

THE COLESTINE CHRONICLES: A DRAMA OF DIRT AND DHARMA

by Charles Carreon

June, 2003



Wesak Festival (Buddha's Birthday), Rainbow Star Commune, Colestine, 1978. Happy communards coming to the festival bearing gifts for the communal table and smiles.



Musical Interlude at Wesak Festival. On conga: Rainbow Lightning; On guitar: Randy; Pink shirt: Sunshine Sprouts Sai Baba Guy; Random buckskin dudes from Lorien; Foreground: Bhaktastan, freelance thief and fun Hare Krishna guy (stole Carreon stereo and peanut butter); Unidentified infants (currently harvesting pot in Williams, Oregon)



Kean, son of Robert Levereault, short guitarist; Joshua Carreon (with Fisher-Price schoolbus); Mellow dude on Conga.



Bucksin babe from Lorien; Crazy heiress with nerdy glasses; Sprouts kid; Random individuals.



The Council meets to discuss Weighty Matters in the loft, women not specifically excluded. Walter von Finck of Rainbow Star with cocked elbow, balanced by Chant of Trillium Trout Farm. Walter now deals carpets and Harleys, while Chant does nature walks with llamas for college credit.



Tara & Charles' Yurt, Colestine, 1979. Temple hill above is now surmounted with imposing traditional temple. Yurt is gone.



Closeup revealing small monument to left of yurt -- outhouse. Biographer's Note: Charles Carreon read "The Snow Leopard," by Peter Matthiessen almost entirely in that outhouse, the closest he cared to get to the snowy fastnesses of the Himalayas.



Gyatrul Rinpoche, Ashland, Oregon, 1978 -- Looking wan from ill health, still ministering to the flock of eager random people offering their minds for fertilizing with the seeds of bodhicitta.



Maria, Tara, Charles, and Joshua Carreon, Ashland, Oregon, 1979 -- Rent was never cheap enough, which is why we built the yurt.



Three hippie moms in Colectine Valley, Caroline with first-born Uma, Ruth with first-born Tyler, and Tara with Maria, oldest Carreon daughter. Joshua Carreon in the foreground. Tyler didn't make it past his 21st birthday, leaving us all too soon at the start of the new millennium. He was born on New Year's day, 1979, and barely made it to adulthood before death stole him away. Ruth told a great story about Tyler, who was strictly raised on the most wholesome organic food. One day, after Ruth's car broke down, leaving her stranded with Tyler far from the Food Coop, she broke down and bought him a chocolate shake and french fries at the A&W. Tyler chowed down in silence for a protracted period of time. Then he looked up at Ruth, eyes wide and full of sincerity, and pronounced, "This is really good food."



Uma, a chunky gal even today, on the left. Tyler, pretty skinny, with his fingers in his mouth. Maria, impersonating a pumpkin.



Chokyi Nyima, Dudjom Rinpoche, Marti Ambrose, Shenphen Rinpoche, Linda Herreschoff, and Joshua Carreon, Colestine, 1980 -- What are they all looking at? Probably a hole in the ground with a treasure vase getting buried.

Dudjom Rinpoche had just alighted from a helicopter that had dropped him off on the summit of the windswept hilltop where the vase was buried. Big fun.



Dudjom Rinpoche and Gyatrul Rinpoche, Ashland, Oregon 1980 -- "What can you do with this guy?" Even gurus clown around.



Gonpo Tsenden, a true Tibetan yogi, which you could tell from the extraordinary spring in his 70-some-year old ankles. Also from the abundantly beautiful pulchritude of his translator, a size 48-C if ever there was one, named Choying. She had a husband named Ngawang, an English guy who drove a Benz. Eventually he drove it somewhere. Gonpo Tsenden led the first retreat at Yeshe Nyingpo, the Yeshe Lama retreat, which was totally secret and very mysterious, and marked by auspicious omens such as a shower of light, flower-like rain falling on the last day in the midst of a radiant golden haze that filled the entire sky. Tara cooked great meals for the retreatants on a tiny three-burner stove in our yurt, and I did the shopping and water delivery. Who says the poor can't contribute?



Building the Vajrasattva statue, Colestine, 1981 -- Or hanging at dawn, hard to say.



Rinpoche prevents the whole thing from falling down with one hand.



Seiji the irascible gardener achieving the rainbow body.



Ngodrup Rongae, the sculptor whose original face for Vajrasattva was obliterated by Chakdud Tulku's handpicked statue improvers, giving him the androgynous, sugary sweet face he currently wears. Philip Thomas took the process of changing Vajrasattva further with his famous "samurai helmet" roof design that prevents viewing the face from anywhere farther away than 25 feet (7 meters).



Patrick, Randall, Seiji, Ngodrup Rongae, and Unknown stud-muffin, posing with Vajrasattva's original face, part Easter Island, part Southern Oregon, extinct.



Tara Carreon and Sara, Ashland, Oregon, 1982 -- Two down-to-earth hippie moms talk shop (babies, men, natural food, and livin' in the woods). Sara's husband Daniel was a woodsman proud to carry his teepee on the roof of his truck, and would rather have a sack of rice than a pension.



Loren Duca's House, Ashland, Oregon, on Ana's Birthday, February 7, 1982. She's being born upstairs in the attic room while these kids eat peanut butter. Loren's daughter Sonrisa is the brunette in the background. Joshua Carreon leans chin on hand in a pensive moment.



Gyatrul Rinpoche in a rare moment of not teaching, at Laurel Col's birthday party in Cottage Grove, Oregon. Doug Col's wife Liz is holding Laurel on her lap. Liz now works for Oregon Shakespeare Festival and has nothing to do with the Buddhists. I ran the pinata for the party, the only guy there besides Rinpoche.



Laurel opening presents, while Gaea Laughingbird's daughter Danielle contributes her Italian looks to the upper right corner. Gaea's name later became Weiss, when she married her husband Shandor Rainbow Wind, and I guess they decided to put the name that looked good on a check. Now they are divorced, and her name is Gaea Yudron. She does rapid eye therapy for a living. Danielle is a wild chick, as in leather, tattoos, and bad boyfriends. Her half-sister Sophia is a superb artist, fire-fighter, rompin-stompin Colorado mountain girl with an appetite for lovin'.



Joshua Carreon and sister Maria had a little fun with the rest of the kids.



There I am to the right in my cheap light blue corduroys, recycled shirt, and tai chi shoes, running the pinata. Maria Carreon (in blindfold) loved pinatas, because they were filled with candy.



The precious newborn, Ana Belinda Carreon, lying on the handmade blanket made by Susan Hunt, artist extraordinaire, horse woman, and Ashland resident. Susan's thangka paintings in traditional Tibetan style are found elsewhere on this site. Susan also painted the Vajrasattva statue for the first and best time.



Tara with Charles' pride and joy, an IBM B-model, precursor to the Selectric, a typewriter with so much power it had a clutch that you could hear humming. Tara is using it to transcribe tapes of the developing stage kye-rim teachings, that's 28 90-minute tapes. Not much time for the baby.



Yes, she was born with all that hair, and eyes too big for her head. In this position, she could dominate an entire room. Sole focus of worship.



Chakdud Tulku, with his pride and joy, a Guru Rinpoche statue on Jamie Kalfas' property out in Williams, Oregon. It's very beautiful, but tucked away in a very shady, confined area, the opposite of Vajrasattva, who radiates in the midst of a vast meadow. I always wished that we could do 3-D embellishments on Vajrasattva's throne like these. It would be more classy.



Chakdud Tulku in early days at Yeshe Nyingpo, Ashland on 2nd Street (now the home of Primavera Restaurant). Gyatrul Rinpoche made everyone squirm on the event of Chakdud Tulku's first visit to Ashland. Apparently someone had been making comments about Chakdud Tulku's fondness for Blitz Weinhard Private Reserve, referring to him as

"The Beer Lama," so Gyatrul Rinpoche gave a weird speech in which he declared that he could see Chakdud Tulku's three heads, and hear the neigh of a horse, indicating that he was an emanation of Hayagriva if only we could see it.
If only we could.



Vajrasattva in his newly painted splendor, with Vina, David Johnston's long-time squeeze posing in foreground. The lions holding up the throne always looked a little fat to me, more like fanged hippos with manes, but then I was raised on western art, where we try to make it look like something recognizable.



Vajrasattva having his ear scratched by a random hottie.



Vajrasattva, quite the hottie himself.



Vajrasattva in a quiet moment.



Gyatrul Rinpoche upstaging the fat lions.



Chakdud Tulku, with Gyatrul Rinpoche in mid-background, and the ever-elusive Chokyi Nyima, aka Mark Buckley in the far background. When Gyatrul Rinpoche made an unfavorable remark about protesting gays, Buckley famously retorted, "Yeah, Tibetans do it with animals," to which Gyatrul Rinpoche replied, "That's better." Buckley also bought Gyatrul Rinpoche a Landcruiser on his gold card (trusting the students to take over payments, which they amazingly did), and was sitting in a trailer with Gyatrul Rinpoche and me one afternoon when a bead on Gyatrul

Rinpoche's mala broke, and he gave us each half a bead, remarking that there were "a lot of Vajrakilaya mantras in there."



Chakdud Tulku appears to be tossing a scarf expertly up towards Vajrasattva. That takes practice, years of practice. Have you ever tried to toss a scarf? It's not as easy as it looks. Try it sometime.



Yeshe Phuntsok, former warlock, current gay celibate and bridge salesman.



Yeshe Phuntsok, playing dakini, Marlee Heathcote doing her duty, and Sangye Khandro talking directly to Guru Rinpoche, offering the heart-rendingly evocative "Vajra Song" that sangha women scratch each other's eyes out for the opportunity to sing.



The Vajrasattva consecration, the culmination of over a year of continuous drinking, infidelity, poverty, and intellectual posing on the part of the laborers, sustained by good-humored infusions of cash administered by Gyatrul Rinpoche, who was tapping the treasures of the nagas, the nagas of Taipei, that is, to complete the sacred work.



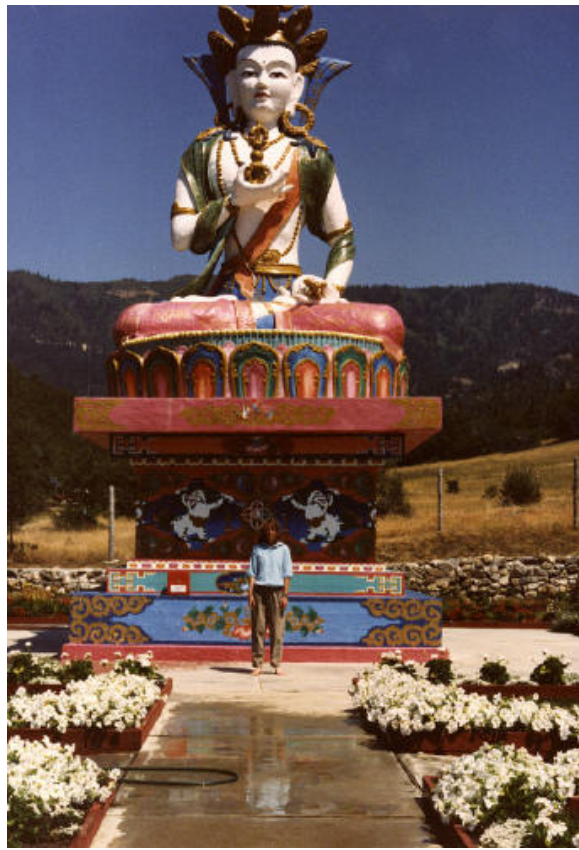
Well, they're not fucking now. Camilla, surname forgotten, who once married a man named Seven Bolting Deer, who now sells bridges in Hawaii. Sharing the shade with Richard Schwindt.



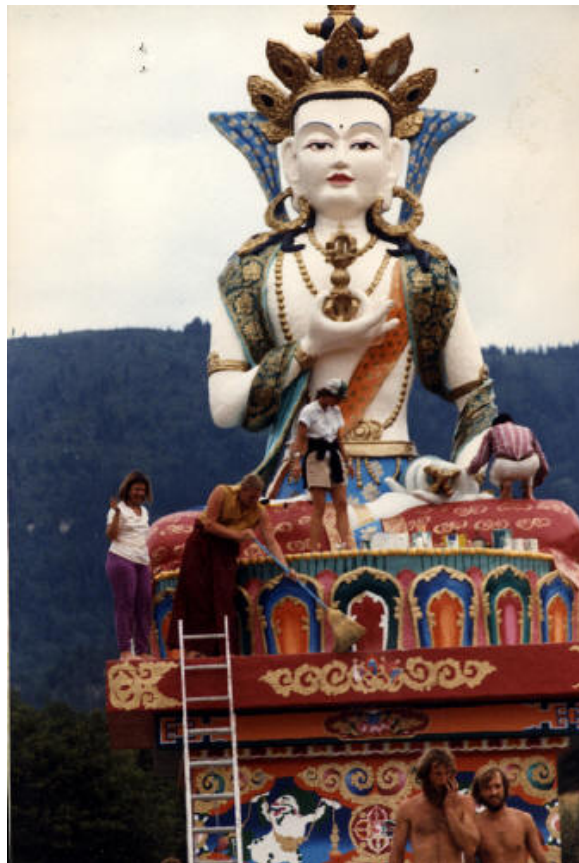
Lisbeth in foreground, smartest of us all, telecommutes to Seattle from Ashland, getting paid good money by Boeing to solve problems no one understands but her. Lisbeth begat a strapping young son named Josh, from a liaison with a strapping young Tibetan thangka painter named Pema. Josh has emigrated to Nepal, where he likes it. To Lisbeth's right, David Gordon, sangha softie who got schmoozed out of a chunk of his inheritance, donned and discarded monk vows (smart move) and retreated even further into the woods where there are no Buddhists. To David's right, Doug Col, celebrated rolfer whose hereditary ailments were cured by mantra recitation and maintains a healthy sideline in the trek-to-Tibet field. In the front row, Jamie Kalfas, commodity investor until noon, laid-back yogi the rest of the time, now revered as a lama, but it doesn't seem to have gone to his head. Having money helps. That's Michelle, to his right, thin enough, smart enough, and a good enough cook and connoisseur of men to stick with Jamie for several years. She's gone.



Tara Carreon, despondent that she's not enlightened yet. This pattern will continue.



Still in the same place.





Snapped this shot on the fly as Gyatrul Rinpoche came sauntering by. I think the intensity of my veneration washed out the film.



Gyatrul Rinpoche loved this cement mixer. But I remember another one better. That was a smaller electric one that Sangye Khandro was minding one afternoon, dumping the mix into wheelbarrows, when Mark Buckley walked up to her, held out the waistband of his baggy blue jeans and told Sangye, "Hey, Sangye, dump it in here and give me a big hard one." Sangye mixed no more concrete that day.



The foundation of the Temple, an animal designed by a committee. It lists a little.



Presumably, that's Gyatrul Rinpoche in the center, with paralyzed students waiting for him to yell at them. Either that, or he's trying to figure out if demons really are taking it apart at night.



First water on the land. Gyatrul Rinpoche loved water, the water of life, the stuff that quenches thirst, that you boil noodles in, bathe in, make tea with, and squirt at people. He just loved it.



Doomed marble plaque, carved with Dudjom Rinpoche's great well-wishing verse. During a cold winter it was left upright without proper support, and fell over when the ground swelled under it, breaking into hundreds of pieces.

True to form, students still prize these little chunks of inscribed rubble.



Maria Luz de Luna Carreon, about to blow this popsicle stand.



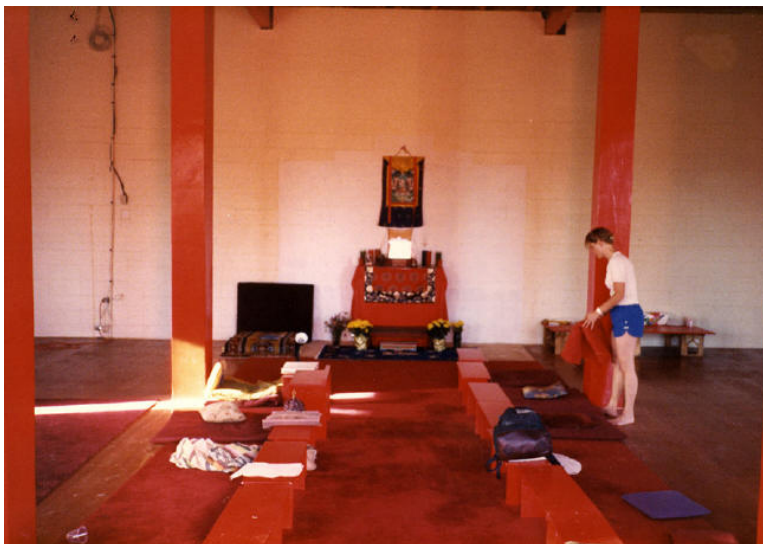
The temple, half-constructed. A temple is called a Lha-kang in Tibetan, meaning house of the gods. But Gyatrul Rinpoche said if we became attached to it, it would become a house of demons. He was so insightful.



A good place to stand if you want to stay away from the work.



Tashi Choling, largest consumer of red paint in Southern Oregon.



The good old days, when space was all we had.



Rinpoche's kitchen, with a view of the dinner table. Incredible personages and complete assholes have eaten there.



Rinpoche's living room. We took the monks watching TV out for this picture.



Susan Hunt's White Tara at her house in Ashland.



Floral interlude.



Seiji staying at our house in Santa Monica.



Tsering Tsomo in foreground with her parents. For several years, we sent \$10 per month to Tsering Tsomo, and she always sent us a new year's card. We haven't been in touch since the late 80's.



Tsering Tsomo again.



Tsering Tsomo growing up.



We sponsored this little boy through Payul Namdroling, Pednor Rinpoche's orphanage.



Gyatrul Rinpoche and Ngakpa Yeshe Dorje, the sorcerer.



Nakpa Yeshe Dorje practicing sorcery.



Nakpa Yeshe Dorje at his monastery in India.



Nakpa Yeshe Dorje in Shandor's living room, formerly Walter Von Finck's house. Nakpa was performing a Dur ceremony to exorcise evil, using the practice of Chod. Joshua Carreon was suffering pesticide poisoning at that time, and Gyatrul Rinpoche strongly urged us to take Joshua to every possible Dur. We attended this one in Ashland when Josh was first beginning to recover. Tara made numerous copies of photographs of Troma, the Chod deity, and Gyatrul Rinpoche very happily distributed them to everybody.



Matthew Small's house in Ashland, a great big place up the hill from the library. Well stocked with dress-up clothes, being worn by his daughter Mica on the left, and Maria to her right. Ana has a mouthful of peanut butter sandwich, and Matthew has a wry look.



Ana, in the background, has now caught up with the other girls and is decked out in red. Maria below her is trying on silk gloves. Mica looks like she's ready to jump into a pool. Ivan, the tall boy in the front is Susan Hunt's son. Josh stands next to him.



Mica, still preparing for her death defying leap. Maria has the gloves on, and a green chiffon scarf. It looks like Ana has found a flowered veil. Joshua looks self-assured, and Ivan seems to have a plan.



Boring.



My best friend and my wife.



Ivan takes the plunge.



Mica is feeling something special. Maria loves those gloves, and Ana likes the high ground. Josh plays on the edge while Ivan thinks about trying it again.



Asha Claire Deliverance, owner of Pacific Domes (www.pacificdomes.com), at that time farming cubensis like only she can. Asha delivered Ana into this world, barely catching her as she flew out of her mom like a cannonball. Asha

was very sensitive, and was holding Tara's hand while the baby crowned and I stood there, frozen to the spot, unable to move, shouting, "Asha, the baby is coming!" Another second of hand-holding and Ana would have had brain damage, because I really wasn't able to reach out and catch her. Some kind of male taboo. But Asha did, so Ana goes to Stanford instead of Special Ed.



Asha glimpsed through the old fence.



Maria Carreon providing intimations of future splendor.



She's a happy girl.



Susan Hunt with her dog. Susan has lots of pets, but she despises them all. They are just stupid animals as far as she is concerned. Not like horses, which she owns and can't bear to sell. Valuable Arabians, actually, but who will take care of them properly? Financial distress be damned. Life is for those willing to suffer. By that definition, Susan will live forever.



Maria, performing the all-important task of learning how to hammer a nail into a pine board. Country life is highly educational. But not without culture. Notice my flute on the right, and a book as well. You can read until it gets dark.



Matthew, tickling Mica in the Pyramid House. The Pyramid House was originally built by Lee Marks, a hairdresser who now lives in Sausalito. He built the house in conformity with the proportions of the Great Pyramid at Giza, for his beautiful girlfriend Heather, who must have been a hottie the way Walter Von Finck said her name. Lee filled the house with nice stuff, and Heather made her way down the hill, leaving him alone and depressed, one more hippie lost in the wilderness. Gyatrul Rinpoche and Sangye Khandro stayed there for a while, and I installed the first propane lamp to save Sangye's eyesight. Matthew was renting it this summer. Lee sold it to some Chinese people eventually. A Chinese woman named Naiyuine lives there permanently on lifelong retreat with her fax machine, recovering from the pain of being jilted by Shenpen Rinpoche, son of Dudjom Rinpoche, because although rich and beautiful, she was not the right woman, according to Dudjom Rinpoche's wife, the imperious Sang Yum.



I caught the rattlesnake that was living under the porch of the Pyramid House and put it in this container. Matthew was incensed, unable to take my fatherly view that it posed a hazard to the health of our children, preferring to consider that he had just lost a very yogi-like feature of his living environment. As if there had been buzzards roosting outside, casting a gothic shadow, and I had thrown a stone at them. It was a failure of good taste on my part, was what it was. He was mad all night, but the next day I took the snake down by the railroad and it slithered away into the grass.



This is the grass it slithered away into. If you look very closely, you may be able to see a snake in there.



One moment.



Never heard of the Firehouse Five? Well, I haven't either, and I live here. But that's the Ashland 4th of July parade. The photo I'd like to show you would be the Ashland High School Band during the late 80's, when they wore tie-dyed t-shirts, played the Grateful Dead, and erupted into a random, everybody-walking-every-which-way in the middle of Sugar Magnolia. It was boisterous good fun, and I bet somebody got laid that night. Fourth of July.



Prize to whoever can tell me what this man is doing.



Bag-pipes and anglophilia are to Ashland what Cinderella and Mickey Mouse are to Disneyland. People here worship the whole concept of Brit-ness. We even have a "Britt Festival," named after some guy named Britt, but then nothing is coincidental. Least of all in Ashland.



A wise disposition of resources.



A corner of the old library under siege from surging crowds of patriotic celebrants.



Sorry baby, wrong country.



What the hell is that?



Never knew there were so many of us. Like lemmings, Ashlanders flock to Lithia Park immediately after the parade, surging through the narrow neck of the entrance, commencing immediately to pillage a series of food stands that are helpfully staffed with smiling volunteers from non-profit organizations. It's a great day to get to know the Filipino wife of a search and rescue guy.



Think I'll go out here and meditate.



This is a nice view.



Tara in yellow with umbrella. Richard pointing at the magnificent sweep of the valley. The pine trees just left of center are coming along.



Walking down into the valley from the West. There's a creek down here someplace.



Richard illustrating the property line. He was always doing that. This view is to the West, with your back to our 88 acres.



Do you think I was photographing those pipes there?



Oooh, wet spot!



That slope keeps going all the way up to the top of the Siskiyou, which isn't that far from here.



Looking south. The scar on the left is the road going out of the valley.



Southwest view, very hypnotic.



If you keep walking down that hill, you come to the temple.



Literally, a cattle wallow, which we transformed into a spring that feeds into a concrete tank. Gyatrul Rinpoche blessed the spring.



Freeway fill, and the drainage ditch. I-5 runs along up there, so you get a good view of the occasional semi. It's impossible to escape samsara.



Do you like culverts? I love them, and not just because they are sexual. They really are essential for any kind of successful road building. You might say they are the difference between having a road and not having a road. People without culverts are people without roads. Get culverts.



That's Tara, and she has just found a really cold mountain spring up by the freeway. She is sticking her foot in it. It is icy cold on a hot summer day. Whoopee.



Richard was in the army in Vietnam. He is handy with maps and explanations.



Down by the creek, talking about water. Cool, clear water. We don't have much but we'll help you if we can with water.



Find me moisture and I can survive. Thus sayeth life.



I love my kids.



Meticulously fitted plastic Chinese ceiling tiles handpicked by Gyatrul Rinpoche in Hong Kong. Of course nothing Rinpoche did could be questioned, certainly not by me, but the prevalence of plastic in the temple was like a thumb gouging into our hippie aesthetics. He liked artificial flowers and gold spray paint. I will tell you I don't, and I didn't know anyone who used them in their own homes. Lots of people had little altars in their houses, littered with shells, groovy little stones and driftwood, lichen and sphagnum, owl and eagle feathers, snake skins and buffalo pelts, usually with an old pot pipe in there someplace gathering dust. Nobody had an altar that was painted like a Turkish bus. Garish, jarring, too damn bright, like a television adjusted by a Nigerian tribesman. Have I been keeping this in? Well let's just say I haven't been telling everybody. It's a dirty little secret -- this temple gets on my nerves.



This picture also was very disturbing. Produced by Chinese devotees in Taipei, exceedingly formal in its arrangement, patriarchal and essentially terrifying.



Kanglings. I think it takes about ten minutes to learn how to play them, because the usual protocol at Tashi Choling was to grab any damn fool and have him blow into them. It is impossible to discern any melody or rhythmic structure to their music beyond what I would call ululation, that warbling wailing that rackets off the walls, making you feel like you can't think.



The protector drum, often beaten with stolid sincerity by someone terribly sincere.



Butter-lamps provide a great way for laity and clergy to while away the hours, filling and cleaning, changing wicks and otherwise renewing their acquaintance with skills that the common use of electricity would push into extinction.



Thrones are precious, therefore covered with plastic.



Tashi Choling at the apex of its splendor.



Eastern side of Tashi Choling, before stairs were put in going down the hill.



A thousand-armed Chenresig in the middle, a slightly clumsily-executed Shakyamuni on the left, and a similarly slightly imperfect Guru Rinpoche on the right. I'm so picky. But everybody appreciated the statues, because they were done by a young American boy who was just in his apprenticeship with Chakdud Tulku. Perhaps someday he'll come back and create a masterpiece. That's the great thing about a temple, they always need new statues.



Doug Col, Laurel and wife.



Lining up to welcome the guru. Sangye, demure in front of the door, talking to Dominique. Shandor, Suzanne Soehner, Inge, David Johnston, filling in the crowd.



Gyatrul Rinpoche squeezing Ana's hand. Maria stands back watching the fun. Julie Rogers and David Johnston, smiling in the background.



He just won't let her go.



The gate to the Vajrasattva garden, looking southeast.



The plaque, before it fell over. There is a teaching here somewhere.



Vajrasattva's butt.



Dangerous man.



Precious symbols of the dharma or just odd junk?



The barn is old, and now the whole left half of it is gone. For years it teetered, not much because it was very stout, but all the roof was gone and it didn't look too safe. Finally the testosterone level got high enough that someone decided to tear it down. Richard Schwandt was given the job of chasing out an old owl who lived way up in the back.

Richard said when he got there, the owl looked at him like he was the biggest fucking asshole in the whole goddamned world, like "Who the hell do you think you are to chase me out of my house?" Richard said he chased him out and he hooted and flew off, then they destroyed the place. It was a very sad story.



A brief flirtation with English speaking prayer flags. An experiment long-since abandoned. Buying foreign prayer flags is the right thing to do.



Colleen and long-ago departed visitor stringing prayer flags at Philip's corral.



Jane Hall, Teri Thomas and that chick again. Jane is from Texas.



Fresh prayer flags.



That's me in the tree.



Tara and Teri, using Teri's treadle sewing machine, like true Buddhist pioneers.



Teri and her second son, Sean Thomas.



Haika, gesturing, a no-bullshit German chick who has her own slant on things. No bullshit. That's Philip in the background, and one of his automobiles.



Party girl/dharma stud-muffinette Stephanie with kids Bela and Aaron. Stephanie kindly told Tara that we had not slept together because she had not gone along with the idea, which is not how I remember it, although I agree that we did not sleep together. Stephanie has that kind of womanhood that doesn't wear out from regular use, which is to say she still looks tight and firm despite the kind of life that makes a lot of women look flabby. She can paint the town any color you want and I recently gave her a ride someplace from Shop N Kart, after she confessed she was so looped she just didn't want to walk that far. Her son Aaron is a computer whiz up at U of O, and Bela is growing out of the vandalism stage. Stephanie gets more lift out of her fantasies than most people do out of a tank of helium. An inspiration to us all.



Not all yurts are created equal. Kevin the guy who went crazy, I mean stone-fucking crazy, built this yurt. Kevin bicycled into town, having left behind his work as an engineer. He hooked up with the dharma with the fervor of a convert and the single-minded dedication of a steam engine. Within a couple of years his mind had seized up and he was found standing motionless in the middle of Siskiyou Boulevard in Ashland, oblivious to the fact that he was holding up traffic, and unable to converse with people who tried to talk to him. Let that be a lesson to you overachievers.



Richard Schwindt and Jane Hall. They could have been a movie couple.



Richard, perpetually minding the functioning of the temple.



Sara Rose and Freddie Gage, having just jumped off Freddie's motorcycle.



Pravina, former Rajnoid, hired to do the cooking for some retreat or another. I liked Pravina, but I'm not sure what she thought of me. Some relationships are like that. Tara says she's a born-again Christian now. Now I know what she thought.



David Gordon, a good guy who fell hard for Rinpoche and the dharma and woke up with a hangover.



Dharma social climber "Lake," got what she wanted, a post next to Catherine Burroughs, the abusive tulku from Maryland. Yes, that is a moon up there on the left.



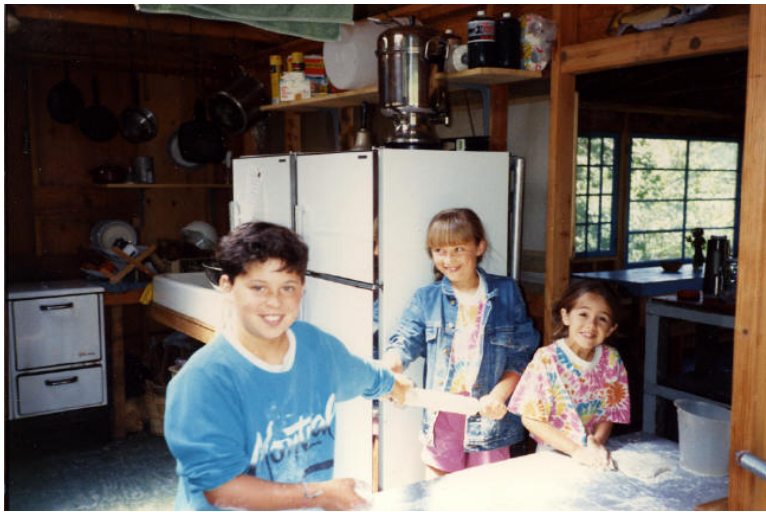
Matthew, center stage, in the dharma kitchen, Carolyn to his right. That's the back of my head beginning to grow a bald spot. Looks like I am drinking a beer and wearing a Gotcha shirt I bought on sale at Miller's Outpost. I was so poor.



Maria's braid, Joshua with the sun on his face, and Carolyn Myers doing some cookin'.



The cat has the right idea.



Daniel, Pravina's son, Maria looking winsome in denim, Ana looking perky in tie-dye.



David Gordon with his trademark, "I have no idea what I'm doing" look. Me, gawking to get in the picture, and Maria in the far background. Flowers in the foreground look real but may not be.



Phillip's corn. Sean's diapers. This garden is not precisely on Philip's land. It's on a neighbor's land, but he doesn't use it.



Philip's bus. Then later it was Stephanie's bus. Then it was Susan's bus. Then Susan cooked for Bruce in the bus. Susan moved into town, Bruce moved in next door, and the rest is history. This bus had a small trapeze in it, and a sign on the side that said "Don't just do something, sit there."



Philip -- more man than you want to mess with.



You thought I was kidding? Are you talking to me? The woman is Pamela Goodwin, mother of Arian, painter of watercolors and crocheter of sexy tit-coverings.



There's the trapeze, being demonstrated by Maria. Ana is in the loft with Luke.



Charles the lawyer analyzing Phillip's patent case. That cowboy shirt has snaps on it, because I'm from Arizona.



Did you see this before? I said that is Philip's corn, growing on somebody else's land.



Tiny aphrodite.



Don't you love it when people take pictures of your butt?



Sean, sans underwear, while the barbecue pit smolders in the background. Phillip's kids have the best of the third and first worlds.



Tara Thomas, not Teri's kid, but Phillip's. She's quite the woman now, drives an SUV. Phillip's patented tool, "The Tweaker," is on the table in the left foreground.



Now we know why they call them hippies.



Philip knows all you need to have a telephone is one little wire attached to a pole, so Teri has always enjoyed all of the comforts of civilization.



Phillip's pond is usually in the middle of some eco-nightmare, be it too many goldfish, not enough frogs, an infestation of algae, whatever. Nothing that deters the kids from jumping in.



Our Dodge Swinger before I painted it turquoise blue, and the trailer we pulled out to Philip's land. Buddhist summer camp.



Pamela Goodwin, enjoying Buddhism a little bit.



Maria, having fun in her new swimsuit.



Ana at Philip's pond, with Joshua and Arian in the background.



Mighty Mouse!



The temple pond that never worked out.



Joshua pets the little kittie.



Maria floating in Phillip's pond.



Ana pets the little kittie.



"It's a rattler!" This is a direct quote from Sylvia Schechter, an English woman from Findhorn who pronounced the word "rattlah" as in "They've found a rattlah!"



There's a deer out in that field.



Pamela, yarn-rich, cash-poor at her house in Ashland.



Tara, looking pretty cute in her old age, and from the look on his face, Josh could be watching TV at Pamela's house in Ashland.



Gyatrul Rinpoche's face in the left corner, Sangye Khandro to his right, and Tuprik Dorje and his beautiful Tibetan wife Ngawang, all enjoying the Yreka rodeo. As the national anthem played and a cowgirl rode around the arena bearing the American flag, I turned to Gyatrul Rinpoche and said, "It's funny how Ashland and Yreka are so close together, and so different." Rinpoche smiled in agreement and replied, "Yeah, Ashland kind of uptight."



That chick with her tongue out is not just crazy, she is also richer than you will ever be because she is oil money. Her hobby is buying land to retreat on. Sometimes she does retreats, but I don't think she ever does it on the land she buys to do the retreat on. Her name is Lynda Isenberg, and she's actually very sweet, though I think it is fair to say that when this picture was taken, she was not in her right mind. Josh seems to know this, even though he's not watching her. Why does Rinpoche look like an old Mexican bus driver?



Phillip has some high-tech gizmo. I don't know who the Asian lady in the background is, but she's lucky to be with us.



Gyatrul Rinpoche, Sangye Khandro, Tuprik and Ngawang in profile, Phillip in foreground.



Look at that!



It's getting late.



The ageless Phillip and his child bride.



Sangye breaks me off a chunk.



To the far right in blue see the redoubtable Steve Merrill, aka Bucko, a mysterious schmoozer who went to the top of the hierarchy and out the side door as quickly.



Ananda, the little guy on the left, was born to parents who burned with righteous zeal for enlightenment. They were cruel parents, who made their kids go to sleep long before sunset during mid-summer. They also forced them to eat good food without any interruption, and were punished by being told to meditate. Dad was an old Zen guy, and mom a relatively hot-bodied young blonde who burned with fervor for enlightenment. Ananda just wanted a decent life, so he joined a Satanic cult in Redding, which I think actually worked out okay except I heard he started smoking. I hope that part's not true. In case you didn't recognize Tara Thomas and Lynda Isenberg, go back and review your lessons.

We test on this stuff.



Jeez, what Teri would do to look like that again.



Full face of Bucko on the right, serious look from Sangye, and I told Tuprik I'd publish this if he didn't pay up.



A young Zigar Kongtrul Rinpoche at Tashi Choling. Really nice, brilliant, sincere lama who is now in Colorado, usually on retreat.



Kongtrul Rinpoche happily performing lama duties.



Those trees would not be there but for me. Shandor and Jerry Westerkamp were about to cut them down, I mean their chainsaws were buzzing, when I prevented them from their work. They were just saw-crazy at that time, engaged in a wood partnership that went nowhere, and wanted to cut up something big. These trees are big, old oaks older than you. They said Rinpoche wanted to cut them down. I told them to not cut them down while I went into town to ask Rinpoche if he wanted them cut down. If he did, I told Shandor and Jerry, I would cut them down myself. Rinpoche didn't want to cut them down, but he also thought it a shame that I would get so excited. He's right. I would have been more effective if I'd stayed calm.



I really like this shot of Kongtrul Rinpoche.



Kongtrul Rinpoche's little boy with Elizabeth, Naomi Mattis' daughter. A truly holy family.



Kids on the temple lawn during Pednor Rinpoche's visit.



Ana hams it up with Sujata, Ananda's sister. Sujata loved the Ann of Green Gables series, and was a much better child than her brother Ananda, at least according to her mother, who thought Ananda had too much testosterone. Of course, that didn't scare her away from Steve Merrill, seen here in the upper left, drinking tea with Camilla.



My land partner, James Wang, in the middle.



My wife and best friend.



Richard Schwindt and Steve Merrill, a pair to draw to.



The stairs in operation.



Catherine Burroughs with her stolen baby. She actually took this baby from one of her devotees, claiming it was her spiritual child. Isn't she supposed to have long nails and a wart on her nose? That's Sangye in profile at the top of the stairs, I can tell from the slope of the arms and the tilt of the head. Perfect.



Pednor Rinpoche, solid like a Sherman tank, impassive like a thundercloud.



The Lady descending.



Now that's what I call wearing a robe. Pednor Rinpoche on his way to do some teaching. Stand aside.



Pednor Rinpoche's monks. Sort of a Tibetan boy's choir, these young men perform rituals, music, dances, and sport each a fake Rolex, gift of Chinese business man.



Ana and Sujata have fun together. Maria in the background.



There's always room at the back of the temple. That's Sujata's mom, Martha, in pink.



Lama dancing, literally.



This is why this temple was built.



Pednor Rinpoche and his golden coffee cup. Alone among the lamas, he drinks the juice of the bean. Black.



Gyatrul Rinpoche sits no higher than the lowest monk when Pednor Rinpoche is around.



Serious students watch Pednor Rinpoche's monks leaning over the emerging sand-mandala. Douglas, a saintly fellow that Baudelaire would recognize from the brothel, has gone on to serial retreats, and seems well-suited to religious life. Dominique, center, has had battles with her health. Melanie Wang, my land partner, remains among the faithful



The sand mandala takes shape, with the syllable HRI at its heart.



Watermelon, big smile as monks kick back.



The sand mandala grows slowly as a group project, while Joshua Carreon looks on in the background. The dixie cups contain the colored sand. The monks put it in a funnel-shaped tool with a serrated face that they rub with a stick rhythmically, which causes the sand to pour out in a narrow stream that they can apply like paint with great fineness. Watching the colored sand falling into place, you sense you are witnessing something miraculous, although quite simple. When I see this level of mental acuity at work, I am certain there is something to this concept of training the mind.



The mandala makers are creating order within the universe, using the stable force of earth to build their pattern. Once the pattern is begun, it can grow.



Sand paintings made here.



A rare event -- Sangye fails to notice the camera.



David Johnston and Camilla in front of the temple. What could be more pleasant?



The socializing corner.



The official entrance, from the East. Offerings (to the deer) go out this door. Moon rise over Pilot Rock is visible from this location.



Robin Lai and her daughter Kai, sitting on the lap of one of Pednor Rinpoche's monks. Things are still good, because we're not ashamed to have old furniture sitting out in the sun. You can't see it, but Kevin's yurt is in the vicinity, having a humbling effect on everyone.



Just as I told you, Kevin's yurt, being put to good use. We got dream yoga teachings in that yurt from Gyatrul Rinpoche. It was there he called me for the first time "Grandma Lawyer." He called me grandma, according to Sangye, because I was talkative.



Chenresig's make-up man gets him ready for the opening.



"I have to stand perfectly still like this."



These aren't very old trees.



I call this a blue juniper. This tree is found on some land we own along with James and Melanie Wang and Neal King. A very large blue juniper grows next to the spring that provides drinking water for the property. I even thought of calling it "Blue Juniper Spring," but it's not official.



It takes heavy equipment to dig out a spring, unless you have lots of friends. It was easier to get a backhoe in the late 80's, whereas in the late 70's it would have been easier to find a lot of friends. So Richard sold me this land, along with James and Melanie and Neal, and before we even owned it, we had a backhoe there and a guy named Glade

Housley, directing the digging out of the spring. We found water fourteen feet down, and that straight line at the middle of the picture is the reflection of the sky on the water. It reminds me of the I-Ching symbol for the abyss, one straight line between two broken ones, the water between the two banks. How is water straight? It always remains level. You can count on water to flow downhill, because that is it's way of remaining level.



We call the land Trikaya, for the three bodies of the Buddha, and for the three-way partnership that bought the land. And we still get along just fine. The land and the sky at Trikaya are highly refined.



These scrubby little oaks create spots of shade all over the hillsides.



The fields are windswept and fill up with star thistle as the summer progresses. That means high boots for you.



Excavation.



Fourteen feet down, in a bed of clay, water.



Oak and faultless sky.



In the mountain fields, the scarecrow does not stand in vain.



Nobody needs this place, but it's there anyway.



We bought land more than once from Richard Schwindt. Three times in fact. Here's some of it near Soda Mountain



Tara in red on our seven acre parcel near Soda Mountain.



Richard said, "This place has everything!"



"Yeah, all we have to do is build it!"



You can't buy shade like that.



That's I-5 snaking along down below. On the other side of it is Coolestine proper, and our future.



Aaah, the lure of dirt.



There are trailers here now.



Once we owned a Bronco II, which seemed very appropriate to our reckless ways.



Oak and teasle.



Tara maketh a meal in the wilderness.



The Trikaya field kitchen in operation.



I think, counting this one, I've bought three Coleman stoves.



Philip built this place for us, used his wages to buy the generator in the foreground, and rented me the generator to use building this house at Hollywood rates. This was appropriate, since I was an L.A. lawyer at the time, and he was a starving hippie who had built sets in Hollywood. Notwithstanding that, the resulting work has academy qualities, but the generator still bugs me.



The walls go up.



El Maestro and flunky Steve Merrill.



Every wheel needs a hub.



And we slept in it like this.



Philip tucked the yurt under the cover of the trees. God forbid they should ever catch on fire.



Plasticked over, a photographic effect appears on the makeshift roof.



It's not a pose.



Sometimes I feel two tents, so I take a tranquilizer.



The little yurt that could.



This is the hard part.



You don't know how good this feels.



Your friends come through for you. Phillip quenches his thirst.



Man and nature in harmony.



Wayne will soon be one sexy bugger.



Metal doors are the best.



It's not a house, it's a home.



Brings out the little kid in me.



Detail work.



As above, so below.



The other kids at school don't spend their summers like we do.



Maria is holding the pole that is used to crank up the skylight.



You see, a yurt is a sundial.



Sixty percent.



In the beginning, you eat on the floor.



The spaceship effect.



America The Beautiful.



Clay creations on display, courtesy of Carreon kids.



Ana plays flute in the loft.



The trees listen.



New floor, new altar, new stove, new everything.



Will Trikaya ever fulfill its destiny as a retreat place for a saint? Who can tell? Gyatrul Rinpoche blessed the water, and when Tara was staying there with Ana one summer, he came up early in the morning, bringing offering scarves and incense, and told Tara he envisioned her doing a retreat there someday. I have always fancied the idea of putting a Tara temple on a special spot. Trikaya is special, no question about that. While there is no place silent on earth, some places are quieter than others. When you have heard real quiet, it makes a difference.



When we bought this stove it was like the most expensive thing we had ever bought. We really prized it, because we knew how a cheap stove eats up your wood and doesn't make you very warm. This stove is so fantastic, if you knew how good it was you would want to own it. We had it in our first yurt, the one that's gone now, and it's a Yotel porcelain covered beauty that only takes tiny little sticks. Don't try and put anything in over a foot long, or the door won't close.



The rarely seen Dodrup Chen Rinpoche on the throne, heir to the lineage of Longchen Rabjam, the great Nyingma expositor and poet. Gyatrul Rinpoche confronting the photographer with his own ignorance.



Someone whips their robe into shape.



Genkaku in background, his son Ananda in front of him, Joshua at center with offering, Gyatrul Rinpoche in background between Josh and Dodrup Chen.



View down the valley.



Colestine.



There, I can see it. It's a pie in the sky.



High fire danger.



Ana and Maria through temple window, photo by Linda Baer.



Jigmae and Maria, photo by Linda Baer.



Tara through temple window, photo by Linda Baer.



Like a child in a temple, photo by Linda Baer.



Another day, another puja.



Inge with scarves, Matthew with hands folded. Miscellaneous kids.



This is probably in San Francisco.



Me playing offering goddess. I see this is before I stopped wearing blue jeans. Seems like a lifetime ago.



Altar in San Francisco.



Self and Richard Schwindt at the Golden Gate Bridge, on the way to Oregon to thoroughly bollocks things up.



Jane and Richard Schwindt, movie couple.



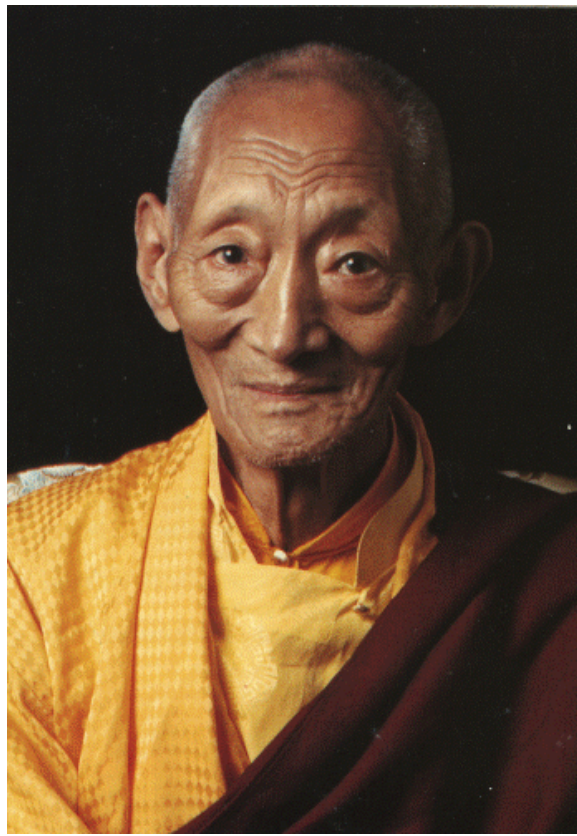
Pals forever, almost.



Three Musketeers.



This always happens when I play with my crystals. Trippy shot from Poolesville, home of scandal.



The world's scariest lama, Kalu Rinpoche, at least in my book.



Snake in Mitchell's pond. Mitchell always said he was going to build a statue of Vajrakilaya out at his pond, which was just a little pond. I thought that was a great idea, because Mitchell's pond was just a little way down from a huge cliff, which as you got closer to it, you noticed the area was littered with shards of rock, that had fallen like shrapnel from the cliffs above. Any one of those rocks could have killed you, and it was a naturally occurring phenomenon, spontaneous and deadly, just like Vajrakilaya. In fact, the stone shards often looked like naturally shaped spearheads, sometimes with three sides, just like a phurba. Having a Vajrakilaya there would have just been the capper. But he sold the land.



Mitchell's pond.



Fauna.



Ana on Mitchell's land.



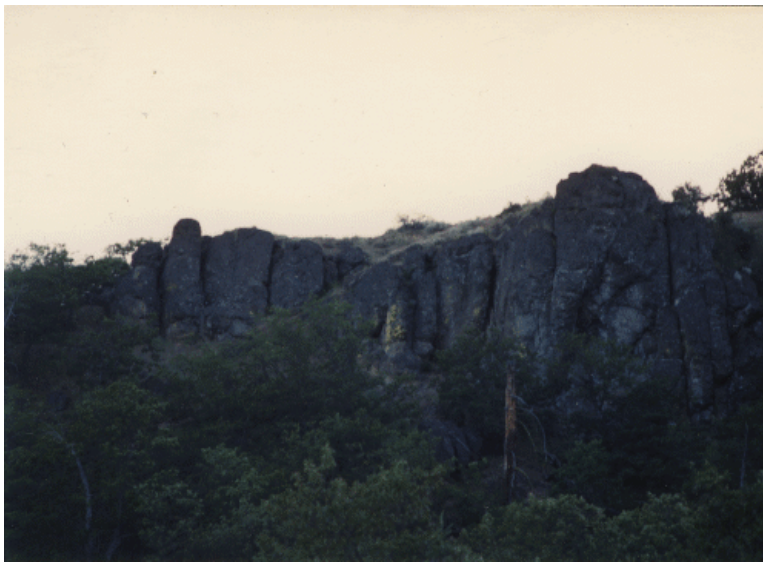
Mitchell's pond snake again.



This will never be seen again.



Pilot Rock, the august sentinel.



Mitchell's cliff that rains phurbas. Please note the elephant head at the highest point on the cliff. The elephant's trunk hangs straight down, and you can see the tusk under the trunk. Above the trunk, the eye is clearly visible.



Colestine thundercloud. You can see these clouds swelling, they do it so fast. You can actually watch them exploding into the hot summer sky.



Cumulus boil up behind Pilot Rock.



Tara's Bronco II at Phillip's land.



Philip's greenhouse.



Philip's greenhouse. (Interior view)



Sean and Richard Schwindt at Philip's greenhouse.



Half of Phillip, half of Sean.



Greenhouse interior view no. 2.



Cultist training unit.



Cultist training unit exterior view.



Up Cottonwood Creek.



Richard Schwindt selling the Nepal Rd. land to us.



Big oak tree near Cottonwood Creek.



Ana and Richard.



Lots of miner's lettuce down by the creek.



Green meadows in the bottom of the valley.



Exploring the meadows next to the creek.



In a dry, hilly environment, land like this is very valuable.



Cottonwood Creek.



Alders in the ravine.



Life-size Vajrasattva under construction.



The central staff of the statue protrudes from the incomplete torso, which has been stuffed with rolled mantras. The chief artist, Chekku, is mixing paint by the window. Rinpoche is pleased with progress, for a moment.



The legs were hollow, and also stuffed with mantras. Chekku and Sonam, sculptors.



Ana watches the process from left-hand corner. Sara Rose is wearing robes in the background.



Sonam, carving the clay, which had been prepared from a mixture of modeling clay and cotton fiber kneaded together.



Badly photographed sculpted deity hands.



Now, I ask you, Justice Stewart, what do you see?



This of course has nothing to do with sex.



The sculptors were very quiet people.



Completed, another enlightenment field generator, built according to ancient specs. Ready for the application of radiant color that will make this projection characteristically Tibetan.



A better picture of sculpted deity hands.



John Potts, clowning with Teri Thomas. Matthew trying to look like he doesn't have a stick up his butt.



Ana and Ani Baba performing sacred mantra drying. Preparations of the mantras that were rolled up inside Vajrasattva required first xeroxing, second painting with an infusion of saffron water, third cutting into strips, fourth

rolling into a cylinder with a stick of incense at the core. Then you have to wrap the whole thing in five colors of yarn. They are just at stage two here.



Steel lions, wanting pedestals.



Quarter life-size Troma, black dakini of exorcism. This statue is in the temple, usually behind a blue curtain.



Michael Ware, and Colleen working on Vajrasattva's makeup and wardrobe.



Funny how he looks like a really good looking Tibetan guy.



What can you say?



Deer and prayer flags. Often seen together.



The new guard, Lindy and Les Collins.



Sangye at the wheel, Jigmae riding shotgun, Ani Baba in back.



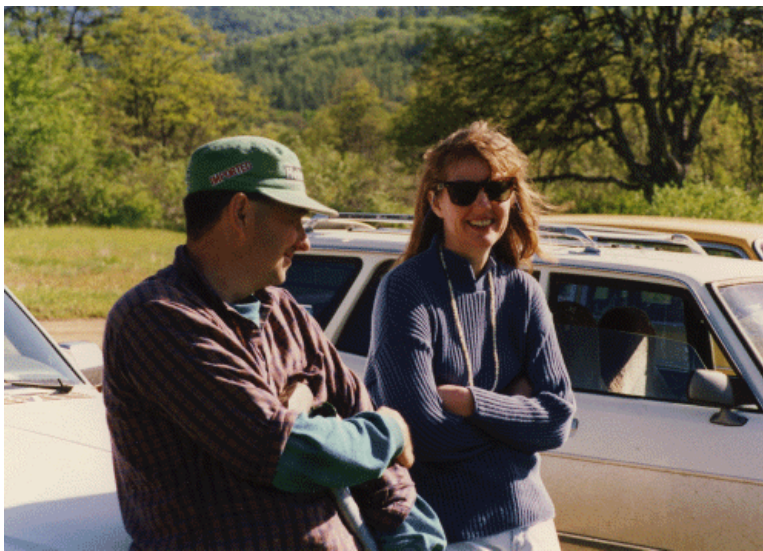
The great lady displays her shades.



On a mission from God.



Jigmae loves the air of freedom.



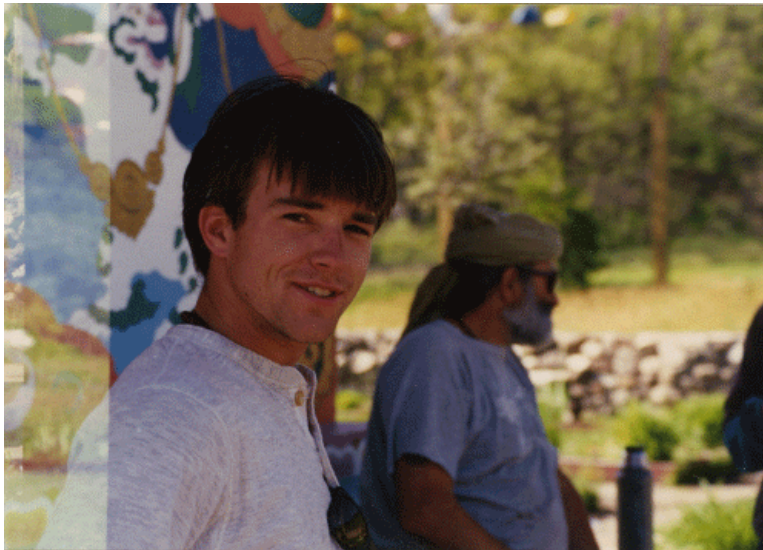
There they are again, keeping each other company.



Gyatrul Rinpoche with his "holding the mace" gesture. A copper Guru Rinpoche statue, momentarily without its head, poses beneath the window.



A double exposure with Gyatrul Rinpoche at the center. If you examine the other exposure clearly, you will see it is Philip Thomas, wearing a turban, with the right lens of his sunglasses clearly visible right in front of Rinpoche's chest. Philip's silvery beard can be seen below Rinpoche's right hand. This was not set up.



Wayne, major stud-muffin of the day.



Father O'Connor, the Irish bartender, who became a Vajrayana monk, in car with Les and Lindy Collins.



Sculptors Cheku and Sonam, performing artistic duties.



Sean, Luke and Maria on the temple trampoline.



Shandor, Sonam, Ana, Jigmae and Cheku, working on the White Tara who sits on Vajrasattva's right in the statue garden.



Monks love technology.



Yoda.



Jigmae working on White Tara.



This is a double exposure of a box full of tsa-tsas, tiny plaster impressions of deities, superimposed on Sonam.



Asian guy helping out.



Ana, knee-high to a deity, studying sculpture.



Winter clouds over snow-dusted Colestine.



Winter monochrome.



Crystal skies above the clouds.



Wayne and Matthew in the temple driveway. Gaea walking by.



Temple offerings to the deer go on this little table.



Morning light shines on slow-starting meditative minds.



East side of temple in morning light.



He'll never be this young again.



Just a pussycat.



Ani Baba and Yeshe Phuntsok coming up the stairs to the residence level.



Philip's truck, not to be taken seriously, yet able to go anywhere. Ana and Sophia in foreground, Luke and Sean in back of pickup.



Ana, Sophia and Shandor's dog Norbu. Matthew hated Norbu. The feeling was mutual. Shandor resented Matthew for hating Norbu. Matthew felt it was none of his business, strictly between him and the dog. Unless Shandor wanted to make something of it, goddamned bourgeois pet-keeping asshole. (All this went unspoken.)



Sophia loved Norbu and was well aware that Matthew did not. But it didn't affect their relationship. Sophia was open-minded.



Mantra rolling party at the Carreon townhouse on Normal Street in Ashland, Spring, 1993. Mantra rolling parties were a regular thing at the Carreon house. Matthew and Katy Patton are wearing scarves on their faces to keep the karmic obstructions emanating from their breath from contaminating the mantras.



Ana doing something correctly.



Subcomandante Zero.



Masked cultists performing ritual magic. Paintings by Karen Holden.



Matthew points at auspicious center bubble on pizza referred to as crown bump.



Ana was doing close work here on tiny mantra rolls. Antique Vajrasattva statue in foreground.



Being a Buddhist is so exciting.



Flowers in the patio of the Normal Street house. I studied for the Oregon bar exam in the garage here.



Tara building a throne for town activities. She can really bite a pencil.



Matthew's gift to Charles -- a sand garden. Seen keeping company with other Japanophile items -- Zen Mind Beginner's Mind, the Book of the Samurai, and a "rain stick." Very relaxing.



Ana, Tara and Maria with White Tara.



Green Tara, not yet painted. Ana and Maria, safe.



Ana, Maria, Tara and Charles, with Vajrasattva peeking over entryway to his garden.



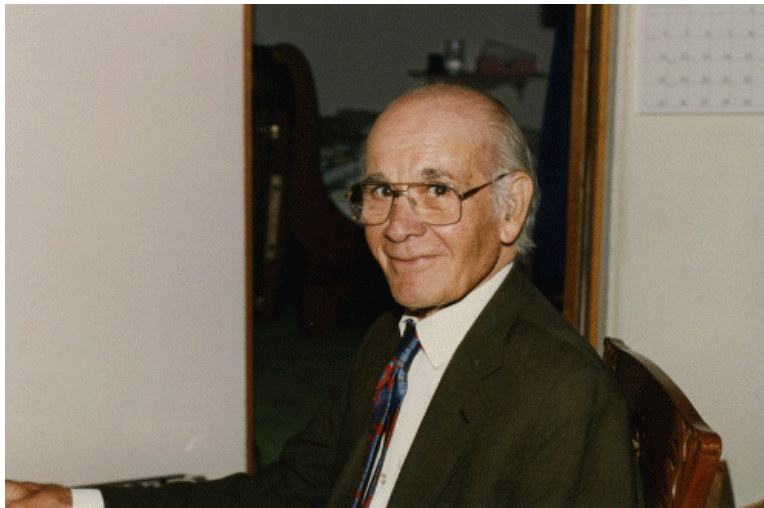
Tara, slightly less splendid than the temple.



The temple, western wall.



Gaea, myself, and Jimmy Carreon (my dad). This was at Gaea's house, where we had been invited for dinner. Gaea was very sweet to my dad.



Dad liked Gaea's company.



Fourth of July at Laurel Hansen's house. Laurel in foreground, Tara in traditional Tibetan chuba with extra-traditional married woman's apron. Self in Ramones shirt.



Kathleen McLeary at Laurel's party.



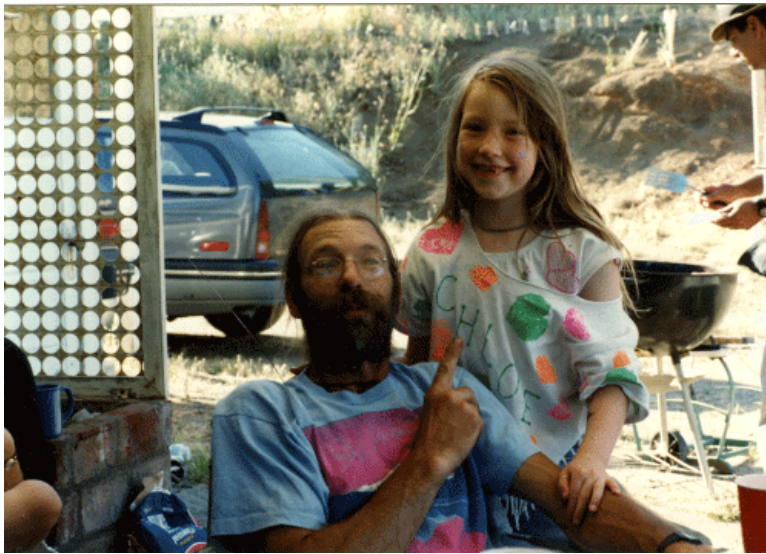
Nick Doherty and Laurel Hansen. Nick rode his bicycle to the party. It's all the way up a hill. We were all impressed.



Susan Salisbury, at the 4th of July party.



Jane Hall, 4th of July at Laurel's.



Pat Hansen and daughter Chloe.



Chloe, being naughty.



Ana and Patrick, mugging.



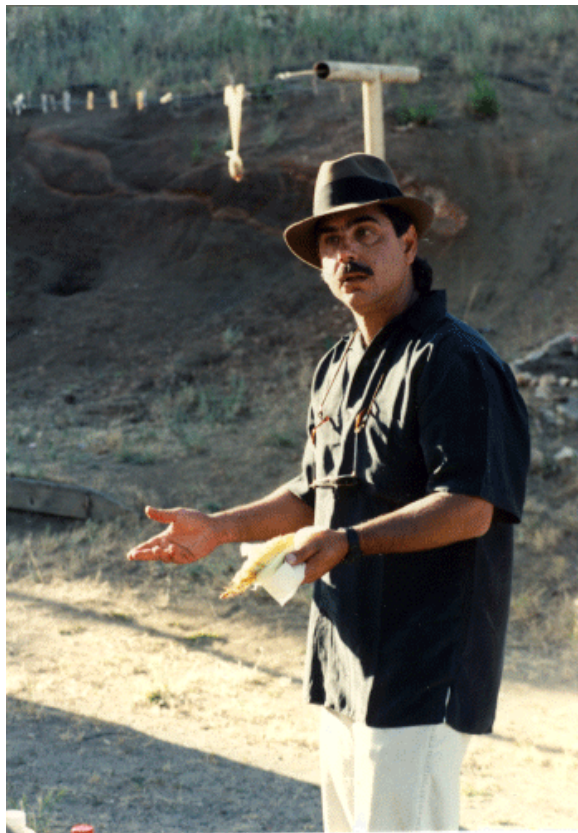
Mitchell Frangadakis, Professor of Philosophy, 4th of July party.



Jane Hall and Seven Bolting Deer, bridge salesman.



Nick Doherty, in a limited hangout.



Mitchell considering the finer points of horseshoe throwing.



Churn, churn, churn, to everything there is a season and a time to every purpose under heaven.



Seven, commandeering the barbecue.



Laurel, Pat and Chloe.



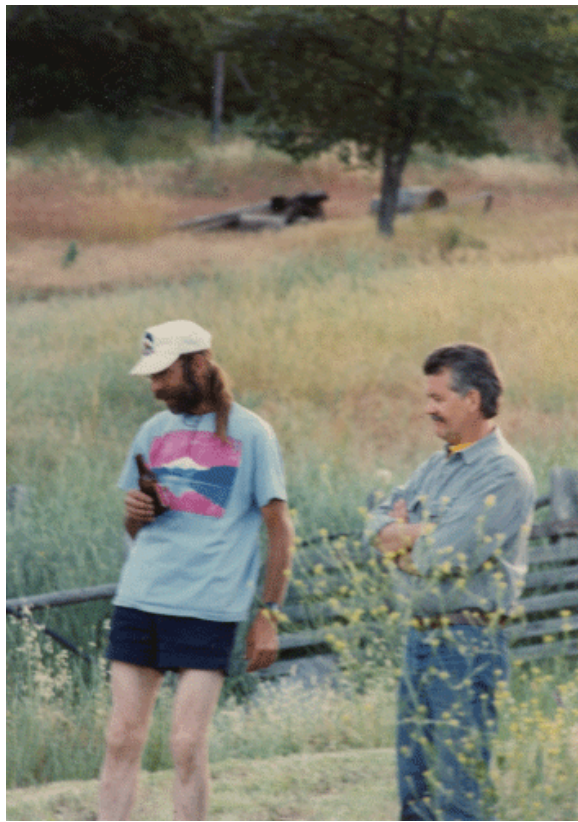
Laurel and Nick.



Pat and Dan McLeary out at the horseshoe pit.



Laurel and Tara.



Pat and Dan.



The winning form.



The grounded swing.



The public servant.



Ana in the Buddhist 4th of July food booth in Lithia Park.



Delicious Buddhist treats and tempting Buddhist women. Diane Taudvin on left with glasses, Laurel Hansen at center, Tara at background.



The New Age is in full swing here in Ashland.



Tibetan halfie in Cottage Grove.



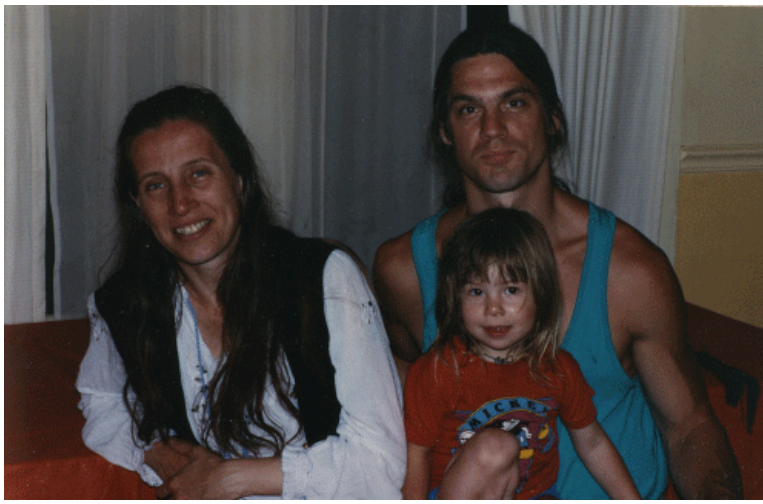
Mother and child in Cottage Grove dharma center.



The Cottage Grove dharma center is a funny place. I've never figured out how people could tell if they were supposed to be there or not. No one ever asked me to leave, but they never asked me to stay either. It's not clear who runs anything, or even if anything is running, aside from the river in the backyard.



Boy at Cottage Grove dharma center.



Family at Cottage Grove center. I think these people have gotten pretty established in the group.



Just my favorite old shed by the side of the road in Sunny Valley, Oregon.



This is just how your in-laws like to see you, living with your three kids in a tent. That's Buddy, my father-in-law in the foreground, Josh and Ana on my right, and Maria on my left. The Dalai Lama and Dudjom Rinpoche look down with compassion.



Maria, in the full bloom of adolescence.



Ana, feeling effusive, Patrick, Maria's first boyfriend, and Maria.



Maria in the yurt kitchen. At least we have food.



Somehow, looking at Maria makes me think of Nirvana, the band, I mean.



Ana relaxing after her bath in the kitchen, I mean the dining room, I mean the living room.



Ana, in the loft, doing a little sewing.



Ana, just happy.



The yurt, a monument to faith.



The second yurt, where Josh and Maria lived.



Yurt on hazy day.



The Carreon outhouse built entirely of odd scrap pieces of 3/4" plywood by Richard Schwindt, surmounted with a corporate headdress, ornamented with genuine L.A. graffiti by Josh Carreon, aka Sider.



Tara, in Bronco II with Ana.



Happy campers.



Colestine view.



View from our driveway of temple.



Mica Small on Halloween.



Radiant Mica.



Matthew's Thanksgiving turkey with hipster Billy in background.



Matthew's guests.



Chris McKinnies, Billy and Matthew.



Mimi Hohenberg and Ana, about to take offerings out the door at the tsa lung retreat.



Teamwork.



Up to any task.



A cozy corner in the yurt, mom's black leather couch, with Indigo Ray's portrait of Ana in background, and graphic design by Ashlan D'Antigone (John Hayes).



Fire puja on the hilltop, an exclusive affair for just the top people.



Always ready to be elevated, the students kept their malas close at hand at fire puja presided over by Kusum Lingpa.



Ana, looking mighty Tibetan.



Kay at left, standing behind Ana in line to receive blessing nectar being dispensed by Ani Baba at Unitarian Church during Kusum Lingpa's visit.



Heavy snow fall at Trikaya is routine.



The yurt in winter displays its faux-rock foundation. Tara did this in imitation of Antonio Gaudi, who didn't have the opportunity to work in plywood and Krylon.



Ana got her face painted again.



I could take my own picture with this camera.



Winter view from our Nepal Road house.



Richard discovered that in a way, long PVC tubes could serve as flag poles for prayer flags. Then again, you could make condoms out of saran wrap.



Josh, playing hard to get with Sara Wetzel.



Josh and Sara posing with new design prayer flag poles.



My camera took a picture of me setting up the shot. That building under the yurt was the amazing bathroom that you could reach through a trap door in the living room, or from that outside door. It was terribly modern, with shower, tub, sink and washer and dryer. These last two garnered us many visitors over the years, as I believe it was the only washing machine for quite a distance, and certainly the only big one among the Buddhist community. Well liked for our resources, we were ultimately divested of them. After a long lawsuit involving many of the neighbors on Nepal Road, the Carreons finally sold their property to Indigo Ray's family, whose happy cries of enjoyment will now ring in the rooms where once evil Carreons schemed the destruction of all virtue in Colestine Valley.



Pink clouds at sunset behind Pilot Rock.



Double and triple rainbows occur with astonishing frequency during certain seasons in Colestine.



Tara doing yard work with rainbows for company.



A rainbow visible through the trees.



Ain't I handsome?



She's all mine.



All of these rainbows seemed incredibly close, like being inside a crystal.



She could have made a helluva redneck.



Right there in our front yard.



And the other end wasn't far away.



A double plainly visible.



The double was visible plainly all through the arc, at both ends and at the zenith, at the apex of the display.



Tara looking fetching with propane tank.



This cat was a gift from Susan Hunt, and had a very soulful look that would bore into your soul.



Temple view from driveway.



Tara always had a project.



Something has to get done today.



Lead, follow or get the hell out of the way.



Burning forest slash is something you can always do. (During the right season.)



Naught to be seen but the fire and the moon.



You can tend a slash-pile fire for hours and not get bored.



You just keep putting more sticks in.



The display keeps changing, and it keeps you warm.



As the surface of the fire cools, the inside gets hotter.



Josh in background, enjoying the display.



At the end you throw in the last stick.



This is a septic tank. We built it big because we knew we were full of shit.



Sewer line. Flush twice, it's a long way to the Yeshe Nyingpo board meeting.



Josh and Sara embrace, while Ana reads Tomoe Gozen for the umpteenth time.



Richard's truck, in our parking lot. This truck always has a 20' roofing ladder on the rack, and can be heard rattling for at least a half a mile. Rattling gently, slowly, continuously, as Richard negotiates the ruts gently, slowly, continuously.



Ana, miniature saint.



Pilot Rock, noble sentinel.



Susan Hunt's Vajrakilaya, from Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carreon



Close-up of Susan Hunt's Vajrakilaya, Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carreon



Carreon family altar, from the days of faith.



Cloud.



Shasta, barely visible over horizon. Silhouette of prayer flag on right.



A heart full of goodness maketh a glad countenance.



Wind-beaten conifer.



White Tara, with life-giving Tara in lower left, and Green Tara saving humble layperson from samsara on lower right. This is the thangka that Susan Hunt painted as a special project for us. It is meant to provide support for practitioners of Dudjom Rinpoche's sadhana of the Wishfulfilling Wheel.



Lichen covered granite.



Tara and Merilee. Merilee is a long-time Ashland resident, who came to town as the wife of a jeweler. He and I met in English class at Southern Oregon State College and became good friends, cutting wood together. But we didn't make much money, and I believe he went back to being a tennis pro. He was a great guy and loved Merilee a lot. But Merilee is like a helium balloon. Look for her someplace near the ceiling.



Young bucks enjoying the shade in the midst of a vast meadow of star thistle at Trikaya.



Waning moon in daylight sky with ponderosa pine.



Shady spot and indistinct foliage.



Random river.



Random bird.



Oaks and conifers.



New leather jacket for the saintly punk rocker.



Ana at the San Francisco bardo retreat with Kai Lai on extreme left, and Ani Rih's granddaughter to Ana's left.



More bardo retreat.



Ana making typical hand gesture while releasing natural laughter.



Indigo's fabulous garden.



Indigo's flowers grow very well.



Indigo's magnificent pond.



Where did all that water come from?



Indigo's flowers.



Richard, hauling gravel for the drainage retrofit around our poorly constructed bathroom facility. Our willing sangha laborers didn't know about putting a vapor seal around the concrete pad before you pour it, so the porous concrete allowed water into the bathroom, where it would stand an inch or two deep, cold and awful. We first dealt with this by putting 2x6 planks all across the floor on bricks. Then we dug out all around the concrete pad and installed drainage rock. This is one of the buckets of drainage rock being brought to the scene.



This is the retrofit. You can see the drainage pipe in the middle of the picture, the drainage rock covering it, and the black weather seal up against the building. Hope you never have to do this. Don't hire amateurs to pour concrete.



More pictures of the retrofit.



Pilot Rock framed by tattered prayer flag elegantly draped in pine tree.



Richard Schwindt's crude flag poles for prayer flags. The end justified the means.



Spreading blessings.



Ana on the temple porch, upstairs by Rinpoche's apartment.



Luke Thomas, son of Michael Wear.



Silvery clouds backlighting prayer flags and silhouetting Pilot Rock.



The last Barter Fair in Williams, Oregon, 1996. The next year there was no Barter Fair, because idiot Jackson County sheriff Bob Kennedy spent \$90,000 in cop overtime to harass them out of existence. The Barter Fair operators recovered a \$55,000 verdict for civil rights violations earlier this year in the James A. Redden Federal courthouse. Victory was achieved by Eugene attorney Brian Michaels. The award included punitive damages personally against Bob Kennedy for maliciously destroying the fair under the guise of keeping public order. Keep looking at the pictures and you'll see the terrible danger he was trying to protect us all from. I give him the DMF award.



The Barter Fair participants are proud of Mother Nature's bounty.



This must be stopped!



This music disturbed cows for miles around.



Pure Williams nobility.



Growing up among the Gentle People.



John Potts in his element.



The life-size puppets ready to be deployed in the service of purification. General Potts checks their uniforms.



This is a good situation.



The Barter Fair is a summer event, where even the poor pot harvesters have something to offer. Sunflower seed cakes, anyone?



Dangerous people.



Hooligans in the making.



Yeah, but you don't know what would have happened if we hadn't had all those police preventing this crowd from disturbing the livestock.



Brother Wolf.



Madonna and Child.



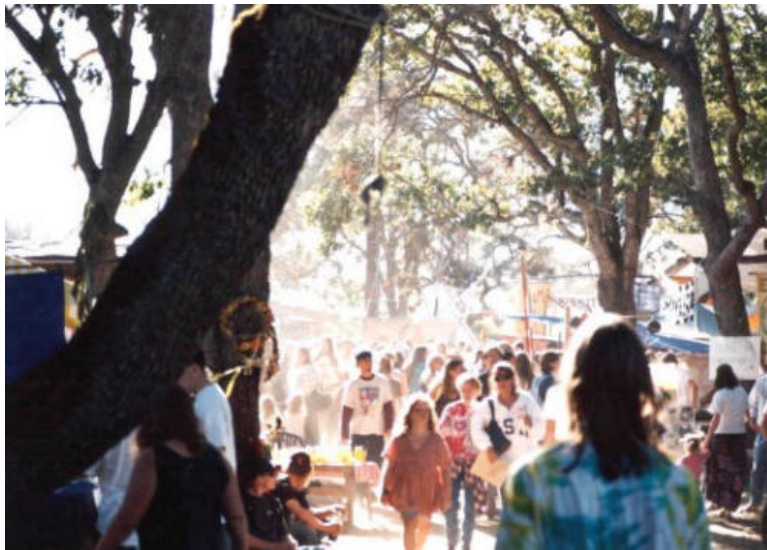
Terrorist masquerading as food vendor.



Beautiful terrorist pretending to enjoy watermelon while planning terrorist acts.



Terrorist pretending to be tie-dye clothing vendor.



As the sun gets hot, terrorists seek shady places.



Terrorists pretending to be attorney and paralegal Charles and Tara Carreon.



Terrorists planning next attack.



Worshipping the automobile of choice for fascists everywhere.



Scott Globus with sunglasses, Deborah Borin with video.



Tara in pink worshipping automobile with Ana for support. This is up at the mountaintop retreat where Gyatrul Rinpoche was removed to by the cotton heiress, Mimi Hohenberg, after Sangye Khandro abandoned him for Chonam the clerical rascal. Deborah Borin and her husband Willy live there, too. Scott Globus and his wife Sangye also live there. For a few months Ana received tutoring in Tibetan language from Alan Wallace and dharma teachings from Gyatrul Rinpoche up at this house. It's very windy up there.



Picnic up at Rinpoche's Half Moon retreat.



San Francisco sangha members, including Brad, second from left, now proprietor of Grace Designs, a furniture company based in Colestine Valley. He is married to Tara Thomas, daughter of Philip Thomas from a marriage previous to his current one.



Potts seeing something somewhat surprising. Julianna Ayres, soon to be Juliana Doherty, elegant in grey and black to the right background.



Pednor Rinpoche having lunch under the trees at Half Moon Bay.



Camilla and Susan Bosworth (formerly Salisbury).



No car to worship just right now.



A summit meeting of Vajrayana masters.



Sangye Khandro, considering the options.



Joel Shefflin in full sunlight with feet to camera. Dee Stillwell, directly to Joel's left. Yeshe in monastic robes. Nick Doherty, greying head with glasses left of center. Mimi Hohenberg visible just above Nick's head. Scott Globus and Sangye Khandro visible elsewhere. Juliana's tresses visible between Nick and Joel.



Jigmae, Gyatrul Rinpoche's most faithful friend. A refugee from Tarthang Tulku's Odiyan prison camp. Along with Chonam and many other monks, Jigmae was brought to the U.S. by Tarthang Tulku and kept interned in his remote fastness in Northern California. Gyatrul Rinpoche busted them out. Jigmae repaid him with deep loyalty. Chonam, Gyatrul Rinpoche once dreamt, stabbed him directly in the heart. Nice guy, some people say. But it just reminds me of what Mark Twain said. "The difference between a man and a dog is that if you feed a dog, he will not bite you." Also, "Nice guys finish last." (American proverb)



Mimi Hohenberg, full face. Her nickname was Miss Piggy because of her protuberant schnoz. Juliana Ayres in profile.



Tara Thomas, and the back of Nick Doherty's head.



Jigmae and Susan jesting with Juliana, the coy lass.



Roberta, a new-ager who girlfriended with famous dharma bonehead Madhu, a semi-sweetheart of a guy who used to be a bodyguard for Muktananda. We met him in Santa Monica, and I told him right off Tashi Choling was the place for him. Who says I'm not psychic? He's been happy as a pig in mud ever since. Madhu can carry a tale as far as necessary to ignite someone's instinct to internecine warfare. Gossip is a vital food for the Vajrayana community, and Madhu is a vital part of the distribution network. I think Roberta figured out that wherever she wanted to go, Madhu wouldn't help her get there. Dee Stillwell in the middle of this picture, was one of Gyatrul Rinpoche's most trusted American students. She could squeeze a quarter so hard it would wipe the Eagle right off the back side. She made checks out "Joyfully to the Order of," and if you ever got one you knew you were damn lucky. The way she tells it, Mitchell Frangadakis made her the cash box guardian about two minutes after they met. She exudes trustworthiness. Unfortunately, after Sangye looted the sangha treasury to care for her beloved Chonam, she also cast aspersions toward Dee's financial astuteness, blaming her for failing to procure more funds. Dee resigned at Gyatrul Rinpoche's request, making it clear that the choice was not of his making. Dee has retired to a quieter lifestyle in the Oregon woods. The wages of enlightenment are too hot to handle. Tara is also in the picture, in highly traditional Tibetan garb, which incited jealousy.



Potts enjoying a hug from Camilla to the amusement of Jane Hall.



Random hippies in the park on the 4th of July.



Mitchell Frangadakis and his wife Deidre. Tara in the background. Pushing sangha food at the 4th of July booth.



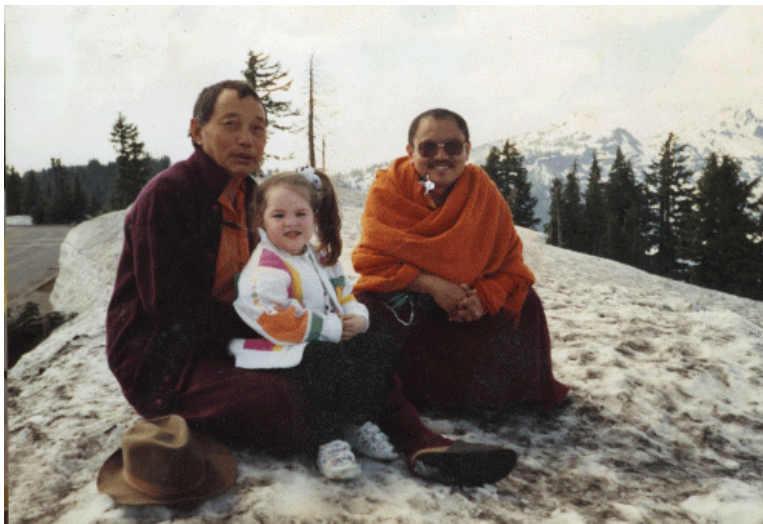
Matthew Small, aka Pema Tsultrim, aka Funky Army. Matthew was my best friend for years, but I don't think he likes me very much anymore. It's one of those things, once you sprout horns and a tail, nobody wants to know you. Matthew got his names from Gyatrul Rinpoche. For years he diffidently hung back at the edges of the inner sangha, loyally present, but standing back from the crush. A devotee of the poverty ethic, he nevertheless could pick a stylish wardrobe from the second-hand rack, and exuded bohemian charm as befits a San Francisco native with a psychologist for a dad. Over the years, Gyatrul Rinpoche warmed to Matthew, christening him Funky Army, a highly appropriate name for a man who outwardly despises authority and inwardly worships it. Over the years, Matthew's greatest penchant has been for building little shacks in the woods from cast-off materials where he can drink tea, read spiritual books, and meditate. I believe he is a Chod devotee primarily now, and is earnestly attempting to exorcise his ego.



Maria and Patrick acting like they don't know what Vajrasattva and Consort are doing.



He's still pretty scary.



Gyatrul Rinpoche and Khenpo Tsewang, and a little girl. Khenpo Tsewang was a very nice teacher who taught the Ashland sangha from the Bodhisattvacharyavatara.



View to the south from Trikaya.



Shasta, wreathed in clouds just above the horizon.



Generally northerly on Nepal Road up from Colestine Road.



Dr. Shandor Weiss and Ana Carreon at the horse pasture.



Kay Henry, looking beautiful for the camera. Norbu watching for Matthew. Sophia, with long hair.



Norbu, fleet of foot.



Kay's white horse, the guy who liked her best.



Kay and Norbu.



Shandor always had the air of the gentleman farmer. That Lands-End look.



Pale moon over eastern mountains. It looks like it was a bit of a stretch to get both Pilot Rock and the moon into this picture. If I had a wider angle lens, this picture would make you feel a little less dizzy.



It snows.



It snows on the temple, and on the roads leading to the temple, and all over everything. This light dusting of snow we see here is not necessarily the usual situation, as in the dead of winter, passage in and out of the temple without the aid of a snow shovel, can be impossible. Richard has stories of counting the cans of tuna in the temple kitchen when he house-sat for Rinpoche. Dee made a chicken and some rice last for a week. Once, long before the temple was built, we got snowed out of our first yurt, and I had to hike back in from the County road about a half mile through hip-deep snow. When I arrived at the barn, our cat, Mellow Yellow, came out of the barn and greeted me after many months of separation. I was amazed. But he had been doing fine in the mouse-infested barn. I'm sure the mice were not doing so well. Then, I trudged another 200 yards to the yurt, leaving big columns as deep as my leg punched into the snow. Mellow Yellow followed me all the way to the yurt, leaping from one hole to the next, like several hundred times to get to the yurt with me. Once there I made a fire and warmed up, and then put a pack of things together to take back. Mellow Yellow sat by the fire and exuded such a sense of companionship. It was like we were communicating with each other so clearly. He was really glad to see me, and I was really glad to see him. As a sidelight, this was the winter Ana was born. We were snowed out, had no place to go, and rented Loren Duca's attic apartment, where Ana first saw light.



You can imagine it gets pretty quiet out here sometimes.



Untitled.



This birthday cake frosting is about knee deep.



The winter sky allows great clarity.



The brash old sentinel bears his shorn head to the assaulting northern winds.



The extra special pony that Shandor bought for Sophia. I think Shandor emphasized the chore part of caring for the horse a little more than Sophia appreciated. But she took care of the pony well, and it was sad when Shandor and Gaea broke up that the horse had to go.



The horse on the left was some kind of bargain or freebie. She was second-class, and one day we even came upon a sort of mourning group of people, actually you couldn't tell they were mourning they were just blocking traffic on Nepal Road with a car and a cluster. It turned out, Ana told us explainingly, that Kay, Sophia, and other concerned horse people were at that precise moment mourning the fact that the horse was dying. So it was a very serious event and we were adjured by Kay to drive by slowly. As the horse failed to die, the months rolling by, and turning into years, I would tease Ana about the death of the horse, a theory that she had so endorsed. The horse died more slowly than any creature I have ever seen in the throes of death, and ultimately was still alive last time I saw it.



The Crown of Colestine, Tashi Choling, center of realization.



Pale moon over eastern mountains. It looks like it was a bit of a stretch to get both Pilot Rock and the moon into this picture. If I had a wider angle lens, this picture would make you feel a little less dizzy.



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Untitled.



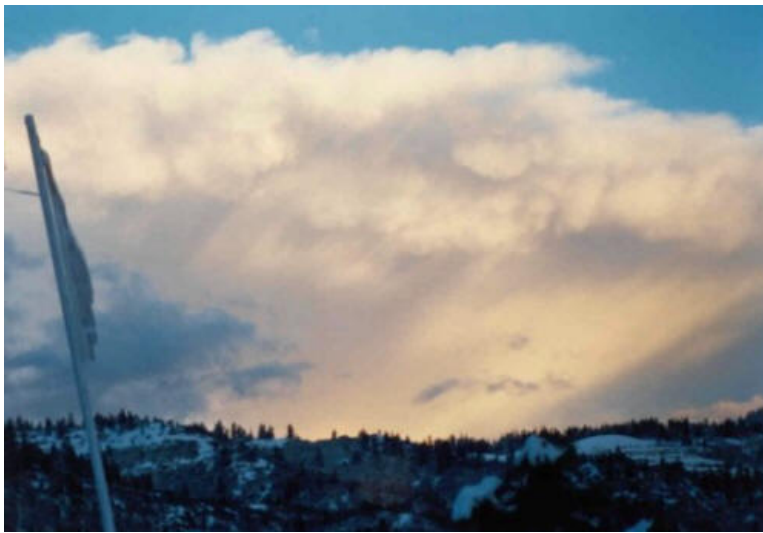
The winter sky allows great clarity.



The brash old sentinel bears his shorn head to the assaulting northern winds.



Cozy inside. This yurt was the bete noire of County code enforcement. For a drug prosecutor, the equivalent would be the drug kingpin. This yurt was viewed as an affront to law, a blatant scofflaw violation that I forced them to bear by mere force of arms until betrayed by my co-conspirators, the likewise-illegally housed Buddhists of Colestine.



Symphonic spectacles of the visual kind.



Looking up toward Tunnel 13, which I believe can be seen if you have sharp eyes.



Yes, it really looks like this.



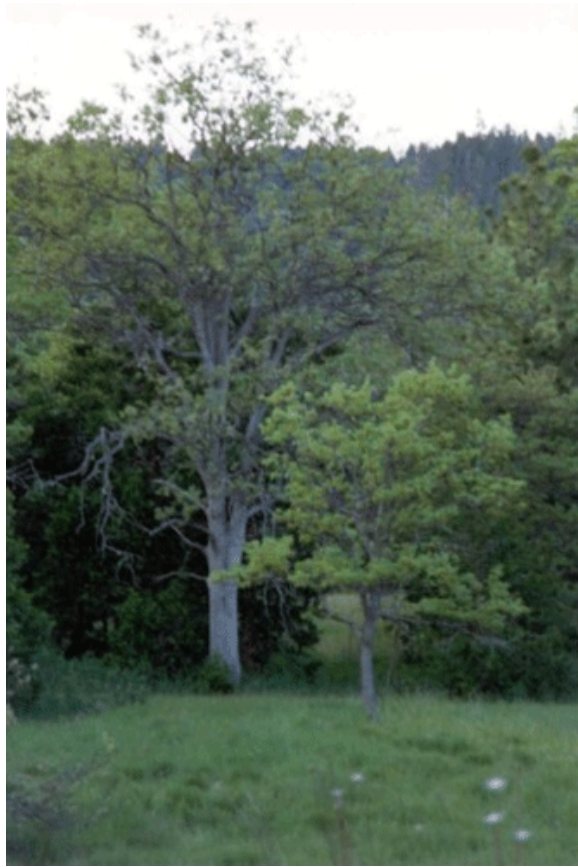
View to the west at sunset from our driveway.



Ana on a mountain bike.



Not a crop circle.



Springtime and the oaks are starting up again.



Wild grasses.



Little yellow flowers.



Pednor Rinpoche in San Francisco.



Placing a scarf.



Pednor Rinpoche never did anything unexpected.



Pednor Rinpoche, Khenpo Tsewang, and Payul Namdroling officials.



Getting blessings.



Les getting conked on the head. He collects them.



Lindy's daughter Tracy.



Les and Lindy.



Back at Half Moon Bay.



Sangye, Joel, and another lucky person.



Seven Bolting Deer manning the barbecue at Half Moon Bay.



Joel Shefflin and Dee Stilwell.



Yeshe making his special kind of magic.



Naiyuine Ding, between balding guy and aging blonde, in a rare sighting outside of retreat. Someone else must be minding the fax machine.



Yeshe and Camilla -- Spanish charm meets English glamour.



Willy, to all evidences a very nice guy, talks with Sangye, about whom much is known and regarding whom little is said.



Tara Thomas strikes an aptly girlish pose. Lindy with her back to the camera.



Lindy in shadow.



One great step for Buddha, one small step for mankind.



Where perfection reigns supreme.



Untitled.



Aside from her very stern jaw, and the slightly queasy effect of seeing leaves made out of concrete, the White Tara statue was lovely. Well, there are the overly-protuberant breasts, but what is my complaint? That she's not sexy enough, or up-to-date? Not American enough? No, something vaguer than that. More like British people motoring on the wrong side of the road, or the strange eating habits of affluent Mexicans (at home they serve their children white bread and chocolate, and on the sly the entire family gorges on street food, saving only the appearance of an appetite for the familial table). So it is with Tibetan statuary. Obviously there is some falling short in the area of graceful depiction of the subtleties of the human form, something we've become accustomed to due to our Greco-Roman origins. Tara here has a ramrod-straight spine, stuffed with mantras, in fact. She is really a stylized reliquary, lacking the poised resilience of a living human, especially one who is 16 years old, as the scriptures describe.



Little things like the way the beads stick to the underside of Arya Tara's boobs can sort of disturb you psychically. But the devotee has no way to acknowledge this. More prostrations.



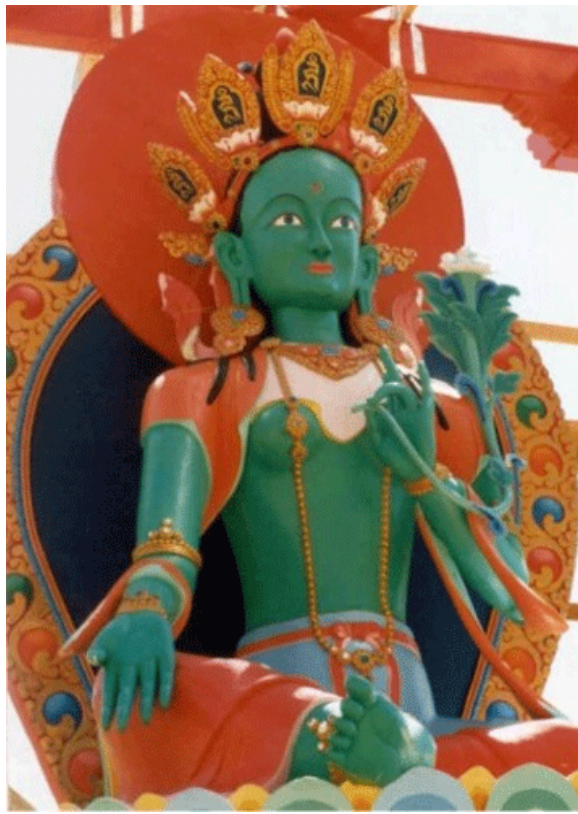
The vajra canopy appears.



The best thing about watching statues made is to observe the extreme attentiveness of the artists, and their calm, constant effort to move the project forward. Their constant guide to action is the next right thing to do, which they are always doing, thus carrying things to completion. Rinpoche loves it when people can get their work done quietly, and this is something Westerners can rarely do. The Bhutanese artists, Sonam and Chekku, and whoever this is, seem to have their pecking order all sorted out in advance, or at least don't make an issue of it. But Western building projects stall out in a testosterone haze of competing alpha males jockeying for position in the eyes of the guru. As a result, projects become the property of particular devotees, and alliances are built based on whose project you are working on. As the years roll by, building projects themselves assume a monolithic character. When you look at a structure, you see the people who built it. You remember the arguments, the fights, the bad compromises that result in engineering debacles. Which is why sometimes the temple wears a little rainhat of plastic sheeting, because the drainage system was the product of a committee. Which is related to settling between the veranda and the temple, which are built on separate footings, kind of like a pushup pop, with the temple as the pop, and the veranda as the tube. Oh yeah, we've got one roof on both of them. So, better you hire foreign labor.



Moving ahead on the project.



Well, say what you will, except for the green skin, this looks just like my youngest daughter. But then a lot of people thought she was just an ornamented reliquary.



Actually, Ana has that ramrod-stiff spine, the same way. But I don't think beads stick to the undersides of her tits.



Vajrasattva experiences a foreshortening of his view.



Unable to move, the deity sat still while a prison was built around it.



I suspect that this rump view of the deities was avoided in traditional Tibetan circles, which usually stuck deities in niches. Personally, I always thought it was kind of charming.



They say the Greeks painted their statues, so our view of classical sculpture as this naked marble stuff is completely off. First they carved them to perfection, then they painted them. Why do people do this? In every culture, in every place, people create representations of people at their highest level of ability. Having your portrait painted is common to every culture. Are we attempting to secure, beyond the reach of time, the nature of human identity?



The sky is extremely beautiful.



The flapping of the prayer flags is constant and strange. Indeed, to amplify the racket, Ian Villeareal and other hearties created a prayer flag mandala adjacent to the statue that whipped out such a noise that sometimes you couldn't hear anything else. The wind really blows through here.



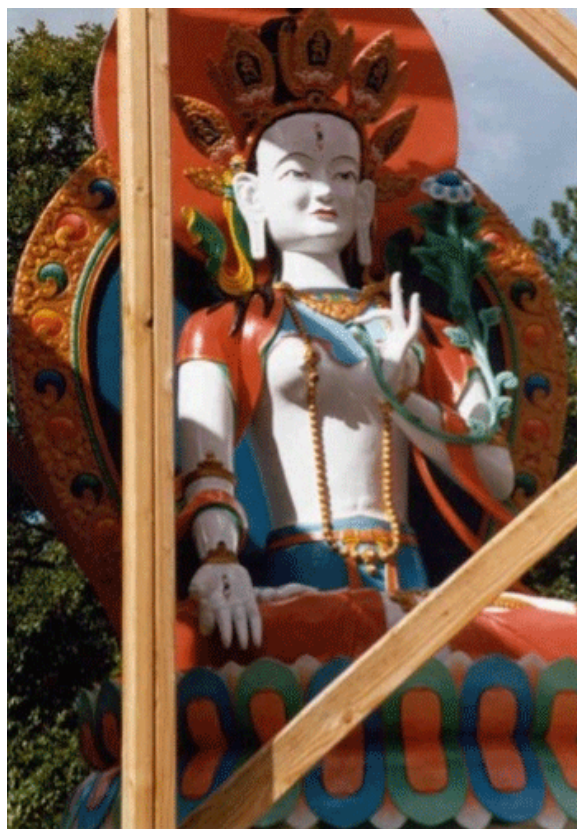
Fully enclosed within his vajra hat, Vajrasattva is now safe from the invading elements. Of course, his view has been obscured, and he can no longer see Pilot Rock, or Shasta to the south. He cannot see his devotees until they are right in front of him. No one acknowledges the weirdness. It is verboten.



Glimpse here the portico created by Ani Rih. A labor of love, this feng-shui enhancing creation depicts on the right panel several auspicious images, including the tortoise, the crane, and the very old man.



At one point, the idea was to have the lotus stem rising out of a little pond, but someone decided that bugs would die in the water, and that would be inauspicious, so they charmingly filled the enclosures with dirt and planted flowers there. Perhaps it is also true, but overlooked, that many creatures would have benefited from the presence of the water, as is commonly the case with respect to bodies of water, well known to sustain life. But the most politically correct concept, according to the agreed-upon version of the daily dharma script, is the one that survives at Tashi Choling. There is safety in numbers. No dead bugs. Check.



This is the Tara of seven eyes, two on the soles of her feet, two on the palms of her hands, two in her lotus face, and one in her splendid forehead. If you can imagine how sensitive you would be if you were so equipped -- it would be like being pierced through with awareness. Wherever you walked, you would see the earth, whatever you touched, you would observe it closely first, and beyond the sight of your two mortal eyes, you would glimpse a deeper truth.



The wind puffs out a sail of black plastic. Arya Tara is a ship that does not move.



I like this picture.





This one too.



Green Tara saves from the eight great fears, among them fear of imprisonment by the king. That's one I've always been concerned about. More than about fear of snakes. But fear of fires is right up there. To be fearful is a terrible thing, and difficult to be free of. However much you arm yourself, your peace can yet be breached. A sufficient threat is always present in the form of death. So Green Tara is the protectress, a mother goddess. One of her names is "Nurse of the World," not because she works for the healthcare industry, but rather, because she gives birth to the Buddhas and nurses them with Wisdom.



Does this wind never stop?



That's my Bronco in the background.



Sonam examines the lotus foliage.



Everything continues fine in the realm of the wish-fulfilling wheel.



From left, Kevin, and six people I can't identify, waiting for a guru, which is somewhat more fulfilling than waiting for Godot. Sometimes the gurus show up.



Madhu and some little kid, plus random female, disporting themselves amid the profusion of auspicious symbols laid out in the roadway, for the guru's Landcruiser to go flying over. It is so mystical.



Bay Area devotees.



Yeshe, celebrating the five certainties.



Madhu, getting by.



Estrogen alert! From right: Ani Inge (fabulous kook with a little red Samurai--after two years she recently fixed the smashed hood and ditched the bungie cords), Ani Baba (once was a waitress at Gepetto's, now waits for nirvana), Ani Rioh (real estate shark fishes for minnows in celestial pond), Sarah Rose (singer, social worker, cancer recoveree, sweet person, wee bit naive), Susan Bosworth (dharma siren, formerly major Ashland maven, responsible for major changes in mens' lives), and that impressive-looking pillar of purple gabardine, complete with really expensive scarf for "offering" to the lamas (you always get them back, blessings attached). Who is the pillar? Ixtara. She was hilarious, a presumptuous package of ceremonious bullshit who worked her way into every situation with a "won't hear no" manner that bowled over all opposition, and I mean all.



That's Bea entering the screen from the left, and Yeshe waiting for the right moment to say the next thing. Susan Bosworth displays her mature smile of deep contentment. The woman with the curly hair that I thought was Sarah Rose is obviously not. Ani Inge feels good. Why not?



Ixtara gazes on approvingly as Rinpoche does his usual special-attention-to-the-kids routine, which is but the prelude to parents wondering if their kid is a tulku. Behind Ixtara, over her right shoulder, is Tara's shoulder and smile. Ani Baba peers impishly around Ixtara's looming bulk.



From left, Michael Wear, James, Shandor, Seven (with beret), Chris McKinnies, Kathleen McLeary, and two Bay Area devotees. It was really great when it became possible to get nice scarves like these, at a good cheap rate.



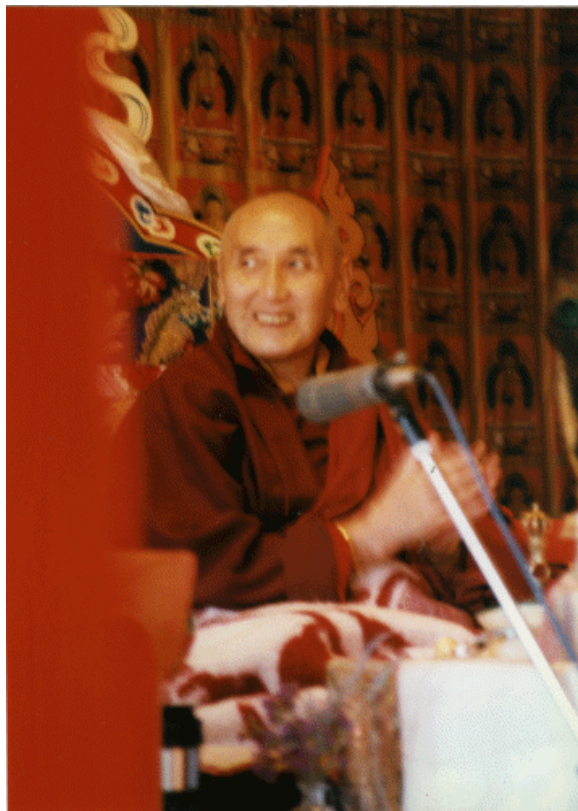
Yangthang Tulku alights.



A moment before.



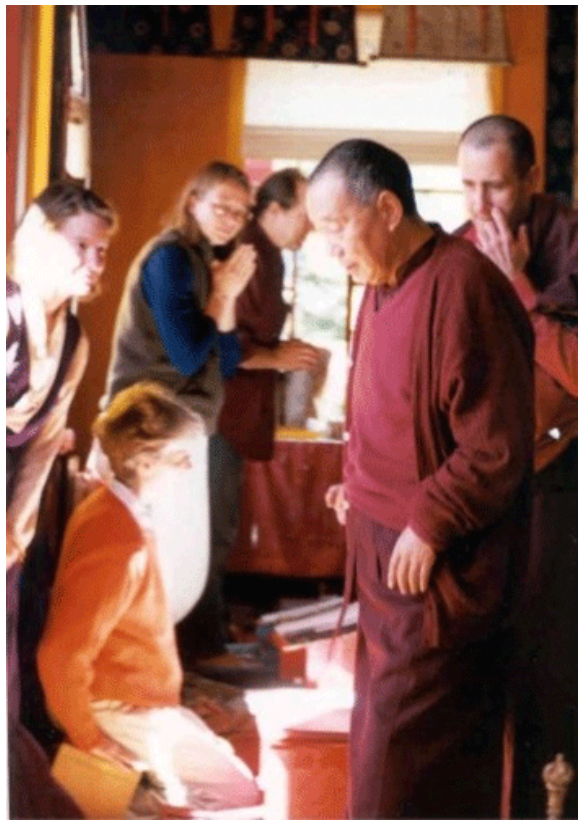
Time is going backwards.



Now we're right again.



The sheathing in plastic of various sacramental creations was at variance to my own sense that everything should be unwrapped for full appreciation. Of course, at a moment like this, such a thought would seem petty.



Mimi Hohenberg at left, Gyatrul Rinpoche foreground, Father O'Connor directly behind him.



Driving, Indigo Ray, official Colestine Crone, passenger, her daughter Juliana, and Malcolm from Australia, all in Ben Stott's truck.



Little Hunter seemed, briefly, to have been recognized as a tulku, particularly as Jamyang Kongtrul who died in his BMW crashed at high speed. Gyatrul Rinpoche started asking questions of him that seemed intended to provoke a memory of his past life, and the manner in which he died. His mother, smiling above, was named Laurie, as I recall. She was flipped out by the development, although she tried to stay calm. Unfortunately, as soon as Hunter became an object of attention, Ixtara swooped in like a latter-day Annie Besant scooping up a new Krishnamurti. They became inseparable, because Ixtara was constantly clamping her arms around the little fellow. She would carry him everywhere. Laurie became an appurtenance. Pretty soon she was no longer seen. Last time I saw her, she was working at Barnes & Noble and getting ready for her dental hygienist exam. She may have married a dentist by now. She certainly had a nice smile.



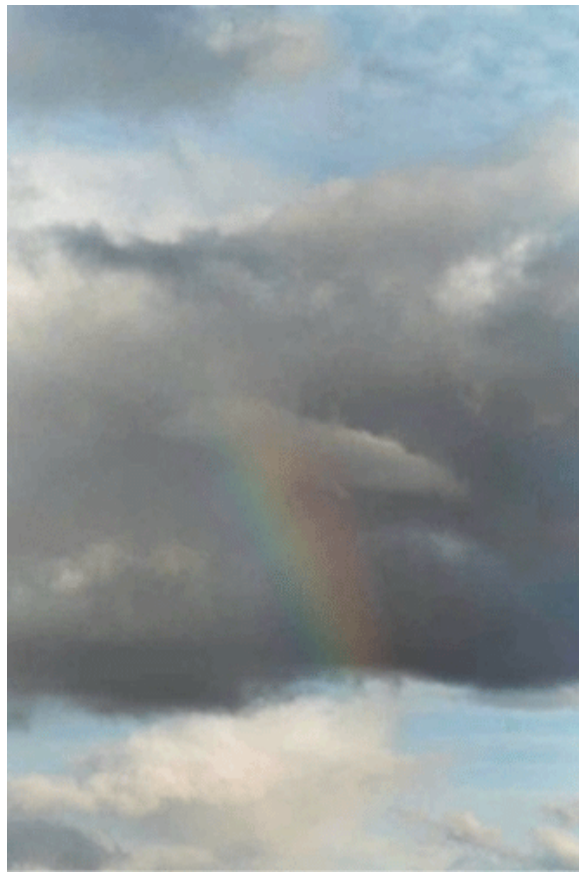
Kevin, the USDA loan officer extraordinaire. Possibly the most anal friend I have ever had. Loyal as a bulldog, and every bit as charming, Kevin is the father of two young crazy men, Ory (namesake Orin Hatch) and Ethan, who taken separately are complete mindbenders, and taken together have the effect of a Pangalactic gargleblaster (served in a tall glass).



Up the hill from the garden, a view of the temple.



Shasta with contrail.



Whether it lasts a moment or a lifetime ...



View of the temple from Nepal Road, with auspicious rainbow.



Pilot Rock, titan of the east.



The titan at sunset.



Rainbow in the south.



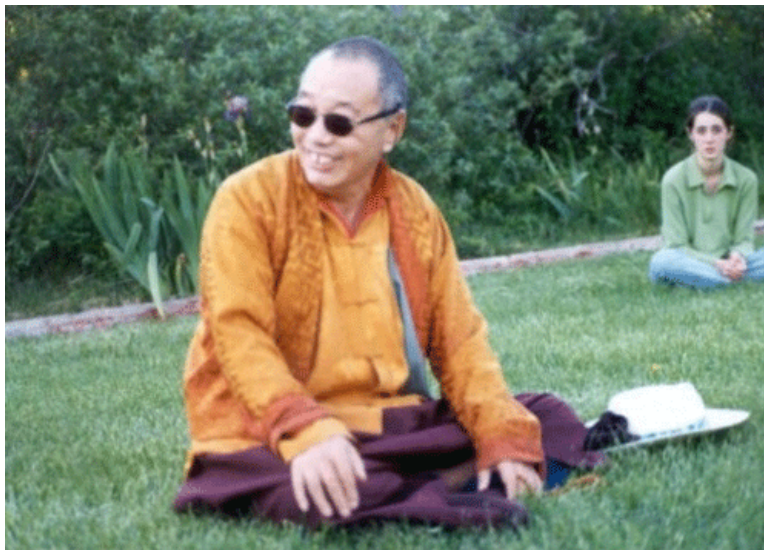
More sky.



View of the temple from Nepal Rd.



Deborah Boren and Willy.



Gyatrul Rinpoche, feeling jovial. Ana in the background.



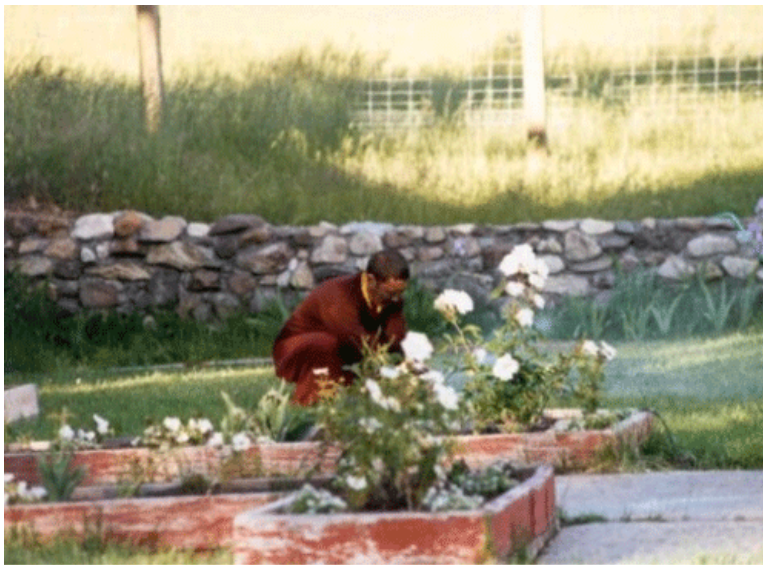
Gyatrul Rinpoche.



A happy gathering of simple souls.



Gyatrul Rinpoche, picking his teeth.



Jigmae did everything.



Sonam in a typically unguarded mood.



Ana and her friend.



Jigmae, with dashing smile.



Tara Thomas and her daughter Sage.



Chillin'.



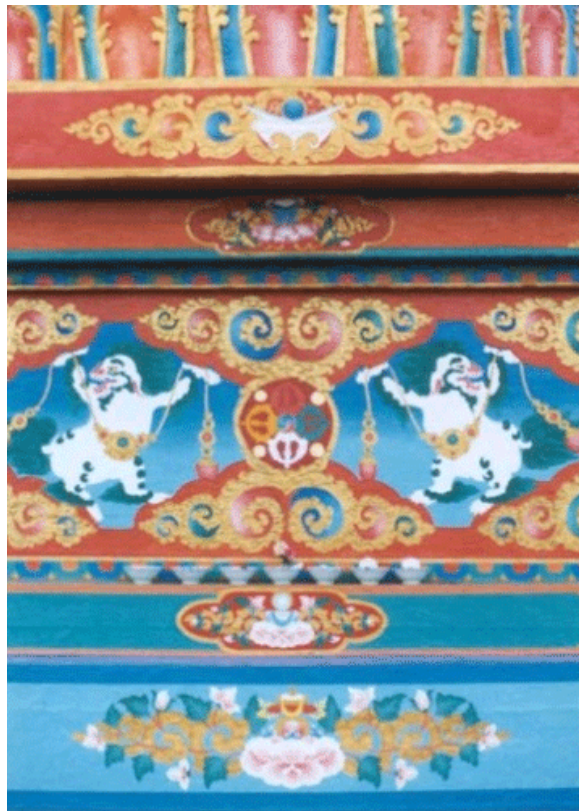
The canopies for the Taras were far more successful than the one for Vajrasattva.



Oblique view of Tara.



The intimate view of Vajrasattva that is now the only view.



Vajrasattva's throne, straight on, with the chubby lions lifting weights.



Afternoon shade on the protectress.



Eyes that never sleep.



Chris and Nick, Dan McLeary on right.



Amused.



In the garden.



Tara and Sage.



Tara and Sage.



Julie Pershin and Birong at Tashi Choling. Julie is studying acupuncture in Albuquerque, and Birong is still here in Ashland. Birong is Indonesian, retired gangster (as in youth gangs), very gentle and sweet. Julie put on a fashion show, and has a great sense of style.

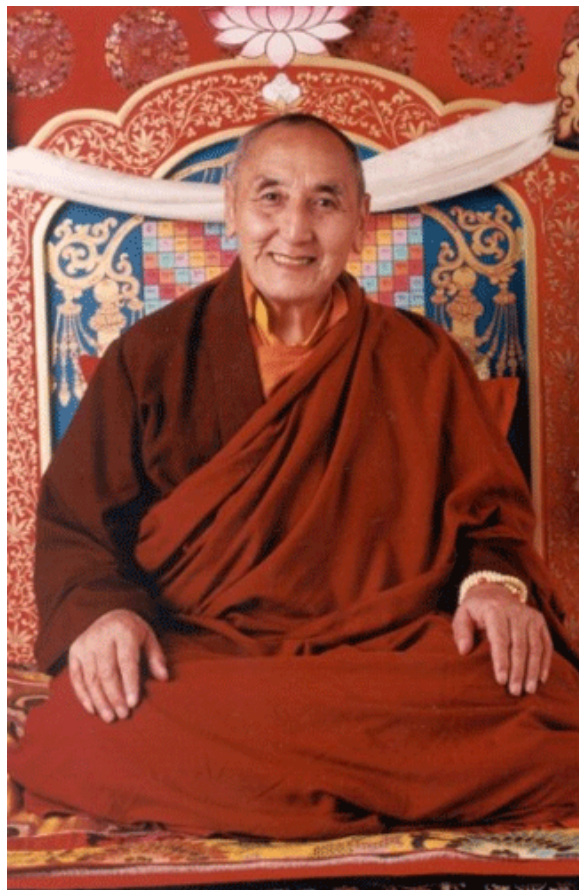


Julie Pershin and Birong.





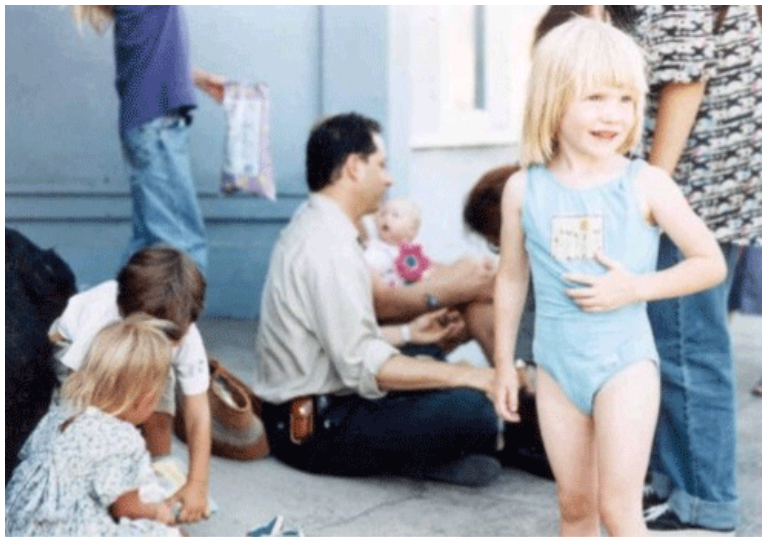
The Guru Rinpoche statue in Williams, with reflection in pond.



Yanthang Tulku in San Francisco on unusual I-Ching design throne.



Gyatrul Rinpoche at Half Moon Bay.



Shandor at center, before a Chenresig wang, in Ashland.



From left, Sean Thomas, Brad's son (brunette in background), Rinchen in foreground, Tara Thomas, Naomi Bosworth, Luke Thomas (Michael Wear's son, hand to forehead), Shandor, and Tom Franz.



Luke Thomas, who has gotten real big.



Crafts time at the Thomas household.



Ana in crafts mode.



Mysterious gesture of mahamudra.



Rinchen Thomas, washing up in the sink. San Pedro cactus in the background.



The Thomas kids are comfortable in many situations that would unhinge an average American kid. Philip did not believe in outhouses, even. He had an entrenching tool, an army shovel, that he would offer you if you needed to take a dump. I always made sure to use the toilet before I visited his house, especially on rainy nights.



Ana, Luke and Rinchen celebrating life.



Luke bounces on his butt, while Ana holds Rinchen up.



Luke displays his artwork and sweet smile.



Ani Rioh and Kathleen McLeary doing gardening at the statue.



Rioh lets it all hang out, while Kathleen preserves her dignity.



Deborah Boren, in dust mask, Colleen in background, industrial strength prayer wheel visible through open doors.



Ani Baba, looking like granny goose.



Typical spaceship-shaped cloud.



Ana on the platform next to the Amitabha pureland stupa. I believe they buried a glassed-in mandala inside this. I love this concept of burying things so that you know they are there (unless the insiders pilfer them--but you'll never know that), and they become a focus of inspiration. It's kind of funny, from a material perspective, because only a con man would tell you he had a magic box that, if you put things in it, would generate benefit outside of the box. We can imagine such a box, call it the "Value Beamer." You put anything of value in, shut the box, and type the name and address of the person you want to benefit into a little keyboard on top of the box. Hit "send" and it will send value, a sort of indiscernible value, but very useful. Even if the person you benefit gets hit by a truck, you can always say it would have been worse if he hadn't gotten the benefit from the Value Beamer. In order to give the VB spiritual appeal, of course, you would have to emboss some type of religious trademark on the box, like a cross or a dorje or a lotus. Ideally, you should have someone authorized to utilize the religious trademark "bless" the VB. Of course, you will have to pay more in offerings to get really prestigious religious trademark holders to bless your VB. Jetsunma is of course the biggest VB builder in American Buddhist history, which of course pales next to the Vatican, the Crystal Cathedral, and the Boudhanath stupa. At any rate, VB construction is generally considered good for the economy of local communities, though some people have complained that the plan to build a megalithic Buddha in Bodh Gaya at a cost of several million dollars will be a social and ecologically damaging event. But I'm sure the project will go ahead anyway, because it is fundamentally heretical to deny that an image of the Buddha's body is a true Value Beamer. While Islamic people claim to hate idolatry, VBs abound in Islamic history. The profusion of saints and pilgrimage sites in Catholic religion is most acute in nations suffering from severe poverty. If you can confront the basic idea that value beaming is a fundamentally dubious concept that has more in common with fraudulent techniques of fundraising than methods of spiritual upliftment, you will find that your religious compatriots will find your company less pleasant. It's just not acceptable to doubt the absurd when you are a believer. Try it.



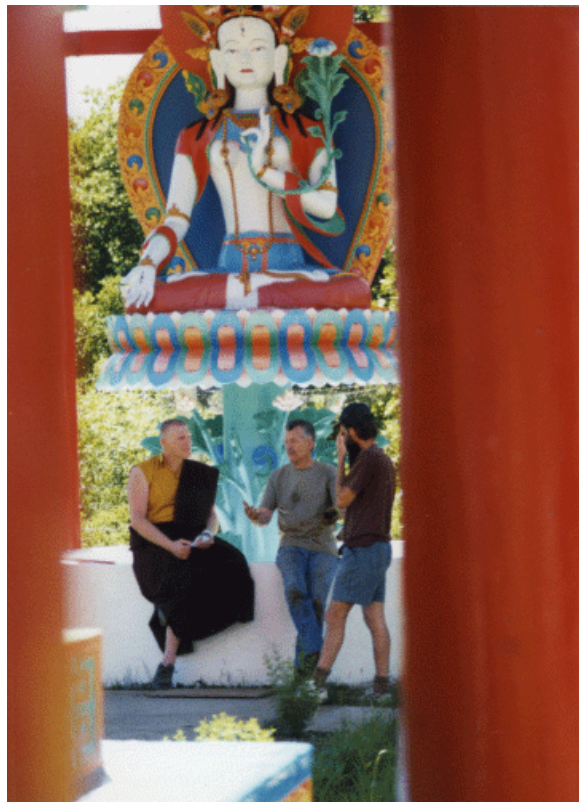
Value Beamer under construction.



Yeshe in robes, Dan McLeary, smiling, and Alan Coughlin, with beard.



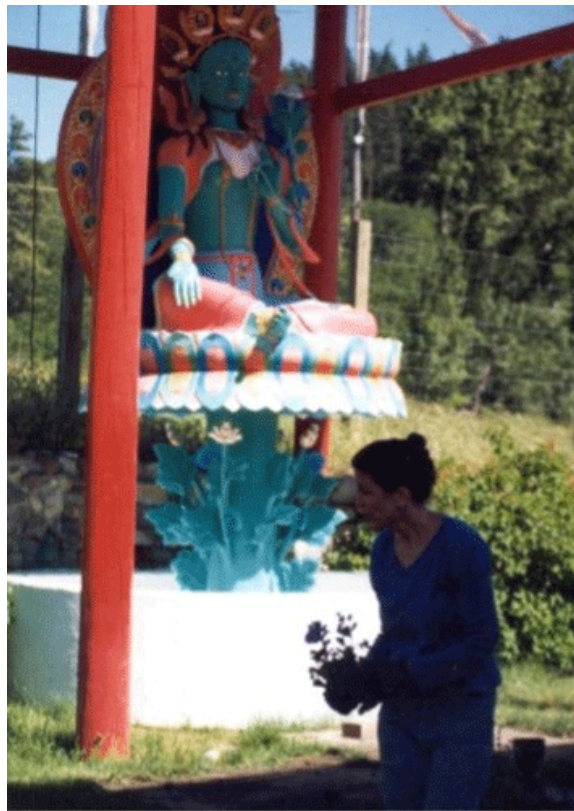
A sudden inspiration strikes the cleric.



The three amigos.



Tara watches over Tara and Sage.



Kathleen McLeary, tending the flowers. Kathleen is a nurse, and once tried to import some semblance of participatory decision-making into the political life of the Ashland sangha. This was called the "Buddha Families" project, and divided the sangha into five categories corresponding to the five Buddha families--vajra, ratna, padma, karma, and buddha. I think the vajra people were administrators in the classic sense of telling people what to do and making plans. Ratna people raised funds (see Trungpa's poem, "[Pan-Dharma Dollar](#)" for a vital message from the ratna realm). Padma people raised their skirts, just joking, no, I think they did things like ceremonial stuff and dharma school, mushy stuff. Karma people had real jobs as it were, like cleaning up the temple and such, sort of the inglorious family. And buddha family? I can't remember, but I can remember that the whole idea was a colossal failure, because it further divided an already small group of people and created artificial divisions between tasks that required coordination. Kathleen works in a big hospital full of people who get paid to know their jobs and do them energetically. A sangha is composed of a small number of people who are harvesting only merit for their efforts, and whatever scraps of social satisfaction they can garner from the process of dharma social climbing. Whereas, in the hospital, you will be penalized for stealing someone else's project and abandoning your own, sangha members are rewarded by their guru for upstaging each other and engaging in devotional competitions to see who is most self-sacrificing. Check out the antics of Jetsunma's students as described in [The Buddha from Brooklyn](#) to see people getting seriously hysterical about proving their devotion. Men will often channel all of their testosterone into work competitions, if they are the blue collar type, or into status competitions if they are more intellectual. Women follow their inclinations, which for the beautiful means fluttering about trying to be helpful to the most attractive males, defined as those close to the hierarchy or equipped with plenty of cash, big muscles, or Hollywood connections. Women less gifted in the looks department can work on cooking, sewing, and sometimes even publishing activities. Women who feel their sexuality as a burden can get rid of it by taking monastic vows, shaving their heads, and taking their style cues from old men. So what happened to the Buddha families? They were a vehicle for fragmentation, and when they were finally put into their administrative grave by the leadership who had never let go of the reins of power, it was a substantial defeat for Kathleen, who withdrew from participation for many many moons. But such is the power of dharma that she is now safe in the fold again.



These deer were very precious to Rinpoche. They symbolize having acute hearing. Why are they listening to a wheel? Because it is the wheel of the dharma, and it makes a sound when it turns. That sound is the dharma, and these deer are lucky enough to know it. Teri Thomas once made some plaster deer, which served for a time, but eventually Rinpoche got these very proper deer to mount on top of the prayer wheel house. I am just guessing, but these deer look like they may have been hijacked from some redneck's front yard and spray painted. But Thomas Paine would say that if you think the sound of the dharma is anything other than the sound of the wind itself, or the sound of those clouds in the background unfurling into the pure sky, you have been had.



The road that the guilty travel to reach the place of repentance.



Matthew, with a beard, talking to Tara.



Richard, eating dried nuts. He's leaning against the black pickup his brother gave him, the one with the big ladder on top that rattled and rattled and rattled as it made its way up Nepal Road to Indigo's place, where he wasn't living in the cabin he didn't build. Richard loves simple food, because he is a humble person. He does not mind eating "old food" from your refrigerator, like old cheese that you've had around for a week or so, or the carrots you bought about two weeks ago, or even that milk that's going to go past date tomorrow. Leftovers of course are fair game. Richard is often seen in the company of bananas, or dried nuts, dried fruits and bags of bread. He is in touch with his appetite, and acutely conscious of how much it costs to get a good meal in a restaurant. High praise from him for a dinner well cooked is often phrased like this, "That woulda cost \$14.95 at the Outback." Richard is incapable of telling a complete truth, because just around the bend there's always something he didn't tell you about. This is fundamentally a pathological characteristic stemming from his fear of letting people down. It combines with his knack for procrastinating difficult psychological events to create a situation where he will let you down later. A charming individual in his own way, he is nevertheless reviled as a snake by some. But then again I always called him "the Naga King."



Charles accidentally did something right, and is receiving approval from Tara.



Under the leaves of a spreading oak tree in the summer, an old love blooms anew.



Philip and Luke at a building site. Sometimes Luke got more done than Philip.



Could be a botany lesson.



Philip's llamas and Luke.



The llamas head for the upper pasture.



Ana and Rinchen on Philip's land. That pile of building material may still be there, but then again, it may have been integrated into one of Philip's numerous rustic structures, which are never homes for his family or anyone else. Greenhouses, tool sheds, garages, even barns, but never houses. I believe Philip once told the much-hated Tod Miller of Jackson County Code Enforcement that he never slept anywhere except out on the dirt. But that's believable, in Philip's case.



It's hard to believe this picture isn't stretched out in some way. But Ana really is that skinny, and Luke looks in proper proportion. He must be barefoot, the way he's picking his way gingerly over the gravel.



Rinchen at her toilette.



Rinchen patting the dog's butt.



The Casa Carreon, abandoned by the people who built it due to the fact that all of our neighbors hated us with a passion. The porch was a recent addition in 1998, but we never got to enjoy it, or the kitchen that's right inside the door, because we were evicted by our co-religionists. We owned the land, but they owned everybody's mind.



The small yurt, that Jackson County never really paid much attention to. The big one was way too interesting. Josh and Maria had much of their adolescence here, which means it was a constant war to keep them from smoking in it. We split this little structure with a wall down the middle, and they dutifully lived there like little hermits.



You need a big propane tank to live in the country.



View from the loft at the inside of the big yurt. Tara's Gaudi-obsession overtook the kitchen area, and when we built the new kitchen, off to the right, that floor also became covered with broken tile work. I'm sure Indigo Ray's family will fully appreciate Tara's artistry now that she is not around to spoil it. I feel the same way about Indigo Ray's beautiful portrait of Ana. It is ironic and bizarre. Family feuds are simply the world's most twisted and most common way of fucking up lives.



The kitchen floor is visible through the shutter doors. Having a crazy structure like a yurt is a great opportunity to turn your whole life into a piece of art. I think Tara was channeling a huge creative urge to balance off against the psychic repression she was imposing on herself using Tibetan Buddhism as the oppressive pattern. She worked on her art projects with a frenzied intensity that left the whole family in awe. Also in the cold, since doors would be left open on chilly days while building materials were hauled in and out, and we tiptoed across the art-in-progress. So it's okay. They can have it.



Tiny little green room where Ana did her ngondro. Josh's posters.



The new kitchen with its amazing wave pattern on the floor, with a little bird flying above it. Tara saw this pattern in a dream. Note Tibetan prayer above door and on refrigerator. The refrigerator is in a custom color. This was a really expensive kitchen to never be able to use. It has one of Richard's huge skylights that covers almost the entire roof area.



The kitchen floor, viewed from the porch entrance.



With lots of greens from Indigo's garden.



The last retreat we ever attended. That's me with the beard, looking an awful lot like my older brother, and Sara Rose with her mala. Sitting on the temple stoop is an important part of the dharma lifestyle.



Looking my most devilish, protecting my youngest.



When she blows this thing, the demons come from everywhere.



This is a photo of the large sign that you will see painted out in the next photograph. Indigo Ray painted it out because it offended her. Her son-in-law, Nick Doherty, reincarnation of Gesar of Ling, suppressor of heretics extraordinaire, testified that it was okay to destroy someone's sign, planted on their own property, if you didn't like what it said. Now, maybe you will derive some snide inference from the fact that Indigo and Humphrey's are not capitalized in the sign.

Perhaps there is just too much telling people what to do, and interrogating them, and cautioning them, going on here. It's just pushy. People had to drive past this sign in order to drive through our land, but they were going to see Indigo, so why should they have to read this kind of shit? Indigo's visitors could reasonably think -- "Let them latch their own fucking gate, and it's not too muddy if I can get through, and of course I was invited to see Indigo, she has an open invitation to everyone on the west coast. As if I would be coming to see you." And then, by the time they got to see Indigo, they'd be all out of joint, and it would spoil the visit. The raspberry wine with the slightly musty flavor wouldn't taste as good. Conversation would turn to those damn Carreons, and the way they were such a thorn in everybody's side. Christ, if it wasn't enough that his daughter was so insufferably perfect, and the other two kids so absolutely useless, then it would be his wife with her mouth, or him representing baby killers, and other scum, i.e., being a lawyer. Such a delightful feast of gossip we provided, that gossip-mongering exploded like the hammerhead population in the Sea of Cortez that grows up around the rocky islands dripping with bird guano, feeding a rich aquatic ecosystem that the hammerheads preside over in awesome profusion, filling the waters above the scuba divers more thickly than birds during an autumn migration. The gossip saga that has been fed in this community by the Carreon legend extends from courtrooms to government offices, from meditation huts to non-profit boardrooms to fronts for an Asian combine, ensnaring judges, county officers, and major dharma donors, even the lowly fire chief and monastery sweeper. The Carreon matter is an issue that inflames everyone, and is everyone's business. For what could be more a matter of public concern than an entire family exiting a Buddhist cult en masse, with acrimony? The insult to the cult is so outrageous. If a group can experience a sense of rejection, of being miffed, of having been poorly used by its members, Tashi Choling, and the larger "Colestine community" went through a substantial trauma when the Carreons blew them off. Particularly painful was the fact that the Carreons had attained the status of minor icons, for being able to relate successfully with mainstream society. Worldly-wise and breezily cosmopolitan, they were either a breath of fresh air or a draft that needed to be kept out, depending on whether you were a dharma anarchist or Buddhist fascist. Fortunately, the Carreons were never entrusted with deep inner circle information, such as who was really fucking who, and paying for what, and smuggling what, and for whom. Fortunately, because they would all be public record by now. But the Carreons, like all true zealots, cite a higher good as their justification for eschewing blind loyalty. Having suffered like dim-witted fools, they now ridicule their former ways for the benefit of those left behind. So of course their old friends gossip, although they call it "having compassion." Nothing could be more insulting than having people who used to be right there next to you, bowing on their hands and knees, making fun of that behavior now, telling you you're wasting your precious human body bowing to other people, who are really no better than you.



I first saw this painted-out sign on a short visit back from California where we moved to after the Tashi Choling board of directors told the Carreons to remove all firearms from their home and put the lady of the house in therapy for a year. Getting that kind of a letter from your church may go down easy with Anglos, but it sure made me feel Mexican. Like I'd had enough of these prissy ass mother fuckers hanging on my dick. Telling me what to do, in my own house, on my own land, just because my wife decided to expend a little gunpowder when the local semi-retired drug lord and his latest flame decided to be in hearing range. After a vivid dream in which I encountered the drug lord in a dark

forest, in a pelting rain, for the purpose of exchanging murderous blows with our respective lordly walking sticks, I woke up feeling dirty and endangered, by my own passion as well as that of others. The words of Nagarjuna came to mind -- "Why should a man, who can go anywhere, suffer oppression and imprisonment for the sake of remaining in his own land?" And so we left, moved to Carpinteria, down to the beach, to live like the Addams Family in their motel phase. I figured I was giving the people who hated me everything they wanted. As if I were that stupid. By leaving, we defied their mechanism of oppression. We declared we'd rather click our heels twice and be elsewhere in a trice than sit there one more second and listen to their shit. When I came back a month later to do some other business and spend a night at the yurt, this was my welcome. Sometimes you can really tell when people hate you.



Some things speak for themselves. Like this is obviously a lakeside home.



This is obviously somebody photographing the inside of a kitchen through a window that is reflecting the image of a camera. This is the inside of the lakeside house.



This is the backside of the lakeside house.



This is the propane tank that runs the appliances in the lakeside house. You can also see the curve of the greenhouse, where the plants live. There are lots of plants, and they have their own house.



This is a new age pagan altar, or something like that. It either means nothing, or something, depending on your mood.



This is a hybrid pyramid technology/new age sticks and stones type mandala, with crescents on sticks in a circular pattern. You can see one of the crescents in the middle foreground. This is lunar magic or mere lunacy.



This is a small creek called the "West Fork of Cottonwood Creek," being fully appropriated by Humphrey's Freehold by building an illegal dam out of railroad ties. This is done in complete ignorance of downstream water rights and the health of the West Fork, which is thereby entirely deprived of life-giving water during the driest season of the year. However, it keeps the lake full in front of the lakeside house, and feeds the little hydropower unit that gives Indigo light. And I suppose she should read in the dark?



The flow is not so large at this time of year, barely filling these two fifty gallon drums. You can see that no flow is getting past the railroad ties, and it is all going into the drums.



Now the water begins its long journey away from the creek.



Some people have all the luck. Indigo also got all of the good artesian water at the head of the valley. Richard became so desirous of this water to use on his three properties to the south, one of which the Carreons bought, that he drilled two wells on Indigo's property, and piped all the water into this three-tank 15,000 gallon storage facility.



That's water from one artesian well.



This is the main artesian well that fills the three tanks.



This is the smaller artesian well you saw earlier.



This tank holds water from the smaller artesian well, about 1,500 gallons.



Another altar, which contains a stone specially placed in honor of the Carreon clan, at a time when they were in Indigo's good graces.



Sacred monuments in a sacred circle.



This little cabin was built lovingly by Richard Schwindt for his wife Elaine on Indigo's land. It is a masterpiece of high quality scavenging and loving assembly, as well as a strong sense for concealment. It is hidden pretty far back on Indigo's acreage, and Richard, with his knowledge of surveillance technology, built it with an awareness of the three S's. They are "shape, shadow and size." Any object of unusual shape, casting a distinctive shadow, or of a size disproportionate to the surroundings, stands out from the landscape in aerial photography. Which Richard used to study in Vietnam, when he was a spotter for B-52 bombers. Richard never really felt too great about having called in the bombers on poor Asians struggling to survive. On the other hand, he was no peacenik, went to war as a volunteer, served his term, and tried to make amends with his conscience. Richard idealizes a world in which simple people live simple lives, have simple needs, and get along. He knows it is an ideal, and thus in order to achieve it, deception will be required.



Non-freezable water tap outside the love-shack.



The tin cat. This is a nonviolent mousetrap. Tin Cat. Get it?



The tin cat, off duty.



A sculpted deck terminates in a classic composting shitter. Nothing like shitting on a huge pile of shit. Somehow, I'd rather shit in a field. Score one for Philip Thomas on this one.



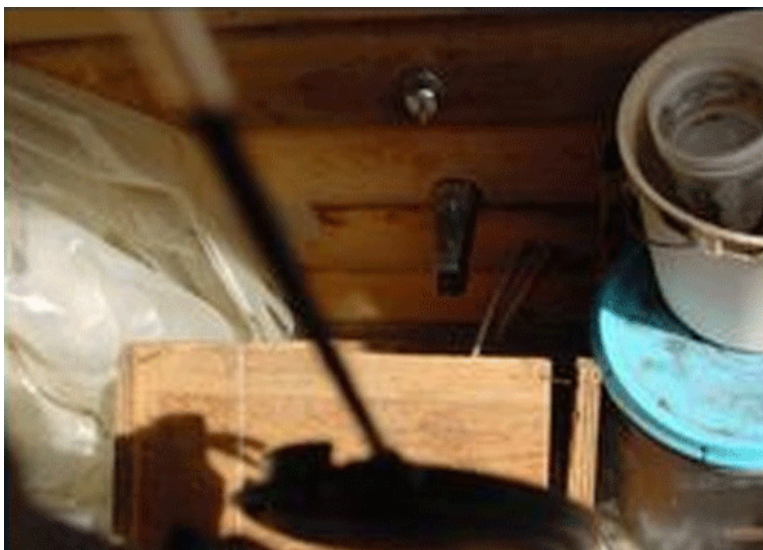
Because this bathtub is upside down, it does not draw attention to its potential functionality for bathing. As you know, there's nothing code enforcement officers hate more than unauthorized water use, which tends to result in higher levels of e-coli. This tub has all the marks of one of the "usual suspects" in the code enforcement officer's list of red flags.



Now everybody has one of these, if you live in a logging camp, or in Tobacco Road country. You got no bathroom anyway, so you might as well shave out on the porch.



Just a few things stacked up against the wall out of the way. Keep moving, Code Inspector. Nothing to see here.



Whoops! Just a little spigot sticking out of the outside wall of the house. You've got one of those, don't you?



It is absolutely not possible that this spigot would line up with the bathtub in a sort of marriage of convenience. Or perhaps a one night stand with moonlight.



Now this is Richard's military mind at work. Put a sign on it. Like in McHale's Navy, or Hogan's Heroes, where they have a whole bunch of smuggled booze or some broads stashed in the "Radio Shack" or the "Machine Shop," where the brass never want to go. This sign says "10x12x10 utility shed 1979." Indigo didn't even own the land in 1979. This is a bald-faced lie, but in the service of an ideal I would agree. Why people should have to lie in order to have a house in the woods is beyond me. What annoys me is that Jackson County wouldn't let me live in my illegal house after Indigo's son-in-law brought complaints against me, but it was okay for Indigo Ray and just as many people as she could get to join her.



All small cabins built by hippies have lofts. Richard lovingly oiled all of this cedar.



A beautiful floor scavenged from some building job. Richard isn't a carpenter, but he can get things done.



I bet he was happy for days after he scavenged that French door.



Ahhh, the pleasures of civilization. Because Elaine was a midwife, she had to have a phone. Richard obliged. The love-shack is wired.



Amazingly, none of this struck the judge as possibly not in code compliance when we went to trial. As a lawyer, I can tell you, it does not pay to represent yourself. No one is less credible than a lawyer saying he got screwed. They even snicker when you enter the screw into evidence.



Richard loves the convenience of gas heat, which he considers a bargain when you consider the cost and time spent hassling with wood. He likes a good wood fire, but doesn't want to withdraw his support from the petroleum industry.



We all love Suburban Propane. Lou, the boss for years, was so nice about working with you on everything. And they never ask about permits. People got enough shit to worry about.



Isn't it amazing that human voices can travel through a wire? Christ, they could have Internet.



The bridal veil of the trees.



You don't get this view until you are actually fairly close.



This little road across the creek is not really supposed to be here. But it's not hurting anybody. I'm sure the judge could see that. But you're supposed to have a permit! If I had a road like this, they'd send me to jail.



More of Richard's work. Greater love hath no man than one who builds his woman a love-shack and a road to it.



Trailers are strangely often the residences of international wanderers.



This is Indigo's house. She testified both that she lives and does not live here. Personally, I'd live in the house by the lake.



Septic tank for Indigo's "house." The lakeside house does not have a flush toilet. Indigo does not use the flush toilet in the trailer. She has one of those composting toilets out under a tree. But the County makes you install septic tanks whether you want to use them or not. It's like protection money you have to pay to the local backhoe operators.



A generator.



More development of the required sort.



Water, water everywhere.



God trailers are ugly, aren't they? But most Oregonians live in them.



Water line.



Richard's boneyard, on Indigo's land.



Trailer project.



All of the trailers were strangely empty.



Ready for use, but empty.



Some even came with money.



And phone books.



Indigo's ramada, a very pleasant place to spend almost any good day. Note the spiral stone pattern underfoot.



The perfectly manicured section of Indigo's garden. No water going to waste here. But no gardens downstream either.



Lovely gravel paths wind through the wild flowers.



There are many pyramids in Indigo's garden.



Each pyramid's base is a single raised bed of growing plants.



The hydropower unit, a wise use of the creek.



Where the kids play.



Where Dee Stillwell fell into the lake on the night of John Potts' goodbye roast.



My field at one time, where others drove freely, on Humphrey's errands.



I hate finding other people's tire marks in my field.



It's really disturbing when you discover that someone has surveyed your boundary without your permission.



The retired drug lord surveyed my land in order to prove both that he wasn't standing on my land when my wife fired her pistol (he proved that he was), and to prove that my house was one inch onto the property of another landowner, who didn't really care. He also used the survey to arrange a "lawful trespass" with Tod Miller, Code Enforcement Officer, who was willing to press code violation charges against me, but couldn't find a way to photograph my land, and knew I wouldn't let him win his case without evidence. The retired drug lord used the survey to assure Miller that he could gain access to my property by traveling on the road to his mother-in-law Indigo's property in his company. Miller, of course, would not have driven past the NO TRESPASSING sign, even in the drug lord's company, but this was not a problem, since Indigo had painted it out. Thus, in the company of my former vajra brother, the retired drug lord, Miller was able to approach my house and photograph it for use as evidence against me. Which wouldn't be so outrageous if Indigo Ray's encampment hadn't been literally right next door. In a clear show of unlawful favoritism, Miller prosecuted me and not the neighbors. And no ordinary prosecution. Unfortunately, years before I had engaged in a pro-bono pissing match with a local landowner on behalf of Tashi Choling, in an effort to obtain county permits for temple building. The local landowner became a County Code Prosecutor, and when an opportunity to pursue my

butt arose, she was only too happy to oblige. One of the most tenacious and dogged lawyers in the county, we engaged in litigation for over a year that ended up consuming virtually her entire job. Finally, she quit the job. She had vowed to make me tear down my house, and I vowed that would occur on a chilly day in hell. I won.



The house that Philip built for Mimi, but she didn't like it. Not surprising that she wouldn't, since it was basically the house that Philip would have built for a really cool Spaghetti western, if anyone had given him the job. He did sets for McCabe and Mrs. Miller, which must have been one hell of a hippie party. So was building this house.



Philip hooked Mimi's house up to the water from Indigo's place, which is another sort of half-ass thing people do in hippie country. She built the whole house without a legal water source, and then tried to sell it with no water rights. Naturally, it wouldn't sell. I did her a favor and sued her to turn off the water. That was also a favor to Indigo, who really didn't want to be giving away the water. Now she has her own water, and she can sell the land if she can find someone who wants to make a Spaghetti western.



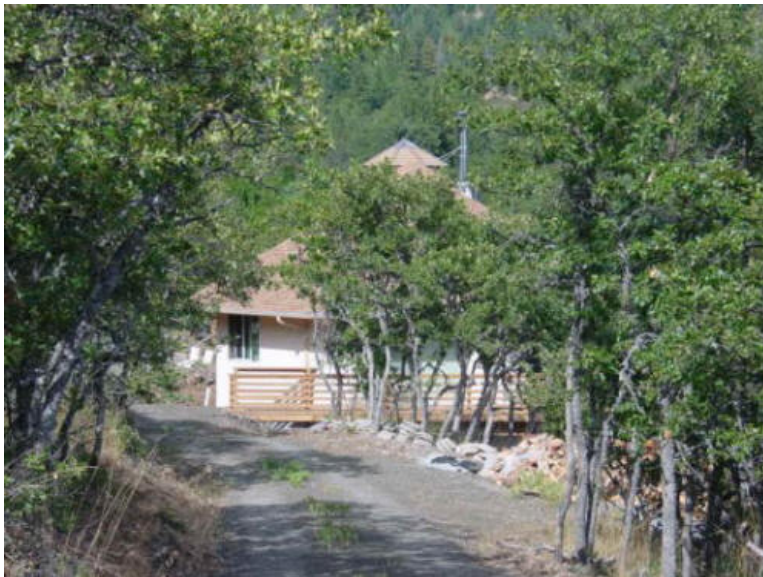
The retired drug lord insists he has the right to drive on this road. The oil heiress said Richard told her he didn't, back when she bought the land from Richard. The oil heiress hates the drug lord, and is a much nicer person than the drug lord. She is a zany, quirky character, but I think she was more good humored about the Nepal Road litigation than anyone else. She finally sold her land, but it wasn't easy, since the drug lord would pull stunts like showing up with a couple of SUVs stuffed with family, dogs and relatives, to announce to prospective purchasers that, regardless of the presence of this big yellow gate, he would drive the road. And if they were buying the oil heiress's land, they would have to take the key to that yellow gate and give it to Indigo as the first order of business. Which just about killed that sale, though it finally did go through after the oil heiress shaved about 10 grand off the price. After water, roads cause more trouble than anything else in the country. Except for other people's wives.



Trailer on the oil heiress's land. Water from Indigo's land.



The driveway to our former neighbors house. She was named Camille, and moved out to the woods with her younger husband, Bill. Together, deeply devout in a violet ray kind of way, they were going to leaf through the pages of life in the twilight of Camille's fading femininity. It didn't work out that way. Bill moved away.



Camille's house. On the market now. It gets good artesian water from Indigo's.