

New Year 1971

Greetings:

*Can you guys make it to our warm country?*

San Diego. In every way a bombshell year was 1970. We discovered wide areas sprinkled with Paleo-Indian artifacts and bones of a Rancho-labrean fauna, protected by the Navy on missile impact ranges at China Lake. Spent months poking around to determine best procedures for a long range research project and have just now finished a proposal to be submitted to L.S.B. Leakey Foundation. During the summer, National Geographic Society gave funds for a Pilot Project conference of experts who visited sites, examined artifacts, maps, ariphotos and gave us their opinion. I am working through the L.A. County Museum and one of their paleontologists is my Co-investigator. Meantime, I left the Museum of Man, now scientifically moribund, and have far better shelter with L.A. County. We hope to continue some support from N.G.S.

Got busted by the San Bernardino fuzz on 5 charges including wearing beat up field clothes (we were "Hippies") and other bilge including 'cruelty to animals (!)'. The judge threw their ass out of court. If you want to freak out policewomen, just tell them you are a Dukabur and that taking off all your clothes is your form of protest against political coercion...AND THEN DO IT. That little bitch in uniform never came back. Neither did my 3 Chicana cellmates, busted for pushing Smack.

Lima, Peru. Then came the SAA meetings in Mexico City. Bedlam and confusion along with short circuits. Also a wild shift toward changing of life-style on the part of my best friend. The tidal waves washed me overboard pro te.m. I swam ashore in Lima, carrying a paper on the China Lake Project in an old Pisco bottle. Saw a lot of old friends and met new ones including Mark Druss, Ed Lanning's foreman in Calama, Chile. He twisted my arm to go to Chile as a consultant. I rape SO easy!. So I spent a turned-on week freezing to death but enjoying the folks, the llamas and the ogre's castle lanscape of the Andes and Atacama Desert. Learned a lot, too. If South America has archaeological dates of 10,600 B.C. How come we think our basement is this Fluting Co-tradition stuff with younger dates? Let's look further, and I'm convinced that Owens Valley-China Lake is the territory to do it in.

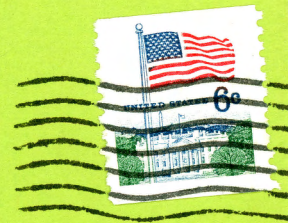
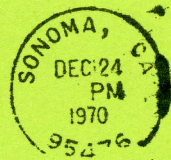
San Diego again. When I saw how much more fun Gena was getting out of a new and more venturesome style of living, I reluctantly began to explore outward and change myself, taking risks and eaten alive for a time by anxiety, confusion, jealousy and insecurity. For months I was awalking syndrome of doubts, a real Horror Show. It's bad enough to be an adolescent at the expansive age of 14, but just try it at 65. To save my soul I have been forced to expand in a number of new directions. Began going to Encounter groups; meeting new people, examining myself and want the hell I'm about; joined the Sexual Freedom League (most Anthrobid organization); went to Esalen Insitute for a week, hollered, struggled, blew my stack and began to see the dim outlines of some of my own hangups; returned with a decision to learn more about the social outlet of Encounters and the deepening inward insights of Gestalt Therapy. Took Acid and confirmed this decision. Met new lovers and have a new, special one who is an education and a challenge. Also one of the best lays I've ever known. Split with Gena for the time being...we were holding each other back in our mutual, frenetic and exciting explosion of readjustments. Decided that much more of my life must now be people and less of it the facade of archaeology. I'll fight valiantly to establish Owens-China Lake Project and let the rest go. There is so much I find I can do for PEOPLE, so much new to learn. My house is a perfect home for small groups, and they have started to flock. The vibes are right. I've only guessed where I may be going, but I'm on the way, thanks to Gena and Bob and many others,

Love and Peace,

*Cara (Darcy)*



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