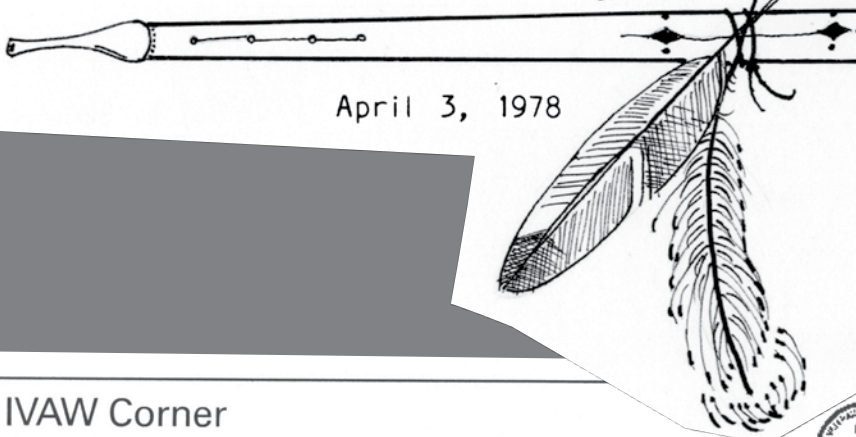


The *High-Desert Peace Pipe* has circulated in the Morongo Basin at irregular intervals since 1976. Founded by ex-Marine Ron Fonstadt, the paper has been one of the important counter-cultural voices of the region. The Llano Del Rio Collective has collected some of its favorite articles from the *Peace Pipe's* archive in the Yucca Valley Library.

High Desert

April 3, 1978

Semper Oekologie



IVAW Corner

A semi-irregular feature whereupon we profile local members of Iraqi Veterans Against the War (IVAW).



Name: John Foos
Age: 24
Hometown:
Bellingham, Wash.
Current Residence:
29 Palms, Calif.
Occupation: Future
Unemployment
Statistic at USMC.



Favorite Quote(s): "I took two hour naps every afternoon, waking up and realizing "none of this ever happened" as I looked around my mountaintop. The world was upsidedown hanging in an ocean of endless space and here were all these people sitting in theaters watching movies ..." —*Jack Kerouac*

"The overman...Who has organized the chaos of his passions, given style to his character, and become creative. Aware of life's terrors, he affirms life without resentment." —*Friedrich Nietzsche*

"How can I set free anyone who doesn't have the guts to stand up alone and declare his own freedom? I think it's a lie—people claim they want to be free—everybody insists that freedom is what they want the most, the most sacred and precious thing a man can possess. But that's bullshit! People are terrified to be set free—they hold on to their chains. They fight anyone who tries to break those chains. It's their security...How can they expect me or anyone else to set them free if they don't really want to be free?" —*Jim Morrison*

"I've seen things you people wouldn't believe. Attack ships on fire off the shoulder of Orion. I've watched C-beams glitter in the dark near the Tannhauser Gate. All those moments will be lost in time, like tears in the rain. Time to die." —*Roy Batty*

Personal Statement: I'm a 24-year-old OIF vet, just trying to get out of the Marine Corps and eventually grow up. Kind of.



Yucca Valley Cultural Center Community Dance Group Gains New Members

By Rebecca Fairly

YUCCA VALLEY, CALIF.

It looked more like a gymnastics class than the usual line dance gathering at the YVCC last Tuesday, as more and more young folks continue to show an interest in the weekly meetings of the local dance associations. Bodies rolled around on the floor, hand stands and acrobatics seemed to be part of many routines and even twirling headstands made an appearance. While most of the regular line dancers seem amused at the new found interest in Tuesday nights at YVCC, not every is so pleased.

"We've always welcomed everyone and anyone who wanted to dance," said long-time Joshua Tree resident Stanley Sargent. "But what these kids are doing isn't even really dance. It's taking what we've been doing here for 15 years and turning it into a joke. The only instrument they dance to is a drumset!"

High school dance teacher Jan Perry sees

it differently. On a trip to Washington, D.C. last year as part of a national physical education awareness campaign, Jan met high school teachers from all over the country and shared resources. "One of the highlights of the trip was an evening of dance films put together by a librarian from the library of congress. She showed a clip of Hadji Cheriff of the Cheriff troupe of Arabs from 1894 that was incredible. I've been working on similar routines with my students ever since..." she said. Several students mentioned James Brown and his famous 'popcorn' moves as inspiration as well.

One of the sticking points is the squares of linoleum that youth have brought into the YVCC. "The concrete floor isn't a great surface for a lot of the moves we're trying out," said freshman Damon Chandler, "so we bring in these pieces of flooring and that helps a lot."

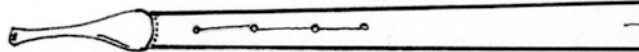
Part of the reason

for the enthusiasm on the part of so many youngsters, says Jan Perry, is a week long dance trip planned for early June. Every year, dance students raise funds to travel to a different city to participate in a national dance contest. This year's contest is in the Bronx.

"Everyone seems real excited to go to New York, and I think that's why so many kids are just dancing as much as they can. These trips end up being a real learning experience for all the kids involved."

Ester Langstrom is happy to see so many new faces at YCVV and says if waiting a few minutes to move some flooring before practicing line dances is all the sacrifice she has to make, she's more than willing. "Plus," she says with a grin, "it's not like line dancing's going to disappear!"

Reminder: The YVCC's can drive starts next week and continues to the end of the month!



April 3, 1978



Desert Plant Found As Cure For War's Traumatic Stresses

by Alison Hankey

29 PALMS, CALIF.

Military officials on Wednesday announced that the Jimson weed plant, which grows rampant in Mojave desert, is now being used to treat soldiers coming back from Operation Desert Storm.

The power of this plant is in its capacity to produce a sort of phantasmagorical amnesia in the user, replacing memories of blasts and aggressive tank behavior, with visions of floating mountains, forests of soft green, a walk alone through a city of gold buildings. One user reported "upon ingesting the plant, I was transported to a land where I was alone amongst white cranes, in a field of dark green wild grasses. I reached out to touch the animals and was left with a handful of perfect red spheres, which I

placed on the ground in front of me in a row, laying them out in a line that mapped a new reality. I felt calm, in control of this world of red spheres order. This vision remained with me even after the drug wore off, and the effects of my time in Kuwait seemed like stories passed down from my grandfather."

Another soldier described feelings of extreme happiness; he build a giant peace sign next to the Virginian Cocktail Lounge on 29 Palms Highway out of empty beer bottles and cans. He now resides in the military base in 29 palms, reported a lasting sense of calm after ingesting the plant, and a desire to create a society for peace on the military base. He can be heard singing "All we are saying, is give peace a chance...."

This plant is also known as datura, and has a history of being used to "make light" of heavy situations. It was used in Bacon's Rebellion in the Virginia Colony in 1676:

"Some of them ate plentifully of it, the effect of which was a very pleasant comedy, for they turned natural fools upon it for several days: one would blow up a feather in the air; another would dart straws at it with much fury; and another, stark naked, was sitting up in a corner like a monkey, grinning and making mows [grimaces] at them; a fourth would fondly kiss and paw his companions, and sneer in their faces with a countenance more antic than any in a Dutch droll."

The plant can be found growing in dump areas, on the side of the road through 29 Palms.

High Desert

Semper Oekologie



"new development" links patterns on desert tortoise shell to design of institute of mental physics

By Ron Fonstadt

JOSHUA TREE, CALIF.

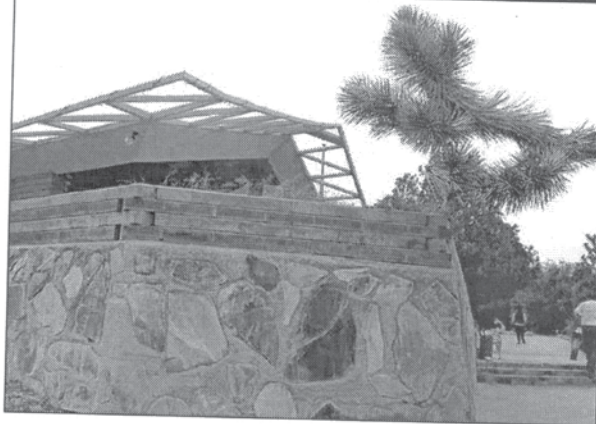
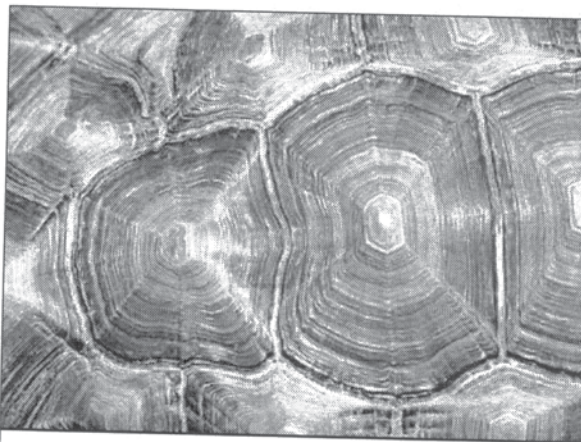
Hiker, architecture buff, and local *bon viveur*, Honey Geene Wanderlust made it known to the *Peace Pipe* last Thursday that she had a "new development." The following revelation occurred to her hiking the Hexahedron Mine trail:

"Lloyd Wright, son of Frank, designed the Institute of Mentalphysics, on 29 Palms Highway, based on the patterns on the shell of the desert tortoise. He spent his days in the desert wandering and experiencing the eighteen energy vortexes in the area and was especially taken with the concentric geometric patterns on the hard shells of ancient desert tortoises. He found the shapes to be

reminiscent of vibrations of the earth's molten core, the resonation of all human being on this planet. The Institute of Mentalphysics was founded by Edwin Dingle as a spiritual retreat center, with such spaces as the Preceptory of Light, the First Sanctuary of Mystic Christianity, and the Caravansary of Joy. Mentalphysics is 'an experiential method of self-realization that teaches the oneness of life embodied in all substance, energy and thought.'"

Honey Geene has promised to share "new developments" with the *Pipe* as matters develop.

Above: "Cosmic" Patterns on the shell of the desert tortoise. Below: A desert tortoise-inspired corner of the Institute of Mental Physics.



Desert Gold

column by Rusty Lankershim

MOUNTAIN LION SIGHTING AT JIMSON OASIS

It was a diamond-eye morning sky early in May as I exited Jenny's Haberdashery. I was feeling snappy in my newly-made *gat*, garnished western-style with a white plume from a prairie falcon. A practical hat is a must out here in the terrain, and for me the proper amount of flop on the brim is a custom concern.

As I drove up Vernon Wash my anticipation rose. I had heard from Ol' Sheppard that Jimson Oasis was still full from the heavy snowmelt of the month before, and that the energy was good up there. Parking the jeep underneath a twisted Joshua tree (*yucca brevifolia*), I took a sip from the canteen, and did my due diligence. Then I stashed the pipe and lighter, laced up my boots, and was off, crunching up the deer path.

Squinting due east as the wash rose into the crotch of the tilted mesa, a distinct, thick line of foliage flushed greener. Signs of water!

The morning glare off the hot granite was enough to make me wonder if my hat was properly fashioned for the rigors of the high desert. I climbed further, huffing and puffing up the grade, and squeezed through a blinding space between two large boulders. I emerged into

a surprisingly cool, shady notch under a rock ledge. As my eyes adjusted, a short, wizened singleleaf pinyon pine (*pinus monophylla*) appeared before me. The master bonsai spread its branches over an altar-like plinth of granite, sheltering a clump of hedgehog cacti (*echinocereus engelmannii* var. *chrysocentrus*). The cacti had arranged themselves into the shape of a fat, seated man that seemed to smile in its posture. A magenta flower spread its paper-like petals, haloing over the top of the man's head. Basking in the vibe, I felt as if an immense weight had lifted off my shoulders. Suddenly I was spry as a young mule deer (*odocoileus hemionus californicus*), ready to bound up the mountain. I bowed and said thank you to no one in particular, but to everything.

Upwards I scrambled, and the tan and brown of the chaparral gave way to a green of screwbean mesquite (*prosopis pubescens*), Muller's oak (*quercus cornelius-mulleri*) and Mojave yucca (*yucca schidigera*). Suddenly I came to what appeared to be an impassable pile of rocks, purposefully intent on keeping me from advancing any higher up the gully. There seemed to be no route for climbing up the scarp's frowning face, but the blood was pumping through my

veins, the smell of white sage (*salvia apiana*) was in my nose, and I was alive! With no further thought, I leapt onto a small ledge and extended my left hand to feel a hidden crack. I swung left and bounced my feet off a small outcropping, reaching higher with my right hand to grab a finger hold on a slight pock on the rock's smooth face. Dangling, I hoisted my body up until I found a fissure to stick my toes in. With an *ursa*-like "rawf!" I reached my left arm over the top of the ledge and scrambled up the guardian's bald forehead.

Kneeling, I beamed and gulped in breath. I looked out over the vista to the north, then turned and took in the scene to the south. I was in a hidden bowl with cliffs before me like an amphitheater. The air here was humid and fragrant, as if this were a whole other world. I pushed my way through the fremont cottonwood (*populus fremontii*) and fan palms (*washingtonia filifera*), squishing towards the edge of a small water hole—the oasis.

I knelt to feel the clear, crisp water, when I heard a splash. I removed my hat and squinted across the glittering surface when I felt my jaw drop open—I was not alone! A nude woman stood in the calf-deep pond, also facing the sun, and with cupped hands, let water pour over her head and tanned back. I could make out the purple ink of a lotus flower tattoo

that wrapped around her left hip. She crouched, scrubbing her neck and shoulders, then abruptly stopped, as if she could feel my gaze. She whirled with a splash and faced me, and on all fours. I was frozen. The mascara around her glowering yellow eyes had run down her wet cheeks giving her a feline appearance. She snarled, ears flattening, and growled "Hey!" baring teeth that were frighteningly sharp. She advanced slowly, a few cat-like paces towards me. Her wet fur glinted in the sun as she coiled, ready to pounce. I felt pierced in her stare and I dropped my hat into the water. The puma sprang over my right shoulder, bounded off a small boulder and into the brush as I fell back into a bunch of squaw waterweed (*baccharis sergiloides*). By the time I got to my feet, it had vanished. I took a deep breath and waited for my body to stop shaking. I fished out my soaked hat and stared at a giant paw-print of a *puma concolor* in the sandy bottom of the pool.

How I got back down the slope, into the jeep, and back to Yucca Valley, I have no recollection. But my body was still buzzing as I stopped in to Maw's Diner for an alfalfa and tofu sandwich. I saw Ol' Sheppard seated at the lunch counter and called out hello. He spun around on his stool and geezered at me for seemed like a long time. "You've been to the oasis," he smiled with a glint in his eye.

OPERATION "MOJAVE VIPER" BRINGS EXTREME LARPING TO 29 PALMS BASE

By Ron Fonstadt

29 PALMS, CALIF.

OK, you're an Arab American. Or maybe not, but you seem to get a lot of special attention at airport security. Oh, and you're an actor too.

OK, now you're a Dungeons & Dragons freak. You like your role-play livelier than a toss of a dice and a puzzle from the dungeon master. Oh, and you don't mind a U.S. Marine banging down your door.

With the completion of Wadi Al Sahara, the new Iraqi-inspired village at the Marine Corps Air Ground Combat Center at 29 Palms, Uncle Sam's got some serious Live Action Role Play (LARP) for you:

Job Available: Seeking actors for extended improvisational scenarios. Must pass extensive government background check. Must enjoy working in extreme desert conditions. Fluency in Pashtun, Arabic, Dari, Urdu, or Central Asian dialect desired. Stanislavski or Meisner methods OK. Tolerance for fake ordinance a plus.

Military Contractor Tatidek Co. is seeking several hundred role-players who will flesh out the 1560-unit town with living breathing actors, eager to play such roles as mayor, Iraqi police person and souk shop keeper. These actors will interact with Marines as they train, simulating reality in urban combat situations.

acting scenarios, they will be given an opportunity to perfect their craft (at a reported \$150 a day) as actors in a setting few struggling actors could imagine. While the Corps is interested in set-ups that have Wadi Al Sahara residents put them through their training paces, strangers in a hostile land where they can not tell friend from foe, we would like to offer an alternative set of plot lines for the hired LARPer so that they might extend their craft beyond the range of victim/victimizer.

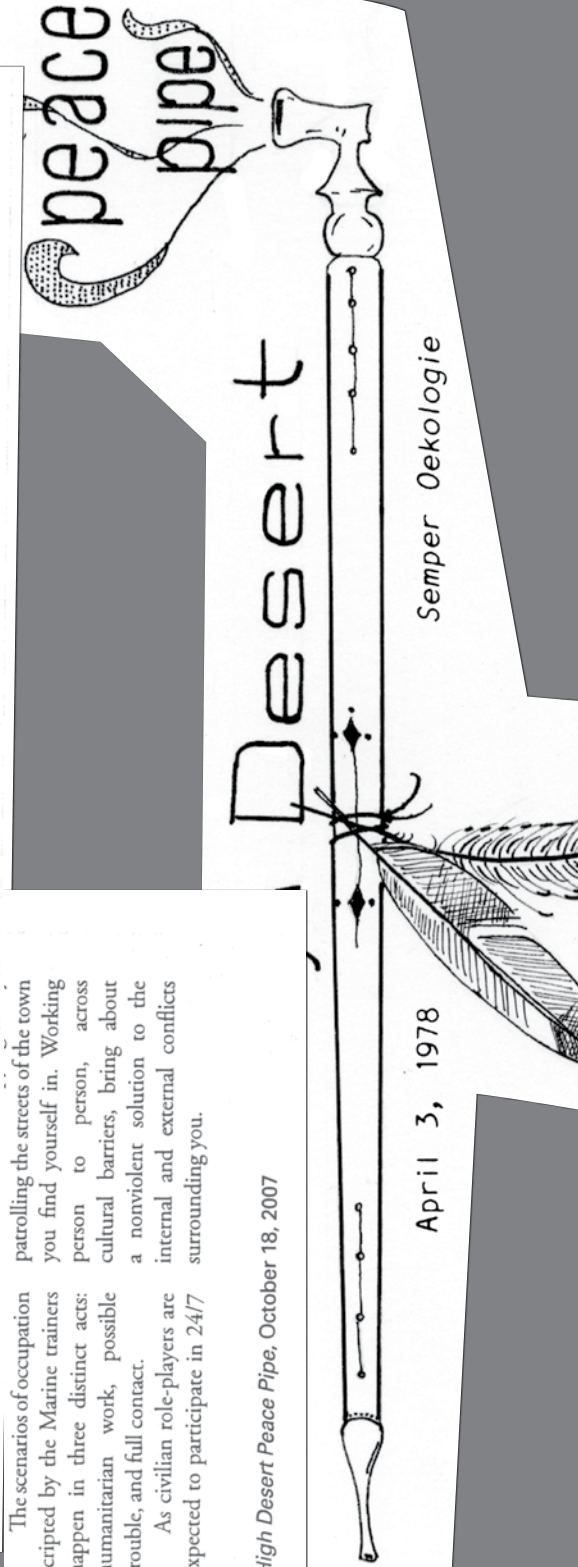
1) You are an Iraqi citizen. You have 24 hours to redecorate your home. You can win big prizes if you you can impress the judges. The catch? All the home-stores are blown up and there's an occupying army.

2) You are Lutahndo, a 9th level Orc. You are on a quest to gather gold in the Forest of Caldora. You have a spell-casting wand, and a staff of yew. You are told by the oracle there are trees of diamonds to be had there and a beautiful bride awaiting you.

3) You are a young Mahatma Gandhi. You find yourself marooned, as if on an episode of *Lost*, in a village known as Wadi Al Sahara. Putting aside your concerns regarding the space/time continuum, you observe a civil war and an occupying army

The scenarios of occupation scripted by the Marine trainers happen in three distinct acts: humanitarian work, possible trouble, and full contact.

As civilian role-players are expected to participate in 24/7



High Desert Peace Pipe, October 18, 2007

April 3, 1978

Semper Oekologie