

Interview with Findley and Pam Hanna

Interviewer: Tim Miller

November 8, 1996

FH = Findley Hannah, PH = Pam Hanna

**Q:** ... Subramuniya? Is that right?

**FH:** I suppose so, yes.

**Q:** Because that was one of the first Eastern communes in America.

**FH:** I don't know, he didn't call it a "commune," what he called it was a "family retreat center."

**Q:** In Nevada, right?

**FH:** No, that was in Lake Carey [?], California. Anyhow, I had met Subramuniya because he was referred to me by a drug dealer I knew in Los Angeles. He said that while he was in prison, this spiritual master came to visit him, and I got to San Francisco to go say "hello." So I ended up getting to San Francisco and went to say "hello," and passed on the message that "Ed sends you his love." So he had a little church. I think it was 3575 Sacramento St. His church was painted lavender. And he called it the Christian Yoga Church, and invited me to come back to go to the service on Sunday.

**Q:** When was this?

**FH:** Let's see, it must've been '61 or '62. And so I went up there, and I liked his little church, it had like pews on both sides, then up on the front, instead of traditional Christian things, he had stones and a waterfall coming down, and a sign over the altar, so to speak, a Christian cross, with a star in the middle, and an ohm overhead. And so he began speaking. He spoke in a clear, I wouldn't say "authoritative," but with authority, voice, without any prepared notes or anything. The men sat on one side, the women sat on the other side. And he began to teach me breathing. Just plain breathing. "Why don't you learn how to breath?" And he showed me how to do it, he showed me how to place a book on my stomach so I'd know if my diaphragm was going up or down or not. Things like that. I'd been an old trumpet player, so I knew about the diaphragm, but I hadn't consciously ever taken diaphragmic breathing as a continuous way of doing something. So I hung around, listened to him. Went to a few of his service, met the people that were with him. He had a group of people he called "monks," who had on brown robes. They lived around the corner, in a little place by his house. He had a few female devotees who were in brown also. I don't know if he called them "nuns" or "chalice" [?], I'm not sure which. So I watched him, and I followed his directions. His main thing was saying, "Try it out. Disprove what I'm saying." Finally, after about a year, I decided, "So far, this guy hasn't told me one thing that has been false." So I decided, "Well, maybe I'll join his church." And so I had just decided that, and then that Sunday I went to the little service, and then they had the little coffee thing after it, much like the Methodists. And as I walked in through the door, he said, "Oh, Findley, don't you think it's about time you joined the church?" And I was flabbergasted, because I had just made the decision. So I said, "Okay," so I did. My first wife and I had been in some kind of trouble, we had our child taken away from us, and put into custody of the grandparents. So after I was in his church for about 3 months, he and his monks showed up at my hotel room with tickets to Los Angeles, saying, "Go back to Los Angeles, get your child back. Whatever it takes, and don't come back until you have." So I went to Los Angeles, and one of the conditions that the grandfather had made was that I must hold down a job for a year, which up till that time, I never had. So I got into a fiberglass body car building [unintelligible], and held down a job for a year to get our child back. And then we went back to San Francisco. And meanwhile, Subramuniya had gone looking for a place to have what he called a "retreat center." And he had found a

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place up in Lake County, California. They wanted something like \$50,000 for the land, and he bought it for \$50 down. When we finally got up there, it was an old broken down resort up in the Lake County area that had been abandoned, for some reason. One of the reasons was there was no water there. So he immediately got dowzers [?] to come out and dowse for water. They found a place to drill a well, which just happened to be right next to a big concrete bathroom [?]. And they drilled the well, the water came in. He began refurbishing the place. Meanwhile, he invited families to come up and stay there. And so these couples came up and stayed there. As far as I know, I was only one who had a child -- let's see, there were 3 children [unintelligible] . . . had two children.

**Q:** This is, what, about '62?

**FH:** Yeah, '63. Two children. And so we went there and began doing meditation exercises, getting up in the mornings and doing puga [?], and [unintelligible], Hindu ceremonies. Several people were up there, studying. And there was quite a large tract of land, it was maybe about 126 acres. On it had an old fashioned salt [?] machine. And if anybody ever got out of line, just send them to the salt machine to raise the vibration enough to come back.

**Q:** Was it like it smelled like sulphur?

**FH:** Yeah, you'd go out it would stink. When it stopped stinking, you were allowed to come back. Anyhow, he'd asked me, I think it was -- I think I had my first real, maybe even only, cleansing meditation there. I had walked into the room to ask him about something or other. He and the monks were just sitting around, not doing anything. And he said, "We're having a meditation, do you care to join us?" I said, "Okay," not knowing what the hell meditation was. And so I sat down, and everybody closed their eyes, put their fingers together, and so I sat there in silence, [unintelligible] my mind. All of my doubts, fears, ugliness, things that I didn't like about my self, came to the surface of my mind, and I just sort of ejected them out. About half an hour, 45 minutes of that, without any words being said. So that was [unintelligible] . . . So we were living up there, the families. I don't know if you'd call it a commune. It was sort of like married couples trying to meet some kind of spiritual direction. Then we'd get our food from donations from the local merchants. Sometimes it was good, sometimes it wasn't. I complained about cooking. Somebody said, "Fine, you're now in charge of the cooking."

**Q:** And he was up there?

**FH:** Yeah, he'd come up there. He liked it up there. So I had to take over the kitchen. One week we had nothing but squash, I learned how to cook squash in so many ways, you wouldn't believe it. Then the other funny thing that happened, I was in a real state of seeing [?], and I was yearning for some kind of explanation, some kind of sign, some kind of an indication that what I was doing was real and not just some imaginary, follow somebody's expressions. And so I was laying down and yearning and seeking, and reaching out for something, and I was laying down, had my eyes closed, was all concentrated, and I asked for some definite, just anything at all that would give me an indication that there was something real about this whole trip. I was really concentrating on that, and then the next thing I had awareness of was travelling through infinite space, and being able not only to know that I was in infinite space, but to feel the infinity of it. And it was very joyous. Then I came awake, or back into consciousness, or whatever, knowing that I had been somewhere, but not knowing where. I was so shook up that I

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immediately went over to where I knew Subramuniya was, and I said, "Master? I just had the weirdest dream." And his immediate response was, "Findley, what makes you think it was a dream? Did it seem real?" I said, "Yes." He said, "As real as this?" And I said, "More." And he said, "Then why do you think it's a dream?" And I walked away. And I decided I wanted to paint a picture of it. Anyhow, I ended up painting this funny picture, which turned out to be, I found, many years later, what is called a mandala. All it was was streaks of light coming in from all directions, centered on a little tiny little spot in the center. If you would look at the little yellow spot in the center, [unintelligible] . . . and shift your eyes, then that whole feeling of hurtling through space would come at you, zoom! [unintelligible] . . . So then that went on for awhile. I'm not sure exactly what [unintelligible] . . . but it happened back there. There were 2 people who came through there. One was a guy from the University of California, Los Angeles, who had been studying divinity, and decided all these people were talking about enlightenment and all these people were talking about this and that, and all of the literature was progressive, there must be something to it. So at the age of 35, he quit school, came up there, and began seeking it. He followed Subramuniya's instructions to the letter. I suppose within four months, he had gotten to the place where he attained his illumination, from the time he decided to begin it. And he had people who had been with him for 7 years, who hadn't.

**Q:** So Subramuniya goes back into the '50's, you're saying?

**FH:** Yes, I think his illumination came in 1952. He was 20 years old.

**Q:** So there were people who were, had been living with him for years but still couldn't get it.

**FH:** Hadn't attained it, right. This guy who came up with the idea that that's all he wanted, he didn't take long. And he had a few people from -- there was a Yale graduate, this and that, who finally, "Well, it took me 7 years to just unlearn everything I learned at Yale." Anyhow, there were about 3 people who went through that experience. But the one that was there in 4 months is the one that I talked to about it, because I knew him before and after. It was quite a revelation, it was a real thing that was happening. So then, of course, I got scared shitless. [unintelligible] . . . he had opened an ashram in Virginia City, Nevada, and asked me to go help him move a piano up there. So we did. On the way up there I developed my diaphragmatic breathing, on the way from San Francisco to Virginia City. I was breathing so slowly that I thought if I didn't take another breath, I was just going to die. Did that for 8 hours. We got there, I liked it up there, and I decided to move up there. We were up there for -- it was funny about these places, like in San Francisco, I think places were running for about \$350 in the area where that establishment was, and yet I found a place within a half a block away for \$85. When I got up to Virginia City, there was nothing really up there, so I went down a ways, to a place called Gold Hill, found a place down there where nobody was living, found out who the owner was, and called up the owner, and he said I could just live there. For nothing. So we were living there. Now, my third child had been born, and was named by Mother Christnae [?] who was Subramuniya's teacher, Karin [?]. We named her Karin Celeste. And then while we were in Gold Hill, my fourth child was born, and in Gold Hill, in that rent free house, with me as the attendant. And a friend of mine playing guitar, was the entertainer. The next morning, Subramuniya came down and named the child Rasha Geva [?]. He was born in Gold Hill, Nevada, which has a population of about 5. It was 7 when we were living there.

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**Q:** Not too much demand if you can live there for free.

**FH:** No. There was just a guy in the rock [?] shop down below, and us, and that was it. Silver City down the hill had a little more people. [unintelligible] . . . So then, while we were living there, this guy Michael Duncan came by, and his girlfriend/wife, Gala [?]. And he was driving this thing that he called a Silver Surfer, which was a specially built Chevrolet van, a big, just almost commercial vehicle. It had the engine up front, and this -- the inside was almost as big as this room, but not quite as wide, right? He had this [unintelligible], and he had a 50 gallon tank on top for extra kerosene. And you'd come in and he had a stove in there. He could actually live in it. He called it his Silver Surfer because it was just an aluminum van, no paint on it or anything like that. Michael Duncan's a sly guy. He had special locks put in the doors. And so if he would go out the door and shut it, like that, and if you came back and you turned the handle, it would open up. However if you pushed the button to open the door, it would lock it. You know those handles with the buttons? So people would come up to get into this thing, and they would grab the handle, push the button, and it wouldn't open. But if you knew ahead of time, you don't bother the button, you just turned the handle. He was sly. So he could leave it unlocked all the time and not worry about people getting in. So Michael Duncan was up there. And he hung around for awhile, but he had a bunch of [unintelligible] of sorts. He got into a -- [unintelligible] and Subramuniya found out that they were both using dope, he asked us to leave [unintelligible] . . . well, he didn't exactly in that way, he came down and asked us questions first. "What do you want?" and, if what you wanted wasn't number one, spiritual illumination, then he said, "Well, go do those other things first." [unintelligible] . . . "after you've done those things that you say you wanted to."

**Q:** So you took off?

**FH:** Yep. Michael told me he had land in New Mexico and invited me out there. So I went down into California to work for awhile, and then when I came back up, while I was gone somebody had stolen my stove and a lot of my stuff was [unintelligible] . . . so I told my first wife, Cathy, "That's it, let's go to New Mexico." [unintelligible] . . . about three hours we'll be [unintelligible].

**PH:** Cathy's cool.

**FH:** Went to Michael Duncan's land, and he found us a place to stay. Come springtime, I was up on the land, and we were getting ready to do some plowing and stuff like that, and all of a sudden this [unintelligible] hippie shows up.

**Q:** So you were there before the whole Morning Star crowd came in?

**FH:** Yeah.

**Q:** So you'd been with Subramuniya from '61 until -- ?

**FH:** Seven years.

**Q:** Okay. And in '69 or so, you moved out?

**FH:** Yeah, I arrived in New Mexico January 1<sup>st</sup> 1969. I first stayed in a place called Pilar [?]. [unintelligible] . . .

**PH:** Between Taos [?] and Espanola [?]. Right down in the Rio Grande.

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**Q:** So that's the point at which your stories begin to come together?

**FH:** Yeah. So all these people came up there. And Mike said they were Morning Star people, and "I invited to come up there, and they said they wanted a place to farm and build some houses. So here they are." That was in the springtime. I think we moved out -- were we in the dome by then, me and Cathy?

**PH:** Yeah.

**FH:** Somebody had built a geodesic dome down in one of the arillos.

**PH:** Bucky Fuller.

**FH:** The panels were made of cars [? cards?]

**PH:** Just like Drop City.

**FH:** So when it got warm enough to live in there, we moved. [unintelligible] . . . and by then four kids. So then all these people were going to make adobes, and Michael had some Indians come up and build them first, first his house. And then, we built like a communal kitchen.

**PH:** The Indians made it.

**FH:** Yeah. Henry Gomez. So I was living there with my wife and 4 children. During that year, '69, my wife and I had sort of a falling out, and I had noticed this girl stomping around in the mud. I was kind of interested in her.

**Q:** All of these California hippies that had come invading.

**FH:** Yeah, they all took their clothes off and started walking around naked, I'd never seen a thing like it.

**Q:** Not like Subramuniya's stuff, huh?

**FH:** No, not at all. But they all did. Except me, I don't think I ever [unintelligible] . . .

**PH:** [unintelligible] . . .

**FH:** I've got to tell about Jason.

**PH:** No, I've got to tell about when you first saw me, when you first noticed me.

**FH:** Well, I told him.

**PH:** I saw Findley before he saw me, and I didn't like him at all. He was wearing this hat, it was kind of a grand hat, but he was so dower, and he obviously didn't want to have anything to do with the likes of us. We were just too scurrilous. Besides, he was the big man on the scene. And we were busy making adobes, and we were -- I mean, in the hot, New Mexico sun, it's much easier to clean off bodies from mud than a bunch of clothes, so it was only natural to take off all your clothes. The women stomped around and mixed the straw in the mud, and the men put the mud in the casings to make it this heavy work. So we were all out there doing it. And Findley had never taken off his clothes to any of our knowledge, he always wore his hat and everything. And one day I was out there, stomping in the mud, and everyone else was working hard, and I had been nursing Psyche, my second child, and I was really heavy with milk, I'm not one of those people -- I spurt, you know, when people, like a runny nose or something. And the milk was just spurting out of my breasts, you know, and he told me, this is his story, he told me that he looked up and saw me standing there, stomping in the mud, with milk spurting out of my breasts, and he was absolutely agog. He tore off his clothes and came out, and we were all just amazed, because he was lily white, and it was really funny, and we had no idea what possessed him to come out there. He never hardly spoke two words to any of us, and suddenly he was out there ready to

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help, and he asked what to do, and we sort of guffawed a little bit under our breath, and we said, "Well, you could shovel a little mud into the brick molds, you know." But I only found this out after the fact, that that's why he came up.

**FH:** That's what [unintelligible] a shy guy, [unintelligible] . . .

**PH:** That's true. I think he stuck up under his shy.

**Q:** Well, can we back up a little bit for narrative purposes here, and get to how you got to New Mexico, which begins with how did you get to Morning Star in California, really?

**FH:** Well, that was my first meeting with the Morning Star people. She was in on the California one also.

**PH:** Yeah. To make this short, I first came to Morning Star from San Francisco, where I had been working on North Beach as a bottomless dancer. I had Sedartha [?], my first child, with Larry, and we were living in San Francisco, and we were down and out and desperate. Larry had this sort of [unintelligible] affinity for work, so I was -- he never worked. He liked to go to winterland and all the -- I never got to go to one those places. But we had a baby, and I had to make some money. So I went -- I only, and I tried secretarial things, and I tried this and that, and they told me in the secretarial thing that I was overqualified, that I would be bored. I said, "I can be bored if I can just eat, I wouldn't mind." I ran up against a stone wall there. So finally someone said, "There's a lot of jobs in North Beach. You've got to be a topless dancer." "I'm not a dancer, I've never danced." But one day I got kind of dancer, because we were desperate for money. So I just walked up there and looked around. And there was a sign on North Beach at Gi Gi's that said, "Bottomless Dancer Wanted." I said, "What the hell is a bottomless dancer?" So I went in, because I was all jacked up on -- I don't know, I had [unintelligible] nitrate or something. I had something weird that I was all jacked up on just to get up my courage. So I walked into this place, and I said, "Well, I'm a bottomless dancer, and I wondered if you had any work for me." And he said, "Well, let's give you a try." I didn't have a clue, really, but I knew that you had to take off your clothes. And I had been warned by somebody that you had to have a little outfit. So I managed to get this little outfit. All it was was just a top with these tassels on it. I just got up there and just wiggled my ass around, to the music. I don't have a tin ear. I've got rhythm. And he just said, "You're hired." And that was \$30 a night, and that was more money than I'd ever heard of before. So I got to be a bottomless dancer at Gi Gi's for \$30 a night. I started working there, and I made some of my own costumes. You have to have a costume to walk on, and then you just take it off. It's not even like a strip thing, it's like bottomless dancer is just a naked dancer. And then they billed me as Coyoni [?] Breaker, and the Naked Eve, different things on the billboard. I got to be an item. But it was fun because I used to sit back in the dressing room and get high and burn incense and talk to the women. I met some really strange people, like hermaphrodites. This one woman that used to always call me Mary, she'd say, "Mary," she told me she was an angel, and she said, this was one, that conversation, she said, "I'm really an angel," she was telling me, "Just between you and me." She had these beautiful breasts, but apparently she had all the male equipment. But anyway, to make a long story short, so I was working there, and Larry was partying. We went, let's see, we finally moved, we met some hippies on North Beach, in the psychedelic bookstore and places like that, and they said they knew an apartment we could rent, get off of the Mission district, which was a real fop house. So we got out of there, we moved in with these guys that were college guys, and they were artists and everything, and it was a little bit more stable. We had a good time with them. We used to go to the Muir Woods with

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them and get high on the weekends. That was really fun. But then it just got kind of rough. And then, okay, the next thing is that we got sort of acquainted with the Diggers and hanging out at the Oracle, the San Francisco Oracle, you know?

**Q:** With Alan Cohen?

**PH:** Yeah, and that Oracle was incredible, incredible people. And we knew a lot of people who were Diggers. We knew the Diggers. Everything was free. They wanted to create a new society out of free. If you want to live in that kind of society, you have to create it. Their thesis was that not only the air and the water and everything should be free, but the food and clothing and basic shelter should be free. They were trying to create that kind of society. And they had free stores, you could walk into their free stores, and there were clothes on hanger, there were appliances, and you could just walk in there, and pick out what you liked, and take it. And if you had anything to contribute, bring it over. It just blew people's minds, that it was free. I got some really cool stuff at the free store. So one evening, a guy that we knew that was a Digger came by, and gave Larry and me a hit of this Ousley [?] acid. He said, there's no strings attached, you just have to come to the Human Be-in. This is the great first Human Be-in, Allan Ginsberg, Gary Snider, Lenore Kindowl [?] and Timothy Leary, and all these people. That was the one where the guy parachuted from the sky. So we went to it, and we got totally, absolutely unhinged on acid. It's a little vague, but I've told this story elsewhere. Anyway, that was quite an experience. And then, when things, it started to be, this was in the early, early, this was like January. And then in the early spring, I was kind of worn out, because all I had been doing was working nights and taking care of my kid in the daytime. Larry, I had managed to get him a guitar. One of the Diggers came by, and said, "You know what you guys ought to do, you ought to go to Morning Star. It's a Digger farm." Which is not true. The Diggers said, "Can we take your apples from the orchard to feed people?" The Diggers thing was to feed people.

**Q:** Yeah, Lou said he was quite surprised when he heard it was known as the Digger Farm.

**PH:** Yeah, that's the way the Diggers were, they just sort of moved in and married your daughter and appropriated everything. So anyway, this old guy that looked like an organ grinder, Calvino, I remember Calvino, he said, "You're a Digger. You don't have to pay anything." I thought you had to pay your way in this world. Larry and I went to Morning Star, and we really liked it. I went back and did a couple gigs with some other bands in other places, just to earn enough money to be able to put it in the pot, for Morning Star so that we could be allowed to live there. Well, what did I know? So I contributed all the money that I had, maybe \$50, to the pot, and that was it, that was the last of it. That bought a few hundred pounds of rice, I suppose. And then we stayed at Morning Star. And then we were there, with the only baby on the set. Adam Sidartha Reed was the only kid on the set, and Lou used to call him Adam Sid, Number One Hippie Kid, and everyone loved him. He doesn't remember this, because he was so little, he just [tape ends] . . . you know the whole Morning Star story, about all the injunctions and all that stuff, so I don't have to go through all that, but you know we stayed, and we did yoga in the morning, it was a beautiful time. "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times."

**FH:** And then you got busted.

**PH:** And then I got pregnant with Psyche, with my second child, and it got to be a little too much for me, especially when I was hauled away for living at Morning Star, and there was a big scandal where I tried

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to kick the cops in the balls and everything with my bare feet. I wasn't tall enough to do it. It's hard to knee somebody when your knees don't go up far enough. So anyway, they put me in handcuffs, and they put Larry in handcuffs, and hauled us all away, the 3 of us, to jail. It was really traumatic. Lou bailed me out in the morning, came out and sprung me. I was just about to fly home to visit my parents for the first time. So we went off, --

**Q:** Was this back here?

**PH:** No, my parents live in New York. And Larry was in jail for a whole month. Then I came back to Morning Star, I could hardly wait to get back, and I got back and decided to go ahead and contest it, because I was Porshe. "The quality of mercy is not strained, it droppeth down into the place that needs. . ." I was just with stars in my eyes. I asked Jody Branston [?], my twin, to come up and testify that -- it was, I was so full of shit it was coming out my ears. What I realized much later -- I was on this thing about truth. Truth is the ultimate abstract value, and that if you tell the truth, justice will prevail. Wrong. All I had to do was just say that I thought, when I attacked -- you see, I was arrested for obstructing an officer in the performance of his duty. And I was guilty. Let's face it,

**Q:** Yeah, trying to kick him in the balls is probably guilty.

**PH:** Somehow, I got a black eye from that, and I don't even know how, but it's the only black eye I've had in my whole life. But I got a black eye in that experience, and the cop got a scratch on his cheek. I can't even put that together. I said -- I just went nuts when they started to put handcuffs on Larry. Ever since then I just have a horror of handcuffs. I can't even stand to see people in handcuffs. It just does something to me. Anybody. So when I saw my husband put in handcuffs, I just, I went completely berserk. He knew he wasn't supposed to stay there, because he knew that he could be arrested any moment, because he had gotten arrested before for living on the property, and I told him, I was like Calpurnia, I said, "Larry, don't stay here." And he wouldn't listen to me, and I broke out in hives. That was another first. I broke out in these hives all over my body, because I knew something was going to happen. And sure enough, at 3 o'clock in the morning, they came and they busted us. But anyway, I'm getting behind, when I came back, I decided, "I'm going to contest it." And I was right, and they were wrong. But if I had just said at the trial, -- it was State of California v. Pamela J. Reed. That was really pretty sobering. The whole state of California was against me. If I had just said, "I thought that they were going to kill my husband, that they were going to shoot him." Because cops do that, they shot him, and they just say, "He was trying to run away and we shot him," and I thought that they were going to shoot him. They would've let me go. But I didn't lie, I just thought the truth would end up -- wrong. But they found me guilty, and I was sticking out to here pregnant with Psyche, and the judge said, "I will not sentence you until after you have this baby." So I never went back. People at Morning Star, including Lou and Marina, especially Marina, she counselled me, they were into the whole legal thing, she said, "Oh, you've got to go back." And I said, "Your ass. I am not going back there. I know California. I am not going to take the chance of having them take my children away from me." I am not going to do it. And I didn't. And they've never bothered me since. They just wanted me to go away. And I did. And that's when Larry and I moved to New Mexico. We thought it would be a fresh move.



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**Q:** Did you go to Wheelers in between?

**PH:** Yeah, when the baby was born. We moved to Wheelers when all this stuff happened. To get away from all the madness.

**Q:** But you weren't there all that long, were you?

**PH:** No, we moved down to the canyon in the most isolated part. That's where I met Vivian, and Vivian was down there with Laird. And Nevada was down there, Crazy Nevada, I'm sure you've heard of him. We spend a whole, we spent from the early spring to late fall in this isolated canyon at Wheelers. And then Cindy, who was Morning Star Cindy, you've heard of her? Famous Cindy, beautiful. She wrote me a letter to Bill Wheeler, she said, "Pam and Larry, you ought to come to New Mexico," because they had already moved out there and started a Morning Star there. She said, "We need you guys, we need families. Come to New Mexico." So we went, and they were living in a ghost town called Enconas [?]. And a bunch of Morning Star people, including David Pratt and everything were living there. We lived in the ruins of this place for awhile. But winter was -- it was Indian Summer, and it was beautiful, and winter was coming on. So we moved to this other place, we found this other place that some hippie had lived in, this 200 year old adobe house, in Cervietta [?] Plaza. And so we wintered there. And that's when Ramon and Sheshana [?] came to visit us, and Beatrice from Morning Star. And then we put the Morning Star in our window, some coyote or somebody sent us a Morning Star, and said, "Put it in your window." Right after that, there comes Ramon, there comes Beatrice, there comes the people Anconas [?]. We wintered there, and then Larry got a wild hair up his ass that he wanted to get a little more basic. We were getting food stamps there, that's how we were living, on food stamps. So he wanted to go to the Pecos [?] Wilderness in New Mexico, and just live in the woods, and grow our own crops. We were nuts is what we were. We had two kids, we were nuts. And so got a friend who we were going to go into business with in New Mexico, make camping equipment. That sort of fell through. But he took us, he just took us with baggage and our books and our stuff and our hoopa pipe and everything, and dropped us off in the Pecos Wilderness. And we lived there, and I planted stuff. I planted stuff in Wheelers canyon too. I was a gardener. Then the creek was running kind of dry. And it was getting toward autumn again, this was toward the second autumn. Larry wanted to get even more isolated. So we took off with our -- we stashed our stuff -- at one point a ranger came in and he saw us and he looked in our tent, and he saw this little crate of books, and a hoopa pipe on top of it, and all this stuff, and he said, "Did you pack in?" We started out having stashed a lot of our stuff, and Larry went with the tools and tent and everything on his back, and I had food and Psyche, my little baby, and everything I could carry on my back. And we just took off, and up through, and Larry had one of these topographical maps, figured, we wanted to go to the Pecos River, the big river. And there was real cliff hanger story about that, because we didn't -- it's in the things that I wrote, it's already in there, but we managed to get up over the hill and get down to the river before nightfall, and camp. And we were camping there, beautiful place, when Lou came out -- Lou met Larry's brother, Fred, he just happened to bump into him. And Fred knew where Larry was. Lou wanted to know where we were, because Cindy had said we should live at Morning Star. Lou had been wanting to persuade Michael Duncan to open his land in the first place, and Lou got to Morning Star and said, "Where are Pam and Larry?" "Well, I don't know, they're not here." So Lou went looking for us. He just bumped into Fred, a little serendipity there, and Fred said, "I know where they are, more or less." And Larry had put a sign on the tree that said, "Gone

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further up." They found us. This is a little vague, I know, but they found us. And then one day, there's Lou and Fred, and they came to visit us. It was a great day. Lou had a little bit of the sacrament, you know, and got us high and everything. He said, "This is beautiful, your little idyllic pastoral existence is beautiful, but you really need community. They really need you at Morning Star. Why don't you come to Morning Star." I remember Larry and I had a real basic conversation, because we had just known from experience that we got along great when we were out in the woods and with the kids and there was nobody else around. We got along great, we didn't have any disputes or anything. But as soon as we got around other people, there was yelling and screaming, and we just didn't get along. I said, "You know, of course, that this is a risk." We talked about it. But we were both kind of bored and lonely and everything, so we decided to go. So another hippie trucked us in, and we went to Morning Star, and I remember the night we arrived, it was night time, and they were sitting around the fire, and everybody was naked, and they were drinking coffee, and I hadn't even seen coffee in months. And I said, "Coffee. You've got coffee." And I drank coffee, and we were up all night. Everybody hugged us and said, "Oh, we're so glad you're here, this is wonderful." It was just a fantastic welcome. "Now we can start, now that you're here, we've been waiting for you." We were home. So then, Findley can pick it up from there. We lived in a tent, we were starting to build the pueblo. And I think Findley was living, weren't you living in a tepee at that time? At one point Findley was living with his wife and four kids in a tepee. And he was very standoffish about us scurrilous hippies. The Indians got a big kick out of it. They have a real code about modesty, they do not take off their clothes. These were all male Indians, and they obviously got a big kick out of the whole thing. I'm sure they didn't go home and tell their wives. But anyway, that was the first time I saw Findley, somebody said, "Oh, yeah, that's Findley, he's Michael's friend." And they called him "the plague with the plow," because one night in the middle of the night, he got a plow, and he was out plowing the whole damn field by the moonlight. I'll let Findley pick it up from there.

**FH:** Well, we'd plowed up this area, because this what the [unintelligible] . . . they'd come in with their mules and they'd plow this pit, and then they'd chop up the straws and throw in the pit with the water, had the mules run around in the pit. So in the adobe, you would occasionally get mule shit too. But anyhow, so Michael pointed out the place where he wanted them to put the adobe for the Morning Star pueblo. So I plowed up that strip. Then they decided on the lower mesa, he wanted to plant all this corn and stuff like that. It was kind of late, I guess. So I don't know if anybody else was plowing, but I had this tractor from Harvey Mud [?], of all people.

**PH:** Harvey Mud was a rich guy that lived down the --

**Q:** Wasn't Harvey Mud the guy who -- he was a doctor, wasn't he? He was the guy who treated John Wilkes Boothe [?] after he shot Abraham Lincoln.

**PH:** That was his grandfather, I think. He was from an illustrious family.

**FH:** He makes Michael Duncan look like a pauper.

**Q:** Is that right? Michael Duncan is reportedly pretty rich.

**FH:** No, Harvey Mud could buy and sell Michael Duncan. He built this place down in El Rollo Hondo [?], that had heaters underneath the concrete in the floor, big mansion-like place, strange architecture.

**PH:** Most people tiles.

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**FH:** And then around the corner, where nobody could see it, he had his little hideaways. But that was like his business address. To get to Michael's [unintelligible], you had to go past Harvey's place. But anyhow, where was I now? Harvey Mud?

**PH:** The plow.

**FH:** So it was Harvey's plow. So I got to plowing on that thing –

**PH:** --He's a Taurus.

**FH:** It was going along pretty good. Then it started getting dark, and I didn't feel like stopping, so I kept plowing.

**PH:** And he plowed up so much more land than anybody wanted him to.

**FH:** Because I had the spiritual [unintelligible]. I was out there plowing, and it was getting kind of late, you know, and all of a sudden there was a star in the sky that was really, really bright. I was just fascinated with this star, and it was just shining so bright, I could see the ground everywhere. So I finished all the plowing that night, by the light of that star. And when I asked anybody else the next day if they saw it, nobody did. But man, that was the brightest star I ever saw in my life. Anyhow, that's when they called me the plague of the plow, because I plowed up so many acres, they had a hell of a time [unintelligible] . . .

**PH:** It erodes if you don't -- the wind blew it, it was too much acreage to plow up. It was not good for the land.

**FH:** [unintelligible] . . .

**PH:** But not all of it. Some of it remained untilled.

**FH:** So anyhow. So about then, let's see. My wife Cathy met this other guy who kind of fell in love with her and our four kids. And about that time, --

**PH:** Larry and I were getting pretty estranged because he had already -- he was real good for building, he's a real architect genius at building. He did the Kiva [?]. He knew Bucky Fuller's principles, and there was one day where they assembled the Kiva, and they did it without any nails or anything. They took these latias [?], and the assembled them --

**FH:** --It was a hole in the ground with sidewalls up about this high.

**PH:** And then they got all these latias, which are big –

**FH:** Not latias. Vegas.

**PH:** I'm sorry, vegas. Vegas are the big ones.

**FH:** Blue spruce.

**Q:** Logs?

**FH:** Logs.

**PH:** They got them all assembled, 12 of them, so that they went together exactly. The men were all around it, and Larry was directing it. And there was this moment when it clicked, and you knew how it would click in. And it clicked in together, and they held.

**FH:** It was like this, and then they locked.

**PH:** It was really far out.

**FH:** So they had this big kiva, at least 30 foot wide, I don't know, with a roof overhead that had no supports. A roof of vegas. I think then they put the latias on, and dirt on top of that. And the only way you could get in was to go through down through the hole, down the ladder.

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**Q:** Some guy lived in there eventually, wasn't there?

**PH:** Oh, a lot of people lived in there. See, we were trying to imitate the Indians, because we were getting into the peyote thing, and with the Indians and everything, the Indians were our gurus.

**FH:** And friends.

**PH:** Yeah, they were nice to us, they liked us, they thought we were funny.

**Q:** What everyone has told me is that there were a lot of troubles with the Chicanos, but the Indians were great.

**PH:** Yeah, the Indians liked us.

**FH:** They just saw us as clown things. They would invite you into their home. "It's a busy time in the pueblo. Come in. Eat. Sit down, meet my family."

**PH:** Even in quiet time. February is a quiet time in the pueblo, where White people are not supposed to come, but Findley got invited to quiet time, which is an honor. Tell them about the peyote. Now you've got to get into the peyote thing. Because Findley knows a lot. A lot of the men at Morning Star got into the peyote thing, and then the women came in. But the men first. It's a whole discipline, a whole yoga, a whole thing. I should sing the song.

**FH:** Well, seven years with Subramuniya, and then that was followed by seven years with American Church of God, which was the peyote, Native American. It was for White guys, you couldn't be White and be a Native American. But more or less that way they tried to include us. And let's see. Before that, though, Pam had left Larry, my wife had gone to Mexico with this other guy. And when she came back, she said she wanted to marry this other guy, and I said okay.

**PH:** She left the kids. I mean, we had all the kids in the tepee.

**FH:** She left the kids, and so Pam came down from Morning Star to take care of my kids for me. That's when our love affair really started, while she was taking care of my kids. So then we just, Pam and I just stayed together after that. My first wife divorced me, her second husband adopted all our kids, and they went off.

**PH:** Pretty amicably, though, there wasn't a lot of bad blood.

**FH:** And -- the reason, I think, is because of something Subramuniya had told me. He was all for staying with your first wife, that was his big thing, if you marry somebody, you're supposed to stay with them, period, no matter what. And then he said, "If people must get divorced, they at least ought to do it right. Because when you say your marriage vows, you are making a commitment to that other person, and that other person is making a commitment to you, and when you do that, under the auspices of God or the Spirit, there's a psychic connection that goes on. And it is true that your flesh does commingle, in a psychic connection. That's why when couples are divorced, no matter how many miles apart they are, they're still connected. The only way around that is, if you must do this, then you must also absolve each other from your marriage vows."

**Q:** So how do you do that?

**FH:** When Cathy came up with that thing, I said, "Okay, I won't contest it. But I want to do this thing. And so I am formally declaring to you that you no longer have to keep your marriage vows to me. I absolve you from any responsibility." And she responded in kind. So when she went her way and I went my way, we had somehow or another, I think it made a difference. Because there wasn't that clinging on

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and wishing that things were different. My oldest boy was 9 years old at that time, and I didn't see him for 10 years. When I saw him, he greeted me with love and affection. I've learned since through the years that Cathy never once criticized or bad mouthed me.

**PH:** It's true, they don't seem to have any animosity toward him. They got grounds for it, by they don't.

**FH:** I never bad mouthed Cathy to her, or anything. Other than the fact that I said it's the only person [unintelligible] . . .

**PH:** Just about killed him one time.

**FH:** Since both of us had absolved each other from these vows, we're still good friends.

**Q:** So how long did you and Pam stay at Morning Star, then?

**FH:** Five years.

**PH:** No, it wasn't that long.

**FH:** It seemed like it.

**PH:** No, it wasn't that long. It was only from '69 to '72.

**FH:** When you got pregnant with Sage.

**PH:** It was '70. He was born in 1970.

**FH:** So we moved down into the valley for that.

**PH:** Yeah, he was born in Arolo Hondo. So it was only really a year that we were at -- it seems like more than 12 months. But like 16 months or something. It seems longer than that.

**Q:** Then what did the two of you do after that? You were together from then on, right?

**FH:** Yeah.

**Q:** I think actually Adam told me some of this. You moved into another small town or something.

**FH:** Well, Sage was born in Arolo Hondo. And I had gotten into peyote ceremonies by then. [unintelligible] up to there, Joe Gomez. He came down the morning Sage was born, took one look at Sage, and said, "Ohohohoo. [?]" I said, "What?" He said, "Ohohohoo. I take him with me to Blue Lake."

**PH:** He meant that, "You take me to Blue Lake with your blue eyes." He had big blue eyes when he was born. With little Joe, he meant, "You take me with your to Blue Lake with your eyes."

**FH:** He said it had something to do with flying like an eagle. And Blue Lake, of course, was the sacred lake of the Taos Indians, where they get their water. Which Nixon gave back to them.

**Q:** I remember they got it back.

**PH:** Richard Nixon's two great legacies, China and Blue Lake.

**FH:** So, we lived there through the bitter winter of '70. Forty degrees below one day here.

**Q:** At Morning Star?

**PH:** No, at Arolo Hondo, in this reconstituted garage -- we lived in an adobe garage, and that's where Sage was born. It was a one room thing. Now you've got to tell him about your concubine. Findley had a concubine.

**FH:** No I don't.

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**PH:** You want me to tell him about it?

**FH:** No, I don't think it has anything to do with anything.

**PH:** Sure it does, it has everything to do with it, because that's the way we were.

**FH:** Okay. So we were there, living in the garage, and we meet some of our friends who have come down from the Morning Star, and had re-adobed the outside to make it liveable. We moved in a little tin stove, and I built a bunk bed. It was just a garage, is what it was. But the front had been closed off and there was a door. We were living on the property of this guy Dennis something or other. What was Dennis' last name?

**PH:** Dennis Long.

**FH:** And his wife Mickie, who were very much into the peyote --

**PH:** --Mickie's still there in Taos. They sold it, but she's living in Santa Fe now.

**FH:** But anyhow, they were real far into the peyote thing, and so --

**PH:** --And Justin and Jo-Ann were living there.--

**FH:** --They had me living there, and then they had some bachelor girl living up in a little shed they had. They were pretty open about it. That is, until Pam got about 6 months pregnant, and her libido is usually pretty strong, but she decided that maybe I might need to have somebody else around during the last few months. I had met this beautiful young redheaded girl, 20 years old maybe.

**PH:** I mean, it wasn't my initial decision, Findley met this lovely lady.

**FH:** She was lovely. She was tall, almost as tall as me.

**PH:** Beautiful breasts. I'd never seen such beautiful breasts.

**FH:** She called herself Feather.

**PH:** And her sister was there too, and she called herself the Fig. And somebody else at New Buffalo finally figured that out -- it's like "I don't give a feather or a fig. You may grow up to be a fig. Or would you like to swing on a star?"

**FH:** That's how they picked their names. So anyhow, I broke the subject to Pam, and she thought it was a great idea.

**PH:** He came back and he said, "Oh, I met this lovely girl, and I think I'm in love, and she's so sweet, you've just got to meet her!" And I said, "Sure, yeah, I want to meet her." And I met her, and I just loved her too. She was so cute, and she was funny, and she was kind of straight, because she was just new on the hippie scene. She just thought we were wonderful, she just thought everything about hippies were wonderful, and she just wanted to emulate everything, and she just -- and she had, and she knew all the show tunes that I did. And she was a Sagittarius, and I'm a Gemini, and so we just got along. She was funny. We just hit it off, and I could understand why Findley fell in love with her. So they go ahead.

**FH:** So she came to live with us.

**PH:** Yeah, he invited her to live with us. And I thought, "Shit, that's a good idea. I need some help with the cooking and with the kids and with the kids and everything --"

**Q:** --Is this your third kid you're pregnant with?

**PH:** Yeah, my third kid. I wouldn't mind, I would like the company. I sort of -- it's a funny thing though, it's like a lot of women just didn't like Findley because he was so brash and prude, he was such an oaf. But Feather just fell in love with him, because he's cuddly and sensitive and nice and kind. She recognized all his good qualities. And it was kind of a comfort that I wasn't the Lone Ranger, that

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somebody else thought he was worth loving too. I liked her for that. I know that sounds weird, but it's true.

**Q:** Was that the end of communal days, at that point, though?

**PH:** Not really, because we were right near New Buffalo. We were a walk away from New Buffalo.

**Q:** Which was still growing strong at that point.

**PH:** And Justin and Jo-Ann -- and we used to go there and take baths all the time. We used to hang out there. They had a bath tub. Justin and Jo-Ann Case, who are still good friends, were living in New Buffalo. That's around when my big midwifery thing started. I delivered Jo-Ann's third child. I had gotten into being a hippie midwife, because --

**FH:** Jo-Ann's third child, he was born defected --

**PH:** She had German measles when she was 3 months pregnant. And he had a clef palate when he was born. It was kind of a shock.

**FH:** Anyhow, they had decided to put up a meeting for the child, Michael Jonathan. I guess I had been hanging around the peyote church for about six months by then, going there and eating their medicine. That wasn't my first experience with peyote, that was way back there, that was another lifetime. When you could mail order from a Texas farm.

**Q:** I've heard about those things.

**FH:** Yeah. When I first was Bacca's [?] music floating in the air. But anyhow, so that was -- Michael Jonathan, and didn't they name us godparents?

**PH:** Yeah, you remember we went to church and we stood up in a Lutheran church and everything.

**FH:** This was for Michael Jonathan, and so in six months time, I had learned one song. You learn songs by listening. The ceremony involved [unintelligible] four songs. Well, I only had one song. I got all determined [unintelligible] . . . so that was my first singing debut. So I sang that one song, four times in a row. [unintelligible] . . . It was awful. That's why I never became a good musician, I was just stage shy. So anyhow, then after that, I got more involved in it, I learned more songs. Little Joe was just [unintelligible] . . . "The door's open. Come in. Anybody, come in. " He also said, "Don't talk about this to people. Tell them, if they want to know, come on in and see with their own eyes."

**PH:** "This is not a picture show."

**FH:** So, that's what it was, if anybody got interested, he's say, "There's a meeting on such and such day." [unintelligible] . . . a lot of times it wasn't. [unintelligible] . . . and so then, getting into that, and learning some songs, learning the rituals, learning what the drummer teach does, and the [unintelligible] chief does, the seer [?] chief does, the fire chief does, practical things like how to sleep on a dirt floor and not raise any dust. [unintelligible] . . . no hurry, how to keep the fire going all night. How to put the embers, how to change fires. And how to make a rattle, now to make a drum stick, how to tie a drum. How to use your sage and cedar. I never did get to blow the [unintelligible], because I was never a real [?] chief. Only the real [?] chief blows it. And so the ceremony would start at dusk, and we would go in and there would be sort of an opening prayer by the [unintelligible] chief. He'd sing the opening songs. And then there's [unintelligible] . . . the medicine man.

**PH:** They have it ground up, and usually, a lot of times, they have it --

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**FH:** --Well, tea, ground up in --

**PH:** Little ball of peyote.

**Q:** So did you just eat the ball, or did you make tea of it?

**PH:** Both.

**FH:** When they cut the green peyote to dry it up, and the stuff that's left over, they put off to the side. And then they make tea out of that. And then the dry stuff was eventually either given to you in chips, which I preferred, or ground up. The old men would grind it up into powder and make a little ball and just take it as a pill. But the best is the green peyote. It's just delicious.

**PH:** It tastes terrible. It tastes like goldenseal. Very similar to goldenseal, which tastes terrible.

**FH:** [unintelligible] . . . got to taste with your own mouth. I always liked it. Anyhow,

**Q:** Could you keep it down?

**PH:** Not me, I threw up.

**FH:** Yeah, sometimes. That was one of the things that the fire chief did. He had a little scoop, and if a person got sick, instead of saying, "I want to go outside and puke," or something like that, they said, "No, right there, right there in front of you."

**PH:** To throw up in situ [?].

**FH:** Right in front of yourself. You throw up like that.

**Q:** Really, and just leave it there?

**FH:** And you'd sit there, and then the fire chief would come up with his little scooper and scoop it up, and then he'd take it outside. But the idea was once you went in there, you didn't leave.

**PH:** And if you did leave, leave the tepee, you had to go clockwise.

**FH:** You had to ask, first of all, permission. You'd have to ask the real [?] chief, "I need to go outside for a few minutes." And he'd say okay. So you'd get up and you'd walk clockwise. And the fire chief was sitting at the door, and he'd let you out. So you go out there and look at the stars and take your pee [tape ends] . . .

**Q:** I'd like to back up and just get one detail down, if I could. The whole deal of, you weren't the first people to go to Morning Star to Morning Star? So how did those first people go? What was involved?

**PH:** Well Cindy and Charlie and David Pratt, and a bunch of people [unintelligible], they all -- they heard about New Mexico, well, --

**Q:** --New Buffalo was already there, I guess.

**PH:** New Buffalo was already there. The way I had first heard about New Mexico is reading Frank Waters. I read *The People of the Valley*, and *The Man Who Killed the Deer*. That sort of captured our imaginations. A lot of people read those books, and it seemed like New Mexico was so fascinating. They didn't -- this was before Michael Duncan was on the scene, but I don't know, I'm not real sure, I'd have to call up David and find out what got him -- because I know where he is, he's in Austin -- why they first went. But they ended up at, what's that town -- Truchas [?], New Mexico, which is a wild fucking town. It must be 97% Chicano, and this is the land of the Penitentes [?].



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**FH:** It was up high, this was at 8,000 feet.

**PH:** Yeah, and it's just this little town.

**Q:** Where is it?

**PH:** Truchas is the place where they made the movie, The Milagro Beanfield War. They made that movie there, because -- which was supposed to be in Taos, but they made it there.

**FH:** If you go to Espanola, and you turn east, and you go up. From Espanola, you go up I'd say 3,000 feet. Up to the top. And when you get up there, you can see all of that valley down below, and then the Truchas peaks off not too far away. And it's cold up there. There were maybe 3, 4, 5 authors [?], White people living up there. But not much else.

**PH:** Because, this is Penitente territory, you know about the Penitentes?

**Q:** Yeah, sure, they're all through that area.

**PH:** Yeah, and their idea, Easter, you know, what they do, they reenact the passion, the crucifixion, they reenact it, and people used to get crucified for real in those things.

**Q:** Killed, you mean?

**PH:** Yeah. It would be a great honor. They would volunteer to get up on the cross, and they would whip each other, whip themselves, and you put a person up on the cross, and reenact the thing, and if he actually checked out, it was a great honor. But that was back in the bad old days. I don't think they were doing that when Morning Star people arrived, but they were doing things like on Good Friday, the Pechucos, who were the mafioso of the Penitentes, would drive around the town just shooting. What you had to do is you had to stay in your house, lock the doors, and stay down. Because you might get shot. I don't know what it was. But it was like sort of the Pechuco Passover. It was really rough. That's where Cindy, and David Pratt, and a few other people, and Charlie, -- they were living in Truchas.

**Q:** But they had just gone because things were so tough at Morning Star?

**PH:** Yeah, because of the injunctions and all that stuff, it just got too much of a media thing, and that's not what we had in mind to begin with. We had in mind this utopia that we were going to build. So they were going to try to build the new utopia. It just got too rough in Truchas. Then they, somebody, found out about this -- there were a bunch of ghost towns in New Mexico. There was this whole ghost town called Anconas [?], which is near, not far from Espanola. And it's like Tia Maria. That's where, what's that guy that -- Ray, Tia Rina? Well anyway, there was a big thing about the Spanish land grants of 16-something or other, they were contesting that, saying that they had a right to that land, because their ancestors had a right to it from the get go, and there's this whole thing. It's still going on, Tia Maria.

**FH:** There's churches in New Mexico, that are older than the United States. So all these Spanish people were living there before the United States.

**PH:** But they just vacated that place because there was nothing, I guess they just didn't have any means of support, so there's all these houses there.

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**Q:** Why'd they go to Truchas?

**PH:** I don't know. I'll try to ask David.

**Q:** It sounds completely unlikely.

**FH:** Except, he's an artists, and it's probably one of the beautiful places.

**PH:** It is beautiful, and the light is incredible, and David has always been into light. I'll have to call him and ask him. David is the great artist of Morning Star, you've probably seen some of his stuff. That one is David's. That was inspired by a story that I wrote. I wrote a story called "The Wreath of Europa," and that's Zeus and Europa. He read that, and it inspired him and he painted that painting. And this one is called "The Goose that Laid the Golden Egg."

**FH:** That one there was done about 6 years ago.

**Q:** So how'd they hook up with Michael Duncan then and get going with that?

**PH:** Lou --

**Q:** Lou went to visit?

**PH:** I don't know. I'll have to ask David about that too.

**Q:** Because Michael Duncan had not been there that long, I think.

**PH:** No, he hadn't been. I don't know. That's a piece of the puzzle that I don't have together. From Truchas they went to Anconas [?], and that's when we came on the scene. And then Larry and I went off to the Pecos Wilderness and disappeared. And I don't know how they -- I don't know that. I can find out.

**Q:** I'm just curious how it really happened.

**PH:** I can find that out for you. They somehow bumped into Michael Duncan and then they told Lou about it, and Lou came out and rapped his rap, his irresistible rap about land about land access which is denied no one. Michael has always been rather fond of naked ladies, so the prospects -- so I don't know.

**Q:** There's got to be a connection in there, because Michael Duncan goes all the way back to Millbrook. In New York, the early LSD commune. Tim Leary's place. It's in Art Klep's [?] book, he's prominently there.

**PH:** I wonder if it's the same Michael Duncan?

**FH:** It probably is.

**Q:** It seems like it.

**PH:** He got around, he really got around. He always had dope, and he always had money, so he probably is.

**FH:** He had a three-eyed frog up in the city.

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**Q:** Yes, that's definitely it. So it's all connected, it all comes together somehow, but I don't know how he got to New Mexico. Anyway, I suppose it's not a big deal.

**PH:** I can find it out, I'll write it down and ask David. Because I know David knows.

**FH:** I'm not sure if he knew anybody in New Mexico or not, but I do know that Larry Stein [?] and –

**PH:** --And Jane. Jane's sister.

**FH:** No, she wasn't in the place.

**PH:** Oh, right.

**FH:** Larry Stein and Gala were in an institution.

**PH:** Oh, right, they were in the funny farm together. There must've been a connection there.

**FH:** They were like that there. And I think Michael knew Larry from New York. Larry was a junkie.

**PH:** And Larry was at the old Morning Star. He was in California. I remember, because he came down to visit us in the canyon, I remember that. He was a science fiction reader, like we were. He ran out of science fiction books.

**FH:** They were in this place, and so Michael went down and --

**PH:** --He said, "God, I ran out of science fiction, I had to read a religious book the other day. You guys, I'm getting desperate!"

**FH:** So they were in this place, and Michael went down and somehow sprung them. And then left [unintelligible] . . . real quick, and then went as far away as he could get from people, which I think was New Mexico. He'd been to Nevada, and he saw Nevada as, "It's okay, up in the mountains, [unintelligible] . . . Tahoe, [unintelligible]."

**Q:** What about Reality? When did that get started?

**FH:** Reality got started a day, it came after Lone Star, they moved up to New York.

**PH:** And Max Spendstein [?], the poet --

**Q:** --He was the founder of New Buffalo.

**FH:** One of them.

**PH:** And the Taos Poetry Circus is still going on. Peter Rabbit's there. And they give them the Max Spenstein Prize. And I delivered Max Spendstein's daughter, Rachel's, baby. One of her babies.

**Q:** You know he died, right?

**PH:** Yeah.

**FH:** Then there was like around the corner, up the hill -- the Hog Farm was around there, and then the Lama Foundation.

**PH:** And Five Star was there too. That was near the Ponce de Leon Hot Springs.

**FH:** They had a camp out there.

**PH:** Well, they had a big old house.

**FH:** Then that guy that called himself Belly Button, Bob Bompsey [?], him and those people went out to the Mora [?] County.

**PH:** They called that the Kingdom of Heaven. It was off at Lauren. Beautiful land, but they got run off by the local pachucos [?] because they were just a little too [unintelligible] . . .

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**FH:** Couple of their girls got raped and somebody got shot. Mora's the place where the New Mexico highway patrol doesn't want to go. Certain places, it's like San Luis Valley in Colorado.

**PH:** Yeah, because if they do go there, they mysteriously disappear, and nobody ever finds them. It's like, "I don't know about you, Jack, but I'm not going up there."

**FH:** So that's where they decided to put their Kingdom of Heaven, and they got run out by a year, and that's where you met Bob's mom's father, who was the doctor from New York, who gave you all the stuff for your --

**PH:** --Yeah, he gave me a gut cutter, so I could make episiotomies [?] if I had to and sew women up. He was a friend of Lou, he and Lou were thick as thieves. One time I was delivering a baby at New Mexico Morningstar, and they were both there they were so cute. God, there's so many stories.

**Q:** Everything I read about Reality says it's a real grim, heavy-duty political place.

**PH:** There were some Diggers there, and they were real [unintelligible] type revolutionaries, they were more political than we were. But the funny thing is about Reality, this is funny, because they thought we were foo-foo, we were just a bunch of fluff. And they built their adobe pueblo, and we built our adobe pueblo. And when the rains came down and the floods came up, Reality just sort of melted away, they had nothing but trouble.

**FH:** Water coming in every place.

**PH:** They built them wrong, and we got the last laugh, because we were secure and warm in our little hippie-built -- and they had these big grandiose room, and they just sort of caved, they just caved in. It was just funny.

**Q:** It didn't last very long after.

**PH:** No, it didn't. They folded and left way before we did.

**Q:** Did you hear the story about the recent sighting up there? Michael Duncan told me this when I was out there last summer. He said that, this wasn't very long ago, he said that suddenly, up the mesa, comes this team, jeep-load or two of Smithsonian scientists, knocking on his door. They wanted permission to go explore the site over near his house here, off this way. "Well, what's going on?" They said, they had satellite photos that they had been computer enhancing and stuff, and analyzing, and they had just stumbled on to the fact they think there was an Anazazi [?] site there. There's a large, very dim now, but a large shape of a thunderbird there, and they think it's an ancient Indian site. What happened was that Michael had given permission for these people from the commune called Magic Tortoise, he told them they could come in and have it. So they came in and completely packed all the adobe bricks and everything, they just took it away, and rebuilt their place with it. So all there was was the outline on the ground. And that was what they saw.

**PH:** How much do you know about Magic Tortoise? They were related to Lama somehow. Weren't they a little theatrical or something? Ramon knows a lot about Magic Tortoise. Anne and Petter Rabbit know all about Magic Tortoise.

**FH:** Steve Gaskin went on a little tour on his bus with them for a week once.

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**Q:** Any other great communal stories? Any other unforgettable people?

**PH:** Well, Jason. We had goats, and Jason was a Capricorn, so he was in charge of the goats.

**FH:** Jason loved running around without his clothes. One summer, he was out without his clothes on, and he got his penis sun burned. So, "What you going to do about that, Jason? I guess you're going to have to put some clothes on." And he thought about it and thought about it. So the next day he shows up with his penis in a Bull Durham bag.

**PH:** It didn't go off all the way. He was hung pretty well. It went off about halfway, and it looked incredibly silly. Everybody was laughing. He really enjoyed it, he said, "Well, hell, you know, I don't want to get sunburned, got to protect the family jewels here.

**FH:** He was really a cheerful and loving. Went to a lot of peyote meetings. Women loved him. They thought it was cutest little thing, he'd always get the crazy girls.

**PH:** He was a goat.

**FH:** He was hung pretty well too. He was well built. This thing in the tepee about owls, you have to be very careful with owl things and such, because the owl is the bird that flies at night. Associated with danger and maybe police activity, stuff like that. So anybody who carries the owl feathers has to be very careful. But Jason didn't pay much attention to that. He had this owl wing, which he used to bring in to peyote meetings. To compensate for that, he made up an owl song, which as far as I know is one of the few gringo songs that ever got into a peyote meeting. Anyhow, one night when we were having a meeting, this guy from Reality Construction Company, who was quite known for his violence and such, always carried a gun and a rifle. He was a little short guy trying to be big. He came into this peyote meeting one night, about halfway through it, and he walked in with his rifle.

**Q:** Into a peyote meeting?

**FH:** Yeah, he walked in with his rifle. Everybody looked up at him, and it was Jason's time to sing. So Jason got out his owl feathers, and he had the drummer start, and he sang, "[sings Indian song]. . ." and Jason went through that about three times without a disturbance, [unintelligible] . . . stood there and stared at him, and walked out. That's when I saw the power of owl feathers.

**PH:** Sing one of your songs that you sing good.

**FH:** Can I get a rattle.

**PH:** Yeah, get a rattle. Meanwhile, I'll tell him about a hippie song that I created. We had a meeting for Sage, when he was a baby. We have meetings for babies, to bless their life and everything. And I got to bring in morning water, the woman gets to bring in morning water, which is a special water and everything. I didn't have any songs, but I just thought up -- you know, you could sing, they sang songs in English, too, that come from hymns and stuff, but I just thought up this thing that seemed to work. You shake the rattle, you hold the staff, and you sing. It's very formal. So I sang this song, "Show me the way, show me the way, show me the way, the way to go home. Come on and show me the way, show me the way, show me the way, the way to go home. [etcetera] . . ." That's what you sing at the end of the song [sings Indian words]. And nobody objected to it. Some people picked it up. What is it, Jefferson Airplane, it's one of the -- you recognize it, don't you? It's a '60's song from one of the bands.

**FH:** I'm going to sing a Zamora song. [shaking rattle, unintelligible] . . . song he made up while he was travelling [unintelligible] . . . so he calls it "Travelling." [sings Indian song]. . .

**PH:** Sing Benny's song.

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**FH:** Benny was a wino, he came to the church a lot, but could never get off the wine [unintelligible] . . . run over in the snow [unintelligible] . . . [does another song]. . .

**PH:** Findley made that [rattle]. I like that song.

**FH:** [sings several more songs] . . . there, that's four.

**PH:** Yeah, we really got into it.

**FH:** [unintelligible] . . . each song, each singing four times.

**Q:** Benny froze in the snow, huh?

**FH:** There was a song by Frank Zamora, a song by Benny Tropio [?], and the simple song was by I don't know who. And the last song was Joe [unintelligible].

**PH:** Lot of little Joe stories. [unintelligible] . . .

**Q:** Let me just ask you one more question, okay? You don't have to keep this up forever. We've been trying to ask everyone this, we've talked to hundreds of people, right, and this is the one universal question: What was the best thing and worst thing about communal living?

**FH:** The people, and the people.

**PH:** That's a good answer. For me, the best thing about communal living is the comraderie and the children, that you had a family, and you would cook together. There was never any babies in the problem -- and kids always had a lot of adults to relate to. You weren't tied to your own kids to the extent that you always had to entertain them. There were always people around who were delighted to talk to them, to entertain them, to take care of them. For me, cooking, [unintelligible]. . . I hate to cook. And not having to do the things that you don't like to do, and being able to do the things that you do like to do. I prefer to garden, and I hate to cook. So I could, I didn't have to cook, I could garden. When we blesh [?] -- "blesh" is a term from a science fiction thing, from an old John Windon [?] novel -- it's like the cogs fit in where we're cooperating. And when we were doing something together, in both Morning Stars, when we were building something, the pueblo in New Mexico, and building our places and doing our gardens, people worked all together doing something, then things bleshed, everything got along. It was when we were all done with whatever we were doing, and we were sitting back, that the bad shit came down. So the best part of it for me was the communication and the love and companionship, and the fun of just being with other like-minded people. And the conversations, we'd have all these different spiritual -- everybody had ideas and input of ideas from a lot of people. The worst thing, for me, about it, was hunger. There wasn't enough food. There were times of real hunger, where there weren't enough produce. That was real hard on me, because I couldn't go out and seek it, because I was sort of tied to my kids. And I got real anemic.

**Q:** So some really serious health issues.

**PH:** Yeah. I didn't get sick, I probably told you before that I was around all these hepatitis epidemic, and apparently I had it and got the antibodies, but I didn't get sick. So the sickness wasn't a problem, it was just hunger. It was just lack of basic -- and also, shelter. Food, clothing, and shelter. There was enough clothing, we always had extra clothing. But food and shelter, I remember times when Findley and I were living in the tepee, and it blew over, and then we were living in a tent, and it was like on rainy days, when we moved out of the pueblo, there was nothing you could do on rainy days except sit in your tent

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and wait for the rain. I remember a really rainy day like that, and just thinking, "What am I doing in this reality? Where is our life going? How did we get here, where are we going from here if anywhere?" It just seemed really, really grim. "We're just existing, all we do is eat -- like it's a struggle everyday to build a fire." You can't build a fire in the rain, and the only way to cook is to build a fire, and there were kids to feed, and there was nothing to feed them except rice, and sometimes beans. So that was the worst. For me, the best was the companionship and the comradery, and the cooperation, and the worst was hunger.

**Q:** That's pretty real.

**PH:** Do you have anything to add to that?

**FH:** No. Just that for me, because I grew up in Southern California, and meeting all those people from all over, with these different ideas and ways of being, no matter how strange or far off it seemed to be, there was always some kind of an acceptance. And then the thing that bothered me most was when people would get greedy, especially about food.

**PH:** It was kind of desperate times.

**FH:** They would get greedy, and then people would get mean. Some people would just do absolutely nothing. Chief artists in residence, they would craft us all sorts of cheap garbage.

**PH:** David always had high ethical principles, you know, right down the line.

**FH:** Nobody else would clean up the garbage.

**PH:** And he took out the garbage.

**FH:** I guess I could say a lot about [unintelligible] . . .

**PH:** Actually, that kind of thing was really why I left Larry and why Larry and I became estranged, because in order to eat, you had to have wood, and you had to have it chopped to build a fire, and you had to get water. And the water, when the creek went dry, we had to go way down the canyon and get to the bigger creek and bring water up. And the wood sort of ran out, so you had to go far afield for wood. Well, Larry didn't want to do either. He'd say, "Later." But later -- I had to feed my kids, and he just didn't -- he would lie in bed all fucking day. So I used to go down with a pack on my back every day. I'd go down to get water, and I'd take a couple of jugs, get water, and then I'd haul up as much wood as I could in my two hands. One day, I was sick of not having enough water, it took so long, so I took one of those big water jugs, and I think it weighs around 40 pounds. And I had these logs, I'd carry as much as I could dragging the logs in my hand. And I came up the hill, and I didn't realize, and I knew, when I took that pack [tape ends] . . . but that was one thing, and I worked out a little arrangement.

**FH:** It took me years to stop you complaining about it.

**PH:** Yeah. But the other thing is that David -- and Larry wouldn't chop the wood, sometimes when it got to be bigger logs, I could break up a lot of it, but I couldn't chop the damn stuff. I could chop it as much as I could, but beyond that, you know. And so David said, "I'll chop it for you." He was pissed off at Larry, but he said, "I'll do it for you." So I bring it up, and put it at David's door, and David would chop it for me. That's how I got by. I just thought of one more story. Findley didn't have this little Weltanschauung [?] or something about the conspiracy of women to tie men to working, and he didn't have a philosophical repugnance to work, and Larry did. He thought it was a conspiracy of the world at large to enslave him. I used to say, "But Larry, somebody's got to take out the garbage, somebody's got to -- we've got to exist, and if it isn't you . . ." I thought it was totally logical, but he just didn't see it. But

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the story, the one story that I want to tell, because I think it's kind of significant, is that I have this tropism, in the spring of the year, I've just got to go out and plant some marijuana, it's just a little thing I have. This is the first year I think that I didn't do it, because I didn't have any time. And I'm real good at it, and I'm really good at growing it in funny little places, where nobody goes. I don't grow it a lot at once, just one here, and one there, and it blends in, and sometimes in the thistles. So I had a whole crop of mishwakan [?], it was this beautiful stuff, I've never seen before. Somebody gave me some seeds, and it's this like iridescent pot, it's beautiful. And it was, I had some plants that were in the willows, way up above my head. I used to go down naked, sit and blow my wooden flute and play to them and talk to them and pet them and everything. My master plan, what I was going to do, is I was saving Bull Durham bags, and I was going to be lady bountiful, -- I was into embroidery a lot, too -- I was going to save this grass, and I was going to cure it. I got to back up a little bit, me and Reggie, the year before that, we had grown some together. We were the two pot freaks. We grew some for the whole community, but we knew how they were, so we went and buried it for Christmas. We worked very well together, and we were the pot growers. We buried one stash for Christmas and one stash for Easter, and it worked out. So the next year, what I was going to do, I think Reggie was gone or something, I was going to grow this mishwakan, and I was going to cure it, and the way you cure it is in a wooden box. This whole thing to get the -- but it was just about to seed where it gets the resin on it and everything. Well, this French guy came by, who was -- I don't know, he was just passing through, and he was French, and he was real interested in wild marijuana. And we told him, everybody told him, "It doesn't grow wild." And we told him in so many words, "If you see any, it belongs to somebody." We didn't say that there is any, we just said, "If you happen to see any, it belongs to somebody, it's not growing wild. Dig it?" So one day, and I was pregnant, sticking out to here with Sage, my third child. I went down, and I went to my places, and all my plants had been ripped off. I was just horrified. I went to one place, they were gone. They were gone everywhere. There was just one little arollo, where there were a couple little plants, they weren't even real good ones, that he hadn't gotten. I knew it was him. Because he asked me about it. I came up, and everybody was in the pueblo, and I came up, bare to the waist, with my stomach sticking out, and I knew it was him. I said, "Did you take my plants!?" And the guy was saying, "I did not know it was --" and I said, "Bullshit! You knew Goddamn well it was! Where is it?! Give it to me!" And David Pratt and Charlie were standing there, and I was just beside myself, and everybody was just standing there in silence, watching me. I wanted to tear him to pieces. I've never felt so violent against another human being. I wanted to kill him. I wanted to see him hurt. I wanted to see him in pain and dying. I never felt so violent against another human being in my entire life. Before or since. He wouldn't get off it, he wouldn't tell us, he just denied it, he just denied the whole Goddamn thing. And I was so mad. I remember later Findley told me that Charlie turned to David, and he said, "Boy, I'm glad she's not mad at me." I was devastated, I was just fucking devastated.

**FH:** You put a lot of work into it, you had to carry the water --

**PH:** I put a lot of work and a lot of love and a lot of time. And it was like, it was altruistic, I was going to give an embroidered Bull Durham bag of cured mishwakan to everybody in the pueblo at Christmas. I had this grandiose idea, everybody was going to love me because I was going to be lady bountiful. But still, it just seemed like a good plan, and he took it before it even had gotten its resin on it. I hadn't even -- after that I learned to take some leaves off in case somebody steals it. I remember that night, no, it was nights later, I was out there sobbing, I was just so, in so much pain, I went through so much pain over



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this, and David came out, and I was way out in the boonies, I guess he heard me crying, and he put his hand on my shoulder, and he said, "It's really bad, huh?" And he knew what I was crying about. I said, "Yeah." It's like he understood, and he didn't -- it was really, God, I'm getting emotional about it now because it's such an emotional thing. And I wrote a letter to Ramon, and I was just so upset. I don't know who else I wrote to, but I happened to write a letter to Ramon and I told him the whole story. And Ramon -- this was later -- he picked up a hitch hiker, a French guy, and his name was Marcel, I told him what his name was. And Ramon knew the story, and he connected it finally, it snapped. Because he said, "Oh yeah, I've been in New Mexico," and he said that he was at the Morning Star at New Mexico. And Ramon just put two and two together, and he said, "Damn, this is the guy that ripped Pam off." So he confronted him with it. Ramon said, "Did you do that? I heard that you ripped off all this grass from Morning Star." And he said, "Uh," -- and before that, the guy was rapping down this great spiritual thing, about his spiritual life, and Ramon says, "Spiritual pride is a rip-off too. Get out of the car." Kicked him out of the car. Talk about -- I don't know, solidarity and connection. That made me feel better. That's the only thing that made me feel better, that that happened. I never - I just harvested those tiny little plants.

**FH:** Well, the guy in France probably learned a lesson there.

**PH:** The guy must've been completely mind blown by that. What are the odds of somebody picking you up hitch hiking, and he knows that you're guilty. He listened to his whole spiritual rap, and then he asked him about where he'd been, and he found out he'd been to Morning Star, and he just put it together.

**FH:** Let's go to bed, it's late.

**Q:** Had enough? Okay.