



History Matters:

Close to 30 years ago local gas stations began a transformation away from 'Service stations.' The big empty lot at the south end of Garberville, was once the site of both KMUD radio, and a large full service gas station/garage. The shake-up of ownerships and affiliations of the local fuel supply led to the final conversion from former multiple garage-ready repair options, to the 'Mini-mart' model that serves the needs of hungry motorists from sea to shining sea, ignoring the need for readily available, on demand, auto maintenance and repair.

The first time I entered one of the new gas stations I experienced a sense of *deja vu*, I had been here before; I knew where the coffee was, the beer, the chips, the restroom. I realized that this was intentional, the furtherance of the corporate goal of the modern build out- make the customer comfortable in a new place, furthering the homogenization of U.S. culture that makes all things seem familiar, no matter where you are. Around the same time the newly built modern supermarket, originally the locally owned 'Garberville Market,' a couple of corporate owners and a doubling in size later, was helping put several small locally owned grocery stores out of business, and the rest is, as they say history. A monopoly was born, and has become the new normal.

Local cultural attitudes and regional differences make a place what it is, the flavors and themes of a locality make it charming and desirable to residents and visitors alike- If those flavors and themes are in fact- '*charming and desirable*.' National brands, Franchises, and gentrification serve to erase the special features of any location, and they then become just another node on the map, blending seamlessly into the dominate commercial reality that stands-in for culture in this country.

There have been times when political control has benefited by neutering regional culture as well.

Spain is no stranger to cultural genocide- The latest version, playing out now, in the effort to deny autonomy (again) in Catalonia. Catalonia fought hard to defend the Second Spanish Republic that confirmed Spain's traditional autonomous regions in the devastating civil war of 1936-1939. With the defeat of the Republic by the right wing forces of **Francisco Franco**, all autonomy was cancelled.

Spanish cheeses have not been as well known as those of France or Italy- primarily because Franco's dictatorship **outlawed the production of artisan Farmstead cheeses in the name of modernization and industrial quotas**, changing the economy of regional agricultural. Small traditional producers had to conform to the new industrial model, or become cheese outlaws. In 1975, following Franco's death, the Spanish were finally able to revive their traditional cheese heritage and rediscover their artisanal heritage. These artisan 'outlaws' came out of hiding, only after, many of those cheeses, and a generation of cheese makers had been lost. In 1975 Franco died, in 1978 Catalonia voted overwhelmingly for the new democratic Spanish constitution that recognized Catalonia's autonomy and language.

Nothing quite so dramatic is happening here- though rest assured, if the wherewithal to declare any autonomy for our state or region ever occurred, the powers-that-be would crack down just as hard as Madrid has.

Everything that we take for granted in our home region has been imported in a relatively short span of time- We have very little history- and of course it begins in massacre, genocide, and the exploitation of natural resources- even the musical chair juggling of local business is easily forgotten.

The glory days of the the rapidly aging '**New Settlers**' of this region, a generation later, are recalled wistfully for the cooperation, eco-centric creativity, and carefree individualism that defined that era, and though still embraced conceptually by many, these attributes are rapidly losing traction as the tradition is ghettoized by the stigma of "Hippie Idealism," **as quaint as the notion of growing a little weed to just enjoy and share.**

Now, even the relevancy of new 'institutions' like Reggae-on the River are in doubt, as the 'culture,' politics, economy and, and entire future of our region is absurdly consumed by this one plant.

As a younger version of that pivotable retreat from urbanity, I now enter the mid-point, 28 years in, Half my life has been spent in the attempt to homestead appropriately, experimenting with food crops, technology, creative production, and conscious lifestyle choices.

During the last 20 years of making cheese with goats, I have encountered many who say: "*We had goats once.*" which usually means: '*30 years ago we had a goat or 2 for a year or two, but...*' Their expectations got in the way of the reality of pursuing humble, day to day, sustaining, often hard, work, the work that creates traditions, and in turn, culture.

International travelers flock to the myth of this region, as the wildness dwindles, the beauty diminished, and the potential bonus of casual work evaporates. While the collective illusion of a culture is repackaged to conform to the needs of government and commerce.

In search of our collective myth of life on the edge, there is no gathering place that welcomes this new generation of carefree wanderers- And so, another tradition is at risk.

-Joshua Golden



Las Vegas: Only A Symptom

It will happen again, because it happens most days. On the 275th day of 2017. The Las Vegas strip shooting was the **273rd mass shooting of the year**. It was the **second mass shooting** of the day on October 1, and the **third of the weekend**. It was the **11th mass shooting that week**, since the **previous Sunday, when there were four**. There were **two more that Saturday**. Since September 2, 2017, there have been **29 mass shootings** in America.

A mass shooting is an incident of gun violence with four or more victims, not including the shooter, a definition from the Gun Violence Archive— which also provides this data. The archive is a project that refuses to accept, as we all have, that mass violence is an inevitable feature of American life, even when it leaves six-year-old children dead on the floor in the hall of their elementary school. Even when it leaves nearly 60 dead and more than 500 injured because they chose the wrong night to go to a country music concert. Because we have accepted it, we know it will happen again.

To be an American in 2017 is to know that each time you venture outside your house—to a concert, to school, to a movie theater, to a mall—you have a better chance than the citizen of any other country in the developed world of being cut down in a hail of bullets

by a complete and total stranger with easy access to incredibly powerful weaponry. After all, there have been more than 1,500 mass shootings since Sandy Hook.

Of course, mass shootings are just one part of the national bloodletting, the sacrifice for freedom. They captivate for myriad reasons: the scale of the destruction; the demonstration of humanity's bottomless capacity for cruelty; the impersonal, visceral anger on the part of the shooter that can lead some to mistake what happened for a "senseless tragedy."

The tragedy is only senseless if you cannot face the fact that we have designed the moral, political, and legal framework in which these acts are perpetrated. We have crafted the laws so insufficiently governing the ownership of firearms, or stood idly by as they were gradually carved up with loopholes. We have allowed the conversation to be dominated by people who seem to have truly convinced themselves that Jefferson and Madison had AR-15s in mind when they drew up that famous passage in the Bill of Rights. We have given undue credence to a view that holds that a document that contains explicit instructions on how to amend it can never be changed.

Mass shootings, for all their grotesque appeal, make up a small percentage of the gun violence epidemic.

In the same last nine months that saw 273 mass shootings, 11,572 human beings have been killed by guns on U.S. soil. 23,365 have been injured by firearms.

from **Jack Holmes @ esquire.com**

More Details @ gunviolencearchive.org



IT'S TIME TO GO IN

*The summer sun was bright
sweet as licked candy those hot days
Cooling our bodies in the green waters*

*we closed our eyes. We believed
even the sunlight loved us. All our games
were dotted over with stars. We shone*

*in each other's light & turned & turned
our hurts minor & kissed away.
It has been dark now for some time*

*shadows taking our hands. One
by one our friends are not here
I can't see who it is, there, far*

*in that cold shade, the golden leaves
fallen all around, such tired children,
who in that darkness call us in*

Kathy Epling

(Prairie Schooner, Fall 2006)



*"Every gun that is made, every warship launched,
every rocket fired signifies, in the final sense, a
theft from those who hunger and are not fed, those
who are cold and are not clothed.*

*This world in arms is not spending money alone. It
is spending the sweat of its laborers, the genius of
its scientists, the hopes of its children.*

*The cost of one modern heavy bomber is this: a
modern brick school in more than 30 cities. It is
two electric power plants, each serving a town of
60,000 population.*

*It is two fine, fully equipped hospitals. It is some
fifty miles of concrete pavement. We pay for a
single fighter with a half-million bushels of wheat.
We pay for a single destroyer with new homes that
could have housed more than 8,000 people. . . .*

*This is not a way of life at all, in any true sense.
Under the cloud of threatening war, it is humanity
hanging from a cross of iron."*

- Dwight D. Eisenhower 1953

5 Star General,

Supreme Commander of the Allied
Expeditionary Forces in Europe during WWII
& 34th POTUS



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One of our Waking Dogs- Monkey,
has awakened in Heaven. Blessings to her,
the fallen Bees & Chickens
our poet/editor gone before, Kathy Epling.

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nobody really likes doing that.

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We are free to prisoners. Hope for the best.

Saddened quick

The cold from black smoke skies comes
choked and bloody as fighting canine
Still. No smile fore senseless days.

Nose to nose

has made forgiveness possible

My heart is not mine alone.

It beats with the fish still and swimming

It beats with the spiders scaring

and spinning

Yarrow Danaeus