

Memo of the Month



United States Department of the Interior

NATIONAL PARK SERVICE
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20240

IN REPLY REFER TO:
F34-AC

Memorandum

To: Directorate
From: Associate Director, Administration
Subject: Professional Services Carryover Projects, FY 1975 to FY 1976

We understand that DSC is managing its funding by PWE within the total program for a given region to make adjustments between approved projects. PC/IP's are still required to add, drop or defer a project.

In estimating carryover projects funded from "no-year" appropriations, DSC will, in effect, show a distribution of its anticipated June 30 unobligated balance by PWE within region to projects needing to be completed in FY 1976.

When the regions establish priorities for their combined "carryover plus new program" for FY 1976, it will be their prerogative to make adjustments within the total funding to be available from both FY 1975 and 1976 within PWE.

As in the past, during the course of the fiscal year, WASO may approve adjustments between primary work elements by covering this from WASO reserves or by trade-offs between regions.



Save Energy and You Serve America!

American Communes Voluntary Maoism

by John Rothchild

Nobody has noticed that American communes are thriving. It is a curious omission. We read pages of speculation that Patty Hearst may be hiding in a commune, in her outmoded attachment to 1960s radicalism; but who wonders about those hundreds of places that are still organized enough to even harbor Patty Hearst? The last great commune figure was Charlie Manson, and we all know what happened to him. We know what happened to all that naive energy of the 1960s through the fates of the leaders of that generation: Leary, babbling; Rennie Davis, under the turgid thumb of the 15-year-old guru; Jerry Rubin, bemoaning age; Abbie Hoffman, indicted for coke (a Park Avenue drug); political radicals and drug radicals copped-out or sold-out or imprisoned or crazy or dead.

I only discovered the actual size and strength of the commune nation while doing research for a book on children of radicals. My imagined dilemma of finding enough kids to write about became instead a real problem of knowing when to stop. By traveling the mountainous regions of America—the Ozarks, the Appala-

chians, the Rockies, northern California—and driving to where the road knocked the oil pan off my car, I would find the rainbow buses and domes and scrap-built houses and victory gardens that are the landscape of communes. The inhabitants of one (who said they hadn't seen a reporter for five years) directed me down the road to another, and so on, until I began to envision this vast, anonymous civilization, like the straw-hut tribes that once lived in the shadows of Mayan temples and Aztec pyramids. It was disconcerting to find this unknown civilization out there. I suspected conspiracy. Why hasn't the press told us about these Americans who survive communally, who use less energy, who do all the things that William Simon said the rest of us should do to save the country? Why haven't they told us about Stephen Gaskin, a man who led 500 ex-college students and defected professionals to abandon their careers and raise soybeans on a giant farm in Tennessee? After visiting dozens of communes, I was convinced that the counterculture was dropped from the news at the precise moment it became serious—that is, tenable—and that there is something so threatening about the successful communes that we would

John Rothchild is a contributing editor of The Washington Monthly.