

in the Twin Cities. We began to talk of how to surprise the storage casks *en route*. **I got cold feet.** The prospect of up-to-five-years in the Federal penitentiary reminded me of a former housemate who had been raped while incarcerated for draft resistance. I was working on the third issue of this Newsletter and was unable to complete it. It died, almost completely laid out. The spirit had

gone out of it. December '94 was filled with a numb disorientation, leavened with despair.

And that's about it. The first cask came, was loaded with waste and sits on the pad, turning rain to steam on contact. I've been to a few more demonstrations --got arrested again in February. The second cask has come. This fourth issue of this newsletter started in response to

my father's desire for a "Christmas Letter" from me, a pale contrast to the excitement surrounding the second newsletter.

A bright spot is that, without any publicity, the Gaia prayer/discussion group has grown to six, with two "guests" looking forward to their first visits. These meetings are refreshing ripples on an otherwise flat sea.

Pat had three coats of paint put on her new bedroom, to get it "just right." She only lived here four nights. Her MCS, "multiple chemical sensitivities," acted up as a result of moving and made the house so toxic to her that she had trouble breathing. Not much of a welcome, after all that anticipation! We probably could have made it work, with her "camping" at Betsy's mom's, which she did for three months, and us changing things in the house so it was not so toxic for her. That's where I put my foot down and said "No! I'm not willing! And while we're at it, I'm not willing to even think about having a fourth housemate until the Future Now office moves out of the dining room. It's just too crowded here for me to feel at home. Maybe it's time for me to leave!"

It was rough. Very unpleasant for Will, our third housemate and one of the five partners in the Future

Now office. Very unpleasant for Betsy too, especially since in our counseling process it was not clear if the relationship would survive. Very unpleasant for me -- why was I being such a problem in the lives of those closest to me? Betsy, Will and Pat did a wonderful job of hanging in there, talking about what had happened and what this meant for our future lives together. With their patience and help my "too crowded" evolved into "I want more space for myself." Then into, "I want that big room on the third floor as a place I can retreat to." And finally, **"I feel like the next step in my spiritual journey requires a place that is big enough for me to spread out in, and private, away from the bustle of the community life which others want in the house."**

In July we helped Pat move into another place, one she liked so much she was thinking of buying it. Then Will, Betsy & I turned to the large

questions of "How are we going to live together, or what?" We entered a "clearness process" such as we had used frequently when we were members of Movement for a New Society. For this, the three of us were joined by former housemate Lea, and my spiritual counselor of the last few years, Susan. In the course of four formal meetings and lots of informal discussions we worked our way through to a new vision of our living community, more focused on our individual needs, and less focused on a simple "even-steven" style of equality. I get the third-floor retreat space. Will uses Prairie House as his base in the city, living up north a good deal of the time. Betsy and Will get a fourth housemate again, without Future Now moving. We will begin trying out this new vision over the next few months.

from one day to the next, was not able to express this powerful voice I have within me. My theatrical presentation at my birthday performance was a fine beginning, but it could be only that. **The challenge is to integrate the Gaia Troubadour sub-personality** into the totality of who I am. I resisted that, fearing the break-up of my old Richard-carapace and the vulnerability of a soft, new, larger self underneath.

So the Gaia Troubadour voice in me wrote the passionate anti-nuke issue of this newsletter without sufficient 'seasoning' by the other aspects of all-of-Richard. Yet "I" did not recognize the Troubadour's newsletter as a "song;" I mistook it as a commitment to action, and acted accordingly, until my instinct for self-

preservation brought me/us to a halt. By now, I do not regret this painful sequence of events.

**I see it was a mistake I needed to make.**

As the consequences of my choices unfolded I was forced to confront, in December '94, that I needed a way for Richard to handle the Gaia Troubadour energy within me so that all of my different aspects can stay the course and I/we can proceed along our path in a more consistent, less painful manner. If I'm right, the reason why I was being such a problem first for Betsy and then for my living community is: I'm changing! As these shifts began to occur in January of '95 I unconsciously recognized that if I was to be the person I need to be, some aspects of my intimate surroundings

need to be different. First with Betsy and then with Prairie House I began insisting that what had been tolerable in the past was not any more. I needed Betsy and my household to give me more space or I needed to move out. Fortunately, dear friends, those who are closest to me have been willing to alter their lives somewhat, in order for me to remain. I have shuddered several times over the last year as I contemplated the alternatives.

Early in '96 I will be moving into my "private space" on the third floor. Why is this so important? What will happen when I do? I do not yet know. Stay tuned.

Be well. Go deep.  
Richard