Oct. - Nov. 1970
Pacoima, N. Cal.

"If the world
peanut butter can be
sticking by and by other."
Richard Brautigan

Karma Repair Items

1. Get enough food to eat
   and eat it.

2. Find a place to sleep
   where it is quiet
   and sleep there.

3. Reduce intellectual
   and emotional noise until
   you arrive at the silence
   of yourself
   and listen to it.
Last night I dreamt of pumpkins.

Come, shaking on the tide,
bumping up against the rocks
and rolling up on the beaches.
It must be Halloween in
the sea.

Me: "The first thing I do when I wake up is look out the window at the trees and the sky."
Cisco: "And then you know the day belongs to you."

To: Call: 27 Oct 70

My love remains with you wherever you go,
for I have you as a son born from the depth of my womb.

"Your eyes watch me like the sea..."

Gypsy brother,
Travel on,
I am just a wind;
Passing thru a hollow forest of lonesome trees.

Name the dog 'Gowinda'-
From the book 'Siddhartha' written on the bus from Francova.
I, well dressed, overly loud, overly fat, typically Jewish, people sat in front of me. I told them I was quite hungry (which I was) and they gave me their doggy bag of space, spare ribs...which they just couldn't leave the at restaurant. I then devoured the greasy cold things..."
Like a camelback - it felt across me. The guy in the seat
across from me was on
his first flight, I guess. He
asked me what Route I
was taking. I said, "Gremlin."
He asked me where he
was going. I said, "South
Korea."

The coffee is delicious, he
told me. He found me a
drink he said. He had
tables coming. I was
snacking. I was just
finishing reading a story.

The girl ran out of the
depot, screaming, "Jewel!"
Who? Excited, she called
her mother who
accompanied her to the
train station. She was in
the Ladies' Room
took a bus to New York while
she was in the Ladies' Room.

A young girl, her husband,
was kidnapped and
strangled. She
realized he was
strangling her while
she was in the Ladies' Room.

I was sitting on the floor by
the telephones. I overheard
a fantastic story. A young
man...
by J.D. Salinger which was quite the same, except that there was no child. At the end of the story the man blew his brains out.

Once a strong one, but very young, sad, good looking junkie, sang to me the songs, 'Heroine' and 'Morning Dew', accompanying himself on the guitar. He then walked out of the room, and I never saw him again. He either died or is in prison. His eyes were frightened, black, and above like the night. Those songs now hold me very much.

I sat with a beautiful old woman on her way to Florida. Her husband was dead. She preferred taking a bus. So she went.
Time in my life I did not fear & dread growing old. She managed herself so beautifully.

Charleston, W.Va.

I learned much on this trip. One - that I was hiding, keeping secrets, playing games with myself. By spending my time worrying & trying to help others - I could avoid myself. 2) I talk too much - think & say too many meaningless things. 3) I lost my fear of death - I just think of it as a resting period in which I will become one with the earth. 4) I feel more united with the earth - as if I was a brother of the trees & the sky. I've learned

To soak in & appreciate everything. I watch & listen to everything. The mountains, the woods, the sea, a country road. They are mine & I am theirs. I even love the tiniest ant. It is beautiful & my brother's. 5) But I've got so much more to learn. I can live in harmony with the woods & the animals. I can run naked & laugh & be at peace. But with people, I feel I'm an outsider, a stranger - as if they cannot touch me, or help me, or love me. I feel at peace when I am alone by a stream with my puppy. I feel
alone, uncommunicable when I am with people. I must learn to realize that I am one with them; so I can live their life as my life. But I've always felt the same.

That everybody was in with some group—laughing & having fun while I stood in the corner on the outside of the mass—watching in silence & gald. To be on the outside but inwardly wishing to be in the center of the group. I feel a great love towards everyone but I cannot bring myself down into their level. I've learned to live without the concept of time—only the sun & the moon. I've learned to live each day one by one. I'm still learning & practicing patience & humility. I believe they are both quite important. I think of suicide quite often & must learn to get over that. Death just seems like such a warm, quiet, safe place to be. It would also be the easy way out. I do not love life, or myself yet, I am not at peace with myself yet, and I have not had a child yet. I want to accomplish those things before The big sleep! I feel that I am soft & spoiled, I eat too much, & sleep too much & miss...
Too many things. I am too wrapped up in my own thoughts. I actually love it when I keep myself company. I can be with myself and not feel as if they are feeling me. It bothers me that I am extremely lonely when I am playing games just out of the blue. I wish I could show them. My family does not like it. It makes me feel like I am in an even more relaxed, I feel more calm. I need to overlook more, more things. I have become much more patient. I need to be less finite, I need to be less, not to take everything so seriously.
are nothing to them. They eat healthy foods—

Television: It rots minds. They watch it
all day + night, + on + on.

things that are
these lives, are sickening
To me.

I am but a grain
of sand.

I try to bring some
joy to everyone
I come in contact with.

I've lost my suicidal
tendency. At least,
presently.

I wish that everyone
I've met on my journeys—
I could stay with +
help, + love— but they

all must go on there
way. This always
depresses me. And tho' I may never see these
people again or part of
me shall always be
with them, just as a
part of them remains
with me.

From Demian & Hesse

"We can understand
one another but each of us
is able to interpret
himself to himself alone."

"If you hate a person;
you hate something in
him that is part of
yourself."

"One never reaches
home," she said. "But
where paths that have
affinity for each other.
I do not believe man is superior to animal; other than he has the ability to reason (which he does not control very wisely at all). I like to study the animals & learn from them.

Man's exterior - the body, is but a shell.

Gandhi: "Woman is the incarnation of ahimsa. Ahimsa means infinite love, which again means infinite capacity for suffering. Who but woman, the mother of man, shows this capacity in the largest measure?" Silent & dignified. Suffering is the badge of...
her sex,"
"one who knows how
to die need never fear
any harm to her or his
honour."

Gandhi preached
self-suffering & non-
violence; but said when
a woman is assaulted
she should use her nails &
teeth. Is this not violence?
"She becomes a
sister of mercy immediately
she thinks less of herself &
more of those who are
poorer & more unfortunate
than herself."

Women pure, firm
and self-disciplined such
as Sita, Draupadi, and Sati,
"there is an indefinable
mysterious power that
flourishes
everything. I feel it, thought
I do not see it. It is the unseen
power that makes itself felt
and yet defies proof because
it is so. Unlike all that I
perceive through my senses, it
transcends reason. But it
is possible to reason out
the existence of God to a
limited extent."

The I too know of
this mysterious power—and
if you want we can label
it "God." But to say God
is a Man is utterly ridiculous-
Gandhi: "I do dimly
perceive that whilst everything
around me is ever changing...
ever dying, there is an underlying
all that change a living power
that is changeless, that holds
all together, that creates,
dissolves & recreates..."
"Our existence as embodied beings is purely momentary, what are a hundred years in eternity? But if we shatter the chains of egotism and melt into the ocean of humanity, we share its dignity."

-I too see this & have broken down my egotism extremely -but to completely cease feeling that we are something (as Gandhi preaches) seems almost impossible, unless you become a zombie or something. The secret awareness I have that I am something, something separate from all else & yet unified with the flow of life also - is what keeps me going, struggling, being strong.

"The purpose of life is undoubtedly to know oneself. We cannot do it unless we learn to identify ourselves with all that lives."

Newman:

lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
lead thou me on;
the night is dark and I am far from home,
lead thou me on;
keep, keep my feet, I do not ask to see the distant scene,
one step enough for me."

Gandhi:

..."what may be Truth for one may be UnTruth for another..."

"Truth is not to be found by anybody who has not got the abundant

Carried this poem in my pocket while hitchhiking.
Sense of humility. If you would swim or the bosom of the ocean of Truth, you must reduce yourself to a zero."

"Non-violence means consciousness. Suffering," it does not mean weak submission to the will of the evil doer, but it means putting of one's whole soul against the will of the tyrant. "Man as animal is violent, but as spirit he is non-violent; the moment he awakens to the spirit within he cannot remain violent."

"If one has pride, egoism, there is no non-violence." It requires the will not to kill even in retaliation & the courage to face death without revenge. We must not wish for anything on this earth which the meanest or the lowest of human beings can't have. It is never the intention of a satyagrahi to embarrass the wrong doer. The appeal is never to his fear. It is most be, always to his heart, try to over come evil by good, anger by love, unhappiness by happiness, an implicit trust in human nature is the very essence of his creed. I object to violence because when it appears to do good, the good is only temporary, the evil it does is permanent. I do not want to foresee the future, I am concerned..."
With taking care of the present.

The Invisible is the Whole. From the whole universe has come out. The whole universe remains even though the infinite.

Krishna means the one who is dark blue in colour indicating his mystery. The Bhagavad Gita.

Go, vida means: the destiny of beings.

The knowledge, bliss.

The who is dark blue is the who is dark blue in the knowledge, bliss.

The knowledge, bliss.

Knowledge, existence.

The who saves the Tree from distress, His one.

The who is dark blue in the knowledge, bliss.

This world, which is heaviness, is life. The strength is life. The strength is life.
Arjuna says: "I do not find any remedy to the grief that parches my senses, though I were to gain unrivaled prosperity or sovereignty over the celestials."

The Lord says: "Such a one grieves not over the death of his kin any more than one grieves over the sunset. Grief is meaningless to the knowing one. Keep the mind constant in all eventualities.

"Speak out that only which is in your mind. Do not create conflict between word and deed." - Sri Ramakrishna

Bodies appear and disappear, but not so the Atman which ever is. He who remains unaffected by pleasure or pain becomes firm in life. The body is unreal.

Our bodies were non-existent in the past, have come into being now, it will not be in the future, therefore non-existent. The man of understanding should not be affected by pleasure or pain, which are all born of identification with the body."

- I can't yet grasp this. It almost seems like an escape a mental soother—just like drugs, alcohol etc. Yes, the body is but a shell—buts it does exist for a number of years — in we may as well appreciate it and all of its senses. The Atman is neither.
In the beginning is Absolute Reality. It flows into our bodies. It is always here. It is all that really exists. It is everything. It takes up all space. It is consciousness. It is consciousness. It is everything.

I'm beginning to understand. Atman is constant and ancient. It is not killed when the body dies. Atman is unborn, uncreated, uncaused.

He who cognizes Atman as indestructible, eternal, unborn, and changeless, he who sees Atman as darkness, as slaying the knower of Atman, is savior of the knowers of Atman. He who cognizes Atman as darkness, as slaying the knowers of Atman, is savior of the knowers of Atman.

What does it all mean? I've written down things I've thought, felt, liked, disliked, or wondered about. I can't retain all this knowledge mentally. I can try to remember it.

I am unbecomestated. I am constantly doing things I've written down.
But because of the absence of egoism, even such evil actions do not tarnish him."

"The knower of Brahman distinguishes not the assaulter from the assaulted." - Sri Ramakrishna

"As a man casting off worn-out garments puts on new ones, so the embodied, casting off worn-out bodies enters into others that are new."

"The Atman remains unaffected by pleasures, pain, virtue & vice. But they affect the person identified with the body. Smoke tarnishes the walls, but not the space within them." - Jnana Kesava

"All right. A man is within me. 4 when I go, it shall remain constant."

"Well then, what is Self? What are these thoughts in my head? What are these emotions I feel? Are they nothing? Just something to pass time, break up monotony? What is my purpose on earth?"

"The golden rule is resolutely to refuse to have what the millions cannot." - Mahatma Gandhi

"To me, the economic constitution for the world should be such that no one under it should suffer from want of food or clothes. Do not say an evil thing of anyone.
behind his back. A man is but the product of his thoughts, what he thinks he becomes. Be the first in receiving good things, to serve everyone, not to expect gratitude, be the first in suffering. A man of few words will rarely be thoughtless in his speech, he will measure every word.

John B. Sebastian

"How have you been, my darling children? While I have been away in the West, though you are strangers, I feel like I know you. By the way, that you treat me, and offer to.

Feed me, and eagerly ask if I'll stay for a rest.

Now sit yourselves down in a pile here before me. I wish I had presents for each of your smiles. But I have been traveling without much to carry, just a broken guitar case, with tape on the side, a bag, a few signs to help me get rides."

(Penn State U. (Visiting Eileen))

Shanti = Peace

Shanti, shanti

I like The Grateful Dead, and Quicksilver Messenger Service, and leather and suede, dogs, and eucalyptus trees, and long calico skirts, and homemade bread, and long shining hair, and tangerines.
and the moon, and goats milk, and pumpkins, and children's stories (old ones), + bicycles, and bubbles, and soap, and yogurt, and birds + chipmunks, and chopsticks, + brown rice, and poetry, and roses, and cheese, and Joan Baez, and Krishna, and babies, and flute music, and stories, and the spring, and. The books: 'Siddhartha', 'The Little Prince', 'The Magic Garden' and teachings of Mahatma Gandhi, and the color blue, and Christmas time, and rain, and old country stores, + old, large stone houses, + horses, and farms, and drip candles, and incense, + The Beatles, and hands, and eyes, and bare feet, + fire places, + snowflakes, + ice cream, and Church bells, and Labrador, and Irish Setters, + old Pioneer biblical names, (Amanda, Jeremiah, Matthew), and honey, and bottle-neck guitar music, + finger pick guitar, and early morning, + pottery, + sleeping bags, + warm quilts, and Bob Dylan, + Peter Pan, + Tom Sawyer + Huck Finn, + the music To 'Bambi', + Mickey Mouse, and T-shirts, + the smell of Pachouli oil, + rocking chairs, + swinging on swings, and bananas, + baking cakes + cookies, + Orange juice, + Shawls, + The Song's Morning Dew + the song's Darkness, Darkness (Young Bloods), and pockets, and water color paintings, and ducks, and ponds, and trees, + wooden bridges, and
Dec. 1, 1970

FROM: Song of the Open Road,
by Walt Whitman

Afoot & light-hearted I take to the open road.
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me, leading wherever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good fortune, I myself am good fortune;
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing.
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms.
Strong & content... I travel the open road.

You, road I enter upon & look around; I believe you are not all that is here, I...
believe that much unseen
is also here.

From this hour I ordain,
myself loosed of limits,
imaginary lines,
going where I list, my own
master. To take absolute,
listening to others, considering
well what they say,
pausing, searching, receiving,
contemplating
Gently, but with undeniable
will, divesting myself of
the holds that would hold me.

I inhale great draughts of
space,
the east and the west are
mine, and the north and the
south are mine.

Now I see the secret
of the making of the
best persons.

It is to grow in the open
air and to eat & sleep with
the earth.

Well, I found new
ride back out to Co.
That's great - I won't
have to hitchhike that long
distance now. And I love
Co. I want to make it my
home - the coast, the weather,
the people. Just so beautiful.

So much smoother, easier &
more open than the east.
But I just don't want to
live on the streets anymore.
It was great at first.
I thought I was so free,
but now I get kind of
a hollow, sinking feeling
when I think of it. The
Loneliness, emptiness, the cold, the hunger, the constant worry & hassle of finding a place to crash for the night. All I want is a little room, my own. Quiet, warm, clean little room where to sleep, think, cry in, read in—whatever I want in. I can help out other people who need a place to stay. This would mean getting a job, & the only job I can think of is a figure model (U. of Berkeley(?)). I've got to somehow get this together. I love the song "Wolf Run" by Quicksilver. I love James Taylor's "On a Country Road"—"Sunny Skies." I love Elton John—"Your Song."
"The message: Property is the enemy. Burn it, destroy it, give it away. Don't let them make a machine out of you. Get out of the system. Organize your head. Find out where you are, what you want to do, and go out and do it." - Abbie Hoffman, "Revolution for the Hell of It: S.F. & N.Y.

Become the school, the streets are the classrooms...

From patriotic rolling papers: "Love is our law. Truth is our worship. Form is our manifestation. Conscience is our guide. Peace is our shelter. Nature is our companion. Order is our attitude. Beauty and perfection is our life..."

"More a Bitch Than a Man..." I'm not good for the winter. This is my last winter in the North. I have to live in the total summer if I am to survive." "Look, you want to have more fun, you want to get laid more, you want to turn on with friends, you want an outlet for your creativity, then get out of school, quit your job, come on out and help build & defend the society you want. Stop trying to organize everybody but yourself. Begin to live your vision." "Because the freeest people only go to free events." "Cops are our enemy. Not each one as a person. We're all brothers when we are naked. Did you ever see a fight..."
Steam bath? But cops in uniform are a different story. A cops principle role is to protect property. Our goal is the abolition of property.

- I used to agree with this 100%. Why? Paranoia; constant harassment; forced expression of feelings and beliefs; unjust treatment to brothers. But now I don't. Sure they are in the wrong. Lots of times it's society's fault - not theirs. They are just human beings too. They will cry, laugh, hurt, love, and bear children, too - just like me. If only they could realize this. Their runaways are hidden in bodies will die some day.

too. I guess I am the stronger & the wiser. I must learn to accept their constant harassment, & help them get over their ignorance thru friendship talking to them as human beings - no more hiding from them, or classifying them in group "Pigs." Maybe I will still be the one stomped on & laughed at - but in my mind I will remain the stronger & the wiser.

It seems America has lost her children. They come to the East Village or to Haight Ashbury or to the stps in between. An underground railroad exists. The runaways are hidden in clash pods, communes...
apartments in country communities. They let their hair grow, change their style of dress, and vanish. Are the runaways going back? I don't know. I'll tell you one thing: I sure as hell ain't, they'll have to kill me first!"

"Could it be Thomas Mann? "You can't go home again." I agree with both. I wish I could find a home. A commune or a homestead somewhere. I'm willing to work hard at such a place in return for a corner where I can sleep, some true friendship, and a bit of privacy when needed."

"I want to educate myself towards a better me - so in return I can help improve this world. I want to go to The Institute for the Study of Non-Violence in Palo Alto - or Krishna Temple - Canyon in Berkeley Hills - and other such places of learning."

"To visit many communes and homesteads if only I could find them - I want to read many books on growing, finding & cooking organic foods; pioneering, survival in the woods, Tipi living, etc.

"How does it feel? How does it feel? To be on your own as a complete unknown with no direction, home, like a rolling stone." Dylan..."
I'd love to live
in a tipi then out a
summer way far out in
the wilderness in British
Columbia - build a
cabin for winter, raise
a goat or 2 - for milk...

Country road - James Taylor
Take to the highway won't
you lend me your name
Your way and my way
Seem to be one and the
same.

Mamma don't understand it
She wants to know
Where I've been
I'd have to be some kind
Of natural-born fool
to want to pass that way
again.

But I could feel it - on a
Country road

Sail on home to Jesus
Want you good girls
and boys
I'm all in pieces - you can
have your own choice
But I can hear a heavenly
band full of angels
Coming to set me free
I don't know nothing
'bout the why or when
But I can tell you
that it's bound to be
Because I could feel
it - on a country road.

I guess my feet know
where they want me to go
Walking on a country road.

Walk on down
Henry David Thoreau

"In order to avoid delusions, I would gain betwixt Man and the Universe in which Man is but a grain of sand..."

Man is but the place where I stand, and the prospect hence is infinite.

The mass of men serve the state thus, not as men, mainly, but as machines, with their bodies.

Those who, while they disapprove of the character and measures of a government, yield to it their allegiance and support are undoubtedly its most conscientious supporters.

"If I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life..."

Something always attracts me back to the woods & countryside of Penn. To live on a small farm in Bucks county, with 6 or 7 people, a few dogs, a cat, 2 goats (for milk), & my own small, organically grown garden would be the ultimate trip for me. I've met... done any drugs for 2 months, & have been eating only organically. My mind & body are clearing out beautifully. Quite a switch from the speed freak, political freak. I think feel like I talk too much about myself..."
or think too much my
own ideas. I always
feel uneasy in writing
letters because all I
talk about are things
I've been doing or I've
been thinking. It's 'I', 'I', 'I',
But Thoreau looked at
it this way & it sure helps
Thoreau.

We commonly do not remember
that it is, after all, always the
first person that is speaking. I
should not talk so much about
myself, if there where anybody
else whom I knew as well.
Unfortunately I am confined
to this theme by the
narrowness of my experience.
"Simplicity is simplicity."

My residence was more
favorable. Not only to
thought, but to serious
reading... For what are
the classics but the
most recorded thoughts
of man. We might as well
omit to study nature
because she is old.

I sometimes in a summer
morning, having taken my
accustomed bath, I sat in
my sunny doorway from
sunrise till noon, rapt in
a reverie, amidst the pine
and hickories and sumachs.

in undisturbed stillness &
Solitude... My days
were not days of the week
were they numbed into
hours and fretted by the
tickling of a chock. For I
lived like the Puri Indians,
of whom it is said that
"for yesterday today, &
tomorrow they have only
One word, and they express the variety of meaning by pointing backward for yesterday, forward for tomorrow, and overhead for the passing day. "I had this advantage, at least, in my mode of life, over those who were deluged to look abroad for amusement, that my life itself was become my amusement & never ceased to be new. It was a drama of many scenes and without an end." - Big Sur

In the summer months of 1970 I (with John) lived on the beaches of Big Sur. Eating brown rice that was given to us - a small shelled fish that we caught & drinking water from a clear ice-cold lake situated near our 'home' (a valley between 2 sand dunes). We wore no clothes. 'Squatted' for our bathroom rites. & bathed in the lake, scrubbing ourselves with handfuls of sand, drying off with the sun. Our hair bleached out & our skin weathered & tanned. Our bodies became thin, strong & agile. We awoke with the sun, & went to sleep with the darkness - lulled by the constant song of the ocean. We explored caves, 4 miles of deserted beach & climbed cliffs standing on top of them - above the roar of the ocean - bronzed naked & free like a.
Sorry I hurt you John. I know we will never meet again. It was because we were too young. I love you.

and goddess. We kept away the cold of evening with a fire - in which we had to have a constant supply of wood. For, once, a while a wandering person would come up to our camp - and we'd sit around the fire listening to his tales - sharing food - sometimes wine (which our visitors would bring along). Our words became fewer and fewer. I felt like a wild, beautiful, free animal, but was not satisfied with my hour or my head. Regrettfully re-entered civilization - sickened by the water (chemicals), noise, constant rush, cars and so on. People stared and remarked on my beauty - I was red, brown like an Indian - my hair was shining, wild, my teeth very white, my eyes clear and very blue. But my head was in a fog.

Henry David Thoreau:
"... True, man can and does live, in a great measure, by preying on other animal. But this is a miserable way..."

"... I have no doubt that it is a part of the dying of the human race to leave off eating animals as surely as the savage tribes have left off pattering each other. I prefer the natural sky to an opium eaters heaven. Goodness is the only investment that never fails.

Goose Lake Pop Festival Michigan
Hi - got one ride straight thru Michigan. Festival fantastic - 400,000 people - Chicago, every big group was there. Now staying in Cincinnati for a few days until I find a ride back out to Berkeley - where. I plan to stay. I'm happy, healthy, & clean. In laundromat right now. Take care. I'll write again soon. Love, Jodi
I wish I knew how to play the flute, and weaver on a handloom.
I am sitting in apartment 14 B-5, State College, Penna. The couple upstairs are fighting. The girl is crying hysterically. The guy is yelling and screaming. Someone in another apartment took his shoes off. They thudded on the floor one then the other. The apt. next store some body is taking a shower. And across the hall some body just went to the bathroom. They flushing of the toilet echoing thru the concrete. Shaken paint, waxed floor hallways. The kitchen is all steel, aluminum, cold, white metal. Everything is square. Cabinets, table, rooms . The walls have been painted a number of times. They are now a shiny, green-cheap paint color. I refuse to use them. Artificial, noisy, dry the air out heat. I also despise air-conditioning when it's cold, I wear a blanket around me. Hot I go naked. I have too run outside at least twice a day. With my dog. Cross the car-filled street. To run on main in the field. No matter if it's raining, freezing or whatever. Just so I can breath a little.
Thoreau's "that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with success." "If I choose to devote myself to certain labors which yield more real profit, though but little money, most may be inclined to look at me as an idler." "Dec. 1974 - crashed at 'Exit' in Penndel, Pen cray. I like Berkeley's free church, but you crash right there. They even give you a room and a bed. 2 people, ex-junkies, I used to know, worked there. So I rapped with them all right. They really got it together."

"Really dig helping people. Met an ex-angel, now 'Breed' chick. Told me about their runs, wars, (between other clubs), motorcycle wedding, husband getting his head blown off by the Commandos in Texas, police, heroin, etc."

"...a really strange life of pain, violence, power, brotherhood, & ritualism. She was a real tough-assed bitch - but I dug her. I dig bikers."

"...maybe about 4 yr. ago, could easily have been convinced into being a member of a club. There is something about it that fascinates me..."
Here's what I'll do:

I will go back to Berkeley, [in welfare office. Tell them I had no place to live at all.]

No place to live at all, was kicked out a yr. ago. Parents live in W.Va., been hitting speed +

living on streets - decided I want to get my head together + have access to a R.M. in

a house - (for 60 a month) but am unable to get a job: reasons? no experience, no

clothes, flunked out of h. school + still uptight over pur of

drugs, cut off welfare +

a place to live.

Jan. 4th went

Shedding last night in

Trenton, N.J. - Nice, big

kicks - sleek snow + stars

it was hot so cute, my

birthday was nice. Pat

Hobian baked a cake for

me - gave me a canteen

(something that comes in

quite handy when one is

stuck, rideless, in the middle

of the desert.) The people

at Exit are quite nice

to me. I am trying to

get a ride back to Cal. + an emergency

check from welfare. Poor

Maggie wishes to run

free in the out of doors.

but must remain in this

house. She doesn't understand

that there are only cars

(Metrol Monstera), + streets

outside. I think I will

be leaving soon. I miss

Cal. very much, wish I

had a home, the
Ground Jan. 6th
SPLIT from exit of the
moment for Cel. Hitch-
hiking got picked up by
2 guys on way to
construction. John offered
me motel room with
1 of them for the night.
Really good Karma, lucky
time & able to shower &
rest & start out in
morning. Don't like
Thumbing at night & nice
people. End of Penna.
Turnpike, near Ohio.
Sorped to see lots
of kids on the road
even this time of yr.
(cold & snow) met a
really nice guy headed
for N. Carolina. The guy
I shared the p.m. with
was a beautiful kid
named Bob. From Levittown.

He had to get up at 6
and leave & he gave
me money for the dog
 coz he knew if he said
it was for me I
wouldn't take it. He wants
to have sex but felt
that I would think I
had to do it to pay
him back & he couldn't
sex pl aint that to me.
Finally fell asleep. I
wish I could stay with
him longer. Wish I didn't
ever have to go back to
Berkeley. I get too spaced
out. Wish I could find a
home somewhere anywhere.
Met another guy on
Pa. Turnpike early morning.
Thumbed together stuck in
Ohio for 24 hrs.
in 15 below o weather-
Dec. 26th-70
For Exit & whoever else it applies!

For one whose home is the earth and sky, it is nice to cross the path of those who immediately accept you as a brother. And you can fall asleep at night thinking, "It's good to be home." Many people be with you all the time.

Love, Judy (and Maggie)

Electric yo-yo given to Me by Luby - Chicago
Jan. 17th 1970, go in Ride To Cali! - Tomorrow 6:00 A.M. - will miss these kind people.
John Cromm
To me:
HERE COMES
The Sun
It's all right.