

closed to the enormous complexity of the drama of what she calls the "victorious side." She treats the victorious side also *en bloc*, making an exception for Bukharin who, she says, saw how horrifyingly reality was deviating from the original, pristine concept of the new order and had a premonition of his fate. In her understanding, it was the determinist doctrine, viewing the study of life as it was as superfluous, which accounted for the deep divorce between theory and practice and which then simply led to the outlawing of any inquiry and, consequently, prevented any action which could have put a stop to the inevitable trend of events.

How exclusively Nadezhda's attention is focussed on "her own side," and how tightly she closes her eyes to the tragedy of the "victorious" one, is revealed by her remark that "nobody had lifted a finger" to prevent Stalin from coming to the top. Surely she must have heard about various Oppositions? Surely the names of, say, Mrachkovsky, or Rakovsky, or Serebriakov, or Radek, or Pyatakov, or Antonov-Ovseenko were not completely unknown to her? If she had not witnessed them herself, then at least she must have heard that there were some anti-Stalinist demonstrations at the tenth anniversary of the revolution, for example?

She does, however, ask the inevitable question: Was there any moment at which the terrible ordeal could have been stopped? But here again she is almost completely concerned with the fate of the intelligentsia. The intelligentsia proved unable to hold out for its independence not only *vis-à-vis* Stalin; its original sin was that, disunited and badly shaken, it could not stand its ground even before. The fear of chaos and of people's wrath made it pray "for a powerful hand that would stem the angry human river. . . ." The fear of "the mob" persists in Russia till this very day, she says, and haunts young as well as old.

Well before the war, Pasternak told Mandelstam that he was engaged on writing a prose work "about us all." This could only have been *Doctor Zhivago*. Reading *Hope against Hope*, one seems to hear Pasternak's Lara, recalling the good old days of the past century: "It was taken for granted . . .



Osip Mandelstam in 1937

that it was right and natural to do what your conscience told you. For a man to die by the hand of another was a rare, an exceptional event. . . . Murderers happened in plays, newspapers and detective stories, not in everyday life." Then, Lara goes on: "falsehood came into our 'Russian land . . . the root of all evil was the loss of faith in the value of personal opinion." Nadezhda Mandelstam says, ". . . all values, truths and laws had been done away with. . . . Christian morality—includ-

ing the ancient commandment 'Thou shalt not kill'—was blithely identified with 'bourgeois' morality. Everything was dismissed as fiction. . . . A number of terms such as 'honor' and 'conscience' went out of use at this time."

Throughout her sad, nostalgic and confused reminiscences, Nadezhda maintains her "incurable optimism." What does she expect, what does she hope the future will bring? "Russia once saved the Christian culture of Europe from the Tartars, and in the past fifty years, by taking the brunt on herself, she has saved Europe again—this time from rationalism and the will to evil that goes with it." According to her, all values collapsed because "they were based on nothing except boundless confidence in the human intellect." The very premises of her kind of optimism are unacceptable to me. It was unreason, not reason, which led to the cult of the "Kremlin mountaineer," after the dementia of Hitlerism, after all the bloody irrationalities of Stalinism, at a time when powerful Christian nations of the world are madly trying to bomb out of existence the weak and the poor, what hope can there be if we wantonly discard even further our confidence in human intellect?

— TAMARA DEUTSCHER

Notes from Rainbow Farm

WE MADE IT THROUGH last winter believing somehow that Paradise would unfold around us with the green leaves. We were wrong. The energy we had for building, gardening and working together is being dissipated in worrying about the bills and the problems we have with each other. The garden has more weeds than vegetables, and some of the plants have been killed by the remains of last year's broad-leaf herbicide. The barn we dreamed about remains unstarted. We have endless group meetings where we try to discuss our problems, but many things have been left unresolved. Some of us think that more talking together will help us. Some of us think that fewer meetings

and more playing together would be better. But here is one thing we all agree on:

Dandelion Wine

*Collect a lot of dandelion flowers
(about 5 gallons to make 10 gallons of wine)*

Cover with an equal amount of water

Soak for 9-11 days

Strain out the flowers

Add yeast (3 cakes for up to 10 gallons)

Wait until it doesn't fizz anymore

Bottle and cork (check corks in a week, burp the bottles so if they are still working they won't explode—we lost a lot that way)

Store for as long as possible. Open

after a heavy collective meeting.

The farm is not yet owned by us but borrowed from a friend whose plans to live here had changed. The cost of maintenance—food and building supplies, as well—has been unequally shared, with one person responsible for a disproportionate amount. If we were the good communists we would like to become, this would make no difference. It is not our money, after all, but our families', and most of it is rotten: land speculation, an overseas chemical factory, drug advertising, media empires, in some cases outright crookery, even in the system's own terms. If our parents acquired their wealth at a high price to themselves, to the rest of the world, and to us, why can't we transcend it, use it freely to live a life that is less harmful to our fellow man and possibly, in the long run, revolutionary? It is beginning to seem to us that we cannot. We are not just children of capitalism but its prisoners. Several things happen, all of which we hate. The people who pay the bills come to feel that others are here for the security of their money. Those who contribute less feel indignant, trapped by an internal Calvinism that consciously was long ago overcome: I work for my money, why can't they? We scrape together money to pay bills collectively, while people clutch onto their extraordinary private travel machines (among them a Porsche, a Land Rover and a Honda 450). We scrounge \$3.00 by laboring outside the farm, then buy Lido Cookies and plastic pies. Someone is forced by conscious and subtle pressure to take an ill-paid job which keeps her away from the farm: it is impossible for the rest of us to feel good about our friend working for \$30 a week when there is money all around us.

It took me many months of waylaid fantasies to believe that I was just as responsible financially to the group as the guy who was one hundred times richer. In my simpler phase I was sure that, if he just gave it all to the farm, it would bond us together in an unpossessive way. Sad, but untrue. The fact that he's spent twelve times more than the rest of us has created enormously more complicated roles than the normal "workin' for The Man" kind of scene.

So I guiltily took a job for The Man, and everyone thought it was absurd and I knew that things were getting chaotic on a philosophical level. But when the restaurant manager told me I was the most mature applicant for his job so far, I believed him and became a waitress serving fancy French cuisine. I took an instant liking to the toothless, baggy-panted dishwasher, and he promised to save me all the scraps for our pigs, dogs, friends, whatever. The bartender was a woman who reminded me of Ethel Merman. She talked about local communists but thought the ones in our town were harmless since they had no connection with the Russian universities. She and the chef gave me a lot of support in my new experience, but the manager treated me like a mindless slave. He quizzed me about how the tables were numbered and what the day's specials were. I was fascinated by him in a bitter way, and tried to remember the pose of sophisticated determination that has gotten me through every nasty situation I've been in since the age of two.

The customers either bored me or scared me, and on some occasions we seemed, humorously, equal. My first servees were four nuns who all ordered the exact same thing. They were sweet, and laughed when I poured coffee in their half-filled teacups. After that I thought I could learn good things from the people who came in, but, when the nuns left and the big executives arrived, I could see that it wouldn't be true. It was impossible to talk about women's liberation, and I was acting the epitome of everything I'd hated for the last two years. No one believed me when I said I lived with my family on a farm. One Saturday night, two drunk, slick young tyrants made snide remarks about my clothes (I couldn't afford a uniform) and my conversation with a woman at the bar. They criticized the fact that I was wearing white canvas sandals with black opaque stockings under a low-cut Chinese print dress. I admit I looked a little bizarre, and I don't understand quite why I overprotected my legs and overexposed my cleavage, but for them that wasn't the issue. They figured it was the way all Les-

bians dressed, and watched carefully to see how I and my "girlfriend" of five minutes were getting along. She was just a girl waiting to meet her date, and I had to serve her. But they had me flustered. Their mocking questions made me want to spit in their faces and throw food all over the floor. At home I began to feel the same way.

The job became increasingly alienating to me, and was the source of my two greatest paranoias. One was that I felt powerless at work and, because of being away so much, equally powerless at home. The other was that I could have been living anywhere and doing the same thing. It was fun to feed the pigs those puffed french-fried potatoes and fun to feed half-eaten fillets to the dogs. But it was little consolation to know that it was all for the sake of a \$30 a week contribution to the farm. The boundless energy I once felt toward the farm and the family I love was zapped by the contradictions and our swirl of problems. Before too long, I quit.

When our waitress returned to the farm, we felt relieved. But desperate to find a way to pay our bills and to equalize our contributions, we reached for another solution: collective work. We thought (and still hope) that we might find work enough for ourselves and for neighboring communes, so we organized a tentative local labor pool, advertised in the local ad-weekly, and waited. On the first weekend we got our first calls: for roto-tilling gardens and mowing lawns. It was late in the season for roto-tilling and the people wanted it done fast. Well, the roto-tiller broke, the trailer to the jeep broke, parts were not available, and it looked bad. Borrow . . . we borrowed a roto-tiller, squeezed it into the jeep and took off. After one week of working other people's gardens—trying at the same time to work on our own sex role-playing and not let the men do all the roto-tilling—we found we had made barely enough to make a dent in our bills.

So far we have found some means to do it (gifts from mamas or friends, our own hidden caches), but it feels neither right nor secure, and now so much is unclear.

WHAT'S GOING ON? It seems that we've re-created what we all hated in the society we came from: among other things, a desire for conformity. Sometimes the changes we ask each other to go through are not the changes that would free that person but changes that make it easier for us to identify with one another. It doesn't work. It only creates extreme paranoia—a word we now use freely to describe the depth of the mutual mistrust we have discovered. Part of our problem may be that the space we live in is so small that we are literally grafted onto each other's lives. Or, as someone unaptly put it, we want to have squatters' rights in each other's souls.

We've talked about our dislike of closed, monogamous relationships, and suddenly we think we've found a monogamous couple in our midst. We've talked about new ways of raising children here who are the sole responsibility of their mother and a noisy annoyance to some of the rest of us. We know we want to break down work roles, and still the women generally take responsibility for the kitchen and

the men for work outside the farm. We think we are being open and flexible, but the woman who has just joined us, whose ideas and experiences are slightly different, dreamed that our farm was like an army and that we had cut off all her hair.

So we have in many ways created a microcosm of what we feared and wanted to escape, mainly because that is what we know how to do. It is easier to understand what we don't want than to define a different tomorrow; none of our attitudes vanished simply by our moving to the country. We are afraid to let go and try something that might make us lose all we have—even the farm—or allow us to change to a better place.

Right now we do not know where we stand. Sometimes it seems that we are impossibly different and must separate. At other times it seems that we have something to work out together. We think that our demands on each other have often been too intense, insatiable, like a bad group marriage: at least that we have tried to homogenize our ideologies long before we began to see what steps each of us

needed to take in our daily lives. We are thinking now about the possibility of giving each other more space for growth; creating a community bigger than a commune, with separate houses for some of us, but common projects—an environment that will let us respect and learn from each other, realizing our capabilities instead of tearing each other apart.

Farming turns out to be the easiest part of what we do. This morning I woke up to a quarrel between our four-year-old who brought an egg upstairs and dropped it, and his sleepy brother who commanded that he clean it up. I stumbled down and brushed my teeth (no toothpaste) and got the dregs of coffee for breakfast, which I drank to the blast of some record I did not want to hear. The day looked beautiful. I got three letters in the mail (one of them a rejected poem that's been rejected eight times) and I sat outside with the folks for a while, feeling fairly congenial since we decided yesterday one solution was we should each build our own cabins on jointly owned land, and get a little out of each other's hair. I checked out the daily record of who was splitting and who was staying (not bad) and made my own plans to leave for a week with some of the women for a little R&R. I called my mother after a debate over the phone bill (\$186) and she says she's having two parties this weekend for her friends and when was I coming home. The Land Rover went to town to return a roto-tiller we borrowed for our outside tilling jobs and to pick up our own ancient, just-fixed roto-tiller (\$30 of repairs: we get \$3.00 an hour for tilling, so that's a good deal more expenditure than income, the usual story). I came in and fixed up Paranoia's Box, a device which I hoped would help us in this article: just an empty box into which everyone could drop their favorite paranoid. Our neighbor who runs the town grader came by, grading the road in his new huge yellow monster. He's our friend. In the winter he plows us out and pulls our cars out of the snow. We used to babysit for his kids. He says: "So you make a mistake? That's why they put erasers on the ends of pencils, isn't it?"

—RAINBOW FARM

NATIONAL BEST SELLER

"An appalling and a noble book."

— Peter S. Prescott, Look

"Remarkable ... heartbreaking."

— Thomas Lask, The New York Times

"Shattering ... compelling."

— William McPherson, The Washington Post

"A first-rate account."

— The New Yorker

Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee

An Indian History of the American West

by Dee Brown

Illustrated \$10.95 at all bookstores



Holt, Rinehart & Winston 



WHAT YOU HEAR IS WHAT YOU GET. *Ike and Tina Turner, United Artists (UAS 9953)*

IKE AND TINA TURNER's first reported public performance took place during the Battle of the Bulge in 1944, when they were known as Andy and Mandy. Tina's age at the time was 12, although she passed for 16; Ike was 15 and claimed 18. Their act was a fairly standard amalgam of blues and jazz then known as "race music."

Their first record appeared on the long defunct and now extremely rare Red Parrot label: two Robert Johnson songs, "Traveling Riverside Blues" and "Last Fair Deal Gone Down." In print in 1946, the 78 disappeared along with Red Parrot two years later.

And here are Ike and Tina with an utterly superb two-record album recorded during a concert at Carnegie Hall last winter. The music is largely familiar—top 40 type hits previously recorded by Big Brother with Janis Joplin, Sly, Arthur Conley, Aretha, Creedence, the Rolling Stones.

The sound is exactly that of the Ike and Tina Review—big band with plenty of brass, the Ikettes, a little of Ike's voice (which I dig and would have liked to hear more of) and a lot of Tina.

And the whole point of "live" albums, as distinct from studio cuts, is the sense of presence and excitement of real flesh-and-blood performers communicating with a living audience. The technical quality is not up to studio level—retakes aren't possible and very little editing can be done. It's certainly worth the price, especially when

the human moment occurs:

Tina in the middle of a fantastic, exciting version of Otis Redding's and Jerry Butler's "I've Been Loving You Too Long," ad-libbing "Baby you got my nose open!" I'm not sure how Tina feels about giving head to every guy in Carnegie Hall (or how Ike feels about her doing it) but I guess she must dig it, and even on record you've got to be damned abnormal not to fall into what you're hearing. What you hear is what you get—absolutely!

It's hard to pick the best cut in the album but I have to point at Tina's version of "Honky Tonk Women" and then stand back in astonishment and joy and just let her cut loose. What a beautiful, raunchy, sweating, living thing is her version of that song! Incredible! I think that's what live albums are all about—Tina Turner singing "Honky Tonk Women" in Carnegie Hall. She does make me wish I'd been there.

(Due to legal complications *What You Hear Is What You Get* was released in the U.S., while a similar album taken from a Paris concert was released on Liberty for non-U.S. sales. If you're *really* dedicated, find a record importer and get both albums, but if you're not quite that dedicated get the United Artists-Carnegie Hall version and just dig it.)

FIRST PULL UP ▲ THEN PULL DOWN ▼ *Hot Tuna, RCA Victor LSP-4550 (APRS-8249)*

HOT TUNA HAS GONE through some changes since they cut their first album (and since they did their early live gigs) and, before we go any further, let's stop for a personnel check: Jack Casady, bass; Jorma Kaukonen, guitar and vocals; Papa John Creach, violin; Sammy Piazza, drums; Will Scarlett, harmonica.

This is their second LP, and it's live. Unlike Ike and Tina, it's a low-volume, low-energy, laid-back thing that doesn't rush up and grab you by the nose or any other protruberance and run off with you. In fact, it's very quiet (barely electric), so unassuming and unaggressive that, unless you turn your speakers up when you put it on, you're likely to start a conversation over it.

Don't!

This is some of the damndest music that anybody has recorded in many months. It's a kind of friendly country swing harking back to Bob Wills in the 40s, Merle Haggard more recently, and (here's a prediction to paste in your hat) Commander Cody, once Cody's forthcoming album gets released.

As a spinoff of the Jefferson Airplane, Hot Tuna must inevitably be compared to it, but the differences are so huge that there's only limited value there. Where the Airplane throws a big, hard sound with full instrumentation and tough, working vocals, Hot Tuna has a sparse sound to it, relaxing and simple. There is no "sound wall"—you can easily pick out each instrument and follow what they're doing.

And of course that brings our attention to Papa John Creach, one of the more unlikely candidates for rock and roll stardom of all time. A friend of mine told me about a year and a half ago that the Airplane had added "this crazy old black blues fiddler named Papa John" who could play up a storm.

Partly true. In fact, mostly so. Papa John is an incredible fiddler, but he isn't so old—a sore back makes him move around gingerly, but he's only around 50. Come to think of it, in a business where a lot of people are has-beens at 25. . . . And he's not some old backwoods primitive fiddler that the Airplane "discovered"—he's got formal credentials as long as your arm and was studying violin before I was born (1935).

The blend of sounds here—especially Papa John's fiddling, Jack's bass and Jorma's lead guitar—is fine, happy music. Jorma as a vocalist is no Marty Balin to be sure, but his voice is adequate and his delivery is pleasant. Still, Hot Tuna is chiefly an instrumental group, and you can just sit back with your head in their music, taking a ride now on one instrument, now on another, and it's just fine, just fine.

—DICK LUPOFF

