

MUIRWALKERS LAMENT:

Paul, why has thou forsaken me? My best friend, my consort, my confessor, my ally, my soulmate. you could pontificate about anything, from astrophysics to trends in pornography, religion, philosophy, and of course, books, a pastime we both were deeply involved with, and death too, but only in the abstract.

Like all avid readers, we expressed our deepest feelings by using excerpts and characters from great fiction.

We chuckled over **Father Zosima**, the priest in the **Brothers Karamazov**, who was considered so holy by his parishioners, that his elevation to sainthood was all but assured, so why remove his dead body from the church, bodies of saints do not deteriorate, there it sat for close to a week, emitting a noxious odor, until a novice finally said, *"it stinks"* whereupon he was seized by several priests and beaten to a pulp before the body was finally removed.

We discussed the Death of **Ivan Illyich** and the only comfort he received was having the servant boy elevate his legs and rub them with healing balm. We pondered over the demise of **Bartleby the Scrivener**, spending his last days staring at a blank wall, and the premature death of **Billy Bud**, hanging from a yardarm. We reveled about facing the firing squad and waiting for the poison to drop in the gas chamber, always with smirking faces and false bravado because our day would never come, but come it did, like a slap in the face.

**"Ask not for whom the bell tolls,
the bell tolls for thee my friend"**

Paul often said he wanted to die climbing over the parapets of a fascist gun emplacement, singing the Marseilles, as he took a bullet to the chest. His second choice was to go surrounded by family and friends, and as luck and help from a loving family would have it, for his last two months of his life, a steady procession of well wishers, past lovers and former acolytes expressed their care and sorrow. Refusing to take advice of medical professionals, imbibing in hallucinogenics and weed, he laughed and said one of the nurses in the hospital thought he was going to go out like a character in a **Cheech & Chong** movie.

Paul was **Father Zosima** and **Brother Juniper**, the priest who would empty the church of all its contents and give them to the poor, a zen lunatic monk, who would travel the countryside naked while praying for anyone who had less than him, a man who did not envy wealth in any manner, but envied people who lived a simpler life, the ones crouched in a tent by the river, the itinerant anarchists, his brethren, the people he gave clothes, food, money, emotional succor and complete acceptance.

As he lay in bed, in a small room, in the back of a rented trailer, a room just big enough to hold a small bed, a chair and an ancient electric heater, which crackled and sparked more with every passing minute. Paul struggled for breath, being watched over from a rain stained window sill by statuettes of the **Virgin Mary** and a fat **Buddha**, how happy this made him, doing a reverse **Jesus** and going out as humbly as **Jesus** came into the world.

**He always wanted to do things differently.
- MUIRWALKER**



Greenfuse is a non-profit all volunteer production of the **Waking Dogs Collective**, a loose affiliation of **Media Activist that include:**

Joshua, Shakti, Sally, Eduardo, Tom, Lisa, Debra, Tanya, Kate, Hawk, Bright, JR, Ned, various Dogs + The representatives of the Earth: The Wild Animals & Plants that inspire & nourish, The Air, Water & Fire + The Spirits of those who have left our realm.

If you can help us pay for printing & distribution.



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*"We have to be militants for kindness,
subversive for sweetness &
radicals for tenderness."
- Cornel West*



2021 marks a sad end of an era for Greenfuser's – Paul Encimer, committed activist, humanitarian, Book Dealer, and our founding publisher~ passed away in January this year, just days before his 83rd birthday.

Paul was born 1938, in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania to a working class family that followed family members in search of economic opportunity to Southern California. His life long commitment to peace and social change began in 1950. As 12 year old learning about the then recent horrors of both **Auschwitz** and **Hiroshima**. He described his **"Holy Shit"** moment: the visceral fear and revulsion he felt when he realized the appalling potential for inhumanity that States could exert in the names of those they govern. He felt a basic obligation to act, not unlike a religious calling and vowed

"I would never quit."

As a young man in Los Angeles he had his first foray into publishing and developed several periodicals, Which began with an organizing tool to build a local chapter of the **War Resisters League** he called it **Resistance**, taking the term from WWII resistance movements, as he and his cohorts began to see The US Government an occupying empire.

Paul had declared himself a conscientious objector in 1957. Drafted in 1961 he dedicated himself to resistance and was prosecuted. At odds with the hierarchy and dogma of his Catholic training, he found no honest way to claim the traditional religious justification for conscientious objection. Despite his Lawyers best advice in his defense Paul declared himself a **"Pious Atheist"** awakening a latent Gnosticism that was inevitable to one consumed with a diligent examination of reason. The judge was not amused by his plea, but he was acquitted, dodging both the draft and prison. As a dedicated **WRL** draft counselor in small rented offices with others and out of his bookstore, he advised at least 1,000 men how to avoid conscription, and more importantly, why.

He worked with his peers **"The 7 Mighty Anvils"** as **Dr. Confusion**, distributing regular editions of their **Saint John's Bread Wednesday Messenger** and **Paranoid Flash Illuminator**. Works that explored imagined and esoteric spirituality, and current politics, experimented with early psychedelia, poetry, fiction and surrealistic discordia with multi-hued paper printed cheaply on aging mimeograph machines. A creative impulse that would become the 'zine movement embraced by young sub-cultures everywhere. He was one of the early ordained ministers of the **Universal Life Church** in full agreement with its free wheeling take on spiritual practice, and always recalled the motto he saw etched at its founders enclave during an early gathering: *"There is no hope, without dope."* Paul slipped easily into what became known as a Hippy lifestyle, but politically by 1968 he considered himself one of Abby Hoffman's **Yippies**- Just under the wire at the fabled 30 year old cut-off.

Locally, early on, he supported the movement to stop herbicide spraying and the proposed nickel and cobalt mining operations on **Red Mountain**. As a fervent advocate of collectives, affinity groups, consensus building, and non-violence - He was involved in the **Citizens Observation Group** and **Civil Liberties Monitoring Project**. His Anti-Nuclear work with the **Acorn Alliance** would see him arrested more than once, but it was the movement to save the **Sinkyone** and his appreciation of the **International Indian Treaty Council** which awakened in him a renewed reverence for the land he now called home.

His apprehension of the war on nature on behalf of a lifestyle divorced from nature made him an eco-warrior, called to act in defense of the **Sally Bell Grove** and to demand a legal right for nature to exist to "... reshape the system until there are stewardship's and trustees everywhere on the land who can protect the earth for its own sake, knowing that it can sustain us as it did the Indians... [sic]" A quest for the mythical **Ecotopia** which he pointed out was with the addition of ecological awareness was akin to the ancient Greek perception of democracy - a conscious self rule that addresses local social, political, and economic processes. Ever the propagandist Paul lugged Fifty pounds of video equipment into the grove

"so the whole world was watching when we stopped the logging."

Paul was a founding member of **Southern Humboldt Working Together** which help launch numerous non-profits. He was involved in sustaining the boogies at the old **Fireman's Hall** that would blossom into **The Mateel Community Center**, and he became part of its loyal opposition - on behalf of its mission of community when commercialization of the organization loomed. Based on a deep commitment to process, he believed that progress involved finding new forms of community and governance, that it required discussion and intentionality to develop concrete plans to proactively create the transition from hierarchical profit driven models that sustainable and equitable institutions require. He with others formed **The Bridge** a space dedicated to community building.

He was instrumental in organizing the non-profit **Southern Humboldt Recycling Center** as a collective, a form of management no one was used to at the time, or understood fully, working there when they won the contract with the county to operate the waste transfer station. He was a founding broadcaster at **Redwood Community Radio - KMUD**, from its first low-power broadcasts, doing talk, punk, rock, classical and jazz, and poetry joined by his long time partner Kathy Epling and as engineer, shepherding a very young Garth Epling's presentations of vintage Old time Radio drama and comedy into his long career as volunteer engineer at the station. Here too he advocated for fairness and equality in non-profit governance when conflicts arose. Recognizing and reminding others that community radio was not a business, but a natural cooperative of producers and consumers.

In his final months Paul was surprised at how fast his organs conspired to lay him low. He had always fantasized falling as a martyr, perched on the ramparts in defense of human rights and peace. Giving his all for a cause like a true **Satyagrahi** Warrior.

Instead he spent his last days in quiet conversation, empowered by discussions of his past accomplishments and motivations, revered by those who knew him. He wove an imagined path of continuity of purpose- **The Universal Life University** using books as a foundation to reawaken the original forms of liberal education, a self directed study that could declare its own proficiency and purpose and help create community through the exploration of ideas. Hoping that he could encourage the maintenance of the rich stock that made up his extensive book collection. He declared that books transcended commodification and that the value of books should be held as a commonwealth library to be shared by all.

Paul spent his life dedicated to the ideals of Ecological Wisdom, Social Justice, Authentic Democracy & Constructive Non-Violence, as a book dealer, public intellectual, writer and publisher he informed, empowered and defined the ideals of the community.

Paul will be missed by many and the greatest tribute to him will be to continue his daily commitment and advocate for peace, justice, and cooperation into the next generation.

**"Poetry is the shadow
cast by our streetlight
imagination."**

**"If you would be a poet, write living newspapers.
Be a reporter from outer space, filing dispatches to
some supreme managing editor who believes in full
disclosure and has a low tolerance for bullshit."**

**~ Lawrence Ferlinghetti
b. 3/24/1919 - d. 2/22/2021**