

Journal  
#  
one

Oct. - Nov. 1970

Frankonia, N.J.

You

"if the w

peanut butter

Sticking bu

Rid

other."

Bautigan

Karma Repair

Items 1-4

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.

4.

de  
of pumpkins  
Last  
Come float on the tide,  
bumping up against the rocks  
and rolling 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 Scott: 27 Oct 72  
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 wind,  
passing thru the hollow  
forest of lonesome trees.

NAME the dog, 'Govinda' -  
FROM the book Siddhartha  
WRITTEN on the bus from  
Franconia. A well dressed,  
overly loud, overly fat,  
typically Jewish people sat  
in front of me. I told them  
I was quite hungry (which in  
fact I was), and they gave  
me their doggy bag of  
spare, spare ribs - which  
They just couldn't leave the at  
Restaurant. I then devoured  
the greasy, cold things.

like a cannibal - + felt  
ill afterwards due to the  
fact that I am a vegetarian.

The guy in the seat  
across from me was on  
his first 'talking' adventure -  
Taking a bus to Phila. +  
then hitchhiking back out  
to Southern Cal. - where he  
started from his home.  
He asked me what route I  
was taking. I said '80'.  
He was taking '66'. "Getting  
his kicks," he said. He had  
a dog at home that was  
found running wild in the  
mountains, well actually, "IT  
had found him."

The cafe in the Pittsburg  
bus station is revolting. Fat  
roast beefs + hams, sitting  
at tables eating fat  
roast beefs + hams. I was

Eating an orange. I try to  
eat organically. I want  
to cleanse my system, as  
well as my head. So they  
can both work clearly, &  
purely.

Sitting on the floor by  
the telephones I overheard  
a fantastic story. A young  
girl's husband, a released  
mental patient, + heavy  
drinker, kidnapped her baby &  
took a bus to New York while  
she was in the ladies room.  
She called her mother who  
told her she should have him  
committed again, & that he  
might harm the child. The  
girl ran out of the depot  
in hysterics; screaming, 'god-  
NO!!' It rather blew my  
mind because I had just  
finished reading a story

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 strung out, but very young, sad, good looking junkie - sang to me the songs: 'Heroin' & 'Morning Dew', accompanying himself on the guitar. He then walk<sup>ed</sup> out of the room, & I never saw him again. He either O.Ded, or is in prison. His eyes were frightened, black, and above like the night. Those songs now <sup>sadden</sup> 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

could see the country & meet & talk with all types of people. A plane cost too much & would only take 2 hrs. why should she rush - she had plenty of time? (she was about 65.) & told me of how she loved to bake (she was Hungarian), & sew, & embroider. she wanted to take some courses & learn more craft so she lived in the country, & preferred country folk. She lived each minute one by one - so old & yet so young. & willing to learn & expand. she wished me great fortune on my journeys, & was not at all agghast by my way of life. For the first

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 unified with the  
earth - as if I was a  
brother of the trees +  
the sky. I've learned

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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. 5) But I've got  
so much more to learn.  
I can ~~live~~ 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 &  
glad, 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 because  
I am too wrapped up in  
my own thoughts. actually  
this is an unnecessary  
worry. For I eat & sleep  
much less than most  
people. and I learn from  
my thoughts, and they  
also keep me company.  
Lots of times when I think  
I am being 'real' - I  
am actually just acting  
& playing games just  
to impress myself & others.  
It bothers me that I  
am writing sloppily now  
but I am extremely  
tired & weak & my eyes  
feel as if they are  
slowly sinking back  
into my skull. Little  
things like that often  
frustrate me - but I

am learning to remain  
more calm, & to overlook  
petty, little things. I  
must learn not to take  
everything so seriously.

I have become much  
more relaxed. I feel  
like I am in an even  
flow with things. I can  
be with almost any  
type of person & get  
some kind of enjoyment  
out of them. My family  
still hassles me a bit.  
I wish I wouldn't blow  
up, & wish I could show  
more love to them. But  
they seem to be so  
naive, & weak, & ignorant.  
and so many things  
that are very  
important to me

are nothing to them.  
ex: eating healthy foods -  
they thrive on pure junk.

Television: It rots  
minds. They watch it  
day + night. + on + on.  
+ things that are  
these lives, are sickening  
to me.

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I am but a grain  
of sand.

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I try to bring some  
type of 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, a part of  
me shall always be  
with them, just as a  
part of them remains  
with me.

---

From Demian by 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



intersect the whole world looks like home, for a time."

~~"The Pl..."~~

### Hinduism:

Life after death:  
if good (purified) → come from clouds as rain, gets into food, eaten by good human beings, & become their children.

if bad: come back as animal.

I don't understand this. For they preach brotherhood of universal life, of man, animals, etc. ALL these are our bodies. Then why do they think it is bad to come back as an animal?

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, Damayanti, Draupadi and Savitri."

"There is an indefinable mysterious power that pervades

everything. I feel it, though 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 thru my senses. It transcends reason. But it is possible to reason out the existence of God to a limited extent."

me → 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 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, striving, being strong.

"The purpose of life is undoubtedly to know ~~our~~ ~~self~~. one self. 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 Thou 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 hitch-hiking

sense of humility. If you would swim on the bosom of the ocean of Truth, you must reduce yourself to a zero."

"Non-violence means conscious 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 awakes 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 of all, always to his heart. Try to overcome evil by good, anger by love, untruth by truth, himsa by ahimsa. 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 Bhagavad Gita

Krishna means:-

- 1) He who is dark blue in color indicating his infinitude.
- 2) Krish - means, existence, Na - means bliss, Krishna = existence, knowledge, bliss.
- 3) He who saves the devotees from distress.

Govinda means:-

Go = The living being  
vinda = The knower thereof. The knower of the destiny of beings.

"OM. The Invisible is the Whole, the Visible is the Whole. From the Whole, the visible universe has come out. The Whole remains ever Itself even though the infinite universe has come out of It."

"He who is soft and weak-minded like the puffed rice soaked in milk, is good for nothing. He cannot achieve anything great. But the strong & virile one is heroic. He is the accomplisher of everything in life."

Sri Ramakrishna

This world & the next one are for the strong alone. Strength is life.

ARJUNA says: "I do not find any remedy to the grief that parches my senses, though I were to gain unrivalled & prosperous monarchy on earth or even 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 & deed." - Sri Ramakrishna  
 Bodies appear & disappear, but not so the Atman which ever IS. He who remains

unaffected by pleasure & pain becomes firm in life.  
 "The body is UNREAL. Our bodies were non-existent in the past, have come into being now, & 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~~ 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 - but it does exist for a number of years - & we may as well appreciate it ~~all~~ all of its senses.  
 "The Atman is neither

Does not die.  
~~Was~~ UNBORN, eternal,  
constant & ancient, It is  
not killed when the body  
is slain.

~ I'm beginning to  
understand. ATMAN is  
Absolute Reality. It  
was always here. It  
flows into all bodies &  
out into our next being.  
It is all that really  
exists. It is everything. I  
take up all space. It is  
Awareness. It remains  
UNAFFECTED by changes. -

Once that I discovered  
that I knew nothing. I  
had always thought I  
knew just about every  
thing. I got this

little notebook to  
write down things I've  
learned, thought, felt, liked,  
disliked or questioned. Since  
I cannot retain all  
this knowledge mentally,  
by writing it down I  
can refer to it & try to  
understand it. -

### NON-VIOLENCE (?)

"He who cognizes ATMAN  
as indestructible, eternal,  
unborn and changeless, how  
can he slay, O Partha, or  
cause another to slay?"

"ATMAN is actionless.  
The knower of ATMAN is  
free from egoism. So he  
is enlightened. ~~even such~~  
~~evil actions do not~~  
Slaying & causing to slay  
are apparently terrible actions

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 Rama Krishna

### Re-birth?

"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 pleasure, pain, virtue & vice. But they affect the person identified with the body. Smoke tarnishes the walls but not the space within them." - Rama Krishna

Alright then. Atman is within me - & when I go it shall remain, constant & the same as always. 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?

### Mohi Gandhi:

"The golden rule is resolutely to refuse to have what the millions cannot." "According to me the economic constitution for the world, should be such that no one under it should suffer from want of food & clothing. 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 last 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

21  
61  
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, etc."

SHANTI = PEACE

BONN STATE U.  
(VISITING  
EILEEN)

shanti shanti

I like 'The Grateful Dead',  
and 'Quick Silver Messenger  
Service'; & leather & suede,  
& dogs, & Eucalyptus trees,  
and long calico skirts, &  
home made bread, & long  
shining hair, and Tangarines.

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  
Elote music, and kites, 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,  
+ 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

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church bells, and Labrador's  
and Irish Setters, + old  
Pioneer biblical names  
(Jeremiah, <sup>Amanda</sup> Matthew) and honey,  
and bottle-neck guitar music,  
+ finger pick guitar, and  
early morning, + pottery, +  
sleeping bags, + warm quilts, and  
Bob Dylan, and Peter Pan, +  
Tom Sawyer + Huck Finn, + the  
music to Bambi, + Mickey  
Mouse, and T-shirts, + the smell  
of Pacchouli oil, + rocking  
chairs, + swinging on swings,  
and bananas, + baking  
cakes + cookies, + orange  
juice, and shawls, + the  
song: 'Morning Dew' + the  
song: 'Darkness, Darkness  
(young bloods), and pockets, and  
water color paintings, and  
docks, and ponds, and barns  
and wooden bridges, and

Dec. 1, 1970

FROM: Song of the Open Road.  
by Walt Whitman

At foot & 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

water falls  
wholesome grains,  
For calcium: drink non-  
fat or butter milk, cheddar  
cheese, cottage cheese, ice  
cream, goats milk, broccoli,  
VITAMIN A = good for  
clear eyes & skin. Carrots,  
VITAMIN C, eat lots of  
oranges. NO canned foods.  
yeast, mushrooms, spinach,  
broccoli, strawberries, melons,  
all good for you.

Natural foods = grown on  
soil fertilized by natural  
or organic fertilizers (no  
chemicals), unprocessed.

I love Tim Hardin & his  
album: 1

I love my soft, warm,  
helpless puppy, Maggie

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 & the west are  
mine, and the north & 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.

Dec 3<sup>rd</sup> 21  
Well, I found my  
ride back out to Cal.  
That's great - I won't  
have to hitchhike that long  
distance now. And I love  
Cal. 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 in, think  
in, 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 - "On a Country  
Road" - "Sunny Skies". I  
love Elton John - "Your

Songs

I'd like to live somewhat  
the way the pioneers  
did. Sewing all our clothes.  
Baking bread. a nice brick  
fireplace. homemade candles.  
hooked rugs. patchwork  
quilts. 1 cat & 3 dogs. a  
small cabin or house out  
in the woods. NO T.V. or  
Newspapers or magazines, maybe  
a stereo. Lots of books. Home-  
made ice cream. I would like  
to settle down with a  
husband or (non-husband),  
marriage is unessential - &  
have a family. about 4  
children. I just met a  
guy who got married in  
a Quaker church, & he & his  
wife rode away in a horse &  
buggy. They wrote there  
own vows & had there

Rings hand-made.

"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 ABIE Ho - E-man

"I'm not good for the winter. This is my last winter in the North. I have to live in 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 freest 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 in a

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  
harrassment; forced  
repression of feelings &  
beliefs; unjust treatment  
to brothers. but now I  
don't. Sure they are in  
the wrong lots of times -  
its is society's fault -  
not theirs. They are just  
human beings too - they  
will cry, laugh, hurt, love,  
& bear children too - just  
like me. If only they  
could realize this. Their  
bodies will die some day

too. I guess 'I' am the  
STRONGER & the wiser.  
I must learn to accept  
their constant harrassment,  
& help them get over their  
ignorance thru friendship,  
talking to them as human  
beings - no more hiding  
from them, or classifying  
them in 1 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  
staps in between. Aa under  
ground railroad exists. The  
runaways are hidden in  
crash pads, 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. A gain' (?) 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, & a bit of privacy when needed.

- I want to educate my self towards a better me - so in return I

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can help improve this world. I want to go to The Institute for the Study of Non-Violence, in Palo Alto - a Krishna Temple - Canyon in Berkeley Hills - and other such "places of Learning." I want to visit many communes & 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. A complete unknown, with no direction home, like a rolling stone." Dylan



I'd love to live  
in a tipi thru out a  
summer way far out in  
the wilderness in British  
Columbia - building a  
cabin for winter. Raise  
a goat or 2 - for milk...

~~Country road~~ - James Taylor  
Take to the highway. won't  
you hand 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  
won't 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 fain let man go by and behold a 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 govt., yield to it their allegiance and support are undoubtedly its most conscientious supporters."

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

26  
Something always attracts me back to the woods & countryside of Penna. 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'm really into Gandhi & Thoreau & the Gita's lately. I've not 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 city freak!

I <sup>often</sup> ~~hope~~ 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, & '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 were anybody  
 else whom I knew as well.  
 Unfortunately, I am confined  
 to this theme by the  
 narrowness of my experience."

"Simplify, simplify."

"My residence was more  
 favorable, not only to  
 thought, but to serious

reading... For what are  
 the classics but the  
 noblest recorded thoughts  
 of man. We might as well  
 omit to study Nature  
 because she is old."

"Sometimes, in a summer  
 morning, having taken my  
 accustomed path, I sat in  
 my sunny doorway from  
 sunrise till noon, rapt in  
 a reverie, amidst the pines  
 and hickories and sumachs,  
 in undisturbed stillness &  
 solitude... My days  
 were not days of the week  
 nor were they minced into  
 hours and fretted by the  
 ticking of a clock for I  
 lived like the Puri Indians,  
 of whom it is said that  
 "for yesterday, today, &  
 tomorrow they have only

JOHN CROMM  
(FROM CINCINNATI, OHIO)  
MET - JULY 1970.

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 obliged to look abroad for amusement, that my life itself was become my amusement & never ceased to be so. It was a drama of many scenes and without an end."

### BIG SUR

In the summer months of 1970 I (with ~~my~~ <sup>LOVER</sup> John) lived on the beaches of BIG SUR. Eating brown rice that was given to us - & small shelled fish that we caught. & drinking water from a creak, 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 leathered & 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 ~~the~~ <sup>CAVES</sup> & miles of deserted beach - & climbed cliffs - standing on top of them - above the roar of the ocean - bronzed, naked & free like a

John CROMM  
Love of my youth

WE TRAVEL SA ALL OVER  
COUNTRY TOGETHER. WENT  
TO GOOSE LAKE POP FESTO.  
IN MICHIGAN. 400,000 people

and a 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 onto  
our camp - & we'd sit around  
the fire listening to his  
tales - sharing food &  
sometimes wine (which our  
visitors would bring along).  
Our words became fewer &  
fewer. I felt like a wild,  
beautiful & free ~~to~~ animal,  
but was not satisfied with  
my loaves or my head. &  
regrettably re-entered  
civilization & sickened by  
the water (chemicals),  
noise, constant rush, cars  
& so on. People stared  
& re-marked on my

SORRY I HURT you JOHN,  
I KNOW we will never  
meet again. It was beautiful  
- BUT we were too  
young. I Love you.

beauty - I was red-brown  
like an Indian - my hair  
was shining & wild, my  
teeth very white, & my  
eyes clear & very blue.  
But my head was in a fog,  
& I unhappy.

More Thoreau:

"True, man can and does  
live, in a great measure,  
by preying on other animals,  
but this is a miserable way.  
I have no doubt that it  
is a part of the destiny  
of the human race to  
leave off eating animals  
as surely as the savage  
tribes have left off eating  
each other. I prefer  
the natural sky to an  
opium eater's heaven.  
"Godness is the only  
investment that never fails."

Goose Lake  
Pop Festival  
Michigan

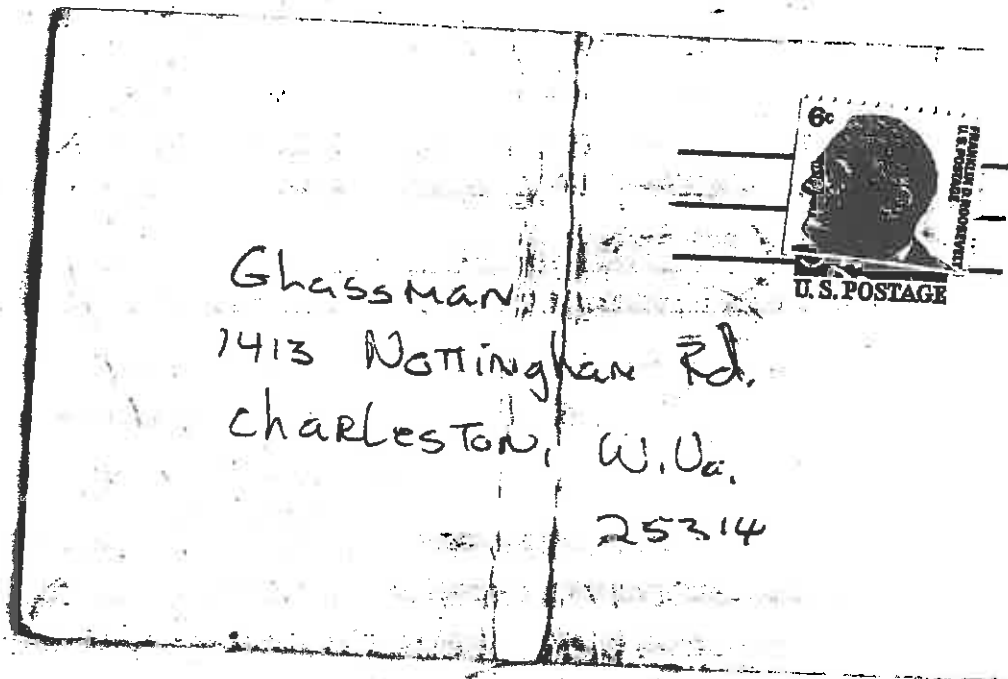
Postcard

Letter to mother from Journey to  
Goose Lake Pop festival  
in Michigan & then back to Calif.

Hi - got one ride straight thru - Michigan.  
Festival Fantastic - 400,000 people - Chicago.  
Ten years after, Jethro Tull, John Sebastian -  
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 in happy,  
healthy & clean. In laundramat  
Right now. Take care, I'll write  
again soon. Love, Jodi

Front →

Back →



Postcard  
to  
mother

I wish I knew how  
to play the flute, and  
weave on a hand loom.

I am sitting in  
apartment B-5, State  
College, Penna. The couple  
ups stairs are fighting. The  
girl is crying hysterically  
& gagging, 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 ~~corridor~~ hall  
some body just went  
to the bathroom. The  
flushing of the toilet  
echoing thru the concrete,  
chipped paint, & waxed  
floor hallways. The kitchen

is all steel, aluminum &  
cold white metal. Everything  
is square cabinets, tables,  
rooms. The walls have  
been painted a number  
of times. They are now a  
shiny, green-cheap paint color.  
I refuse to use the  
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 nude. I have to run  
outside at least twice  
a day - with my dog -  
cross the car-filled  
street - to run & romp  
in the field - no matter  
if it's raining, freezing  
or whatever. Just so I  
can breathe a little.

Thoreau: "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 a 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. 19<sup>th</sup> - crashed at 'Exit' in Pennock, Penna. (Like Berkeley's free church), but you crash right there. They even give you a room + a bed. 2 people, ex-junkies, I used to know, worked there. So I rapped with them all night. They really got it together.

or 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 'Commanders' in Texas, jails, heroine 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 a 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 ~~and~~ welfare office. Tell them I had 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 untogether coz of drugs. - get on welfare, + a place to live. !!!

Jan. 4<sup>th</sup> - went

Shedding last night in Trenton, N.J. - Nice. big hills - sleek snow - + stars. it was hot's of fun. My birthday was nice. Pat

Hoban 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 (mettel monsters), + streets outside. I think I will be leaving soon. I miss Cal. very much. wish I had a home tho.

AROUND Jan. 6th  
SPLIT <sup>FROM EXIT</sup> <sup>SPUR</sup> of the  
MOMENT FOR Cal. Hitch-  
hiking got picked up by  
2 guys on way TO  
CONSTRUCTION Job. offered  
me motel room with 1  
of them for the night.  
Really good Karma; lucky  
START. able to shower &  
REST & START out in  
MORNING. Don't like  
Thumbing at night & nice  
people. at end of Penna.  
TURNPIKE, Near Ohio.  
SURPRIZED 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 rm. with  
was a beautiful kid  
Named Bob FROM LewisTown

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 wanted  
to have sex but felt  
that I would think I  
had to do it to pay  
him back - & he couldn't  
explain that to me &  
finally fell asleep. I  
wish I could stay with  
him longer. Wish I didn't  
even 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 morn.  
thumbed together - stuck  
in Ohio for 24 hrs.  
is below a weather-

was never so cold -  
suffered intensely - but  
remained cheerful. eventually  
got turned on to Motel  
Room. we made love. Thumbed  
with him to Chicago <sup>Jan. 7th</sup> his  
home. where his old lady  
is going to look for a ride  
from here - or will  
thumb RT. 66. But it is  
unbearably cold on road -  
& quite hard to get rides  
at this time of yr. would  
much rather find ride.

His name - John <sup>Luby</sup>  
Just after we finished  
cutting down cadillacs &  
how they never stop to pick  
up hitch-hikers - a big new  
one - driven by a lawyer  
stopped & scooped us up &  
away!

Dec. 26th 70

For Exit & whomever 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." ~~May peace be~~  
~~with you all with great~~  
Love, Jodi (and Maggie)  
ahimsa

Electric yo-yo given to  
me by Luby - Chicago -  
Jan. 9th or 10th. go to  
ride to Calif. - Tomorrow  
8:00 A.M. - will miss  
these kind people.

John Cramm  
To me:

HERE COMES  
THE SUN

It's all right.