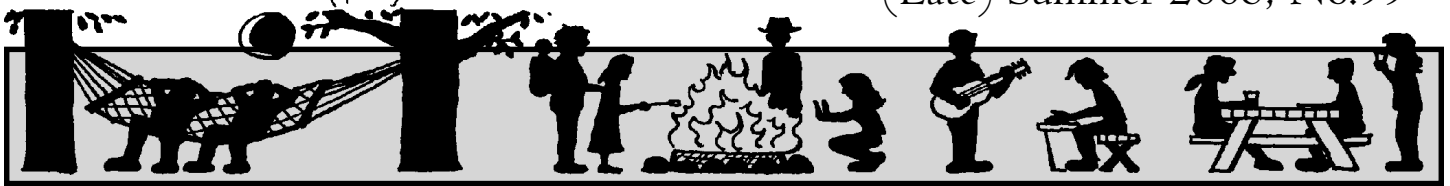


The Leaves of Twin Oaks

(Late) Summer 2003, No.99



The News of the Oaks

by Ezra, with assistance from many

Well, it's been quite some time since the **News** has been written (nearly a year), and what a year it's been! Last fall, we were at the tail end of a three-year drought; we had drilled a new agricultural well because the old one had gone dry, and the city of Charlottesville was posting dire warnings that they would completely run out of water by Christmas. All of that changed last November; and since then hardly a week has gone by without lots of water (snow, rain, or both) falling from the sky. The South Anna river, which had been reduced to no more than a long, skinny puddle, has returned to life—several times this year, melting snow and heavy rain pushed the river out of its banks. Our riverside fields—and Yanceyville Road—have been hidden under four feet of water! To cap off a whole year of stormy weather, the fall hurricane season blew in with a fury and brought us Hurricane Isabel (see accompanying article) and eight days without power, a record for Twin Oaks.



"The Skinner Box," Twin Oaks' recently completed sauna, sits proudly on the shore of our pond as a couple of scurvy pirates sail by

Although the floods and storms haven't caused too much damage at Twin Oaks, the cold and wet weather has made for a soggy and difficult time in the garden. Still-frozen ground and frequent snow-

fall made for a slow start to the season. Many of our crops were hampered by a relatively cool summer. Still, our indefatigable garden crews have been hard at work since the spring; here at summer's end, we are enjoying a daily cornucopia of garden-fresh veggies, and our basement is once again filling up with home-canned and frozen foods to get us through the winter. On the bright side, the damp conditions made for a boom year for many of our fruit trees and bushes. And a great big gothic-style greenhouse is under construction, which will allow for an even longer growing season in the future.

Several Oakers chose to sit out the winter in more tropical climes. Steve, preparing for hip surgery, headed down to Costa Rica to partake of the hospitality of some recent visitors who own a farm in the rainforest a mile from the ocean. Keenan and Kristen, along with Arlo and Rowan, followed suit. Also escaping winter's icy grasp was Ezra, who went to spend a few months working as a gardener in Hawaii. All six have since returned to Twin Oaks.

During much of the year, we flirted with the mythical "population cap," without ever quite reaching it. We have had the usual seasonal whirlwind of comings and goings, with new faces taking the place of old friends who have moved on. In February, Gaea distributed her possessions throughout the community and left on PAL, following a path of non-attachment. Sky dropped membership for a while to "run away to join the circus," and Brian moved to Canada to be closer to his son while Meg and Shiloh departed to seek fame and fortune in the Arizona desert. Just this month, Ted and Samadhi, along with ferrets Nalu and Marley, moved to C-ville to take care of Ted's father. Two of our teenagers, Sage and Topher, have become part-time residents in pursuit of educational opportunities beyond those offered at Louisa High. Several of our departures have led to closer ties with Acorn; Gordon and Hans became dual members this winter, and Mary-Margaret and Jane dropped their Twin Oaks membership to become Acorners this spring.

In this issue...

What's in a Name?

Our Non-violent Community During the Iraq War

Hurricane Isabel Leaves Oakers in the Dark

Twin Oaks Sauna-- Finished at Last!

Theater at Twin Oaks

*editing and layout by Phoenix,
Ezra and Leaf*

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Our pet population was tragically reduced a few months back when Inge's beloved cat Klinekatzen disappeared. And recently, Tupeloids got a bit of a scare when their house cat Purrdy disappeared for a couple of days into the walls of the building. Purrdy has since found his way out, but there has been no sign of Klinekatzen. Other pet additions include grey tomcat "Hugo," making a home for himself in Hildegard's herb garden, Marcello's dog "Nibbles," and "Burt," a neighbor's black lab who has befriended the Twin Oaks dog pack.

In classic Twin Oaks style, we dramatically slowed down our hammock production this winter then spent the rest of the year frantically trying to catch up. Our traditional dysfunctional relationship with Pier One has kept us hopping and guessing all year. We have been experimenting with weaving hammocks outside of our traditional line, including rainbow hammocks based on the one Stella wove for the courtyard last year, and "college color" hammocks to sell on campuses. After several years as hammocks biz manager, Tom stepped down in search of less stressful work and more time with his family.

Meanwhile, business was modestly booming for Twin Oaks Tofu—until the great blackout of '03 — with a growing team of foolhardy tofu workers, new distribution, and new production techniques (designed by River and ex-member Alexis) that allow us to make significantly more tofu each day than we had previously been producing. Several single-day production records were broken in September, the most recent being over 1800 pounds! As always, we are continually searching for new and creative income areas. One such project, organized by Phoenix and others, has been to give presentations and lectures at college campuses—already Oakers have visited campuses in Ohio, North Carolina, and Pennsylvania, and may soon be at a college campus near you! Woody, having



Anja, one of our most talented knitters, works on her very first sock.

planted acres of flowers in his "Little Holland" garden near the pond, has begun a promising business selling cut flowers in C-ville.

During the winter, members were encouraged to find work outside of the hammock shop, which freed up hundreds of hours of labor. The community dealt with this situation by freeing up domestic labor areas that are normally budgeted. One result of this decision was a flurry of activity in domains like commie clothes, archives, and building renovation and upgrade. The Ta Chai bathroom has been beautifully remodeled, with a new shower and lots of new woodwork. In Tupelo, rooms that had been



Homemade cubbies adorn the new Ta Chai bathroom.

filled for 25 years with barrels and bottles as part of a solar experiment, have been emptied and are being converted to new greenhouse space. Rumor has it that Tupelo, which currently has the highest people to shower ratio in the community (19/1) may soon be getting a new shower in the South Wing. Our courtyard celebrated its independence from unnecessary water consumption this July 4th with the opening of "Fecotopia," our newest composting toilet, built with generous assistance by Chad from Sandhill. And a hardy crew under Lynn's patient guidance have finished construction of a new sauna (named "The Skinner Box, a.k.a. Chez Kasta") on the shore of our pond, in spite of shortages in materials and poor weather which conspired to push back the date of the sauna's completion by many months (see accompanying story).

With so many people here cooped up indoors early in the year, cultural events have been flourishing! Knitting has been one fad of the year so far, with weekly knitting groups and a prodigious outpouring of homemade socks, hats, and sweaters. This winter saw an exciting theatrical revival, with performances of *Hammock Shop of Horrors* and *Short Dwarves in Charlottesville*—written by Twin Oaks kids! (see accompanying story). A whole week of activities organized in celebration of International Women's Day, including a self-exam work-

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What's In A Name?

by UltraViolet
Waterfall,
aka Valerie

Some things haven't changed much since the late 60's when we were founded. People are still using and choosing wonderfully creative, mythical, and nature-based names. Some people choose a new name because there is already a member here with their birth name, while others just want to celebrate a different aspect of themselves.

Current and recent members include Dream, Butterfly, Frodo, Leaf, Light, Phoenix, Samadhi, River, Indigo, Juniper, Piankhy, Promethea, Pilgrim, Paxus, Pele, and Shakti. Sky had a head-start in the naming department—his parents lived here in the 70's and Sky Blue is his birth name!

Several members retain their birth names, but use a nick-name. This includes Debby (Forest, Moss), Kristen (Kelpie), Meredith (Mermaid), Melissa (MoonDance) and yours truly (see byline).

the tree people



many members have names inspired by trees, herbs, and shrubbery:

Alder, Cedar, Juniper, Leaf,
Rose, Rowan,
Sage, and Willow

Utopian Rope Sandals of Mass Destruction or Wartime in a Non-Violent Community

By Leaf

The opinions in this article should not be taken as those of the entire community.

I turned 20 years old in March, while the world was bracing itself for a war that would come regardless of all the protest. Spring Equinox arrived and bombs fell on Baghdad as rain fell on Twin Oaks. I've lived here for about a year and a half. Three days after I first moved to Twin Oaks planes rammed into the World Trade Center towers and the Pentagon. I was here when there was an anthrax scare and I'll be here to see how the world comes out of this mess.

I feel lucky to be in community during the past two years because the stress level seems lower to me. Because not a single

Twin Oaker has blown their allowance on plastic sheeting and duct tape. Here it is more likely that neighbors share the same opinion about war: that it shouldn't happen; heated debates on the subject are few. Some Oakers feel "emotionally safer" being surrounded by non-violent people who they can dialogue with about such charged issues.

We don't have cable television, so we weren't bombarded by the propaganda: the images, the statistics, or the speeches by George. Those interested in keeping up with the news listened to the radio or searched the internet, or they read the newspapers and magazines. If we don't want news, we simply avoid the things that would bring it to us, and that is easier

here. It was easier here to "pretend it [the war] wasn't happening."

Some of us were and continue to be quite active in the anti-war scene. Attending protests, holding candle-light vigils, signing petitions, dropping banners, sending emails, faxes, and phone calls to the White House, Senate, and House of Representatives as part of the Virtual March on Washington, performing in Lysistrata, and traveling to San Francisco to be radical cheerleaders. Jonah Raspberry Tupelo, 2 years old, attended a Code Pink Rally in D.C. where he marched on the White House. When asked what he was marching for he replied "for peace."

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shop and a women's dance, culminated in a performance of *The Vagina Monologues*. The packed show came dangerously close to literally bringing down the house, as several trusses under the floor gave way with a terrifying cracking sound. Fortunately the intrepid Donna and Lynn were on hand to crawl under the building and investigate the problem, and it was determined that the show could go on. Lynn and crew have since repaired the trusses.

In March, several Oakers took part in a performance of "Lysistrata" in Charlottesville, as part of an international anti-war protest. This winter and spring, many Oakers traveled to nearby cities to take part in anti-war demonstrations in nearby cities, despite the all-too-frequent occasions when heavy snowfall prevented us from leaving the property. And every Sunday, a load of Oakers continues to travel to Richmond, bearing pounds of homemade tofu, to join Food Not Bombs in distributing free vegan meals to the city's homeless.



Dancers on Validation Day were inspired by the music of our very own blues band, Blues Explosion.

Two great traditional holiday parties — an enormous New Year's blowout at Tupelo, and a smaller, but no less wild, Validation Day bash at ZK — brightened this winter. For New Year's, a generous ex-member donated \$500 to our kitchen, so that our cooks could put out an amazing New Year's feast, complete with rare goodies like avocado and fresh seafood! Our Validation Day celebration included the traditional making and reading of special homemade cards; the dance party that followed featured live music from a local teen jam band, the home-grown "Twin Oaks Blues Explosion," and a highly popular Kissing Booth. On a less festive note, our spring equinox celebration was somewhat dampened by pouring rain and the renewed bombing of Iraq. Fall equinox was similarly challenged by rain and a lack of electricity, but was marked by festivities, and a candle-lit coffeehouse. Both our Communities Conference and our Women's Gathering (which had its 20th anniversary this year) were successful and well-

attended, with drumming and partying aplenty.

In other odds and ends, things are going well at both ends of our age spectrum. Piper, our oldest member, celebrated her 79th birthday last December. She was pleased to learn that the Dave Matthews Band's BAMA Foundation selected her project, the "Reading Window," for an \$8000 grant. She says the money will mostly be used for scholarships. Our youngest member, Gwen, is 11 months old and is walking up a storm. The courtyard lost its oldest member when Ione, a 10-year resident of Harmony, moved "up the hill" to Nashoba. Our dress code loosened considerably this summer, when we decided to do away with our rules restricting public shirtlessness throughout the community. And our friends at Little Flower Catholic Worker House are settling into their new home nicely, bringing to three the number of intentional communities in Louisa County.



"Fecotopia," the courtyard's new composting toilet, is rumored to have the best view around.



A Mighty Wind

How Twin Oaks Community Survived Hurricane Isabel

By Ezro

The first we heard of Isabel was something about a hurricane off in the tropical Atlantic somewhere, slowly creeping towards North America. As it didn't seem to be much of a threat, we gave it about as much thought as we give to most news-type events outside of the commune, which is to say not a whole lot. Within a few days, the storm had begun to blow its way into our mass consciousness. Many of us finally began to take the storm seriously when someone posted a map, downloaded from the internet, showing the probable storm path of Isabel over the next few days; the most likely path for the hurricane to follow took it right through central Virginia.

At that point we began planning for the storm in earnest. We stocked up on candles and flashlight batteries. We dusted off our Y2K backup generators and got them running. We pulled the canoes to higher ground with the expectation that the South Anna would flood yet again, as it has so often on this wet, wet year. Updated weather maps began to appear every few hours on the Today Board, yet the mood around the community was more one of excited anticipation than dread or worry.

The days immediately before the storm were calm, sunny, and beautiful, as if all the moisture in the air had been sucked into the approaching storm. Rumors of an expected 12 inches of rain and 70 mph winds seemed totally incongruous with the cool, clear first days of autumn. On Thursday the 18th, Hurricane Isabel made landfall and began heading towards Virginia. At Twin Oaks, the skies turned grey and the wind began to pick up. By lunchtime,



we were getting a steady rain with gusts strong enough to scatter the ground with small branches and leaves. As the afternoon progressed, the winds picked up and the rain got harder; one of the juniper trees behind M.T. fell onto the bike repair yard, and there was talk of trees beginning to fall in the forest. During dinner, we learned that the heart of the

storm was just beginning to move into Virginia.

At 6:55, just as the K-III shift was preparing to clean the kitchen, the lights began flickering. A minute later, we lost power. Down in the courtyard, while hammocks workers wove by candlelight, members of Twin Oaks' homegrown klezmer band The Vulgar Bulgars set up TCLR for their premiere performance. As their instruments were all acoustic, the lack of power was but a slight inconvenience. While the wind and rain howled outside, the candlelit living room was filled with folks listening to music and enjoying treats prepared for the occasion, including a bowl of powerful "Hurricane Punch."



The storm ended abruptly around 4AM, and Friday morning was oddly calm. All around the community folks stepped out of their houses to confront the mess left by Isabel. The area around the courtyard was relatively unscathed, although Jake's window in Harmony had blown out. Despite the flattening of the sunflowers and the corn, the garden fared pretty well. The wooded section of the community, however, was a mess. Countless trees had fallen throughout our forest, especially the large shallow-rooted oaks. The strong winds had simply wrenched them out of the rain-saturated ground. The area around Tupelo and the old oaks atop High South were especially hard hit. Residents of Sunrise discovered that a large tree had fallen across their path and pulled down their clothesline. The top branches were just a few feet from the house. Despite all of the fallen trees, none of our buildings except for the warehouse were hit, and that damage was pretty minor. Our rain gauge by the garden measured 5 inches during the previous 24 hours, not quite the deluge that had been expected, but enough to push the river once again over Yanceyville Road. And, of course, the power was still out.

Immediately we set about cleaning up the mess. The air was filled with the sounds of chainsaws as



the forestry crews began clearing the most dangerous and inconvenient blowdowns. We'll have no shortage of pre-felled firewood this year (or the next, or the next)! Rollie and Alex started up the generators in order to keep our walk-in refrigerators, water pump, and sewage treatment plant going. Although we had lost electricity, we were able to keep our water flowing and our food refrigerated, and thus were better off than many of our neighbors throughout the country and state. Ex-member Jessie became the hero of the day when he brought over an entire freezer full of ice cream which was beginning to melt. Fifteen altruistic communards helped the Dairy Crew milk the cows by hand. An enthusiastic crew of cider makers pressed gallons of cider from the many apples which had blown off of the trees, and many Oakers took time to stroll through the woods and marvel at the devastation. And the electricity stayed off.



And off it stayed, day after day. A sense of relative stillness and calm descended over the commune. Without power, tofu production was cancelled. Without computers, the normal beehive buzz of activity around the offices was stilled. Without radios or CD's, we grooved to the sounds of nature and the drone of the generators. At mealtimes, the steam table and dining room were illuminated by candlelight. Immediately after the hurricane, the

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THE BUILDING OF OUR SAUNA: in pictures

"Welcome to the Skinner Box"

A speech of sorts which was read at the grand opening of the Skinner box on Sunday the 21st of September

By Jason



It was almost a year ago when we started construction on the sauna and tonight, the ribbon will be cut, people will walk across the threshold and sweat. I was not even at twin oaks for a month when we, Lynn, Matt and I, started digging the postholes. (Which proved to be a harder task than imagined because of the oak roots from a stump that is hidden beneath the sauna) How long ago it seems, a lifetime if you will, when we started work. The reason it seems so long ago is the further and deeper connection I feel with the community and the people within it. Many strong bonds and work relationships were born at the sauna for others and myself. It is a symbol of community life, a teacher and her students, learning and building a true community project, where many people came and worked, lent their individual skills and patiently learned new ones.

Lynn, our fearless leader, and her crew of about twenty co's (which waned in the colder weather) worked through all temperatures, seasons and difficulties. I can remember listening to the sounds of hammers and saw, sweating in the distance, over the pond and through the courtyard. We were all excited when we watched the first wall rise to attention and stand proud. However the pinnacle of our reliance on each other and fast progress was the roof.

It is a hip roof, and we had two crews working on two of the four sides at the same time. On Wednesdays, when we worked, around the time the roof was built, a group of oakers called the polar bears would run into the pond and emerge pink and frozen. We would stop for a moment and watch in amusement. Conversations were abundant

and laughs were as common as the sounds of nails dropping from the roof.

However, with all of Lynn's teaching of inexperienced co's the budget began to shrink and we worried whether the hours would be gone before completion. As a result, a volunteer day was organized and so many oakers came and worked for free that the entire building was cedar sided. It was so successful, joyous, and fulfilling to see the last pieces of cedar put in place.



With the Sauna finally complete, the intrepid crew gathers for a group photo

Finally the Skinner Box (which is the name that was chosen for the sauna in a suspenseful tug of war ending naming party) was completed. I relish in the thought of oakers for years to come, enjoying the beautiful sauna, sitting on Hans' beautiful cedar benches and not knowing how many nails are bent beneath the walls. So with that said, let the sweating begin!



"Wind" Continued from Pg. 4

moon was new, so our night times were extra dark. Only the solar powered lights of Sunrise and the dim lights of candles in people's windows broke the inky blackness.

Despite the blackout, we fared well. We had plenty of food and water. Our exciting new sauna, under construction for over a year, was finally ready, and we held celebratory sweats there on Friday and again on Sunday. Monday was our equinox holiday, and we celebrated with a spirited all-acoustic coffeehouse by candlelight in ZK. Thanks to the ingenuity of many communards, our production operations didn't come to a complete halt. With the help of Sunrise's power and many long extension cords, tempeh production continued. In the hammock shop we powered the cutting wires with a car battery, heated welding irons with a blow-

torch, and used hand-wound shuttles.

As the days went by, we stopped expecting that the lights would come back on "any minute now," and prepared for the possibility the blackout would last indefinitely. So it came as something of a surprise when on Friday the 26th, eight days after the storm, River biked through the community like Paul Revere, declaring "The electric crew is here! The power will be on in ten minutes!" An hour and a half later, a cheer passed through the community as the lights came back on. All over Twin Oaks, we rebooted our computers, plugged in the welding irons, fired up the tofu kettle and convection oven, and life on the farm returned to "normal."



As If We Didn't Have Enough Drama Here...

Theatre at Twin Oaks, by Phoenix

Mushnik: Well, don't just stand there! Quick! Quick! Quick! Put that plant...hammock...what do you call it?

Seymour: Audrey Two.

Mushnik: Put that Audrey Two in the catalog where Pier One can see. My god, I'd never have believed it. My children, I'm taking us all to Mineral for ice cream!

Audrey: Oh, I'd love to Mr. Mushnik, but I have a meeting.

Mushnik: With those nogoodnik planners? I'm telling you Audrey, you don't need to be hanging out with those people. They think they can run this community!

Audrey: But they're professionals!

Mushnik: What kind of professionals live on a hippie commune?!?

Audrey: They're idealistic, Mr. Mushnik. And besides, they're the only planners we've got!



And so continues the Twin Oaks tradition of alchemizing worn-out Broadway musicals into grand stories of life on a commune. When Kat Kinkade wrote "Is It Utopia Yet?" in 1994, she devoted three pages to a discussion of theater in the community, noting that over the past ten years there had been eighteen in-house dramatic productions. On the matter of musicals, she pointed



out that "we have no orchestra, for starters. For that matter, we don't have a stage, either. Apart from the physical barriers, Broadway shows are usually on themes so far from our communal values that our actors are unwilling to spend the time memorizing the lines. They also are reluctant to sing songs with lyrics that are usually sexist if not worse." We've learned to solve these problems with creative word changes, gender bending, and a general attitude (pervasive in community life anyway) of "make do with what you've got" regarding stage space, music, costumes, and talent..

At this point, "what we've got" is high enthusiasm for theater. Cast members are innovative and dedicated, and others in the community are strongly supportive and encouraging. The community even voted to give labor credits for theatrical productions in an OTRA titled "TREATS: Tremendously Rehearsed, Exquisitely Acted Theatrical Shows."



We began the year with a full-blown musical: *Hammock Shop of Horrors*. A cast of 15 people spent over 2 months rewriting the script, learning lines, and rehearsing music. At the New Year's party we gave a sneak preview of two songs and the opening scene — which was all we had practiced at that point. After New Years, some

people doubted we'd ever actually do the full musical. We started rehearsing again once everyone recovered from the party, and we performed the entire show three weeks later. We gave two performances in ZK at the end of January, both times to a full house of Twin Oaks, ex-members, neighbors, and other friends. The show included a live band (Ezra on bass, Matt on drums, Brenda at the keyboard), a gigantic homemade carnivorous hammock-plant, and multiple choreographed full cast dance numbers.

Riding on the excitement of *Hammock Shop*, we jumped right in to the adventure of kid's drama. Some of Imani's friends from last summer's Drama Camp came for a week-long visit, and decided to write and perform a show. Over the course of five days, Imani, Asana, English, and Chloe worked with some of the more dramatic members of the community to write, rehearse, and perform *Short Dwarves in Charlottesville*.

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"Drama" continued from page 6

The community kids also created a New Year's performance of Dr. Suess' *The Lorax*. Asana played the furry orange environmentalist brilliantly, and Adrian and Jonah were wonderful Brown Barbaloos. The show was enhanced by audience participation and a beautiful set painted by Aubrey and Viv, with clouds that turned from white to grey and choppable Truffula Trees.

Another major theatrical event this spring was our production of the *Vagina Monologues* on March 8, International Women's Day. Most of the monologues were from the script written by Eve Ensler, but two women chose to write and perform pieces from their own experiences. Long-term guest Apple described what it is to be a woman in the woods, based on her work as an instructor with Outward Bound. Bobbi's original monologue filled a significant gap in Ensler's script, expressing her struggles as a transgendered woman in "The Vagina That Never Was." The show was so well received that members of the cast were invited by the Richmond Queerspace to give an abbreviated performance as an opening for their production of *A Letter to Harvey Milk*.

All of the performances over the past several months have been amazing works of collabo-

Wimmin's Week

When rehearsing for our production of the "Vagina Monologues," the cast decided to spend the week leading up to the show in celebration of women. We organized events every evening, some for the entire community, and some for women only. This is one woman's account of her experience of Wimmin's Week.

by Samadhi



I made a promise to myself that I would participate in our Wimmin's Week. I felt I owed it to myself as a female. The week started with the self-exam night. Not only did I go, I volunteered to be part of the demonstration. "Wow!" I thought. "I can't believe I'm doing this! I've never been this brave.

The next night was art night. Twin Oakers of various genders worked with femo clay and salt dough, watercolors, and sketching pencils all with the inspiration of the female form to guide them. The next three days brought movies, a writing group, and finally a women's ritual and dance. At the dance I became overwhelmed by the energy. It is hard to describe female group energy in one word because it is exciting, invigorating, comforting, and calm all at the same time. For the ritual, women brought an item to be charged with supportive energy and intentions. I brought 54 items: One cloth menstruation pad, one femo yoni, one bag necklace with crystals in it, and 54 Vagina Monologue programs. There was a time for sharing our intentions for the ritual or anything else we wanted to say. I cried as I spoke. This was the most empowering week of my life. It came to a close on my birthday, as I joined fifteen women -- mostly Twin Oakers -- in our performance of the Vagina Monologues.

ration. The productions emerged not by following the direction of one individual's vision, but by working dynamically with each other to develop the show together. The actors were also designers, choreographers, crew, stage managers, set builders, and playwrights. It makes sense that people living in community are more likely to take group own-

ership of a project. And in the process, we form our own metacommunity: a community within the larger community of Twin Oaks, which eventually extends to encompass the audience by the very nature of performance.



Voices from Twin Oaks

"I am worried that the repercussions will be felt mostly by my generation."
— Sage, 16

"This war is causing me to have a lot of unsettling memories about the Vietnam era."

"I can't believe he [President Bush] is promising Iraqis healthcare, food, and safety when a lot of people in the United States don't even have those things. Would you let a radio repair person repair your radio if her radio didn't even work? We can't run around the globe installing democratic governments when ours doesn't even work very well for the majority of people in our own country."

"We're a bit too close to DC (and a nuclear power plant) for complete comfort."

Voices from Twin Oaks

"War" continued from page 3

I would like you to think of each intentional community as a country. With its own laws, culture, and imports and exports, if you will. I think it is highly unlikely that the planners of Twin Oaks Community, in a master plan to get nut butters at a lower price, would say to East Wind: "We are coming to liberate your people and disarm you of your Utopian Rope Sandals of Mass Destruction (URSMD'S)!!!" This wouldn't happen because living in community is about working together for the good of all, and doing it peacefully. Sure this is obvious, but living in the world community is no different. That means that every single one of us (unless you can prove you live on another planet) is obligated to peacefully work towards a better global tomorrow. I see your head shaking, Mr. Bush. Believe me though; it is possible. Thousands of people do it every day, in communities across the globe, without bombs.



Adrian, 6, standing proudly next to our peace pole in front of ZK. The pole says "May Peace Prevail On Earth" in four different languages.

Who We Are

The Fellowship for Intentional Community is an inclusive networking group of many different kinds of intentional communities in North America and abroad. The non-profit FIC publishes the Communities Directory, Communities Magazine and an extensive webpage, as well as sponsoring workshops on community living.

Twin Oaks, a 35-year old income-sharing community, is a member of the FIC and home to one of their distribution offices.

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