoning, it can make recommendations for approval by the Planning Board. The LCC would recommend that various districts (residential, industrial, preservation, etc.) be set up all along, and within 250 feet of, the Town's navigable waterways. The Commission would be especially interested in the preservation districts. The State's timetable for completing shoreland zoning was recently extended by the legislature to April, 1975.

In a related project, Commissioner Henry 'Dick' Rainha suggested "walking the streams" and reporting on their conditions, their habitat, and the conditions of their shorelands.

The Town-owned woodlot on Summer Street in Lisbon Falls (near the site of the proposed sewage treatment plant) was discussed. Commissioner Jack Arndt will contact the District Forester, and the LCC will investigate the possibility of having the woodlot thinned and pruned.

Mr. Dow suggested a project of locating all the Town-owned property and making recommendations on its use to the town.

Another proposal would have the LCC review subdivision plans of the developers in conjunction with the planning Board if it can make recommendations to the Board on the environmental aspects of subdivision developments. Strictly in an unofficial advisory capacity, the LCC would look at subdivision plans for a seven day period.

When a landowner gives a conservation easement to the Conservation Commission, explained guest speaker Dow, he gives up his development rights (or building rights) on the property. Since these rights are the most valuable private property rights, giving them up decreases the value of his land. By law, the tax assessor must take these restrictions into account--meaning a property tax reduction for the landowner. Also, if the landowner gives the easement to the Commission, he can take a deduction on his income tax over a period of years. For a farmer, for example, who owns a good deal of land--with a large property tax bill--a conservation easement might be a way for him to resist the pressures of development, hold on his land, and stay in farming.

"The Commission can protect certain pieces of land by conservation easements or by outright acquisition of the land," Dow told the meeting. Acquiring land, with approval of town meeting, can be by gift or purchase.

Mr. Dow suggested the LCC file an application by mid-September to the Ford Foundation for financial assistance. Ford has a special program that allows the first $750 free to conservation commissions to carry out one of their projects. Every dollar above $750 must be matched, up to $5,000.

In other business, the commission agreed to postpone discussion of a request from town officials to re-name and re-number certain streets in the town. Several members felt this was not the job of the LCC.

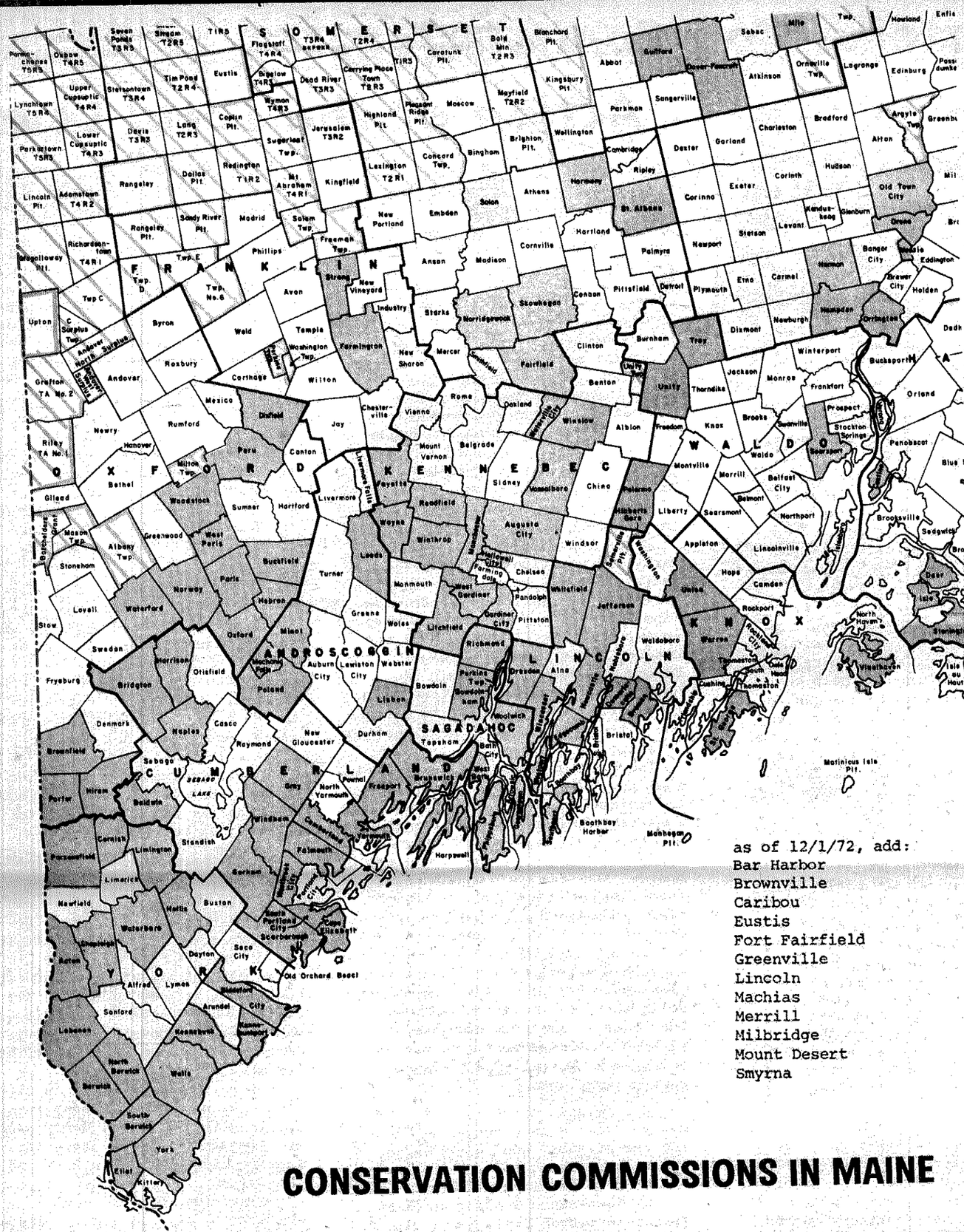
In closing, Mr. Dow advised the Commission to make a list of all the possible projects it could undertake, put them in priority order, and attempt to do only the few most important.

Several interested Lisbon citizens attended last Tuesday evenings meeting--including Mr. Henry Rainha, Mrs. David Clark, and Steve Ham, representing the Lisbon Fish and Game Club.

Commission Chairman David Clark urged any citizen interested in the work of the Commission to attend future meetings. The public is encouraged to contact the five Commissioners, Chairman David Clark, Henry Rainha, Jack Arndt, Rev. Kendrick Child, and John Newton, for more information about the Lisbon Conservation Commission.

by John Newton

See next page for map



as of 12/1/72, add:
Bar Harbor
Brownville
Caribou
Eustis
Fort Fairfield
Greenville
Lincoln
Machias
Merrill
Milbridge
Mount Desert
Smyrna

CONSERVATION COMMISSIONS IN MAINE

Guides to a Democratic Community

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balances to come about, and what kinds frustrate it. And we need thinking which puts into perspective the need for decentralized economics and which shows how they can intersect effectively with broader, intermediate levels and with national and international levels.

As our practice grows, so too will our problems grow, and our insights grow, in working out these relationships and balances. Clearly, our thinking and research have to be closely connected with our practice.

A prospectus on economic questions will be forthcoming within a year from Geoffrey Faux, an economist who has often written for the Advocate, and Gar Alperowitz, a political economist. It is a major part of their recently formed Exploratory Project for Economic Alternatives in Cambridge. The Advocate and this column will be reporting on their work.

Furthermore, a Committee for Economic Alternatives has been formed recently. It is part of the Maine Coalition for Land and People. People interested in joining this effort should contact Lulu Chamberland through the Brunswick office of Sam Ely.

Eventually we must unite the perspectives developed in this article with the perspectives drawn from analyses of decentralized economics and correlative technologies.

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Sam's second annual convention is coming at the end of Sept.
Watch for September's special convention issue

MAINE COAST TRAIL

by Peter Milford

Introduction - - -
the sea has held a fascination for man for as long as he has had eyes to observe it. . . Some men offer the explanation that the sea is eternity – its huge ungraspable expanses of pure space. Others say its infinity, others say its the unknown. For me the sea draws me by its endless variety of non repeating forms and colors and sounds, it is the stage on which so many players strut and fret – sometimes gloriously, sometimes forgotten in the swirl of time. Men too, are of the sea – we carry its salt water in our blood, it is our life, too.

It is life in an overpowering statement. It can be filled in, dredged out, walled in and walled out, oil slicked and gasoline soaked flotsom and jetsomed, trashed and polluted. The sea responds simply by throwing it right back at us. And it is my hope that the sea hits its mark – right between our ears and makes us realize that to despoil the sea is to despoil ourselves.

What follows is an abbreviated account of a hike we took, this summer along the Maine coast from West Quoddy Head to Bailey's Mistake.

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Walking the coast seems like a dream – a fast fading memory of diamond lashing surf, opal green water and solid rock cliffs reddening in the fading sunlight. Off in the gray distance, green fingers reach out into the waters of Grand Manan channel. And beyond, the mesa topped island itself, glowing in my minds eye like an ember. Grand Manan, our constant companion, following along with us as we walk south-west, until we finally turn our backs walking west, and lose the protective, shielding bulk of the island and encounter land wilder and more contorted than I ever imagined on this serene coastline..
–down to where the strapping young sapling turns blunted and worn,
–down to where the earth becomes a bit of battered land in an expanse of blue.
–down to where the blue gray cobbled beaches dazzle in the sun and the smooth rounded stones rattle and roar in the surf.

One gets a feeling, standing on one of these deserted headlands of Maine, of being at the absolute ends of human influence. If it is necessary as Henry Thoreau claimed, to discover in wildness a place where men are merely a part in the drama of life unfolding, then this is the place to find it. "We need to witness our own limits transgressed, and some life pasturing freely where we never wander ", Thoreau said to Walden. Certainly, then, these lefty, lonely headlands are the place to discover the wildness of our being.

There is a bit of wildness in everyone, I think. It is a seat of certain kinds of powers. It is that half-familiar, half forgotten place of the mind where we seldom wander in our daily lives. It is filled with surprises and wonders. Here we find the seat of energy and creativity. . Here is a place from which emmanates the most basic, personal forces; a place where information enters the mind in a most direct and visceral manner. Realizations often strike one physically like a blow of a fist. Wildness, for me, is this place where I find truths the most real, the most charged with meaning. Without occasional excursions into the edges of the mind and of the planet, I would drop between the grating of the cruel spinning spheres and be left mere human dust.

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The trail from West Quoddy Head ducks behind a few picnic tables and disappears into the thick spruce and fir forest. In moments you begin to feel the slow uneven rise and fall of the land. The path leads over great headlands faced on three sides with sheer cliffs dropping down hundreds of feet to the foaming curling ocean below. It struck me as not a bit incongruous to be walking a woods trail so close to the ocean. But that is walking the Maine coast. For this is the place where forest meets sea. As we walk, the rich warm smells of the forest waft from the firs and flowers – until an on shore breeze salts our senses with the strength and energy of the ocean. How confusing to thread our way through balsam fir and spruce, yet get wiffs of salt spray. The delicate fragances of the woods sorrel, twinflower and bunchberries often overpowered by smells of the sea.

Not all of these headlands were forested, however, for it seems characteristic of the coastal ecology to undergo frequent and abrupt changes. So often the outermost tips of the headlands were capped with tiny meadows. They ranged in size from mere patches hardly big enough to lay a table cloth on, to large fields a half acre or more in extent. They consisted of many grasses and weeds, liberally sprinkled with cranberries, blueberries and wild strawberries. Always the meadows were neatly marked with blue flags – at this time of year they occupied large sections of open land. Hiding down deep in the grass, one finds the far more delicate and retiring bluets and blue-eyed grasses. The arrangements of nature always enthrall me, for they are made physically, on a horizontal and vertical scale, as well as the myriad factors of climate and environment. Even these tiny patches of meadow hold its layers. The tallest, the blue flags, standing watch over the swaying mass of grasses and below, the tiny lovely blue-white shades of bluets and cranberry flowers.

The path lead up and down over and around these majestic headlands for about a mile, slowly turning a half circle and – ending at Carrying Place Cove. It is here that our course diverged from that of most of the trails travelers. Most turn east and follow the road back to the park. We turned west and traced the edge of the beach around the cove.

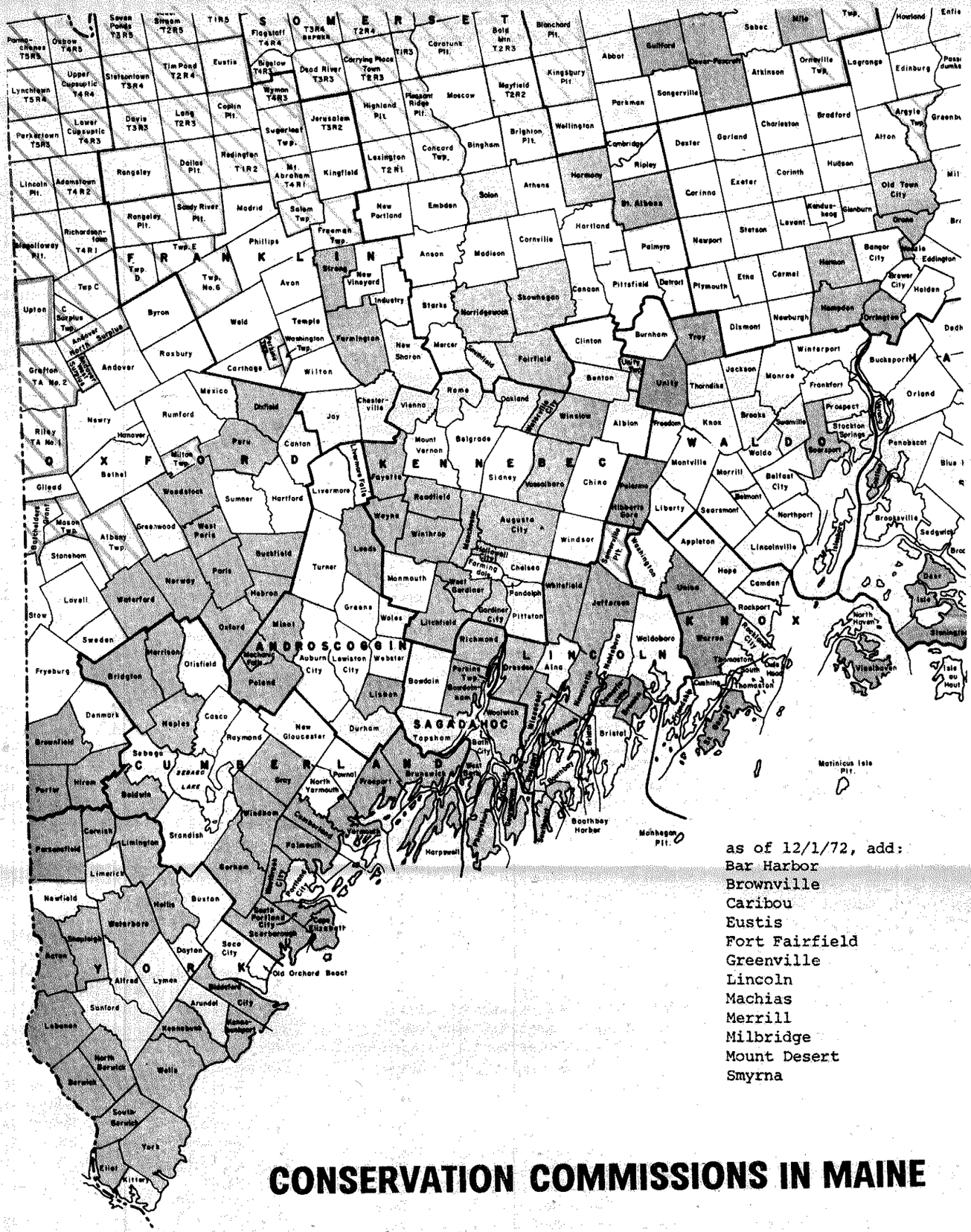
Some people claim that West Quoddy Head is the foggiest place around, but I'd make a wild guess and say Carrying Place Cove is even foggier. Even on this bright, hot, sunny day, a thin veil of fog hung over the half-filled cove. Occasionally, the merest wisps of gossamer lace blew by our faces. It was colder by the water–for two months of foggy spring had not broken the chill of winter. The rockweed crackled under our feet as we passed the scattered houses on the shore opposite to the park, passed a few men repairing a dory, passed a flat edges of the cove. Finally, we passed the last house, a tall, quietly splendid sort of place, and walked for a half mile along the gentle pebble beach. The land here was quite open and flat, land and water most gently met. . Edible plants abounded with beach peas, wild roses, lambs quarters and goose tongue vying as the most plentiful.

We encountered little difficulty in finding a place to camp, as our slow pace and beauteous surroundings made the afternoon pass quickly into evening. Climbing a small headland, we found its top a perfect place to camp–a bowl shaped depression surfounded with sloping battlements of rock. A small niche in the wall provided a view eastward, back over the day's course. But otherwise we were snugly camped out of wind and rain in a tiny rock garden. Behind us – backdrop for the sea, rose the forest, still silent and rich deep green. And on the other three sides, stretched the sea restless and unceasing. Our little dell, but thirty feet square, was covered with thick grass and moss, and dotted with waist high spruce seedlings. The upsloping walls of the dish contained little patches of green among the shattered rock. Tiny spruce seedlings, probably but a few years old, were sprinkled up and down the rough rock face. It looked almost like an informal, casually planted rock garden, a delight to behold –a "natural" garden that could have been imitated only by the most skillful subtle artists hand.

As for this garden, I scarsely know this artist's hand, but his works are most plentiful and magnificent. I lazed in the shadows of the tiny rock garden, watching in the fading day light, the shadowy interplay it made on the rock fissures and crevices. Seeing how the tiny spruce trees grasped what tiny crumbs of soil were available, seeing how the lichens began the soil process by crumbling it into dust, seeing how life evolves out of cold hard rock. And I thanked the unknown gardener for again showing me that the patterns of the universe apply, no matter how great or how small the scale.

We dined royally on the rock battlements above our tent. From our vantage point, high above the surf, we were afforded a unique observation of everyday life on this part of the sea. We could not be detected from the water, a fact which permitted us to watch a mother duck escort her three young consorts through the rough surf. For the whole range of our observation, the mother never turned to watch or wait upon her struggling offspring. They would paddle furiously against the strong currents and brisk wind, aching to gain the restful summit of their mother's back only to be washed overboard again. Time after time they were cast into the rough seas, and as many times they repeated their triumphs. The ducklings were afforded that which is generally afforded only to men – a brief rest between great efforts.

And it was the mother duck, as master conductor, who drew out this great internal music from their young bodies – bring-



as of 12/1/72, add:
Bar Harbor
Brownville
Caribou
Eustis
Fort Fairfield
Greenville
Lincoln
Machias
Merrill
Milbridge
Mount Desert
Smyrna

CONSERVATION COMMISSIONS IN MAINE

Guides to a Democratic Community

cont'd from page 4

balances to come about, and what kinds frustrate it. And we need thinking which puts into perspective the need for decentralized economics and which shows how they can intersect effectively with broader, intermediate levels and with national and international levels.

As our practice grows, so too will our problems grow, and our insights grow, in working out these relationships and balances. Clearly, our thinking and research have to be closely connected with our practice.

A prospectus on economic questions will be forthcoming within a year from Geoffrey Faux, an economist who has often written for the Advocate, and Gar Alperowitz, a political economist. It is a major part of their recently formed Exploratory Project for Economic Alternatives in Cambridge. The Advocate and this column will be reporting on their work.

Furthermore, a Committee for Economic Alternatives has been formed recently. It is part of the Maine Coalition for Land and People. People interested in joining this effort should contact Lulu Chamberland through the Brunswick office of Sam Ely.

Eventually we must unite the perspectives developed in this article with the perspectives drawn from analyses of decentralized economics and correlative technologies.

please turn to page 16

Sam's second annual convention is coming at the end of Sept.
Watch for September's special convention issue

ing forth the strongest life efforts in a brief respite from death. This moments fullest expression: to swim. . This was a vital moment for these ducklings, a moment they would not find the like of until the first flight, or, perhaps, until the chilling surprise of a predators attack.

Watching a bit of the ducks life unfold, as the sun glinted off the rocks of Grand Manan, and the channel a broad swath of blue, I found myself joyful simply to have beheld the scene. And meanwhile, the sun set slowly and the colors green and maroon wheeled and turned upon the waters in patterns so swift and subtle that the eye was unable to grasp them all and so were left as pure food for thought. The few patches of cloud glowed red and then golden, until it seemed there could be no more light on this part of the earth. . And it was just at this moment that the rugged castle walls of Grand Manan flared in their accompanying mists and began to radiate colors all its own. Showing first a faint pink turning the stark gray walls into a kind of pueblo Indian sandstone: then later a bold red and later still a deep, luxurious purple that quietly dimmed into darkness. And overhead, as we went to sleep, the eastern star glowed intensely white, holding the light for man through the night.

Crystaline dewy mists, dripping tiny webs in the dawnly lit grasses – the fine clear air still chilled from night wakes me without grogginess. Thoughts of yesterday are forgotten in the bright hope of a new day. We climb to the buttresses of our shelter and watch the first light of a new day strike the east coast. We watch it rouse to life the deep, dark forgotten coves along the countless way of the waves. And, we watch it rouse the citizens of Eastport and Lubec, Trescott and Whiting. The first of all to be out and around are the lobsterman. With the first sun rays warming their hands and shoulders, they haul their lines beneath our rocky cliffs, a scant few yards away from the jagged, foaming shoreline. They putt-putt by and wave hello – happy, perhaps, to see someone in such an unaccustomed place. Now the light fires the tops of the low rolling Trescott hills, not yet touching the long shadowy valleys still dripping with the thick coastal dew. How much like the birds and animals of the forest we are – filled with the energy of a new day.

I always get a "whole" feeling about a day, if I've seen the sun come up. I never seem to worry or rush so much, when I am conscious of the turnings of the earth and planets. On such days, I am caught up and contained by the whole earth's processes, and given a slower pace and larger perspective that cannot be easily upset.

The wind has picked up now, humming in the spruces, adding energy to the landscape, giving the thick green forest quick brush strokes of light and depth – the invisible shaping hand that surrounds what we do – the interplay of nature's forces.

The gentle swells of land, open meadows and wide sloping beaches all speak of a calm interrelationship of water and sea. But what remains unspoken, merely hinted at, is the ceaseless renovations of the coastline by the master of change, the ocean. While walking the coast, its impossible not to try to grasp the action of the warring elements – ocean, earth and wind.

Geologists believe that the Maine coast is still young, and was recently depressed–perhaps by glacial mass–causing the seas to flood what was formerly high and dry land. In consequence, we find the indented, contorted coastline with its series of large bays surrounding the mouths of rivers. As the crow flies the coast is 350 miles long, as the fish hawk flies, the coast is more like 3000 miles. When hiking, the coastline becomes a series of coves and headland, or cove-inlet-headland, or even more frequent, bay-series of coves-series of smaller inlets-headland.

Part of the explanation for this type of land is to be found in the way waves tend to wear down the rock strata. The sea finds a spot of lesser resistence, wears it down faster than the rock around it. But not content, the sea then begins to wear the headland on either side of the indentation, almost by friction. As a wave flows parallel to a headland, the side in contact with the shore is dragged slower, much like a car wheel rubbing the curb is pulled into it. So it is the headlands that bear the brunt of combined erosive forces of wind and water. In time, they are worn away too, and so the ocean proceedes, eating its ragged uneven way into the rock crust of the earth. It seems the province of hikers to follow and understand the natural landscape. Out of this understanding comes an appreciation and spiritual uplifting that carries one onward. Here is an instance in which the ways of nature and the ways of man compliment and enhance each other.

Eager to get along further down the coast, we shouldered our packs and set off to the south-west. Light puffy clouds occasionally crossed the sun, turning the bright blue-green water to a shaley gray, sobering spirits and adding drama to the scene.

The going was easy the first few hours, and we covered the three mile stretch from Wallace to Hamilton Cove by lunch. Most of the way was open and flat, but the few heights of land we climbed over afforded a fine view back over our course. Each time we looked back, the tall old house at the mouth of Carrying Place Cove stood out like an ancient benevolent sentinel. Behind it we could see thick green hamp–back of West Quoddy Head, hazy and tropical looking in the moist air.

Our way often wandered to the beach to search the rich assortment of marine life and the earth's debris. We surprised a seal at its leisure, sunning on a huge boulder just above the tide. As we approached, it sat up and waddled to the water, but hesitated before diving in, no doubt reluctant to end his sauna with an icy plunge.

Just before reaching Hamilton Cove, we dipped down a slight ravine, entered a double line of single file trees and came to a tiny rivulet of cold spring water murmuring deeply in the mossy rocks. The spot was such a sanctuary from the hot sun and parching wind that we stayed extra moments to soak up its refreshment. It felt almost enchanted there – I could easily imagine a fun loving woods elf sneaking up behind me and giving me a push into the water as I stopped to drink. But in two quick strides, we were up the slope and out of the spruce shaded glade.

Not far from this rivulet flows Hamilton brook, a larger more splashing – almost a mountain-sized stream. It comes tumbling and rolling down the last 50 feet of its course, splashing down a stairway of table sized slabs of rock. A six foot wide channel has been cut across the beach to the sea. At high tide, this minuscule cove within a cove fills with salt water, resulting in an extraordinary brackish bay. It is filled with rocks felled from the sheer cliff it has undercut in the rock face that forms on side of the cove. Depending on their proximity to fresh water, these boulders are festooned with either rock week, testament to the erosive powers of flowing water, and a foreshadowing for these boulders of their fate in the wars of the elements.

I love to find in nature instances of great principles universally applied. Hamilton brook does the same work as the Penobscot river, only on a vastly smaller scale. A similar example was to be found not far away from this stream. In fact, just a few yards down the beach we found a series of tiny fresh water pools formed behind the bulwarks of pebbles left by the highest of high tides. These low pebble mounds were covered with a summers growth of ribbon grass and weeds mulched with storm tossed seaweed and driftweed. Blue flags proudly marked the ponds perimeter, standing like giant colorful lighthouses. . Waterskimmers plied its busy surface like the freight boats of the area, and we walked by and tadpoles roiled the surface like errant schools of whales. A rock tossed in as we walked by constituted a natural catastrophe.

We crossed several more small brooklets, walking the wide pebble-rock strand toward Julia's Cove. In the few spots we chose to cut inland, we found ourselves up to our necks in tall ribbon grass and raspberries. These growths often surrounded trecherous bogs and swamps, so we were forced to stay by the beach.

This beach area steadily diminished in width as we walked further west.

Finally we were left with a choice of two courses: to parallel the water through thickets of mountain ash and alder, or clammer over the slippery, rock weed covered rocks left exposed at half-tide. . At first we tried climbing the rocks, but the combination of crumbling handholds and treacherous footing on the thick mats of rockweed forced us to cut back into the alder thickets as we reached the north side of Boot Cove. In the heat of late afternoon, the woods seemed tropical. Mosquitoes were thick, and flies droned and moths and bees dodged in and out of the thick branches.

To our great surprise, we had found a vast variety of driftwood and debris on the less traveled paths away from civilization. All alone the strand in Julia's Cove, even to the wood on Boot Cove, the selection of flotsam and jetsome was bewildering. Here at our passing feet was a rich compost of American civilization. Broken lobster pots, buoys and rope, styrofoam coolers, plastic bottles, logs and boards and pilings from god-knows where, all jumbled one on top of another by the ocean's carefree hand. One would think there had been a great catastrophe somewhere along the coast that had wrecked villages and the catastrophe, if any, was a daily unceasing flow of cast-off debris. The plundered villages were taken by their own civilization, which took their beauty and gave in return a load of indestructible garbage. . Indeed, the destruction is daily, but so its reclaimation by the sea.

The sea is a slow transformer, more than crashing waters. It is a prevasive energy field holding its surroundings in the grasp of its subtle influences. The cool fogs, moist temperate winds, moderating temperatures all tend to modify the land held in its bond. These factors dictate the foliage as surely as if planted on purpose. It seems to be a natural law that all the forces on earth influence each other. Whether it be winds or tides or flowing waters. Each has its own characteristic energy field interacts with other energy states. Philosophically, this law means that everything affects and is affected by everything else, whether or not we can set up the means of detecting it. It could be considered a matter of electricity.

Sketches by LEE SETA

People have long known about influences, and probably also about electricity although it might have been called something else. In "primative" cultures allusion is made to great mystical forces, but my feeling is that these people were themselves quite handy at creating and directing "electrical energy" simply by their beings or by their groupings of beings. A friend of mine was awestruck when he learned that someone had lit a light bulb simply by holding it. But he accepted mater-of-factly the observation that tribal meeting could make rain fall. It may be that in walking the very edge between land and sea, we were held in a special energy state. I know that mountaineers are familiar with the kind of "mountain" energy that sends them to the tops of dizzy peaks not with fatigue but exhilaration. We felt a similar exhilaration – but one that was given a severe test once we had exited from the woods around Boot Cove. The opposite side of the cove presented an almost sheer cliff of about 100 feet. This wall was one of three sheer sides to Boot Head. The last side being the landward one. The latter was our elected path, but it differed from the others only in that it had no sheer drops and had enough undergrowth to provide hand and foot holds. The other three sides abut the sea, and provide breath taking views of crashing water, but are not surmountable to those on foot.

Moving diagonally across the western or landside of the Head. we pulled ourselves up from treee to tree. The short climb left us gasping for breath, but shortly we were on top of the Head. Here it is level according to the geographical survey maps, but within those contour lines the ground was as contorted and wild as I have ever encountered. For the next two miles we struggled over fallen trees, ducked under leaning trees, clammered over huge boulders and shoved our way through crowds of balsam fir seedlings. On the forest floor everything was covered with a foot thick mat of moss. It obscured the litter of fallen branches, stumps and small rocks, so that every step had to be carefully taken, as if traveling over quicksand. At times the stands of young fir and spruce were so thick that we had to crawl under them on our hands and knees. Darkness was approaching and we had not yet found even a level spot to pitch a tent, nor had we seen a clear area big enough for our 5' by 7' tent. With desperate energy we kept pushing onward, until we struck again the indented, craggy coastline. I felt sure that we would find a clear spot here, as we had the night before.

We walked the crumbling highlands around many coves and inlets. Only once did we find a clear area large enough to pitch a tent, on the sharp slope of a sheer cliff. We decided to push on. Shortly we came to a large area of fallen trees or "blowdown". It covered many acres, and indicated that here was perhaps the wildest, most exposed piece of headland in eastern Maine. The trunks of large trees were lain cris-crossed as if some giant had had a brief game of pick-up sticks with them. Underneath, six foot high seedlings were crowding up through the tangle of dead branches. It looked as if the land had been devastated by some unknown enemy. But of course, the adversary was the storm winds and rains of the sea. In any event, it presented the toughest going yet. By this time we were really fearing that night would fall before we had found a camp spot.

We were still trying to follow the coast line, which at this point consisted of an infinite series of tiny fjord-like indentations in the sheer rock faces of the cliffs. At each point of land I would walk out and survey the distance for some "grassy spot". And each time I saw instead the wild and tumbled cliffs.

Finally, crossing a deep fissure cut into the headland, we spied a small clearing. There was no question that this was camp. It was an opening among a group of standing spruce trees, about 20 feet square. Either side sloped toward a sheer drop to the sea. Behind us the thick woods, in front, a thin spit of landwas reached into the sea. We camped exhausted, covered with sweat and followed by a horde of flies, our packs and our bodies covered with balsaam sap. This tiny plot of land was all nature's rough hand had delt us, and we accepted it gratefully. We slept the exhausted sleep of the explorer.

At the first faint light of dawn, I awoke with a start, no doubt roused by that seventh or eighth sense forgotten in daily life, but which comes alive after a few days in the wilds. In the spruce tree by our heads, I heard rustlings and the quick metallic clicking of jaws. Some visitor had found our packs which I had so cautiously strung up in the tree the night before. With the flashlight I scanned the tree for our prowler – the light caught the gleam of an eye, and a primodial, triangular head. A purcupine, slightly guilty looking, caught at its evening repast. For a few minutes nothing happened. He look-at me and I looked at him, trying to think what to do. With an assortment of squeals and hisses, I succeeded in coaxing him up the tree, away from our packs. He slowly and with great dignity worked his way up the spruce trunk until he had reached the topmost terminal bud. There he remained, swaying slightly while I gingerly untied the packs underneath. The one thing I didn't want was a 20 pound "porky" landing on my head. The packs slipped downwards a ways then caught in some branches. I shook-ever so gently- to free them and heard a rushing crashing sound overhead. I jumped back and saw the porky slip very ungracefully halfway down the tree. With that, I decided I had had enough.

I climbed back into my sleeping bag and waited to see his next move. All was silent in the slowly lightening day. After about a half-hour, we heard more scratchings on the tree. I watched out the tent window as our uninvited guest decended the spruce, using each branch as a stair. He looked like a plump monkey in the shadowy light, as he dropped on the ground, stared angrily at our tent and rumbled off into the woods. I was glad my peaceful plan worked. Animals often sense a man's intentions and respond accordingly, without the need for violence. After all, it was more porcupine territory than mine. I recalled seeing on the map Porcupine Hill and Porcupine Mountain, and I resolved to take some of these place names a little more seriously. Boot Head must have been the old timer's way of saying "next time I think of going there boot me in the head."

We awoke later to bright sunshine, a chorus of sparrows in the trees and a refreshing breeze. How our camp had changed while we slept. Someone had taken the rain out of the sky, the lumps out of the ground, the drabness and desolation out of the land. Instead of second-rate camp, we had a sparkling paradise of form and color, the sea crashing on either side of us, far below. The sun dove deeply into the water, illuminating the swaying seaweeds on the bottom, and turning the water a rich emerald green. The rocky bottom was a patchwork of multi colored rocks – light grays and greens, deeper greens and dark purples. The colors mingled and changed in an ocean kaleidoscope and each wave changed it according to its whim. The rugged cliffs were all round fringed with lacy white surf, a stark contrast to their sharp outcroppings and jagged fissures.

The sun climbed in the sky, warming us and changing the shadowy patterns on the cliffs opposite us. We breakfasted on our tiny front lawn, with sheer drops to the sea on either side. The thread of land that reached out further into the ocean was actually too narrow to climb out on. The waves had undercut so efficiently that soon this whole area would slide down into the sea. Evidence of similar proceedings were seen on either side of us. Sometimes whole sections would decend crashing into the sea, taking trees and an occasional squirrel or porcupine as an unwilling, unable sailor aboard these sinking land ships.

The rock walls of the coast cliffs were as gnarled and as worn as the bark of the spruce trees that surrounded us. The crumbling rocks wore their history as an old man's face – a living record of history. Time is life and life is time, these faces seem to say to me. They were deeply fissured and worn, the changing sunlight heightening one facet, then another. Each wall another mute carved page, a hanging tapestry in the gallery of wind water and rock, speaking the solemn message that nothing stands apart. No – thing.

We lingered after breakfast, learning from that patient teacher, but knew we had more hiking to do – more trees to dodge, more underbrush to crash through. Following the jagged coast, we wound around one cove after another. Around and around in the maze of a northern jungle, tangled branches and resilient whips of living seedlings. But before long, the land began to decend, and I hoped bushwacking was over. We spied our destination of the night before a level, grassy clearing next to a clear stream, looking out to sea. I took some pride, however, in knowing that now we could camp almost anywhere, and be the better for it. Here the beach widened again, the sheer cliffs dropped off until they were mere ledges under the tide. We noted a few long absent friends in the undergrowth behind the beach, purple flowering beach peas, blue flags and gooseberries, sorrel and raspberries – all inhabitants of sunnier places and gentler climes than Boot Head. Knowing that we were but a few miles from the rocky harbor of Bailey's Mistake, we walked easily. Still, frequent outcroppings of ledge and the thick forest growths, kept us busy rock climbing and bushwacking.

In fact, we decided not to walk the edge of Jim's Head, the eastern lip of the harbor, but instead, for fun, cut across the narrow isthmus of land that ties the head to the mainland. We pushed our way through the thick ranks of fir and spruce saplings with ease for now we were old hands at that art. Too, I found I had acquired a homing instinct somewhere on Boot Head the other day. The woods had given me a gift, a sense of direction, though I felt I had stumbled upon it. And I guess I had stumbled on one of the mysteries of the woods – knowing your route despite constant weavings and turning around trees and shrubs. I walked happily with my new gift, though I knew no one to thank for it.

When we entered the harbor, we rested and found a sort of relief in the neat tight white houses that rim the cove, and the few lobster boats bobbing among the black ledges of the harbor. I scouted the opposite shore, eyeing most suspiciously the green mound called Blanches Head. What adventures would it hold? What difficulties? A part of me wished to go on, but I knew that for now, we had reached our destination, and other paths and adventures be reserved for a future time.

We turned from the expanse of sparkling blue water and headed down the dusty dirt road back to West Quoddy Head. The houses gave us a sheltered feeling – things were peaceful, lush and green. The sea seemed far away. Three days ago, when we had left West Quoddy Head, the sight of houses was enough to goad our feet faster down the coastline. But now our woods fever had subsided, and we walked comfortably amongst the house and barns of South Trescott. The land rolled in gentle swells, and with crests of only 100 feet or more. The land here held a friendliness, a feeling of comfortable harmonies between water and land and sky. It contrasted sharply with our memories of rugged cliffs and dashing smashing waves.

Hearing the distant boom of a car on the road, I recalled the thunderspout of crashing water that had lulled us to sleep on Boot Head. It went in three parts: whump, whoosh and splash, as the waves snuck under this certain rock, hit its underside, geysered up and over it and splashed back down on top of it. I knew tonight all I would hear would be the hard sounds of tires on asphalt.

But walking the road came as a delightful surprise. It was lined with flowers not seen on the coast. Miles of daisies and buttercups, hawkweeds and clovers. Familiar blue flags, bluets and blue-eyed grasses also lined the way home. The walk was like a dusty sentimental trip on some forgotten back road of my youth. The few cars that passed left us in their dust. We cared not to hitch a ride. The land held more beauty to our slow measured pace than to a car's racing vision. We stopped here and there all the way back, admiring first this flower and then that stream. A few days of walking changes drastically one's pace in the world. And I think the world was made to be seen at a walk. No other speed allows such quick stops and frequent sidetracks. We walked in suspended time, somehow insulated from the harsh pressures of modernity. We might have been in the dusty 1880's or the with-

...drawn 50's. On this hot backroad in summertime, we found a forgotten feeling: a kind of drowsiness that whispers, hey, find a shady spot under a shady tree and take a nap.

And perhaps I should have dozed quietly under a rustling birch, and so forget myself and my 20th century mind that says don't relax, don't be lazy. For I certainly feel more close to the world of nature when I forget myself. It seems that civilization serves only to remind me of myself and of the world of man. But nature draws one out of his narrow confines of self and allows him to dwell in many places. Watching a duck swim with ducklings makes me thing – for a short time at least – a bit "ducky". In nature there are no rules to allow one to become conditioned. There is only the growing awareness that is learning; a constant unfolding of the processes of nature that is so closely tied to the life force itself. It is through learning that the life processes go on, keep on, endure. Only man can momentarily extricate himself from these processes to relate them back to himself. This mental step outside oneself is the first step to understanding and appreciating nature. It is also the first step of an evolving consciousness. I don't mean pretty fall foliage. It is so much larger than that. I mean all the things and beings of this world and all their processes and interrelationships. More than that, I mean direct contact with the forces of life. For life implies change or evolution. That which is living now has had to adapt. But more than that, these living things bring their past along with them. It has been experienced, absorbed and cannot be forgotten.

The human species, too, continues to evolve, but his tool is the mind. He cannot grow a new tail like a chameleon. But he can continue to use the mind or its very essense, that which I call spirit. It is the spirit only which can carry man into the higher orbits of existence. Space flights are simplistic expressions of this need for evolution of the human consciousness. I admit, it sounds mediaeval to think of evolution as a physical outward expansion. Behind it, however, I see our high technology, for the first time, beginning to deal with something outwardly religious. However misdirected their efforts, they are recognizing a need for a fuller consciousness of the world. There is no question that those astronauts who have been hurtled into outer space have been profoundly affected by a simple change in reference points.

These sporatic uplifts of the human spirit – whether in outer space or in the wilderness – are the moments of greatest meaning in life for me. In whatever form these events take the feeling of being outside the web of daily existence is welcomed. And it is nature in its wild state that is most often the catalyst for this type of experience. It may appear incongruous, even reactionary to say that the next evolutionary step is to recapture some wildlands away from man's altering hand. After being so long forgotten, a need and an understanding is being brought back into the woods.

And in the crush of expanding cities, the need for the untrammeled outdoors grows. I foresee a rise in many different ways of relating to and enjoying the wilderness. I foresee a change in the human spirit, that of coming to terms with its surroundings – building an understanding through ecology. This kind of change cannot be measured in numbers of backpacks sold or hunting and fishing licenses issued. Rather, it is a profound alteration of perception. We are part of our world to ignore this is doom.

It is feasible ecologically for man's habitations and wilderness to exist side by side. It is not feasible by today's economics. What is feasible economically is what exists: crowded uncomfortable cities that no one can defend as utopia. When housing is put up with the greatest consideration being least cost and most return, they have within them the seeds of slum. Cities are money creations – true reminders of things built economically and not ecologically. The highest ecological value is the well-being of all things.

How can we measure the effects of some new industry on a protozoa? Who knows the scales on which such things can be weighed out? We might as well measure a man's life with a ruler. Only man with his minds knowledge of his acts and their consequences that can compare the two. The protozoas have no assembly, no poets to write their petitions. They speak only with their existences. But that is enough– without them in the food chain mankind will perish. Past grievances have been ignored. I think it is time to hear these distrss calls and those of the shellfish and the lobsters and the fish.

It is the richest natural environments – the wilderness - that afford the richest spiritual experiences for men. Then the chorus of petitioners sounds like a celestial chorus: the harmonious interworkings of the most subtlely interwoven life processes. The cycles of winds and the cycles of rocks -- are not simply sounds of wind whistling in the cracks or of waves crashing against cliffs. Rather as part of greater cycles of elements, cycles of food supply. All evidenced on earth to the discerning eye, all wonderfully hidden amongst the backdrop of the earth - universe.

To be cut off from nature is to be cast adrift without reference points; to wander vaguely through a nightmare of living without having found the dream of love. We must find the wilderness to find out about our finer selves. We must sign the contract of life on this planet

Afterwards:

I do know the good our brief three day coast walk did to our worn city minds, the good that comes of being in direct contact with wildness, and I can't help thinking that other people sometime in the future might like to find the same joys we found. Some of the joys I have attempted to capture in my writing. But these wonderful moments are as elusive to the pen as the wild animals of the forest.

Almost as elusive is the idea of how to equally and fairly share in the wealth of the seacoast. The one idea that kept returning to me as we walked slowly back to West Quoddy Head was Maine Coast trail, Maine Coast trail. Is it an impossible dream to think of a trail 3,000 miles long, passing through villages and cities, backyards and country lanes, high desolate bluffs, crossing highways and byways following lonely and long rocky shores. Wouldn't the costs be gigantic, the red tape endless and the planning a map of confusion? What if I reminded you that such inland trail already exists? The Appalachian Trail from Georgia to Maine. How can such an idea be impractical when a living and delightful model already is in existence.

I have had many thoughts on the matter, concerning the practical aspects of how to go about creating such a trail. But perhaps this is not the time to deal with them. Now is a better time to go out to your favorite point somewhere on the coast and think about it. Would it be worth it? Could the interests of landowners, speculators, hikers, fishermen, oil companies all be comfortable reconciled? I don't know. But now is not the time to form iron opinions. Rather it is a time to air real feelings and see if it's possible.

One thing is for sure: the trail already is there. It may be rough in spots – deer aren't all tall as humans. It may meander a bit or vanish entirely here and there – after all rabbits and porkys have no clear-cut destinations but home and watering hole and foraging place. But it is there now, on the crests of wind torn butts of rock, padded softly with hoofs and paws. Daily it is surveyed by flocks of crows and ducks, hawks and sea gulls and eagles. Its edges are trimmed by legions of rabbits and mice and squirrel and deer. There is no trash but what the sea casts upon the land. There is only a spot to try and build with nature. Another chance to learn to live with the world around us, and by so doing, learning how to make use of it totally. Not merely for the interests of any one group. No more than the coast is inhabited by must squirrels or just sea gulls.

Everyone should walk the ways of the animals, along the beach, along the high bluffs and rocky headlands. I hope everyone witnesses a mother duck leading her young through the roughest surf, never turning back, knowing deep in her being that survival lies in her efforts and experience. And these are my efforts and my experiences, written in the hopes of survival of the earth, and of its animals and its tender ecological inter-relationships. And the tenderest of all – is that gentle warm embrace of the human mind for the mother earth.

Reprinted with permission from the Quoddy Times.

How The INDIANS Lost Marsh Island . . .

This is the second part of a two part series on Marsh Island. (Marsh Island, formerly known as Amusuchwaugon, was part of the main Indian settlement until the late seventeen hundreds when the white settlers and the government of Massachussetts took it from the Indians. Marsh Island is the area where the University of Maine now stands.)

The Indians were angry about the way they were treated, especially by the fact that John Marsh considered all if the Island his. They wished to seek revenge and made attempts on Marsh's life, "and he was obliged to keep out of their way for sometime, in order to avoid the consequences of their just indignation." However the lack of legal action subsequently furthered the designs of Marsh on the Island. In order for a deed to be bonafide it must be acknowledged by both parties. The deed with the Indians was not acknowledged and was thus neverbinding; in other words, the deal was never "closed"; the Indians still owned the land.

No further efforts were made to settle this until 1796 when a controversy arose between the settlers and the Indians about the title of land above the Head of the Tide. This controversy may very well have centered around Marsh because there were not many other white men in the area. The government appointed another commission to quiet the Indians and "bring the matter to conclusion". Three commissioners William Shepherd, Nathan Dane, and Daniel Davies made short work of the project, having the power to ratify the treaty on the spot. The Treaty of 1796 made provisions whereby, "the Penobscots relinquished to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts all the lands on both sides of the River Penobscot lying near Col. Jonathan Eddy's dwelling house at Nichol's Rock so-called, and extending up the river thirty miles on a direct line according to the general course of said river thereof, excepting, however, and reserving to the said Tribe all the islands in said thirty miles for which an annual consideration was to be paid said Tribe." In return the Indians received 150 yards of blue woolen, 400 pounds of shot, 100 pounds of powder, 100 bushels of corn, 13 bushels of salt, 36 hats, and one barrel of rum. The government also agreed to pay the Indians yearly as long as they remained a Tribe: 300 bushels of Indian corn, 50 pounds of powder, 200 pounds of shot, and 75 yards of blue woolen fit for garments.

> Taking this land was equivalent to a Roman Catholic losing Saint Peter's Basilica or the Jewish loss of the Wailing Wall.
>
> This area was more than a hunting ground; it was part of the soul of the Penobscot nation.

The land taken was divided into nine townships containing 189,426 acres. A portion of this was sold two years later for $25,884.00. Settlers rushed to the Penobscot Valley but the rush did not include Marsh Island. This Island of 5,000 acres of good soil was given to John Marsh for a 'small consideration'.

The Indians never fully understood what happened to them or to their land. Much more was at stake than just a tract of land and an Island on the Penobscot. In the late seventeen hundreds John Godfrey wrote of "the great attachment of the tribe to the strip of territory extending from the Head of the Tide, up the river, we may conclude that this was the ancient and original Penobscot or Panawanskel; that the chief resort of the Tribe, anciently, was the Head of the Tide." In essence, what this means is that the Marsh Island area was sacred ground to the Penobscots. Chief Orono's speech, the Indian's decision not to ratify the Treaty of 1786, the Indian's threatening of John Marsh are all reactions to the whiteman's sacrilegious intrusion into Penobscot holy ground. Taking this land was equivalent to a Roman Catholic losing Saint Peter's Basilica or the Jewish loss of the Wailing Wall. This area was more than a hunting ground; it was part of the soul of the Penobscot nation. The river was life; the Head of the Tide was where the ocean met the river, where every eleven hours dramatic changes occurred to the rocks and the shore line. We recall Chief Orono's speech, "...we live here to serve God...the Almighty placed us on the land and it belongs to all of us."

Take the Head of the Tide away from the Penobscot and you destroy his soul, his religion, his identity. To the whiteman, ignorant and oblivious, the land could bring fortune. This, then, was what was at stake in 1786 to 1796.

A final footnote to this story. Marsh died soon after 1800, dividing the land up amongst the members of his family. Within a generation they had lost all of the Island.

by John Greene

MARSH ISLAND AFTER THE WHITE MAN

Land Trusts in the Depression

American Experience with Land Trusts

The Boundary Farms Project

This fascinating gem lay in the rich, dike-protected Kootenai Valley of North Idaho, 20 miles from the Canadian border. The typical land units that were bought by the Resettlement Administration were of 1,000 to 6,000 acres each.... of fertile low lands abutted by rocky terraces where houses and homesteads could be built. The land had never been farmed in small family type units. We drooled at the prospect of setting up well-planned, community farming operations: efficiency in using machinery, water systems, roads, schools, electricity, breeding animals, markets and money.

A land trust approach seemed to be the only logical way, with the Federal government acquiring the land, but then passing it over to well constituted land ownership and leasing co-operatives.

We started that way, with direct government construction of the improvements. But a recession in public support for new land and money policies in U.S. agriculture set in during 1937-39, and the whole project eventually reverted to conventional units sizes and ownerships. The faint imprints of the new settlers on these fine blocky land units eventually faded away, and they are now operated again by regular big land owners and companies.

If the depression had continued in its 1935 intensity, we and the little farmers would have built a strong land trust "model". Prosperity is bad for such salutary enterprises.

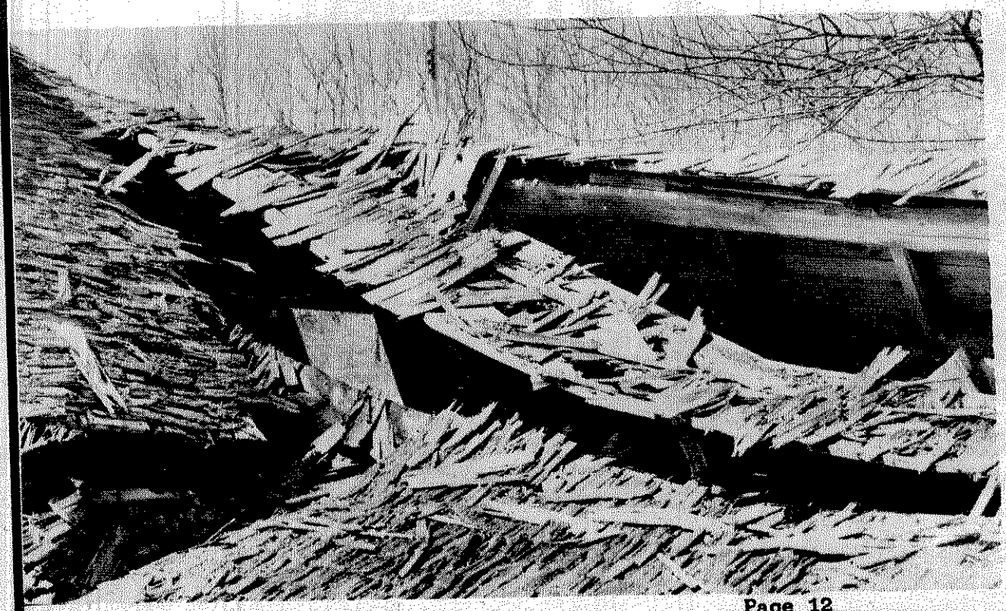
Casa Grande, Mineral King, Sun River and Others

Casa Grande Project was in Arizona; Mineral King in California; and Sun River was in Montana. The first two were full-blown land trust projects. Sun River used Western reclamation land policies in combination with innovative financing services.

I visited Casa Grande in 1938. It had been built as a community co-operative, with clustered homesteads served by central water, electric, school and other facilities. The farming operations were launched on a co-operative basis, without the fencing off of individual farm units.

The history of the erosion of this pattern by the forces of unalloyed private enterprise would be worth a contemporary review. Casa Grande today, we believe, looks like nearly any other devitalized Western farm community. Same for Mineral King.

Unexpiated history caught up with them.



Rural Financing Systems

The depression forces produced also two innovative rural financing systems, whose basic premises should have a permanent place in the U.S. land and money schemes. Here they are:

Supervised Credit

This one was developed, perforce, when thousands of broke farmers had to be served with short and long term financing, but there was no bankable security in sight. The following primary assets were utilized in lieu of bank-style security:

*An excellent farm operating plan, that provided for the use of fully up-to-date seeds, fertilizers, machinery, livestock, poultry and other technology.

*Capable management assistance, provided by a visiting farm supervisor.

*The integrity, work and skills of the whole family.

*A sound home management plan, including positive provision of medical and dental services, family produced foods, and cash for minimum family needs.

There are a number of ways to build these resources into a good land and money system. They were provided during our depression and afterwards by the Federal government, through the succession of agencies: Resettlement Administration, Farm Security Administration, and Farmers Home Administration. However, each yielded something as the country became more conservative politically.

It is possible today to provide the basic services of supervised credit. This can be done by a community or regional cooperative, or even by a cooperative in conjunction with a private business unit, such as a local merchant. This is the method used successfully in Mexico by Farm Centers International with the support of International Independence Institute.

Without going into detail on the mechanics and risk factor of such programs, let me simply comment that the accumulated losses of the above Federal loan agencies in loaning several billion dollars to non-bankable farmers of the U.S. during the past 35 years have been less

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than 5%...an excellent record for any banking system.

But remember, it is based on human, rather than property values and security.

The Farm Credit Administration

This massive money lending organization, contrary to popular impression, is a cooperative institution, and not a public agency. It is owned fully by its member-borrowers.

The Farm Credit Administration as we know it today was created by the Farm Credit Act of 1933, although its Land Bank component had its origin back in 1916-17. It was originally capitalized with appropriated Federal funds in the amount of $9 million, in order to provide each operating district with an initial funding of $750.000. Later infusions of public money, over the years but particularly in the 1930's, amounted to about half a billion dollars. All of this public investment was finally repaid in 1968, so the institution is now completely owned by its borrowers.

Farm Credit Administration is sub-divided into:

*The Federal Land Banks
*The Bank for Co-operatives
*The intermediate Credit Bank
*The production Credit Association

Each of these units handles its own array of banking service for farmers and cooperatives...for land financing, farm operations, cooperatives and discounting and marketing its own paper.

The borrowers agree to provide membership and a minimum investment, as a condition of receiving credit. A Land Bank borrower, for example, might commit 5% of his loan as an investment in his credit system, thereby becoming a member. This source of capitalization has been significant in the development of the system, but mainly to tie in the members rather than as the main source of loan funds.

Farm Credit Administration is currently lending about $14 billion a year, and its outstanding loans total between $16 and $17 billion. Over 90% of its money for lending comes from sale of its debentures and other paper in the U.S. urban money markets.

It illustrates beautifully what a massive banking institution can be built on a modest cooperative organizational base. But it also shows how far from its original objectives, and control by needy members, it can drift over the years.

The Different Components In Land Value and How to Use Them.

Up through 1930, the invasion of U.S. farming by city investors, in order to trade in the unearned increment in the value of land, was significant, but not yet rampant. The real push in this sector came after 1945, along with urbanization of America into its principal megalopoli. Then, every farming area that was in the path of city growth became a gambling casino.

Sound regional stabilization in business, agriculture, banking, community services and waste disposal cannot possibly be achieved without:

1. First stopping, in constructive fashion, this kind of trading in civically created values, and then,
2. Setting up the civically-owned mechanisms for trading in unearned increment in land values, in order to seize and use these sources of revenue and wealth (a) to finance essential civic-business developments, and (b) to pay for essential human services, including the disposal and recycling of our wastes.

This is based on identifying two components of land value:

*Use value for farming and forestry.
*Speculative value, as it moves from rural into urban utilization.

A great deal of U.S. farm land has a top use value, for agriculture, of $200 per acre, although its rising speculative value may be $1,000 per acre.

A young farmer typically cannot cope with this situation since his available capital can acquire only the $200 portion of the value, and cannot possibly enable him to buy or lease the whole acre...or farm,

We must find new ways to handle all of this, in sound land and money policies....ways to separate use value from socially-created speculative value, which accrues mainly from urbanization and the increase of population. It is this latter component which surely must become a public asset and a public trust.

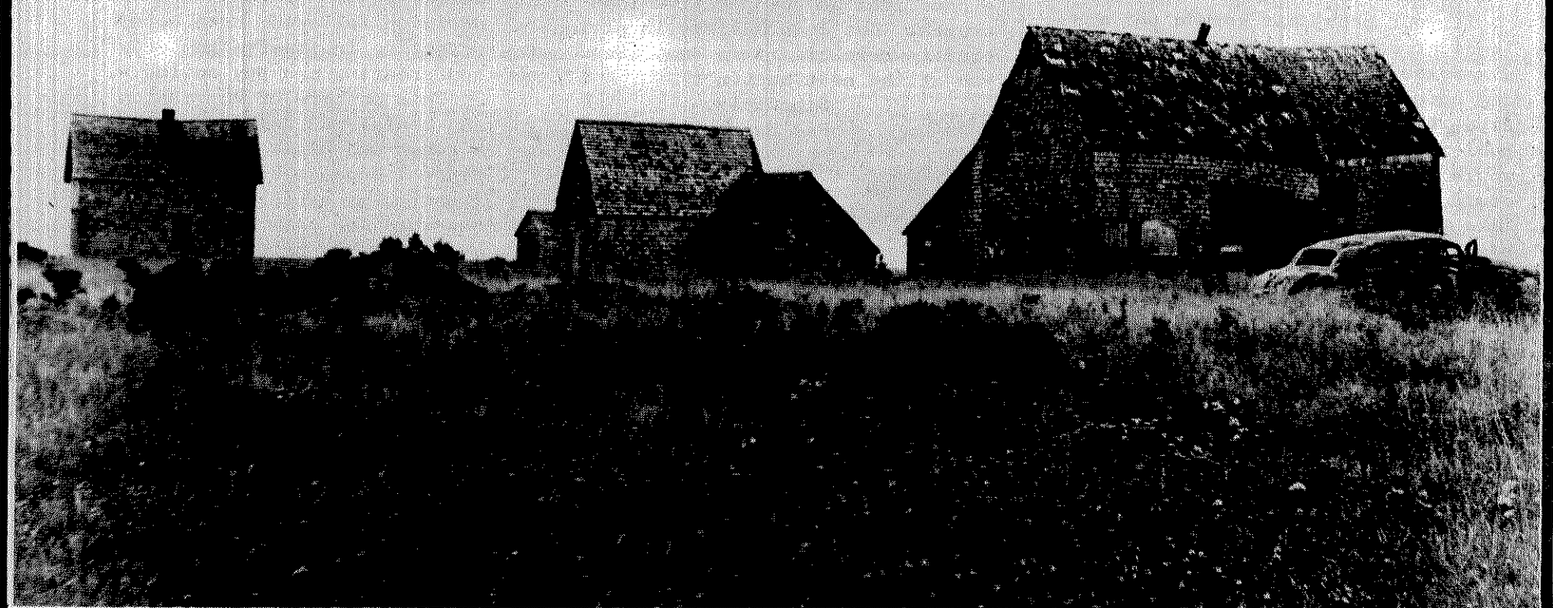
A region such as Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire might serve as an ideal exhibit of what could be done with:

*A land trust institution to acquire and administer land for civic purposes.
*A co-operative money and lending institution to serve the land trust by: (a) trading in unearned increment in values of land, (b) financing those who occupy and use the land for agriculture, forestry, fishing and business, (c) financing waste disposal and recycling enterprises, and (d) facilitating the transfer of land from older users to young ones.

It is evident from a look at the history of (a) supervised credit in the U.S. and, (b) the Farm Credit Administration that the obstacles are not insurmountable. Farm Credit's cooperative money system grew from an initial investment of only $9 million. The Resettlement Administration grew out of the ashes of many farm and business failures, building new wealth out of loans to insolvent and unbankable rural families.

The human spirit is the ultimate unit of wealth.

by Lee Fryer



LETTERS & COMMENTS

Dear Friends,

I hope you don't mind if I express my opinions on some matters which are of great concern to me, and which also have been discussed in your paper.

First, I believe we should encourage more people to manage their woodlots wisely. This includes the state of Maine and the large ownerships. One good place to start and to use as a demonstration is Baxter Park. As I understand, the two northern townships were to be managed under scientific forest management principles. A diameter limit cutting (as had been proposed) does not meet this qualification. However, the Maine Forestry Dept. employs in its management division about 20 foresters who presently are practising a higher level of forestry. This is primarily on small ownerships. (If you would be interested in examining some of the work in this area, please let me know.)

Why should we encourage the use of wood? Wood is a renewable resource, the same as a vegetable garden. Roughly, the same principles apply to both. Also, wood requires less energy to process than other materials such as aluminum (38 times more energy required than wood), steel (16 times), iron (9times), or cement block (4 times). (These are off the top of my head, but they are pretty close.) Also, a woodlot that has been harvested in a planned manner won't look like an area that has been mined for ores. And woodsmoke, although it presents a vision problem, is mostly particulate, and does not pose a pollution problem in the manner of petroleum or coal products. Therefore, wood is much more reasonable source of energy. (It is also a better insulator than most other building materials, requiring less energy in the heating season.)

Finally, Pat McTeague's bill on homestead tax exemption is tailored after the basic American tax principle: tax (or punish) the good. One main reason a person will strip his woodlot is taxes. People refuse to improve their house and its grounds because of increased taxes.

For any tax reform to be truly effective, it should encourage the landowner to make improvements. Instead of taxing the owner who manages his woodland and reducing the taxes on a stripped lot, why not reduce the taxes for the fellow who is trying to manage his woodlot, and improve its quality? Instead of encouraging everyone to have a rundown house valued at less than $5000, why not give a break to the fellow who paints his house, plants a few flowers, mows his lawn, and gives society something a little nicer to look at?

Such a system must be introduced with extreme caution, however. I can forsee problems if handled incorrectly. I won't bother to go into that here.

I hope to discuss more of these ideas at some future time.

Sincerely,
submitted by a member of the
Society of American Foresters

Dear Friends,

I am gathering information concerning legal aspects of intentional community which I think will be of use to the movement and I would like your help.

One technicality common to all groups is how to jointly not own property. Many groups have devised (land) trusts to help them transcend legal hassles, or have been able to use corporation or church status to their benefit.

If your group has worked out a legal arrangement I would appreciate a xeroxed copy of the documents plus any comments you would like to make about them. In the compilation to be published names and other particulars would be blanked out; a new community could figure which arrangement they like best and just fill in the blank, or at least use them as an idea source to help figure the alternatives available.

This is not being done for profit but rather as a service for the movement. The information you send will be recycled. Let me know if you need xeroxing costs reimbursed.

To dance a dance of
peace and fellowship,
Herb Goldstein
Downhill Farm
Rt. 1, Box 177
Hancock, MD
21750

Dear Sam,

Probably some of your friends have seen a letter which I wrote and printed in Life Style magazine.

The letter came out in print differently than I had intended and I'm embarrassed. It sounds as though I began the efforts for a land trust in Maine. We all know it was you with the help of Obadiah and friends.

It's not that I wouldn't like to have been the ringleader for such a good idea as co-operative land trusts. But I do believe in giving credit where credit is due. See you at the next meeting.

Sincerely,
Rae Harrington

CORRECTION

One of our members has informed us that we printed a photograph on the front page of our April issue, and failed to give credit to the photographer--Dorothy Lang.

We regret this omission and wish to apologize for it.

OPINIONS

Chasing the Bogeys Out

When I catch myself thinking about the past, I sense that my childhood contained an excess amount of frustration and confusion. It's difficult to realize completely what caused these harmful feelings, but after a few years of introspection some essential answers are surfacing. In my working-class-striving-to-become-middle-class suburban youth I experienced a heavy amount of false roles and shallow games. In order to be accepted one had to live the part that some utterly ridiculous fool was playing on the boob-tube...Superman and Jack Webb have, I'm sure, many ardent fans who call themselves men. Even worse is, the subtle yet at times not so delicate manipulation that my parents, the church officials, teachers, and the whole gauntlet of officialdom in general represent to me. Why don't you marry a nice Italian girl when you get older? Catholics are holier than Protestants. We know you can straighten out and get better marks than that. Expressions like these, though funny now, caused a lot of unnecessary stress during a confusing time. Of course as I got older more sophisticated maneuvers were used to make me conform.

Inevitably most of my Wonder Bread years were spent in a state of following irrelevant orders. I almost totally lacked spontaneity and became awe-struck when one of my peers showed the ability to reject his role, place, or station. Most of my boyhood associates and I felt we only had the right to portray a semblance of dignity, nothing more. There never seemed to be any real acceptance or encouragement of our ideas or feelings and whenever someone mentioned the desire to learn or experience something which was not accepted or practical usually an outright social denial or rough and bitter derision followed; both being effective in frustrating growth and creating unhappy outlooks.

This pattern of repression and denial was designed to build a robot and proof of this shows: since I began substantially confronting my expected role, (I use the word for lack of a better one), my family has become so distant that now only a pretense of unity and communication exists.

Although most ofmy distorted childhood was beyond my control, and very little manifest security was realized I have had the true presence of mind lately to struggle and find where the blame lies. I could probably break the answer down ten different ways but at the very core would always stand the outrageously insensitive society which teaches us that the determination of manhood lies in the unnecessary and vain

con't.

OPINIONS — continued

acquisition of luxury items. And since this vain attempt to attain these items consequently requires the control of the land, air, water, and all that abides there it stands to reason that the welfare of the environment and the people becomes of incidental importance. If man places his tenuous pleasures above the health of the land he will destroy his children. If man deceives himself to believe that he has the right to deface the earth for conceited reasons, he will easily believe that he has the right to stunt his children even though they are inviolable.

The disastrous and long range effects we see on the people and their environment is proof of a society which has a distortion of priorities. The over confused and frustrated minds of young people is proof that the society they live in is polluted also.

In this narrow and absolute view and struggle to maintain his sovereignty over nature, man forc t to learn from his surroundings. : forgot that, like a lot of other forces, a child has the inherent capacity to show him new worlds. How can he see this when he is so involved in controlling everything there is, except himself? How can he feel his healthy place through interacting with his environment, when he has been brainwashed (in the name of freedom) to believe himself to be supreme? Unless one attains the ability to become more sensitive to other life forms besides himself and to feel himself in harmony with nature (not totally submissive but definitely not oppressive) he will never feel the true meaning of freedom.

If freedom means we are denied the right to strive for integrity, if freedom means we must follow the mandates from a bunch of robots who were molded in their childhoods, if the achievement of this freedom means we may have to disregard the place which we came from, than perhaps the time has come when we should throw away this form of freedom and start searching for an alternative.

by .

Ross Spagnolo

("Opinions" is a forum for anyone to express their views in relation to the issues we discuss in these pages.)

SCAR FREEDOM FESTIVAL

Three days of music at the SCAR Farm in Bowdoin, Maine August 24-26
Rock, Country, Bluegrass, Jazz--15 top bands. Bring camping equipment. Eight miles north of Brunswick, a mile from Bowdoin Center on Route 125. Donations will be requested
(SCAR is an organization of ex-prisoners, citizens and friends seeking community control of our resources, institutions and our lives.)

friends,

In order to cover publishing and mailing costs, the Advocate has to go on a subscription basis. Subscription rate for a year will be $3.00, which covers only those two basic costs.

If you would like to keep receiving the Advocate, please fill in and send the coupon below to the Maine Land Advocate, 44 Central Street, Box 7, Bangor, Maine 04401. If you cannot afford a subscription at this time, please indicate on the coupon. Arrangements can be made. (Also, if you've run into any problems with your subscription, please drop us a line.)

Enclosed is a $3.00 subscription.

Enclosed is $_____as a further contribution.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

_____

Date_____

Who We Are

The Sam Ely Community Land Trust started in the spring of 1972 when Bob Swann spoke about land trusts to the Statewide Co-Co-operative Conference at the University of Maine. We became incorporated as a non-profit corporation in the fall of the same year. Our concern is that we hold land in trusteeship ~~in~~ rather than ownership; to help people relate to, to live on, to be a part of the land. Our purposes are simply stated:

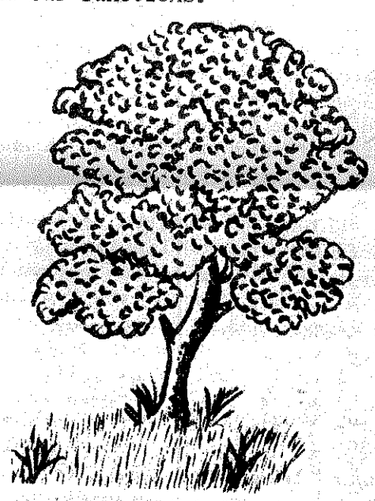
1. To acquire and free Maine land from the traditional conception of private property;

2. To hold such land in perpetuity not as public or private property but in trusteeship.

3. To encourage that the land be used with practices consistent with environmental and ecological principles and whenever possible to help provide resources necessary in the care and usage of the land;

4. To support efforts for land reform everywhere.

We encourage any questions you might have about membership and our functions.



ADVOCATE STAFF

Kay Lucas	Shirley Weed
Al Smith	Meredith Malmberg
Randy Curtis	Dave Schumacher
Lulu Chamberland	Karl Davies
Obadiah	Lisa Dephouse

In The Maritimes

Challenge to P.E.I. Land Policies

Prince Edward Island is the smallest and poorest of the Canadian provinces. The average annual income of the people is about $2000.00 a year. Yet the Island is beautiful, the water and climate is mild, the land is fertile. It is no accident that the Province is called the Garden Province of Canada.

Yet, there are serious problems developing. More and more of the land is passing into absentee ownership, mostly American. Twelve percent of the Island is owned by those off the Island. One third of the ocean shoreline is owned by the more affluent Canadians and Americans who live away. Land prices are still cheap with good farm land selling at around $150.00 an acre. Poverty and a fertile country has made Prince Edward Island very vulnerable. In 1970 some 4,000 acres was sold to those who lived off the Island, in 1972 land transactions in the same class involved over 15,000 acres.

When the new, young premier of Prince Edward Island was elected he made it his intention to set up a Royal Commission to investigate land ownership patterns in the Island as well as seek ways of controlling absentee ownership. The full report is not yet in but controls have been placed on absentee ownership. Anyone who lives outside the Province who wishes to own more than ten acres of land or 330 feet of shoreline must first obtain permission from the Provincial Cabinet.

"Unless he receives permission so to do from the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council, no person who is not a resident of the Province of Prince Edward Island shall take, acquire, hold or in any other manner recieve, either himself, or through a trustee, corporation, or any such the like, title to any real property in the Province of Prince Edward Island the aggregate total of which exceeds ten acres, nor to any real property in the Province of Prince Edward Island the aggregate total of which has a shore frontage in excess of five chains."

Two Americans, R.A.Morgan and A. Jacobson of Rochester, New York are presently suing the government about these restrictions. Ironically, by Canadian law it may be that the law can be applied to Canadians but cannot pretain to Americans without action by the Canadian Parliament.

The Premier, Alex Campbell, has said that the land is the only resource of the Province and needs to be protected even if by restrictive code. "We in Prince Edward Island have no intention of allowing our Province, through attrition, neglect or oversight to end up in the hands of non-residents who have little interest in the communities of our Province, little concern for the preservation of our way of life, little involvement in our Island institutions and who may simply view the Province as a place to either spend a holiday or opt out of an urbanized society." He further states that "more and more we are coming to the opinion that an individual or corporation may 'own' some land, but in a larger sense the land belongs to the Province and the collective conscience of the Province's citizens must be concerned with the preservation of the land. The value of the property a person owns arises from community enterprise and it is our view that the community has an unchallengeable right to impose restrictions on how the owner uses his property."

Americans should take note: Prince Edward Islanders are not interested in repeating the absentee ownership patterns which they found so oppressive in the last century. They should also note that this land reform has been accomplished in an area where the people have been known to be conservative by nature.

Obadiah

THE LAND STRUGGLE

Continued from page 6

Growth

We continue to move along, in our living and in our organizing, now gently, now swiftly, linking up more and more with ourselves and with all others who are moving too; gathering strength as we live and learn; confident that the direction in which we are steering and the manner in which we are going will carry us forward, building and living and struggling and enjoying as we go, towards a new kind of society along the lines of a democratic community.

Bibliography

I feel I should add a list of books and authors that have formed a background to my thinking in the five articles on the Land Struggle now concluded. Some if these works are: Karl Polanyi's Great Transformation; Simone Weil's The Need for Roots; Robert Nesbit's Community and Power; Konrad Lorenz's On Aggression; Barrington Moore's The Social Basis of Dictatorship and Democracy; Hans Speier's Social Order and theRisks of War; Carl Becker's Heavenly City of the 18th Century Philosophers; John Nef's War and Human Progress; contrasting works on Protestant ethic and the spirit of capitalism by Max Weber and by R.H. Tawney; works by Andre Gunder Frank and Paul Baran on the nature of underdevelopment; social and economic analyses by Veblen, Schumpeter, Galbraith, and Andrew Honfeld; psychological studies by Erikson, Bruner, Skinner, Piaget, Kohler. Most important, however, have been the works of political philosophers whom I have studied and taught over the past twenty years, such as Plato, Aristotle, Marcus Aurelius, Machiavelli, Hobbes, Locke, Hume, Smith, Burke, Paine, de Toqueville, Kant, Hegel, Kierkegaard, Marx, Mill, Nietzsche, Rousseau, Freud, Reich, de Beauvoir, Sartre, Dewey, Mao.

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