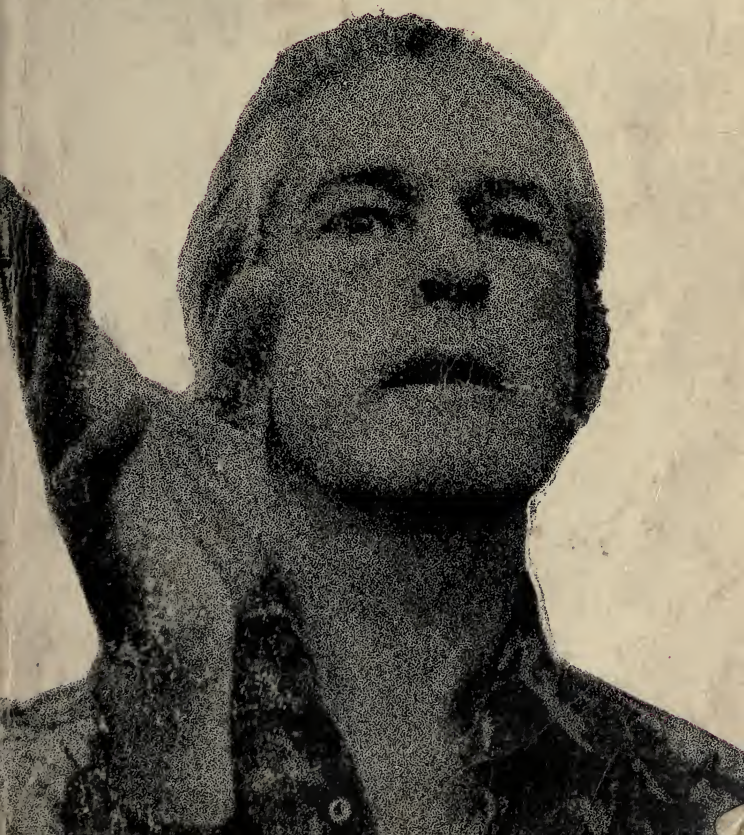


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Timothy Leary Jail Notes

with an introduction by Allen Ginsberg







**TIMOTHY LEARY
JAIL NOTES**

TIMOTHY LEARY
JAIL NOTES
INTRODUCTION BY
ALLEN GINSBERG

GROVE PRESS, INC., NEW YORK

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“What’s going on
in his head?
...Well, jail’s honed
him down to rib & soul.”

ALLEN GINSBERG



PREFACE TO DR. LEARY'S JAIL NOTES

By the late '40s of this memory Century the people I knew best and loved most had already broken thru the crust of old Reasons & were dowsing for some Supreme Reality, Christmas on Earth Rimbaud said, Second Religiousness according to Spengler's outline of civilization declining through proliferation of non-human therefore boring technology; Blake had called "O Earth O Earth return!" centuries before, echoing the ancient gnostic prophecy that Whitman spelled out for America specifically demanding that the Steam-engine "be confronted and met by at least an equally subtle and tremendous force-infusion for purposes of spiritualization, for the pure conscience, for genuine aesthetics, and for absolute and primal manliness and womanliness—" Ezra Pound's mind jumped to diagnose the dimming of the world's third Eye: "With Usura the line grows thick."

One scholar who transmitted Blake's kabbalah, S. Foster Damon, can remember his sudden vision of tiny flowers carpeting Harvard Yard violet before World War One, an image that lingers over 60 years in mind since his fellow student Virgil Thomson gave him the cactus Peyote to eat. Damon concludes that rare beings like Blake are born with physiologic gift of such vision, continuous or intermittent. William James, whose pragmatic magic probably called the Peyote God to Harvard in the first place, had included shamanistic chemical visions among the many authentic "Varieties of Religious Experience." His student Gertrude Stein experimented in alteration of consciousness through mindfulness of language, an extremely effective Yoga since mechanical reproduction of language by XX Century had made language the dominant vehicle of civilized consciousness; her companion Alice B. Toklas contributed a cookbook recipe for Hashish Brownies to enlighten those persons over-talkative in drawing rooms unaware that "the medium is the message."

This synchronism is exquisite: William S. Burroughs also once of Harvard shared Miss Stein's mindfulness of the hypnotic drug-like power of language, and collaborated on cut-up rearrangement of stereotyped language forms with friend Brion Gysin, who had originally given Miss Toklas the recipe for her famous Brownies. Burroughs among others had begun experiments with drug-shamanism after World War Two—for the author of "Naked Lunch" it was a pragmatic extension of his Cambridge interest in linguistic Anthropology. That same gnostic impulse broke through to clear consciousness simultaneously in many American cities: Gary Snyder realized the entire universe was alive one daybreak 1948 in Portland when

a flight of birds rose out of the tree stillness in a gully by the city river, a natural vision—The masters of the Berkeley Renaissance read Gertrude Stein aloud and practiced Poetic kabbalah (charming synchronism that psychologist Timothy Leary met poets Jack Spicer and Robert Duncan in that same 1948 student scene)—Neal Cassady drove Jack Kerouac to Mexico in a prophetic automobile to see the physical body of America, the same Denver Cassady that one decade later drove Ken Kesey's Kosmos-pattered schoolbus on a Kafka-circus tour over the roads of the awakening nation—And that wakening began, some say, with the first saxophone cry of the new mode of black music which shook the walls of white city mind when Charles Parker lifted his birdflightnoted horn & announced a new rhythm of thinking, an extended breathing of the body in music and speech, a new consciousness. For as Plato had said, "When the mode of the music changes, the walls of the city shake."

The new consciousness born in these States can be traced back through old gnostic texts, visions, artists & shamans; it is the consciousness of our ground nature suppressed & desecrated. It was always the secret tale of the tribe in America, this great scandal of the closing of the doors of perception of the Naked Human Form Divine. It began with the white murder of Indian inhabitants of the ground, the theft and later usurious exploitation of their land, it continued with an assault on all races and species of Mother Nature herself and concludes today with total disruption of the ecology of the entire planet. No wonder black slaves kept for non-human use into this century in tear-gassed ghettos of megalopolis were the first Aliens to sound the horn of Change, the first Strangers to Call the Great Call through Basilides' many Heavens. Amazing synchronism again, that Mr. Frank Takes Gun, Native American Church amerindian Peyote Chief, invited the brilliantly talkative silver-haired psychiatrist who directed a Saskatchewan mental hospital in the early '40s to participate in a Peyote ritual, and that the same Dr. Humphrey Osmond having recognized a wonder of consciousness thus experienced passed on the catalyst in Mescaline synthetic form to Aldous Huxley; and that Huxley's 1945 essay on the chemical opening of the Doors of Perception found its way to the tables of Bickford's Cafeteria Times Square New York & the couches of Reed College and Berkeley, where artist persons, having heard the Great Call of the Negroes, already initiated themselves en masse to subtle gradations of their own consciousness experienced while smok-

ing the same Afric hemp smoked by Charles Parker Thelonious Monk & Dizzy Gillespie.

Dr. Timothy Leary takes up his part of the tale of the tribe in a Mexican hut and brings his discovery to Harvard harmoniously—and there begins the political battle, black and white magic become public visible for a generation. Dr. Leary is a hero of American consciousness. He began as a sophisticated academician, he encountered discoveries in his field which confounded him and his own technology, he pursued his studies where attention commanded, he arrived beyond the boundaries of public knowledge. One might hesitate to say, like Socrates, like Galileo?—poor Dr. Leary, poor Earth! Yet here we are in Science Fiction History, in the age of Hydrogen Bomb Apocalypse, the very Kali Yuga wherein man's stupidity so overwhelms the planet that ecological catastrophe begins to rehearse old tribe-tales of Karmaic retribution, Fire & Flood & Armageddon impending.

It would be natural (in fact *deja vu*) that the very technology stereotyping our consciousness & desensitizing our perceptions should throw up its own antidote, an antidote synthetic such as LSD synchronous with mythic tribal Soma & Peyote. Given such historic Comedy, who could emerge from Harvard technology but one and only Dr. Leary, a respectable human being, a worldly man faced with the task of a Messiah. Inevitable! Not merely because the whole field of mental psychology as a "science" had arrived at biochemistry anyway. It was inevitable because the whole professional civilized world, like Dr. Leary, was already faced with the Messianic task of accelerated evolution (i. e., psychosocial Revolution) including an alteration of human consciousness leading to the immediate mutation of social & economic forms. This staggering realization, psychedelic, i. e., consciousness expanding & mind-manifesting in itself, without the use of chemical catalysts, is now forced on all of us by images of our own unconscious rising from the streets of Chicago, where city teargas was dumped on Christ's very Cross in Lincoln Park AD 1968. The drains are backing up in the cities, smog noise and physiologic poison in food turn us to insect acts, overpopulation crazes the planet, our lakes corrupt, old riverways become dank fens, tanks enter Prague and Chicago streets simultaneous, Police State arrives in every major city, starvation wastes African provinces, Chinese genocide in Tibet mirrors American genocide in Vietnam, Alarm! Alarm! howls deep as any Biblic prophecy.

Ourselves caught in the giant machine are conditioned to its

terms, only holy vision or technological catastrophe or revolution break "the mind-forg'd manacles." Given one by-product of the technology that might, as it were by feed-back, correct the berserk machine and liberate the inventor's mind from captivity by hypnotic robots, Dr. Leary had in LSD an invaluable civilized elixir. For, as Dr. Jiri Roubichek observed early in Prague ("Artificial Psychosis," 1958), "LSD inhibits conditioned reflexes." And this single phrase, for rational men, might be the key to the whole gnostic mystery of LSD and Dr. Leary's role as unique, alas solitary, courageous, humane & frank Democratic Boddhisatva-teacher of the uses of LSD in America. For he took on himself the noble task of announcing the evidence of his senses despite the scary contumely of fellow academicians, the dispraising timorous irony of scientific "professionals," the stupidity meanness self-serving cowardice and hollow vanity of bureaucratic personnel from Harvard Yard to Mexico City to Washington, from the ignorant Sheriff's office in Dutchess County NY to the inner greedy sanctums of the US Treasury Department in D. C., our whole "establishment" of civilization that defends us from knowledge of our own unconscious by means of policemen's clubs, and would resist the liberation of our minds and bodies by any brutish means available including teargas, napalm & the Hydrogen Bomb.

Dr. Leary conducted himself fairly & equitably, given the extremity of his knowledge; it took an innocent courage to explore his own unconditioned consciousness, to take LSD and other chemicals often enough to be well balanced in praxis as well as explanation, and to attempt to wed the enormity of his experience to Reason. An heroic attempt to communicate clearly and openly through civilized technologic media to his fellow citizens, despite centuries of identity brainwash accelerated now to mass paranoia and Cold War Apocalypse, required of Dr. Leary the proverbial wisdom of serpent & harmlessness of dove.

Timothy Leary tells the tale of his tribe in book aptly titled *The Politics of Ecstasy*, & events enlarged since he wrote his book and chose its title charge the author's handiwork with prophetic enormity. The battle of generations that erupted in 1968 simultaneously in Prague, Chicago, Mexico City, Paris, New York (and Moscow underground)—everywhere the State's electronic consciousness is interlinked—transcended antique battles of Cold War and Race. We witness planetary confrontation wherein controlling Elders trapped in a suicidal mechanical consciousness deploy their destructive technology against their own children in the streets of their own cities. 'Tis Blake's

Urizen tormenting tender Los in Eternity! New generations have risen spontaneous with new consciousness and a mutant politics of flower power that is rooted in the ground of human consciousness itself: an acceptance of human identity as one with living nature on a living planet where all creatures are living God. The public philosophies and technologies of all civilized Governments at present are at war with this God, and the planet itself is within decades of destruction. No wonder there is sudden appearance of Adamic hair. Eve walks naked in the streets; ancient body-rhythms beat out thru the airwaves in electric mantric Rock from Bratislava to San Francisco, & youths ingest shamanic elixirs to recover consciousness of planetary Archtypes. Hare Krishna!

One politic synchronism that concerns this text should be gossiped forth contextual. Timothy Leary quit public life to write a book in Mexico some years ago but he was searched by Agents of Government as he went to cross borders, arrested for possession of some herb, and thus forced to interrupt his writing, returned to public action, and defend his person from attack by the State. So he traveled to academies and lectured to the young, & thus he paid large legal fees required by the State & thus maintained an Ashram of fellow seekers well known in Millbrook. Agents of Government then raided and repeatedly abused the Millbrook utopia, whereupon Dr. Leary was obliged to be Dr. Leary and lecture more to raise money for his family of imprisoned friends. Agents of Government concluded this phase of prosecution with a piece of Socratic irony so blatantly echoing an old Greek injustice that the vulgar rhetoric of a Tyrannous State would need only be quoted to be recognized, were it not for the fact that these States are by now so plagued with Tyrannously inspired chaos and public communication so flooded with images of State Atrocity from the alleys of Saigon to the parks of Chicago that official public conscience here now, as memorably in Russia and Germany, is shocked, dumbed & amnesiac. I quote from the Spring 1968 State Document in any case for the delectation of gnostic Cognoscenti, that is to say myriads of the present young:

"To Hon. Edw. W. Wadsworth
Clerk, U.S. Court of Appeals
for the Fifth Circuit
Room 408—400 Royal Street
New Orleans, La. 70130
"Re: No. 23570

Timothy Leary

—Vs—United States of America

"... We are applying for an order from the District Court requiring the Defendant to surrender to the United States Marshal . . .

"The appellant continues his publicized activities involving the advocacy of the use of psychedelic drugs by students and others of immature judgment and tender years and is regarded as a menace to the community so long as he is at large . . .

Very truly yours,
Morton L. Sussman
United States Attorney

By: James R. Gough
Asst. U.S. ATTY.
Chief, Appeals Research Division"

Thus requesting revocation of Dr. Leary's bail'd liberty while his political-religious defense for possession of an herb approached Supreme Court, Agents of Government checked further conversation with the young. The Millbrook Ashram having been simultaneously dispersed by Agents of Government, his immediate financial responsibilities lightened, Timothy Leary retired back home to Berkeley with his mate and completed his description of *The Politics of Ecstasy*.

A twin book, *High Priest*, was also finished during this period of relative freedom 1968; in *High Priest* Dr. Leary composed letters anecdotes conversations and personal letters together into a number of chapters concerning friends and colleagues in worlds of science and art, & presented his history of consciousness-altering drug Fate in the course of a decade's official and unofficial experiments from Mexico thru Harvard thru Millbrook. His prose by now more supple than before, the book's collage structure contains generous exegesis of the persons and events of a psychedelic brotherhood and scientific confrères that altered the consciousness of that American decade.

Next year his legal appeal reached the Supreme Court, in May 1969 the Law under which he was arrested was ruled unconstitutional. Government attack on his person continued, & Dr. Leary was arrested and subsequently tried, convicted and sentenced to ten years without appeal bail by Judge Byron McMillan of Orange County for possession of two marijuana cigarette stubs planted in his car ashtray by a California policeman. Federal authorities meanwhile chose to retry Dr. Leary on his Laredo arrest on another technicality, this time not for

failure to report natural grass for government tax, but on the charge of "transporting" a smidgeon of marijuana the few hundred yards from the middle of the International Bridge to the Customs Shed where he had been detained years earlier. Convicted in Texas trial, Judge Ben Connally sentenced our philosopher to ten years also; both sentences set consecutively, bail denied, Dr. Leary at time of present writing has been jailed in California since February 19, 1970. Terminology of both judges agreed with government lawyers' boorish language that Dr. Leary was a "menace to the community." Bail denial was successfully appealed in the Texas case, and as of August 7, 1970 bail will (perhaps) be granted by some Supreme Court for California despite United States Attorneys obnoxious plea that our philosopher "represents a danger to other persons and to the community."*

The text of *United States of America*, Appellee's OPPOSITION TO APPLICATION FOR BAIL PENDING APPEAL contained the following hideous paragraph II (e) "Attached hereto as Exhibit D-1 is a copy of an article purportedly authored by Timothy Leary in *Playboy* magazine in which he discussed the facts giving rise to the case at bar, and which bears also upon his aims and activities which are the basis for the Government's opposition to his release on bail." Further documents appended included Dr. Leary's pacifist testimony at the celebrated Chicago Conspiracy trial, & news reports of various university lectures including one at Ann Arbor, Michigan early 1970 whereat Dr. Leary discoursed to raise funds for legal appeals for the poet John Sinclair also jailed for several decades and denied appeal bail after conviction a year earlier for having been entrapped by a local bearded agent who'd infiltrated the Detroit Artist's Workshop. Another disgusting document appended was a secret agent's report to the Laguna Beach Police Department "concerning additional suspects involved in the BROTHERHOOD OF RELIGIOUS LOVE. Refer to attached report for additional details."

Such a hexed country! "Judge McMillan labeled Leary an insidious and detrimental influence on society," quoth *L.A. Times* February 20, 1970, and "a pleasure seeking, irresponsible Madison Avenue advocate of the free use of LSD," quoth *Long Beach Press* March 17 same year.

Suffering armed fools cheerfully, Dr. Leary's made an exquisite religious covenant in jail. "Imprinting" as ontological key is

*Bail was not granted. Dr. Leary left San Luis Obispo jail months later, on his own initiative.—A.G.

suggested, & re-imprinting via Biological mouth-intake (food chemistry) is proposed as proper philosophic action. Hardly an affair of State—were we only to know State in theory. Leary's jail texts economically define use and role of LSD; here's formal psychological discussion of character-alteration by means of insight-creating drugs, such discussion related to Socrates' discussion at deathbed & texts on Catholic Hell Punishment, these juxtaposed with Judiciary reality of Jail society; all accomplished in professional manner with saintly aplomb.

What's going on in his head? Day to day observation of Heavy Metal Fix—the inside facts of jail—compassionate shrewd analysis of Manson as jail-conditioned soul. A few gists & piths: "Psychopharmacology plus bio-rhythmic sequential analysis—Alchemy & Astrology." Dr. Leary's notes include disquisitions on Hell from Church Fathers paralleled with prison weather, as if prison were that Hell spoken of old incarnate now in minds of State Judge & Jailers—thoughts interleaved with quotations from official rejection letters in legalese why some of his messages and letters aren't mailed thru jail walls. Dr. Leary touches a few political nerves—J. E. Hoover "a 75 year old bachelor virgin." (Actually, Sir Tim and Anyone, Hoover, an ear-voyeur, had tapes of M. L. King, tapes of a "wild party." King was afraid Hoover'd "do something foolish & play it in public." He did, to newsmen and various lawmakers and wire service folk—no one was interested in his tired blackmail—Invasion of privacy anyway.)

Dr. Leary's *Jail Notes* make a science fiction classic, Orwell come true. As Neal Cassady also'd spent 2 years in San Quentin a decade earlier, entrapped by shifty Narcotics Agents for a joint.

An answer to this tough problem of human aggression? Medicine, 3 lumps hashish daily quiet 75% of Aggressiveness. This fact courtesy U.S. Arms Control Disarmament experiments Princeton 1970.

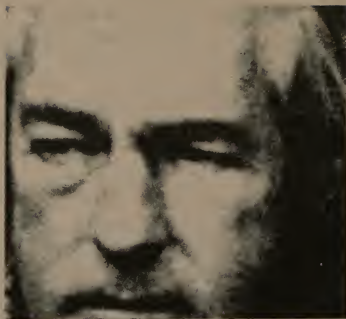
Dr. Leary's in jail for theory and practice of research on LSD & Cannabis. A shame on Harvard, on the Academics of America, & on the State. "His prophecies," like those of Hippocrates he paraphrases, "and his techniques with potions, if become widespread, would totally free each individual from State control and make possible complete liberty of consciousness." And the blessings of Sri Krishna Prem on you!

Dr. Leary has taken the burden of giving honest report of LSD & Cannabis in terms more accurate & harmless than the faked science of the Government Party Hacks & therefore his

imprisonment is an act of insult to Science, Liberty, Common Sense, Freedom, Academy, Philosophy, Medicine, Psychology as an Art, and Poetry as a tradition of human mind-vision. Well, jail's honed him down to rib & soul.

November, 1968 and August, 1970

JAIL NOTES



“Barking with pleasure
to see famed wild
captive. Blacks shout,
'Hey Tim.
We gotta talk to you.”

February 25 70 Orange County

Is there a library here?

No. Books are contraband.

No books!

Well there are some floating around. They circulate round a tier then disappear.

Magazines?

Yeah. They come into the office but the guards rip them off and take them home.

Are there any books on our tier?

Yeah. Three.

In dark of night detective story smuggled me. Read twice next day.

What's the second book?

A Burnt Out Case by Graham Greene. Read it five times. Marveling that this rare vessel of sensitive intelligence should find its way into metal maze labyrinth.

Where the third book?

In dark of night receive *The Confessions of St. Augustine*. Rock breaking laborous reading. Unpleasant Portnoy's Compliance. St. Monica original Jewish mother. Follows her naughty lover boy from Africa to Middle East. Pragging and naying for him. St. Gus finally gets to be a doctor. Good government job lived happily forever and ever and ever and afterward with Mom. In heaven with Mother. Snitch-fink.

In next tier dwealth roly-poly middle-jowled businessman. Baby raper. Caught giving head to his daughtly naughtier. He's got books. He's always first in line for chow.

I ear you got some books.

Eyes narrow bargain tastement. Yeah. Whatta you got to swap? Swap? I just want to borrow a book or two for a day or three. Well I don't loan books. There mine. I swap or sell them. Oh you so greedy. How do you get to own them.

He slide me an Orange County you must be some kind of Communist or nut look. Never mind how I got them. What you got to swap? I got some good ones.

Genesis of capitalism. Gods goods flow easily among care-free natives until some clever jowly, first-in-line-chow-belly child molester starts hoarding, creates artificial shortage, stops free flow and we're in business. Property. Why books? Because there's little else to hoard.

Someone gives me some hash and I spend afternoon on bunk meditating. *Farenheit 451* come true. I knew we shouldn't

see such movies. Spooky reel cans. Ontological diddling. Create-a-state of reality. Outside, these men scorn books. Here they become currency. Books forbidden. Hunger for written word.

There's one book they allow us to have.

Oh yeah. Gimme. Gimme. Gimme. What it is?

The bible.

Pre-evil forests of Canada levelled. Crackly ocean of word paper inundate continent. Science-fiction fascist state declare books contraband. Only one book left. One cup of words.

The bible.

The movie you are now in produced by Salvation Army, directed by Billy Graham. Entitled *The Wages of Gideon's Revenge*. Down on your nease boy. See who has the power now. Repent sinner. If you were marooned on a desert island what book would you ask for?

Do you want the bible?

No.

Sit locked in metal box, four foot wide, twelve foot long, ten foot high. Arrange mattress so it cushion metal stool. Place yellow legal pad on metal shelf and start writing.

In the beginning there was half a twin-soul in a self in a cell and the pen-celled words came writefully.

For nine relays and wrights by murky pale shadow glow sharpening pencil with razor blade held in match cardboard wrote story of jailhouse and then detailed plan for overthrowing the government of the United States right now. Blueprint for children's revolt.

Smoking cigarettes writing in new, careful legible script, eating candy bars, when hand cramp look at pale face in mirror, yoga, fall-a-bed, eat meals.

Reading books is strictly contrascated but writing books is worse. Must hide a peek under bed. Wait for lawyer smuggle out.

In the midnite electric amplified night-blare LEARY N-6 ON THE LINE FULL JAIL ISSUE YOU GOTTA VISITOR. IT'S YOUR LAWYER TAKE YOUR LEGAL PAPERS Sleep walk down escalator with yellow legal pad. Chula waits casual debonair. When guard turns nods and takes the papers. Whew! There! Science-fiction Meladreamer. Smuggling words out of prison.

Next week lawyers return. Give me typewritten copies of manuscripts. Read your proof. Tuck inside yellow legal pad and happy levitate moving stairs to cell block. Bouncing merrily past guard station Sergeant radar glance. YOU THERE HALT. Come lumbering out of glass booth fat ass khaki lad. WHAT YEW GOT THERE.

Well Sergeant just lawyer seen litigation constitution re-appraising appeal brief foundation liberation documentation.

Sergeant frowning. LEMME SEE THAT.

When Major Andre was searched the plans for the betrayal of West Point were found in his boots. Why Sergeant I just happen to have nothing that will interest you. Just a little article exposing conditions in the jail plus a little piece on the overthrow of the government with acidulous pen portraits of President, the Vice President, and the Attorney General of the United States of America, otherwise known as the Nation's Top Cop.

Sergeant frowning, lips moving as he reads.

It's all legal material attorney donation mandamus nihil obstat imprimatur preparation ratification of my case. Now I'll take it if you please returney comes back soon to cell I go.

ARE YOU PRO PER?

Well in the broader extra-jurisdictional sense, Sergeant, I am preparing my own case, indeed, tis true of all when comes the judgment of the higher court beyond help of private counsel or public defender appointed by the solicitous state. However, actually, I am not *pro per*.

WELL I'LL HAVE TO LOOK THESE OVER AND CALL THE CAPTAIN. GO TO YOUR CELL AND I'LL BE BY TO SEE YOU.

Back on bunk lying stoned laughing groan. I hate Grade B movies. Where my karmic contract? This time round I signed up for forest nature Noble Dionysian. It was clearly understood: no more Humphrey Bogart. What will thits do now? Imagine jail officials clustered round desk. Why Gentlemen this is nothing less than an insidious, subversive, treasonous incitement of widescale treacherous assault of children on their parents which we have luckily diligence of agents intercepted inspector, yes the chief will be pleased we caught this in the bud strictest surveillance not happen again smuggling documents out of escape proof jail indictment.

Heavy footsteps on the tier. Sergeant blunky form at bars. LEARY I BEEN READING THESE PAPERS. I DUNNO IT SEEMS TO ME THESE ARE STORIES, YES SIR, STORIES YOU ARE WRITING. HOW YOU GET A TYPEWRITER IN HERE?

Looks suspiciously around cell. OR ELSE YOU WROTE THEM AND HAD THEM TYPED OUTSIDE AND THEN BROUGHT IN FOR YOU TO CORRECT.

I look him amaze. Pardon me, but my space ship just arrived here. Take a day or two to adapt. Atmospheric pressure, you know. Mild disorientation familiar to all galactic travelers. Now if you'll give me my papers I can get back to business.

I'M GOING TO PUT THESE PAPERS IN YOUR PERSONAL PROPERTY. THEY WILL BE SEALED THERE AND YOU GET

THEM WHEN YOU LEAVE. AND I DONE WANT NO MORE
WRITING SENT OUT OF THIS JAIL. GAINST RULES AND
REGULATIONS.

Heels drum down concrete walk and outside hear the hammering of scaffold and dogs howling and murmur of the angry crowd and the women wailing.

Eli Eli lama sabachthani.

Which translated from the Aramaic means: Some of these people around here seem to forget that its just a movie we're making for fun and they are the ones with the spears. Get me out of here. My woman's waiting home.

March 18 70 Orange County/Chino

At four-thirty right first after breakfast fueling travel orders klaxon.

LEARY, N-6. ROLL UP YOUR GEAR.

This now count-down moment devolution. Mutate jailee prisonee. Chino Chain Chang. Take down down escalator to abasement holding tank. Strip off county wrappings. Slip on on (last time?) mod flannel London karma suitra.

Property window personal items contaminated with intimate baraka sealed sanitary plastic bags. Khaki holding bag. Squint. Laugh. "Hey Doc. Is it true you are writing a book about us?" Greeding outside sheet of confiscated manuscript. Pleasure roar recognizing Orange County Jail jargon.

"No arristofer. Is this proper procedure for you-it be greeding me intimate illegal documentaries? You-it can read maya book when comes out imprint."

"I'll never get to see it." Said the Roman soldier resignedly.

"You'll find a complementary copy next to your motel bed," yo said.

Thits store corps special insolation holding tank. Few minutes bring beefy, square-trimmed thirty old steer. "You guys are supposed to be in protective custody. I'll leave you alone if you promise not to harm each other."

Us eyes pledge truce.

Across room in other pen blossom tall beautiful boy in lotus pose.

Armours guards and rusty trustees wound round asking Harvard questions.

"This prison system isn't good but it's the best we have."

Hippie flow over. Just wrapping up year at County Farm. Radiate sunshine. "The only thing tu miss here is sex, music, and dope."

"Thanks a lot." Nu laugh.

Pen partner mysterious. Thits keep him special insolation. Sterilived hospital cell. Him crime true heinous to tell. Him me puzzle. Not wild animal. Stolid domestication. White collar crime? Right collar crime?

Handcuffed wristly together nu file on bus.

Him tolled me shocked for paranoid schizophrenia when Korean War.

CALIFORNIA INSTITUTION FOR DEFAULTE-ING, CHINO,
CALIFORNIA

ADULT PROCESS IN-CASED ARRIVALS CONT'D

Q 26357 **LARNER, Ronnie Russ**
Crime: Robb 1st (211 P C)
Sentence: 6 mos-Life (Per 1202b PC)
County: Orange

Q 26358 **LEARY, Timothy Francis**
Crime: Poss Mari 11530 H & S
Sentence: 6 mos-10
County: Orange

Raw material reception room. In migrants. Degeneration. Strip naked. Its Adam shame your here. Throw away every personal except clothes to male home, collect within fifteen days else donate to Salivating Army. Body inspection. Run hands through hair. Tote ears. Open mouth. Wag tongue. Lift male mail bags. Turn around. Spread buttocks. Life right foot. Life left foot. Take shower. Dress prison uniform.

This experience is treated under eight headings: I. Name and Place of Hell; II. Existence of Hell; III. Eternity of Hell; IV. Impenitence of the Damned; V. Poena Damni; VI. Poena Sensus; VII. Accidental Pains of the Damned; VIII. Characteristics of the Pains of Hell.

Tall black in blue dance over. "Hey Tim. Psychedelic Tommy, they call me." Hands maya ten hand-rolled Bugler cigarettes.

Rumor mills. Orders. Me put in hole. Isolation lock-up. Ship to Vacaville. Captain wants to talk to you.

Sergeant hairlines inspection. Shave hair souls. Ordered to barber. Last mirror glimpse of forest hair and mountain mustache. "Leaf as branch as you can," suggest barber. Grunts and clips. Mirror eye see strange high-headed youth. "Don't complain, man, you look twenty years younger."

Pick up sheets and blankets following sergeant to solitary insolation. Bad boy lock up for you. Walk by zoo cages. Nasty mean animals raise up sullen heads. Barking with pleasure to see famed wild captive. Blacks shout, "Hey Tim. We gotta talk to you."

Locked in cages nu can't see each other. Just animal cries. Brass nassy Brooklyn voice denounce me. "OOOH. He's that mad bad doctor get all de kids take dope. They should hang him." Blacks trombone back: "You outa yo Motherfucking mine, Shoaty. He's freedom fighter."

Shorty's voice befriendly. "Hey Doc. Look at dese pictures." Hand appears corner of cell with color snapshots. Sad-eyed blue wife. Clear-eyed pink kids.

Shorty shouts: "Hey Doc. Here's the record of my trial. Read it."

Shorty shouts: "Hey Doc. You want some cigarettes?"

Shorty shouts: "Hey Doc. You need stamped envelopes?"

Shorty shouts: "Hey Doc. You wanna Playboy magazine?"

In-prudent. In-presario.

In-, prefix. 1, In, on. 2. Denoting negation, as in-firm. Before "b" and "p" the "n" changes to "m," as im prudent.

In accurate

In accessible

In action

In adequate

In admissible

I. Name and Place of Hell: The term "hell" is cognate to "hole" (cavern) and "hollow." Hell denotes a dark and hidden place.

**YOUR LETTER IS RETURNED FOR THE REASON(s)
CHECKED BELOW: INCOMPLETE ENVELOPE FLAP**

Dinner passed through slot in bars. Then began evening's intertainment. Blacks using mirrors to catch setting sun. Reflecting birds of light against tier wall. "Hey Doc. Look." They are playing sunshine tag racing reflected spots of light along wall. Laughing shouts. In-perturbable.

**P 47327 BRUNO, Manuel Sanchez
Crime: Wilful Abuse of Child/273 a PC
Sentence: 6mo-10
Judge: P. P. Slaughter
DA: E. J. Younger PD: CJ**

What does PD mean? Public defender.

What is a public defender?

Opposite of private defender.

Twilight. Hour of romance. A young tan lady named Sandy coos out soft message. Black organ-voices rumble back.

"You there Sandy. You tender cunt you. Oh what I'm gonna do to you girl. I got me twenty-seven inches here for you."

Shy seductive pun. "Oh no, big boy. I'se my own girl from now on. No more marriage for me. I'se a free pussy."

"Great God A'mighty I gotta get some sweet, red asshole! Ah'm sick to death of my own right hand. Whooooeeee! Here I

come Sandy. I'll skin you soft brown ass, girl. Oh! Oh! What I'm gonna do to you, sister. I'm gonna split you velvet asshole, girl. Gonna stuff mah tool up you belly. Split you kidneys, girl. Pen-ay-trate yo guts, little girl. Ah'm gonna get you, baby, so you never gonna walk again. Great God Ah Mighty, cunt, I'se yo man."

Silence on the tier, Sandy soft cunning voice, in-breath. "Oh mister Guard. Let that man out. Oh yes, let him loose, I needs that man."

Roaring laughter sweeps three storey 300 house. Eighty males poke red heads through cell bars digging bawdy action.

Like love play everywhere, fierce pulsing action peaks subsides. Silence fills hall. Letter writing Rosemary. Shorty's raucous gutter voice: "Hey Doc! Look out." Cackling laughter.

Head to bars I look down tier at fire blazing on floor—flames six feet high leap up burn sheets, blankets, discarded clothes. Wild screams. Pleasured rage echo through metal hall.

"Yay man, Burn Mudderfucking joint down! Yay man! Burn to ground. Pour it on."

Momentary reflex fear trapped in cell holocaust calmed by cement steel inflammable maximum security.

P 57328 WHITE, Frank Luther
Crime: Robb 1st
Sentence: 5-life
Judge: R.M. Dales
D.A.: E.J. Younger; PD: CJ

What does CJ mean?

Convicted by jury. Jury of his peers.

One angry Black pyro-phobic voice protest fire is howled down. Incendiary quarrel between two African powers. "Why you shit-face, Motherfucking sissy Nigger, we burn down this establishment, you stay out of this, yo hear."

"Yay bo." Mocking.

"You miserable Motherfucker, I'm going to get you. You's dead you Motherfucking fool. I get out of this cell tomorrow, I'se going to whip you ass so hard you die. Die, Motherfucker! You hear me?"

"Yay bo." Mocking. "You scare me."

"Done you 'yay bo' me you Motherfucker. I'se going to get you dead, Motherfucker. What you name?"

"My name is Shackleforth, baby."

"Well you po fool, Shackleforth, you dead. Dead, Motherfucker. I got Brothers in every joint in this state, Motherfucking

fool, and we going to kill you." Tiger blood blind rage red bull gore baritone rage.

"Ooooh! I'se frightened."

Like hate play everywhere, fire dies down dead leaving heavy damp-rag, penetrating smoke. Caution: May be dangerous to your health. Guards march in, rip off two cells on each deck front of fire. Roll up to hole, snarling innocence bitterly. In-sendiary.

Smog smudge atmosphere. Silence settles duskly.

"Hey Doc!" Comic Shorty calling.

"Yeah, Shorty."

"How you like prison?" Shorty laugh.

Besides Hades and Gehenna, we find in the New Testament many other names for the abode of the damned. "Abyss." "Place of Torments." "Exterior darkness." "Storm of darkness."

P 67372

BRUNO, Jose E.

Crime: Rec'd for Diagnosis/ 1203.03 PC

**Sentence: 90 Day Placement (Atmpt Mur & ADW on
Peace Officer)**

Judge: T. T. Negan

D.A.: J. Twitchell: PD:

What does ADW mean?

Assault with deadly weapon.

What does peace officer mean?

Cop.

March 20 70 Chino

Rosemary's horoscope for year:

"The expansive planet of Jupiter will bring some strange events into your life this year. Unfortunately, while some people thrive on changes, Taureans are more conservative and you may resent the fact that they are forced upon you, even though they can only improve your life, your standard of living, and your general outlook. If you are married you can rely on those closest to you desiring to help you with your new responsibilities. Finances will be less restricted, but try to consolidate them until the end of the year when you will be able to take a long-dreamed-of vacation."

YOUR LETTER IS RETURNED FOR REASON(S) CHECKED BELOW: YOU ARE PERMITTED TO WRITE ON ONE (1) SHEET OF PAPER, USING BOTH SIDES. THIS LETTER IS IN EXCESS THEREOF.

P 77327 BLACK, Bryon Willie
Crime: Poss Mari (Rob Rev) 11530 H & S
Sentence: 6mo-10
Judge: T. Hanslinger
D.A. I.M. Downs: PD: CC

What does H and S mean?

Health and Safety. This grassy wicked has broken the H & S law.

Two-light mating calls: "You Sandy. You need a Motherfucking Bull on top your ass. You nothing but a hundred dollar night hoe. Oh girl, when I catch holt of you. I'm five inches wide. Dey gonna get me for man slaughter."

"Woman slaughter, baby," whisper reply.

Sweet little alcoholic thief look me admiration. "My wife and my kids never do anything together. You smoke marijuana with your family."

"Ooooh, you girl Sandy! I gotta have you. You and me all the way, little lady." He rattle bars berserk gorilla. Huge tier clang with sexual hunger.

"I've been here two years. It's the physical contact you miss. Soft flesh. The physical contact."

Everyone here for essence flaw. True, everyone in outside world nurses him karmic mistake. Everyman life center around seek-curit genetic wound. But here shame is public. Lust. Anger. Heroin. Gluttony. Thievery. Pride. Rape. Greed. Murder. Covetousness. Child molesting. What's your beef? What's him beef?

"Hey Doc. Why are you here?"

Pride, I think.

Old grey haired Black interrupts, laughing. "He here cause he shoot his big mouth off too much."

P 87327

BRUNO, Vincent Lopez

Crime: Rec'd for Diagnosis /1203.03

Sentence: 90 Day Placement (Poss Firearm by Ex-Felon)

Judge: J. Twitchell

D.A.: J. Edgar: PD:

Letter from a Taurean Poet

Dr. Tim and I strolled in the sun today . . . and talked . . . and he is an unusually meaningful companion to have here at the "bottom of falling" . . . Astrological nomenclature . . . (I think perhaps you felt somewhat condescending, your wife being a Taurus and all . . .) n' me and my hypothesis of a correlation between the I Ching and the signs, eventually wrapping it all up in "karma paper," so that for a few moments I really felt quite "found!"

Couldn't avoid noticing the coterie of persons that would occasionally come around as we walked . . . some of them wanting so much to ask you "how?" . . . probably seeking some directed guarantee . . . and I hope that you will reject no one here, because you may be the breath that many of us require, in fact I remember silently searching for the candor to mention this, but then you'd smile with a nectar of love and wisdom and surcease, and it became obvious to me how innocently beautiful nirvana is on a physical plane.

I must tell you that I felt a certain amount of concern that the system acolytes have used you for a political catharsis, cleansing their own hypocrisy, and attempting to displace your sane vitality by removing your presence from the reach of many upraised hands . . . However now I think that you are absolutely adaptable . . . like feathers in the wind . . .

Peace on your journey North, and of course the blessing of Tao for all that you will do. I am pleased for having been that much closer to "warm."

P 97327

WHITE, Gary Williams

Crime: RSP /496 PC

Sentence: 6mo-10

Judge: W. Anger

DA: F. Angnew: PD: CC

What does RSP mean?

Receiving Stolen Property.

Property. Property. Property. Property

The old philosopher Zweig is talking:

"Let us forget Nietzsche and all his books, and concentrate on this new phenomenon, that Nietzsche was one of the first to observe. It is this: for the first time in history, men are beginning to feel stifled by their own humanity. Most of the great artists and writers of the nineteenth century are men who feel themselves trapped in their own limitations. They are all stifled by human weakness. And yet at the very time when some men are fighting to get free of this weakness, others are basing their art on the concept of weakness, of human defeat. This is the one clear fact that stands out of our cultural history. One class of men wants freedom; the other builds an ethic of negation. So. . . what does this indicate? Surely that man is preparing for a new evolutionary leap?" —*Necessary Doubt*, Colin Wilson

March 21 70 Chino

Old shaven grey head dormous furry tattered tale me story walking back to cell. In San Diego County Jail dired dungeon books illegal contraband. Hippie saint smuggle copy Upanishads past from cell to cell. Him self writ nine Upanishads by hand on yellow legal sheets. "I thought, perhaps, you'd like to read them."

He gift me after dinner sunset bunk reading Katha Upanishad remembering past time reading Katha Upanishad in foothills Himalayas. Friendly Indian army officer chauffeured jeep thrifty miles past Almora parked by side road. Foot step hour up terraced hills. Look upcross valley see domes of Krishna temple.

Ashram of Sri Krishna Prem. Forty years ago young handsome Oxford philosopher pilgrims India researching lumination. Hunting guru spoor up Ganges. Sun shone bright at monastery of Sri Ramana Maharshi who sat 90 millions whiles away impersonal as sun radiating equally to every upturned face. Seeking higher lasers edge wanders to Lucknow teaching University. Rhadha wife of the Chairman of the Department of Illumination devotee of Krishna, laughing, dancing God of love. Love of her love of Krishna's love for him Rhadha and the Englishman now Sri Krishna Prem leave Lucknow and found Ashram in fardistant Kumaon Hills some thirty-soot hours from Delhi by rail and bus to Almora then thirsty mile further by foot high on ridge two build the temple of Love God.

Sri Krishna Prem wrote (as every student of the path must write) his commentary on the Gita and additional labor love a thin deep book on Katha. *A pious but practical Brahmin Vajasravasa gives as sacrifice ownly old, barren, milkless cows. His son Naciketas (youth revolting protests) proposes that his Father offer him to priests. In anger Father says I awe for you to Yama, God of Death.* Walking to temple through fields irrigated, fruittrees, smallawn two storey monkhouse terrace overlooking vallies north to Tibet south to Almora. Place void we stand awhiling. *When Naciketas reached the House of Yama God was absent. For three days waited meditation. When God of Death returned his servants said, Oh Lord this young*

Brahman has waited three days without food. It is written that hospitality to the Brahman is required. Yama, apologizing, said "Oh Brahamana, obeisances, since thou has waited without food in my house for three nights may I offer any three gifts which thou desire."

P 08328

BLACK, Clayton J

Crime: Rec'd for Diagnosis / 1203.03 PC

Sentence: 90 Day Placement (Poss Dang Drug & Driv
U/I of Narc)

Judge: W. Seagram

DA: H. A. Schenly: PD

Soon down the wooded hill came long striding two tall athletic Englishmen in robes. One in seventies one thirties. The old man came up radiating pure love glow.

We had come without pre-arrangement but were invited to the second floor porch room. Seated on cushions Sri Krishna Prem and Ashish served tea. When he discovered Harvard professor misfired for spiritual advocacy his warmth unbounded.

Your sadhana lead to cheerfully give up reputation and has lead you footsure to this remote valley in search of divine true. This here your home.

Naciketa first wished that his father forget his anger and forgive his son. Granted, quote Yama.

Sri Khrishna Prem knew all around LSD. Siva powerful sacrament, divine electsir more powerful than newclear bomb. Be prareful. He was deeply interested teaching of Gurdjieff and scorned less of pompass followers. He spoke with wisdom and with love. The man who kalls himself Maharishi seeks clame and money. And poor Meher Baba who fames he onwly Havatar will get alassly the followers he deserves. We sat on floor surrounded books. We have given most of the lib-rary away. Keep old alchemical texts. Ancient gnostic commentaries. Take this with you. My meditations on the Katha Upanishad. The book was sun yellow bound!

Naciketa wished next that Yama teach him fire sacrifice, the aid to heaven. Gladly, sage Yama, and described the manner in which the ancient ritual ash performed. Being delighted by noble youth added the boon that forever more the sacrifice of fire would be known by name of Naciketa.

P 08329

BRUNO, Margerito Flores

Crime: Poss Mari

Sentence: 6mo-10

Judge: J. Walker

DA: J. Beam: PD

It is now time for our evening worship. Would you join Sri

Krishna Prem? We worship Krishna, young God of love. Krishna is the human embodiment of Gods endless goodness. He is father, lover, shepherd, musician, dearest Baby God-child, son, teacher, brother, laughing friend. Come worship us with him.

The temple small. High altar for Baby God. We sat on mats outside wide open temple doors. Ashish and young Englishman bound in stood to right Sri Krishna strode from hallway beside. As he enter room Ashish be banging on huge metal triangle. Membrane bending sound bombs whiled friend whaling too drums. Barumb. Barumb. Clang-a-rang-bang. Barumb. Barumb. Mind blasting, reeling auditory earsaulting clamor. Sri Krishna Prem striding masterfully, chanting. Barumb, Barumb. Swift sure muscled whirlspin, action, whisking bullock tail clang-a-rang. Baloom. Baloom. Locomotor triangular roundhouse insense smoking, dervish energy tornado. Hari Krishna haricane sweep up. In frenergetic trance. Sri Krishna Prem turning lifting sweet parts comes to us offer puja. Sweeps out of room and sound stops.

Choose now, O Naciketa, the third boon. And the young man asked: What happens after death?

P 08330 **BLACK, Walter Lee**
Crime: Burg 2nd /459 PC
Sentence: 6mo-15
Judge: W. Street
DA: T. Mortgage: PD

What is that, a writ you reading, asked little Bobbie Robber cell mate. Tis a handriden conversion of a leaguel book which hath many a soul freed prison incarnation. By sitting in the corner of the room next to the twilight bowl eye look through bars at redding sun be with Rosemary setting sundeck Berkeley. A young silly white boy downtiers flirting awkwardly with dusky Queen below. The three tier zoo mammalian stir with well-fed evening erraticism.

We sat on floor in kitchen, Sr. K.P. sit cooking before high fire place. Graceful ceremony. Ashish assist. We grow our own wheat and grind it. We milk our own herd. Milk and cheese.

We used to be strit-riktualists. Obsessive detail to taboos. Spend five hours a day bathing, feeding, dressing baby statue Krishna. Bakti. Bakti. Yoga of love. Through dedicated love of this doll Krishna we find divine. Forbid interdict. Check. Search all visitors to make sure no leather belt, no leather shoes, no leather wallet. No cow hide. Strict. Strict.

Hundreds of food rituals. Keep separate. Wash different bowls. **Bakti. Bakti. Love of** ritual is love of God.

One day young sincere boy came to visit. While we were out walking he went into kitchen to wash dishes. Horrid. Washed wrong dishes in right bowls. Completely smashed our purity. When we returned I was furious. Flew into rage. Had to smash and throw away all dishes. Tantrum. That night we realized that our love of ritual eroded our love for sloppy people. So we gradually changed. Bakti. Bakti. Bakti. Each minute is eternity of love. We have sloped off ritual. We now worship freely and gently.

P 08331 WHITE, Warren Smith
Crime: Stat Rape
Sentence: 6mo-50
Judge: F. Prye
DA: W. Seagram: Q. Rankin

We find Krishna in the press and schedule of daily living. Ashish and I have lived together for many years. Incessant grinding elbowing gritty yoga of daily love. I was hard on him. Relentless. Days of revolt and doubt. Will our love survive. Krishna has taught us that love in living is love of God. We cannot proselytize. Invite others. Large ashram. Our yoga is too intimate. Too demanding. Second by second.

Paul, here, was follower of Gurdjieff. When his teacher died he wrote us begging to come. For six months we turned away his letters. Finally we let him visit for two weeks. Then he returned to England. Now he has come back for a few months. There are no shortcuts to the eternal love. In which all is given.

The old sage was ill and tired. Ashish anxious glances but he kept us late. Our days of talking are numbered. You came to me late, Brother. I want to leave you as much as I can. You will need it. Your yoga hurdles you into high energies. Be careful of the powers. Once you have entered the Divine mansion, as I see you have, there are many temptations. The outer rooms are filled with visions, delights, miracles, occult powers, new forms of radiance. Be careful, do not be diverted. Do not linger too long with the new powers. Go forward to the one, light, pure eye center from whence all arises and to which all returns.

To morrow visit cell where handscribing monk. Thank you brother for the loan of Upanishads. My dearest wise guru in Himalayas first gave me the Katha. How mysterious that it should reappear here. I return it to you with thanks.

Look man. I'm leaving this afternoon for Quentin. Yeah, they downed me good. It will be all right. But I can't take the manuscript through body inspection. You keep it here and when you leave pass it on to another soul who needs it.

P 08332 BROWN, Ricardo
Crime: Theft of Vehicle
Sentence: 6mo-5
Judge: H. Ford, PD

After a few days it came to past that sturdy Jupiterian from Aquarius orbits round. Hell's Angel. Teach me. What do you want to learn? I wanna ride high, a Heaven Angel. I'll settle for anything outta Hell. Watch me do, Brother, I have little to say.

Comes to my bunk bearing offerings. Can of Bugle Crackers. Peanut butter. Honey. Sitting lotus-pose I praise the Tao for these gobbling goodness. Wiping mouth and lighting cigarette. Well friend, what can I offer you? Teach me.

Remember the handscrawled Katha on yellow legal sheets. Read the introduction slowly. We chant the propitiatory OM together. Do you feel vibration in back bone. That is the hum of galactic energy. Electron and proton harmonizing. Can you feel how we are on same frequency. Docile nod yes.

Reading the Katha on over-flow skid row amid the noisy throng of prison. It's a beautiful clear translation. Comes through across the four thousand years. Electric message. Despite the static.

Forest philosopher high on Soma. Vedas. Upanishads. Down through Schopenhauer to young Oxford scholar sits on Himalaya terrace receiving and transmitting, take this dear Timothy, handwritten in County Jail, smuggled into prison and the shaven head Hell's Angel sits now in his cell making his own copy which he will pass on when he passes on from here.

There once a time a Father who was sloppy and selfish in worship and his son mocked him, protesting, dissenting, and the Father in his anger cursed the boy to death who answered the three questions which I shall now reveal to you.

Om. Shanti. Om. Shanti.

P 08333 BRUNO, Ricardo Gilberto
Crime: GT (prob Rev)
Sentences: 6mo-10
Judge: J. Mellon: PD

March 24 70 Chino/Vacaville

THE FOLLOWING AUTOMOBILE BODIES WILL BE TRANSPORTED FROM RCG CIM CDC TO RGC CMF VAC VIA REGULARLY SCHEDULED MBDR (73946) Per 82522. LEAVE CELL AT 3:00 A.M. INDIGESTIVE FUELING MADRONE HALL 3:30 A.M. BODY WASH AND INSPECTION RECEIVING & RELEASE 3:45 A.M. PROPORTION OF CARCASS TO LIFE STORE IN HOLDING TANK 3:50 A.M. UNTIL 6:00 A.M. HIGH PROPORTION OF LOIN & REAR QUARTERS.

"I done foteen years in these Motherfucking California prisons. I just can't make it out there. Heroin. That's my thing. Hunnerd dollar day habit. CMCRC that's the place. More dope there than on the street. When the guard marched me to the office I'm holding my works in my left hand like that, unnerstand, and I juss slide it off in bushes so clean, unnerstand, some happy Motherfucker mussa blown his wig fine that little bag. Had eight points. I got me some cunt in every prison in this state, except Quentin. Oh that heroin make it hard."

DRESS IN WHITE JUMP SUITS HANDCUFFED ALLOWED ONE PACKAGE OF UNOPENED CIGARETTES ON BUS.

P 08334 WHITE, Keith Miller
Crime: Burg 2nd
Sentence: 6mo-15
Judge: B. Kornfeld
DA: J. Morgan: PD

"Oh man, we should be on left side of Mothe`fucking bus. You get to see more. Unnerstand. Pussy, man. When we pass those cars those cunts driving with skirts up they ass, whoooooee, you look right up they legs. Oooh. There's one coming now. Let's go. Aw. Motherfucking pants no good."

PROCEED ON FREEWAY NORTH VIA GRAPEVINE UP CENTRAL VALLEY.

Crazy old man mumbling to self. Trying to roll powdery state tobacco with handcuffs. "Here brother, have a tailor made." Looks up. Radiant grin. Oxford voice. "Why thank you, Governor. A Pall Mall after breakfast is a rare and delicious treat."

Rolling green farm land. Fruit tree blossoming. Last year we slept under the pear tree and the air was fragrant.

Rolling north to Berkeley home. Ontological architectural designing. Planning drive from Vacaville home to Berkeley. Reality kit. Do it yourself. Construct a future.

Where is hell? Some were of the opinion that hell is everywhere, that the damned are at liberty to roam about in the entire universe, but that they carry their punishment with them. The adherents of this doctrine were called "Ubiquitists" or Ubiquitarians; among them were Johann Brenz, a Swabian, a Protestant theologian of the sixteenth century.

P 08335

GREY, Walter Lee

Crime: Poss Mari & Poss Firearm by Ex-Felon

11530 H & S & 12021 PC

Sentence: 6mo-10 & 6mo-15 CC

Judge: J. Hangslinger

DA: J. Beam: PD

FOLLOWING YOUTHFULL BODIES TO BE DROPPED OFF AT CMC DVI CDC TRACY FOR YEARLING PROCESS TO BE CHECKED INCLUSIVE ESCAPE W/O FORCE: BURG 2ND: POSS FIREARM BY EX-FELON WEIGHT AND SIZE ACCORDING TO AGE ASS W D'DLY WEAP W INT. T COM MURD: 5-LIFE FORM—DEEP, BROAD THROUGHOUT LOW SET, STRAIGHT TOP AND UNDERLINE FORG (PROB REVOC) CONSTITUTION: GOOD DEPTH AND WIDTH OF CHEST: 1-15 POSS NARC FOR SALE & SELL NARC: QUALITY: SMOOTH THROUGHOUT: GOOD HANDLER AS INDICATED BY SOFT LOOSE, PLIABLE SKIN COVERED WITH FINE DOWNY HAIR: BONE, FINE YET OF SUFFICIENT SUBSTANCE AND STRENGTH TO CARRY BODY ASLT W. INT. TO COM. RAPE 5-15 & 5-LIFE: SELL NARC 5-LIFE: CONDITION: CARRYING NATURAL, FLESH ENOUGH TO INDICATE VIGOR GRAND THEFT 6 MOS-10 DISPOSITION: ENERGETIC DOCILE (DIS-QUALIFICATION ELIMINATE FROM CLASS.)

The kids to be dropped at Tracy were scared. Bloody cock pit. Father, Father why hath thou forsaken me to this snarling sodammus nightmare. Gotta show you'll fight or you'll be raped. Join a gang or you get picked off.

The lawns were barefoot green boys running grass mowers gamboling, sunny serene afternoon, bees humming, lazy spring warmth and the guards in the gun-towers daydreaming.

Our kids filed off a fare-thee-well and one young wired up crazy kid joins us exploding news. Oh man, wait till I tell them on the main line I rode the Grey Goose with you. Big riot last night. Man they really got a screw. In surgery all morning. Three inmates killed.

He was 23 in prison since age 16 seething energy, completely at war with system, resigned life time brutal confinement. Never been on street during adolescence to know the soft bodies of girls all raging seed sexuality committed to violence, teeth knocked out, crazy twisted grin, covered with scars. He gazed on me his culture hero. Oh man wait til I tell my sister I met you. You're her idol. How old is she? Fifteen.

P 08336 WHITE, Joseph Eugene
Crime: Burg 2nd /459 PC
Sentence: 6mo-5
Judge: J Mellon
DA: M. Dollar: PD

(Biographers please note: The Pied Piper of Hamelin was wandering musician. Piper. Flute. Performed him dooty for society. Good rid-dance for rodents. He did not kill hated, feared, wicked grey whiskered. Sweetly piped them out of town to plushy, rich forest where happily forliver after. No pesticides. traps. poisons. Only soft sweet tunes little four feet scamper way. Hoard of Directators ungrateful spited. By simple loving mute-flute solution? Thit gone and past a law against him him merrily wanders out of time town, no complaints, (you'll miss me when I'm gone, you will) no trouble but the kids do listen after him.)

**PROCEED CALIFORNIA MEDICAL FACILITY CDC RGC
CMF USA VACAVILLE**

"This joint is like a Motherfucking Air Force Base, man, unnerstann, they efficient Motherfuckers, smooth, all smooth but chicken shit man if you get outta line. Military."

P 08337 PAROLE VIOLATOR WITH NEW TERM
GREEN, William Ireland
Crime: Forg, 3 cts ALL-CC & CC WPT 470 PC
Sentence: 6mo-14, 3 cts. ALL-CC WPT
Judge: P. Twitchell
DA: R. Counts; J. Grossman

Give four autographs receive two pkg cigarettes, one (1) copy of Radhakrishnan History of Indian Philosophy, four stamped envelopes and stored in cage with fifty-year-old pink rabbit accountant who lives with his Mother. Dear furry Mother Tucker Beddy Bye Boy. Got drunk in public sent to County Honor Farm for six months after four months and three days wandered off to highway and hitched ride to El Centro, walked up to truck-driver in parking lot and sold wrist-watch for \$3.50. Liquor stores closed so bought six pack spent night in park, it was cold, slept on windy bark pench. Early morning bought

two bottles of Muscatel arrested at high noon. Convicted of felonious escape without force five year term. Maximum gun-tower security because escapee. SKP DANGER!

YOUR LETTER IS RETURNED FOR THE REASON(s)
CHECKED BELOW: INCOMPLETE HEADING

Prison crowded. Sleep overflow. Forty double bunk beds, eighty men on tier floor. Share twelve square feet with seven criminals. In six days not one negative vibration. Look down bed time face old-time hoodlum, tattooed mugger rubber shining innocent love. Cheerful, sharing, family loving group.

The Ubiquitarian is universally and deservedly rejected; for it is more in keeping with their state of punishment that the damned be limited in their movements and confined to a definite place.

P 08338 GREEN, James Timothy
Crime: Burg 2nd w/2 PFC 2 cts & CC WPT 459 PC
Sentence: 6 mo-15 2 cts & CC WPT

What does PFC mean?

Prior Felony Convictions.

YOUR LETTER IS RETURNED FOR THE REASON(s)
CHECKED BELOW: IMPROPER STATIONERY

Neumann, the young drug experimenter wanted by the police, is talking:

"I was impressed by the opening sentence of your Heidegger book. It seemed to me to go to the heart of the problem. Man's experience of the world is basically an experience of limitation."

"I noticed something very similar in your article on suicide." said Zweig.

"Be of good cheer and say that you are burying my body only."

When he had spoken these words he rose and went into the bath chamber with Crito, who bade us wait; and we waited, talking, and thinking of the greatness of our sorrow.

March 26 70 Vacaville

Delightful science fiction story by blessed Gerald Heard. Higher intelligence planet where men collaborate symbiotically with bees. Supermen come down to Earth. To cool us out—while ellas allies have Conference of Bees. We idiots become symbiots.

Horoscope for week: Your personality is center of some controversy. Keep in close contact with admirer or supporting person. Do not try to handle some matter alone.

P 08339 ITALIO, Giovanni
Crime: Escape from State Prison w/o Force CS WPT
4530 PC
Sentence: 6mo-5 CS WPT
Judge: A. Linletter
DA: R. Reagan: PD

What does CS mean?

Consecutive with recurrent term. Running wild. One stretch on top of another.

RGC COURT RETURN WITH NEW TERM

The Blacks: They were dressed in rags and tatters which they wore not without style and pride. They talked with the greatest relish and delight.

They were gay and laughed continually. Their laughter seemed to come straight from some sure, inviolate source within where they were unfailingly refreshed and had the habit of feasting with kings. Their laughter matched the sun, the curve of the sky and the somberly burning land and it flashed like some inspired revelation of the future.

P 08340 BRUNO, Jesus
Crime: Escape from State Prison w/o Force CS WPT
4530 PC
Sentence: 6mo-5 CS WPT
Judge: A. Linkletter
DA: R. Reagan

Eye remember hallway line at Orange County Jail. Seven foot majestic muscled Black walk up to guard station—poised, haughty African king. As turn away, small frail, bespectacled, pimpled white took him place. It was only a ludicrous acci-

dental snapshot juxtaposition, quite unfair, but to eye couldn't help making wicked comment to men around: "White supremacy!"

Although——is omnipresent,——is said to dwell in Heaven, because the light and grandeur of the stars are the brightest manifestations of——infinite splendor. But the damned are utterly estranged from——; hence their abode is said to be as remote as possible from——dwelling, far from Heaven above and its light, and consequently hidden away in the dark abysses of the earth.

March 27 70 Vacaville

Two young Blacks meet, by suprise, in the mess hall.

"Hey, man, what you doing here?"

Grinning. "Oh, I got three life tops."

He was about nineteen years old, with three lives to serve.

ADULT PROCESS CASES

P 08341 GREY, John Baptist

Crime: Rec'd for Diagnosis /1203.03

Sentence: 90 Day Placement (Fraud Poss Comp Check)

Judge: A. Carnegie

DA: J. Morgan

Jiggs, forty-year-old Black heroin addict, thin as needle, spoons up to me bunk.

"Tim, answer me one question."

"Eye try."

"How long, man? How long is this going to go on?"

Jiggs come up again. Laughing.

"See that dude down there? He's ticketed for Quentin sure. Know what he tell me? He say, 'Man, they can't sent me to Quentin. I'm camp material.' Dig that. Camp material."

Eye say, "Ask me and I'll tell you I'm street material."

Jiggs breaks up behind this. Holds out el palm high, high slap it, laughing at man pleasure.

Chicanos start meetings in yard. First time they have taken group action. Danny tell me, "The Chicanos were too proud to do things in groups. When they were mad they'd wait and rip off enemy on their own, man to man. Now they have agreed to cool individual violence. It's beautiful."

Fifty solemn brown men cluster round spokesman, harangue them fiercely. Hold small Mexican banderas. When they-els break up shout "Viva La Revolution. Viva Unidad."

P 08342 BLACK, John Henry

Crime: Poss Narc (Prob Rev) 1150c H & S

Sentence: 2-10

Judge: E.J. Lilley

DA: P. Davis

YOUR LETTER IS RETURNED FOR THE REASON(s)
CHECKED BELOW: IMPROPER RETURN ADDRESS.

Always everywhere Black laughter. Deep body-soul laughter.

II. The existence of hell: The existence of hell is, of course, denied by all those who deny the existence of——. Thus among the Jews, the Sadducees, among the gnostics, the Seleucians, and in our own time Pantheists, etc. deny the existence of hell. But apart from these, if we abstract from the eternity of the pains of hell, the doctrine has never met with any opposition worthy of mention.

P 08343 BRUNO, Henry Reyes
Crime: Robb 1st 2 cts CC 211 PC
Sentence: 5-Life 2 cts CC
Judge: L. Johnson
DA: J. Mitchell

Low-rider gunsells rape off hippies. Any longhair him pigeon for punking. Punked? Forcible asshole rape. Some hippies kill themselves.

March 29 70 Vacaville

I'M THE FRIENDLY BULL OF VACAVILLE

The first *day* of weekend, Easter Sunday lying disordered linen sheets our nightly sepulchres rudely rent in twain from top to bottom alarm awake. Arise the day hath broken. For prevention resurrection a guarded watch for ours of sleep.

Down the beds roaming footroop cop-cap rakish back on head come aniding. Rise again from the dead. Easter egg hunt starts in twenty minutes.

Bodies rising from bed joyously greeting Passcall dawn. What a fuck that Motherfucking bull think he Motherfucking comedian. Eye glance him curious. Fat, red, self-adulatory Irish face.

After these things he deed show himself being morning the second day when matin bell had run where the discipled were once again in mourning. Waiting for bull to bring hot coffee water from kitchen. Seating lotus pose on upper bunk look down at khaki-lad.

"Say Leary. I bin looking at her jacket. You sure had inner-resting life."

"You record only tell me extraresting life. I grant no inner-views."

"Says you were at Holy Cross College 1938-39. Zat right?"

I answered: "I have told you that I am *he*. If therefore ye seek me, let these others go their way."

Sirloin face sizzle smile. "Well we must have known each other. I'm from Worcester and in 1938-39 I was a bus boy in the dining hall."

"I do recall you served me well."

Among the brothers standing and putting on garments there was grumblng. "Tell Motherfucking screw get the hot water for our coffee."

Leaning on his spear the guard unwrapped adolescent memory. "Do you remember," saith he, "when Artie Shaw came to the Cross gym. Back Bay Shuffle. And Benny Goodman."

Group collects around amazement, good thieves, bad thieves, publicans, sinners, disciples in underwear gaping.

"Dig the Motherfucking screw trying to be honkey friendly. Benny Goodman: Sheeeeeeeet!"

My bunkmate Jiggs bent over mumbling to his blankets. "What Motherfucking happen being friendly to Motherfucking bull."

Guard suddenly snap back from reverie. "Now take it easy boy."

Jiggs turn unfold tall height. "Don't call me boy, bull. I'm thirty-three years old. How old are you, screw?"

Steer overdone face turn red-rare. "That's the trouble with you people. Anti social. Have to be tough guys. Big shots. I try to be human with you and you get up tight. You people don't fool me. I read your letters home every night. You act so tough around here and then go whining and sappy good boy to your Mothers."

Eye sitting enthroned on upper bunk ascended judge of living and the dead look down on prisoner surrounded by sternly twenty. One of them that stood by drew out a word and smote the servant of the high priest in the ear: "MOTHERFUCKER!"

Screw look up at me appealing mercy. I look down shaking head sadly. "I have heard your case and I find you guilty, Quilty, of disturbing the peace and disorderly conduct."

"But listen. I'm Quilty, the friendly bull. I try to be nice to these people."

"Ignorance is no excuse. You come trampling noisy through our early morning garden. Bad manners. Mad banners. Flaunting our night letter secrets and putting us down. I have lived with these men some days now, and I do tell you they are as saintly kings to me. In all this time, living as we do in chained crowded squalor there has been naught but kindness. Look at us. All tribes. Black. Brown. White. Grey. Let your world model ours and spare us talk of 'you people.'"

The telephone belled him away shrugging his shoulders wagging his head muttering.

"And get the hot water boy," shouted Jiggs.

April Fools Day 70 Chino

Me led hand-cuffed into seven jails in six weeks. Fourteen different cells.

Night the Orange County sheriff locked me holding tank, it said, "For you, we throw away the key."

While Rosemary and Mike Standard search jails of Houston waiting maya rival, Federal Marshals hid (concell) me in De-tention Center Florence Arizona. Learned later that thits have girl friends Phoenix. Routinely stash bodies in Florence.

Texas marshals are the worse. Pot bellies. Slack jaws. Jowls. Narrow slit eyes that never look at you. Cigarettes dangling from thits lips. Great God can nu ever reach thits? Make them laugh?

Orange County deputies glad to see me back Texas. And I was glad to see thits crew-cut Marine sergeants.

Chino Reception Guidance Center Prison dirty, smoggy, sloppy baggy ass. Southern California body processing plant.

Vacaville, near Bay area, slick, smooth class Berkeley Police Club.

The Church has repeatedly defined this truth, e.g. in the profession of faith made in the Second Council of Lyons (n. 464) and in the Decrees of Union in the Council of Florence (693). "the souls of those who depart in mortal sin, or only in original sin, go down immediately into hell, to be visited, however, with unequal punishments." Poenis disparibus.

P 08344 GRAY, James Lawrence
Crime: DischFirearm in Occupied Bldg 246 PC
Sentence: 6mo-5
Judge: U.S. Grant
DA: J. Edgar

Prison cell perfect experimental psychology laboratory.

Locked in single cell, with me own mind, me own body. Soulitary con-finement.

Stimulus deprivation. Outside, we ricochet each day through billion-faceted traffic-jam of choice points. Inside single cell choice restricted. What do with body? What do with mind? Hermetic purity. Monastic vacuum void external pressure.

Crazed minotaur chained in center of complex maze. Letters

restricted. Visits restricted. No phone calls. Foreign relations so rare so slow observe effects microscopic clear. In-communication. Yo write letter tonight. Slowed censorship reaches four days. Return message more than week. Write seven letters before answer first.

Body and mind. Zen purity only solution. Live here now. Thoughts of past and future masterbatory. Patient blue-denim spiders weave fragile web of serenity. Focus on moment day spins by. Wrestle with daze of future-passed hours press dull-hot-toothache snail pain.

Zen balance so delicate. Slightest pressure tips wildly.

In dealing with prisoner, remember, tu deal with Buddha one thin feather removed from paranoia.

If we abstract from the eternity of its punishment, the existence of hell can be demonstrated even by the light of mere reason. In sanctity and justice, as well as in wisdom,——must avenge the violation of the Moral Order in such wise as to preserve, at least in general, some proportion between the gravity of sin and the severity of punishment. But it is evident from experience that——does not always do this on earth; therefore ——will inflict punishment after death.

P 08345

GREY, John Lewis

Crime: Robb 2nd (Prob Rev) & Robb 2nd CC 21 PC

Sentence: 1-Life, 2 cts CC

Judge: G. Westmorland

DA: R. Taylor: PD

PLIGHT COLLAR CRIME

Young Jon tousled hair, lanky, basketball kid-next-door sold half him stash for ten dollars to friend of friend who be a narc. Under new devil law el do five to life for sales. Here on ninety day observation to see if deserves probation. Young Jon scared. Follows around big frightened flop-puppy, eager to run errands, constant jabber agitate foolishness. People ask me, "Is that your son?" Jon grins rattles what friends we are. With el like in Volkswagen with overgrown Greyhound puppy, leap, bark, scrambling nervous energy. Play handball two hours the day.

Always over-reacting, in-mature breakfast irritation. "God-dammit, these Motherfucking dump-trucks have gone and put a sissy in my cell. I can't stand it man. I'm going to demand a transfer. Every gunsell on the tier is punking him and I have to live with that. Jeez, he's crazy. You know what he did? He used my toothbrush. Can you dig that? After I told him not to and marked mine with a red pencil. Now I can't use it after all the stuff that's been in his mouth."

P 08346

WHITE, Eugene Lee

Poss Mari (Prob Rev) & RSP CC 11530 H & S & 496 PC

Sentence: 6mo-10 & a cts CC

Judge: J. Schenly

DA: J. Walker: PD

Next day Jon came up in yard frantic. He was going to kill those Motherfuckers. Maya reputation ruined.

It seemed that last night in the secret hush of two man cell, Jon plaid gunsell, coerced shy, timid schizoid boy to blow him. And then he whacked punk off with hand.

Now all the tier knew about it teasing him. "Dammit, I'm no queer, but now they lay that jacket on me."

All seem so comic, except Jon weeping really tears in middle prison yard.

Cheerem up. He'll ask for transfer to honor dorm. Tell a guard pressure to fight. Escape me rumble during observation period.

Move next day. Never mention again.

Little sissy look at me calf eyes. Always weak and small. Do anything get accepted tough guys.

Moreover, if all men were fully convinced that the sinner need fear no kind of punishment after death, moral and social order would be seriously menaced. This, however,——cannot permit.

P 08346

BLACKMAN, Bobbie Boyd

Crime: Sell Mari 11531/ H & S

Sentence: 5-Life

Judge: C. Sark

DA: H. Hangslinger: PD

Second night in prison. Sandy gorgeous girl in tier below, seductive voice calling "Hey Timothy. You sure are beautiful man. I dig you, Timothy. Will you marry me?"

Eye knew eighty men listening expectation. Be quiet but there no escape. "Hey Timothy. I dig you kind of man. Will you marry me?"

"Sandy, I can't marry you. I got a good wife now."

Answer cooed back. "Yes, but she's not here and I am. Let me be your girl here, Doc."

"But she *is* here, Sandy. Hey Sandy. Listen. Can't you feel her presence. She's with me all the time."

"Yeah, but Timothy. I mean, my pussy's here right now and she wouldn't mind."

"Oh, Sandy, you don't know my woman. She's awful jealous. And you wouldn't want to make her mad at you. She's got a thirty-five and a half inch chest."

Figured it only righteous let listen in audience trip out.

Silence second and then big whoop joyous laughter reverberate around gallery.

Then big Bull voice cut in, deep, chuckle laughter. "Anyway Sandy, you is my girl and I catch you peddling you soft asshole round I whip you hoe ass good."

There are arbitrary and vain subterfuges, unsupported by any sound reason; positive punishment is the natural recompense of evil. Besides, due proportion between punishment and demerit would be rendered impossible by an indiscriminate annihilation of all the wicked.

(Neumann talking about his dead friend Georgi:)

"He used to think that man has some essential faculty that he has never used, whose existence he hardly suspects . . ."

"You mean telepathy, or something like that?" [Asked Zweig.]

"That is what Georgi meant. I am not sure. That is not how the problem came to me. Let me tell you how it first came to me. You remember how we were always having electricity cuts and gas cuts in Heidelberg, with half the workers on strike? Well, one day, my father put on a kettle to make coffee, but the gas was very low, and it took nearly an hour to boil. My father was trying to write an article for a psychological journal at the same time. Suddenly he looked up and said: 'My brain is like that kettle—it won't boil.' And in a flash it came to me: that is what is wrong with all human consciousness. The pressure is so low that it never boils. We live at half pressure. We are all psychologically undernourished because the pressure of consciousness is so low.

". . . for the most part, we are like dynamos that turn infinitely slow because they are fed by a mere trickle of electricity. Now the problem that occurred to me was this: what is the source of the electric current that drives us? . . ."

. . . it took Zweig a few moments to realize that he was expected to answer. He said slowly:

"The source? Energy . . . will power, I suppose . . ."

Neumann cut in: "Quite . . ."

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out he sat down with us again but not much was said.

P 08348

WHITE, William Edward
Crime: Sell Dang Drug
Sentence: 5-Life
Judge: J. Seagram
DA: A. Linkletter: PD

And finally, if men knew that their sins would not be followed by sufferings, the mere threat of annihilation at the moment of death, and still less the

* Quite wrong. The energy is eros. WHAT IS NEUMANN WITHOUT WEU-MANN?

prospect of a somewhat lower degree of beatitude, would not suffice to deter them from sin.

P 08349 BLACK, Freddie King
Crime: Robb 1st/211 PC
Sentence: 5-Life
Judge: J. Dillon
DA: H. Dollar

April 2 70 Chino

Me surrounded by glow of optimism. But sometimes el wears off.

Young inmates shine on me with love 'n admiration.

Olders watch to see who mayam. Some suspiciously. Political and religious prisoners disturbing puzzle to a honest journey-man thief.

Older trustee look at me during lecture. "I don't approve of all this drug stuff the kids are into. I drink booze. I'm a thief and a damn good one. Except for. . . I . . . But I'm an American and I sympathize with parents of teen-agers who are upset about drugs. If I had teen-age kids and they were into drugs and I thought you encouraged them I'd have no hesitation in shooting you in cold blood."

The counselors (caseworkers who have great authority in determining which prison an inmate is sent to) very down on drug cases. Thit throw crook-book at kids who turn on. "At least an armed robber or a murderer has guts. You drug users are cowardly escapist.

Every inmate has a file, called "jacket." When interviewed by legion evaluators of mortal and immortal sins, staffworker endless reading your file. Frown, flip pages. Eye sit quietly with maya papers in lap and make me own notes.

The few men who, despite morally universal conviction of the human race, deny the existence of hell, are mostly atheists and Epicureans. But if the view of such men in the fundamental question of our being could be the true one, apostasy would be the way to light, truth, and wisdom.

ORIENTATION LECTURE DELIVERED BY A FROWNING PERMANENT WORK CREW TRUSTEE

Listen to a word of warning. Warning. Warning.

Have cooperate. Have a cope a rate. Cope a rate.

Know whats good for you. Good for you. Cope a rate is good for you.

That what you are sposed to do. Posed to do. Do what you are posed to do.

Way that you conduct yourself.
In-mate conduct observation way that inmate duct him self.
Termine gonna happy you.
Term ends what to happen you.
Only fools don't bay the rules.
Don't be fools Obey da rules.
Protestant catholic chaplains here.
Chaplains here.
Chaplains do not work for church . . . I mean they do not
work for state.
Paid by church.
Chaplains do things. Things for you. Do things no one else
can do.
Contact for you relatives. Relatives. They contact your
relatives.
If you belong to religion other than Catholic or Protestant.
If you want to push it.
They'll get a chaplain of your faith.
To come and see you.

YOUR LETTER IS RETURNED FOR THE REASON(s)
CHECKED BELOW: YOUR QUOTA OF FREE MAIL FOR
THE WEEK IS EXHAUSTED.

Caseworkers in Texas, in Santa Ana, very disturbed because
not remember me Army serial number.

P 08350 BLACK, George Patrick
Crime: Poss Narc/ 11500 H & S
Sentence: 2-10
Judge: S. T. Black
DA: J. Carstairs

Crew-cut hoodlum hand me poem:

I left my prison cell and went into the yeard
I'd better walk or get it from the guard
A tall fair man sat under the shade of a tree (*sic*)
He said, "Hi." And I knew it was Timothy Leary
He took off his jacket and folded it tight
And said, "Its a nice day. Everything's going
to be all right."
He is in here, accused of smoking a thing called pot
And has been sentenced "one to ten." That is a lot.
He is a slender man and hair of grey
A fragile man, but set in his way
He picks up two dumb-bells to build up his arms
That's an amazing man, with so much charm
Seems to be everywhere, even playing hand ball

A man without violence, walking down the hall
Prisons are to keep "bad" off the street
And his sentent, to some, was quite a treat
You know, if I were in charge of this prison place
I'd say, "Mr. Leary, put a big smile on your face.
You know no violence, and this I must say
Be gone, good man, be on your own way."

Now one free soul
Leave this prison freed of old Karma
Holding together brings new union

ATTENTION ON THE YARD: LEARY 670: STOP KIDDING
YOURSELF YOU ARE NOT GOING TO BE RELEASED ON
BAIL FACE REALITY YOU ARE IN PRISON FOR TWENTY
YEARS

Seed of paranoia sprouting. Watch it idly. Get interested in
growth possiblity. Cultivate it. Watch it blossom.

YOUR WIFE AND LAWYERS TELL YOU THAT YOU'LL
BE RELEASED IN TWO WEEKS BUT READ BETWEEN THE
LINES THEY DON'T TELL YOU WHAT'S REALLY HAPPEN-
ING

Wait all day for lawyers to come. Thread of love and life
out of here. Need it. Need it. Nervous. Palms sweat. No appe-
tite breakfast. Smoke another chain. Distracted hand ball.
Too jumpy to yoga. Can't stay still. Move. Walk.

ATTENTION ON THE YARD. SMITH 352 REPORT TO THE
SERGEANT'S OFFICE YOU HAVE A VISIT LEARY, PLEASE
EXAMINE THE FACTS YOU ARE FINISHED

III. Eternity of Hell: Holy Writ is quite explicit in teaching the eternity of
the pains of hell. The torments of the damned shall last forever and ever.

On third tear waiting for cell to open, looking out at lawn in
front of visitors entrance. In the sunlight. Free people coming
and going. Waiting.

Back on yard. Can't read. Pray. Om. Waiting for loud
speaker.

ATTENTION ON THE YARD. MERCURIO 44 UPPER, ALEGRO
399 LOWER YOU MEN REPORT TO YOUR COUNSELOR
IMMEDIATELY LEARY YOU HAD SO MANY CHANCES AND
YOU BLEW THEM ALL ISN'T IT OBVIOUS WHAT IS HAP-
PENING

P 08351

MOTLEY, Herbert Milton
Crime: Burg 1st /459 PC
Sentence: 5-Life
Judge: S. Roebuck
DA: M. Fields

Less rest. Walk more. Talk to Methedrine Freddie. Sweet agitated tenderness. El says: I prayed for you seven days in row. Willie Mays calls to baseball. Come Tim play. See Tim play third base. See Tim catch ball. Friendly hoots from opponents. See Tim throw out runner at second. Willie bat me first. Swing wild first two. Fast throwing giant Black ease up. Toss me easy long fly. Willie Madden comes. "I got deeply involved in your quarrel with Tom Lynn." Frown sincere. "I waited a long time before I hung that snitch jacket on Lynn. He's a liar. Man, before you came to the county jail he wore his hair like us low riders. When you came he let it go hippy. Man, when I get out of here I can never touch a gun."

"What will you do?"

"Maybe I'll become a pimp." Grin devilily. "I'll be your body guard. You know. When I'd hold up stores, the thing I always used to enjoy was the expression on their faces. When they'd look up and see the gun. I felt so much power. They were so surprised. It used to make me laugh and laugh."

P 08352

BLACKMAN, Terry Roe

Crime: Dish Firearm at Vehicle / 23110

Sentence: 6mo-5

Judge: J. Colt

DA: S. Winchester

ATTENTION ON THE YARD. LEARY, YOU ARE NOT GOING TO GET A VISIT TODAY OR TOMORROW EITHER.

Every LSD experimenter knows there is one perspective of awareness from which everything looks grey-black. Lifeless. Interminate. Unbroken chain of love-failure, selfish rejections, waste.

YOUR LETTER IS RETURNED FOR THE REASON(s) CHECKED BELOW: BEGGING FOR LOVE OR PUTTING TOO MUCH STRESS ON THE NEED FOR SAME.

THE WRATH OF——ABIDETH ON THE DAMNED.

Sitting on bunk making Bad-Karma list. The heavens forfeited. Love blooms blighted. Trusts betrayed. Poignant invitations spurned. Moments, days, years neglected.

Every memory fits into black structure. How could I have been so blind? Oh God, did I really do that? Why didn't I see it.

All past events iron filings click into perfect magnetic paranoia. You just went out of your way to ruin it. How patient they have been to put up with me so long. But this one is too much. Final blunder in the long blind repetitious pattern.

Check list of eighteen ominous forboding events.

Sit on bunk smoking chains of cigarettes watching self busily weave dark pattern. Irrepressible creative imagination now busy sliding warp of implication across thick fibres of speculation. Poor crazy Bonnie. Now I know how she suffered. She couldn't stop lunatic loom.

Bolt of sunlight slant across cell. Love smiles in room. Yo laugh. Warmth in body. Tense muscles relax. Laughing. Pick up list of eighteen grim indictments along left margin quickly check off tender loving interpretation.

Pulled off grey dry covering and there in me hand was flower more beautiful than it had ever been.

Slept soundly and sweetly.

Thank you love.

P 08353 GRAY, Clifford Dale
Crime: L & L Conduct
Sentence: 1-Life
Judge: M. Mitchell
DA: M. West

"Is it a drug?" [Asked Zweig.]

"Not in the normal sense. You see, a drug affects the body by exciting and stimulating, but also by reducing its efficiency.* For example, that whiskey is a kind of drug. It gives you a feeling of internal warmth, but it also blankets all your perceptions . . . Now the stuff you've just tried doesn't repress or stimulate. It simply clears away certain obstacles and allows your energy system to operate without waste or friction."

Soon the jailer entered and stood by him, saying: "To you Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me, when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison."

P 08354 GRIS, Russell Joseph
Crime: Burg 2nd (Prov Rev) & GTA w/PFC CC 459
& 487.3 PC
Sentence: 6mo-15 & 6mo-10 CC
Judge: H. Ford
DA: J. Dollar: PD

The Church professes its faith in the eternity of the pains of hell in clear terms in the Athanasian Creed and in countless passages of its liturgy. The Church never prays for the damned. Hence, beyond the possibility of a doubt, the Church expressly teaches the eternity of the pains of hell as a truth of faith which no one can deny or call into question without manifest heresy.

* This sentence does not take into account methedrine which does increase short-range efficiency, while completely destroying long-range efficiency.

April 3 70 Chino

Racial segregation in assigning two-man cells. White with white. Black with Black. Chicano with Chicano. Age discrimination two. Young with young. Prohibit older cons seducing tender young. "Old prison-wise cons lean heavy cane on fresh young kid. Scare him. Or bribe him with cigarettes."

After dinner walk to athletic Black leans over third tier railing looking out dirty windows to sunset lawn below. Cabin class deck of a slow time-liner going no where. "Here we are again."

Waiting for Vacaville chain. Pumps me information about "girls" there. Dreaming of a Vacaville bawdy sexual paradise. Eye sing a song of sex pense.

"In-chanting Black queen likes Vacaville because cells have mirrors. Dig."

"Oh mercy me," bellows. "Cain't wait to meet those luscious young ladies at Vacaaaaaaa-veel! I'm gonna walk up there with my dick in mah hann."

Comedian bulls. One tramples by, shoulders hunched in-mane. "Timothy. Want me to help you get out of here?"

"Sure."

"O.K. I gotta great lawyer I'll get to help you."

"Thanks."

He walked past my cell; then reappeared going down the stairs.

"Except, I gotta get him out first. Hah. Hah. Hah."

Just as ——— must appoint some fixed term for the time of trial, it is appropriate that after the expiration of that term the wicked will be cut off from all hope of conversion and happiness. For the malice of men cannot compel ——— to prolong the appointed time of probation and to grant them again and again, without end, the power of deciding their lot for eternity.

Morning Bull asks me for me autograph. Me pen name. I agree, but forget.

A few days later it asks me again. It explain that it collect autographs of famous cons. Pen pals. Someday they'll be

worth a lot of money. It shows slip of paper on which Chicano, famous for winning a landmark Supreme Court case, writ sentimental message in Spanish.

Mexican finish fifteenth year prison. Winning case blue chance for parole on earlier beef.

Autograph request weigh mind unwritten duty. Sanskrit, FREEDOM EVERYWHERE FOR EVERYONE over maya name.

Guard pleased.

P 08355

BROWNING, Emilio Jesus

**Crime: Poss Mari For Sale (Prob Rev) & Consp T/C
Robb 1st & Sell Mari All CS/ 11530 H & S &
182 PC**

Sentence: 2-10 & 5-Life 2 cts All-CS

Judge: J. Edgar

DA: J. Crow

That means he does ten years and then one five to life and then another five to life on top?

Yeah. Running wild. He down for long count.

Willie Mays wear Catholic metal medal Mary Mother, Baby, Radiant god. Yo admire La. El got in Federal joint. El has another which el give yo. Yo wear La all time. Catholic medal from Black Hippie Buddhist worn honor me Mary Full of Grace.

Willie Mays: "The day you won your case in the Supreme Court, one guy in the Federal Joint fired off a writ citing 'Leary.' Judge fired it back saying premature. So then 318 guys on marijuana beefs got together and wrote one writ and signed all their names to it and in a couple of weeks it came back granted! Three hundred and sixteen out of three hundred and eighteen got cut loose right on the spot. Man that joint was jumping with joy. But two guys didn't get it. They were sad."

Any obligation to act in this manner would be unworthy of ———, because it would make ——— dependent upon the caprice of human efficacy, and would offer the amplest scope and the strongest incentives to human presumption.

April 5 70 Chino

Woke dawn. Sitting bed, heard birds singing. Moment to realize. Great God, here birds singing! Looked out soar two swallows flying by third floor cell. Cheer warbling. One flew to railing just outside maya cell. Perched there look at man.

Watched fifteen minute. Carrying strings in beaks. Billding nest under high window.

Miracle life. I'll build a nest for tu, love.

We are all wild birds, caged. Something dies a bird imprisoned. Praised God for loving reminder.

P 08356

BIBLE, Walter Michael

Crime: Murder 1st /187 PC

Sentence: Life

Judge: C. Abel

DA: S. Winchester

FLIGHT COLLAR CRIME

Lunched celebrity today.

Legendary hero fled brand-new 17 million dollar escape-proof Orange County jail.

With visiting room crowded hundred people friends unscrewed bolts separate inmates visitors. El scramble through, put on sweater walked out front of guards.

"Had my rubber issue shower shoes on."

That evening sit stoned friends apartment watch television replay of run for freedom.

"And they caught you right back in your home town, I bet."

Nodded yes.

"God man! You're such a hero! You'll be talked about as long as there is a police state. Why didn't you split?"

"I did, man. Went to Hawaii. But I couldn't make it there. No stuff."

"No stuff in Hawaii?"

"There was plenty of acid and grass but no stuff. I was hooked."

"You mean you got hooked after you so brilliantly unhooked yourself?"

"Well my mistake was, I was still hooked when I went in and

I brought enough in with me to keep cool for two days and then I escaped. I had to escape cause I was hooked."

"How did you get the stuff through body inspection?"

"I had it in my body. My mistake was, I should have waited in jail until I had kicked and then escaped. I'd be in Hawaii right now if I had."

He was twenty-one. Hollywood handsome. Poised. Gently humorous. Faced seven years minimum with in-nured shrug.

The objection is made that there is no proportion between the brief moment of sin and an eternal punishment. But why not? We certainly admit a proportion between a momentary good deed and its eternal reward, not, it is true, a proportion of duration, but a proportion between the law and its appropriate sanction.

P 08357 BLACK, Willie Ted
Crime: Vol Manslaughter
Sentence: 6mo-10
Judge: P. Colt
DA: J. Carstairs

It is well konwn to everyone (including the Blacks) but for sake of anthropological completeness lle file the item. The male Afro-American possesses a root which, on average, is twice size of European.

April 7 70 Chino

P 08358

TANNY, Cleophus Ronnie

Crime: Kidnap & Robb 1st 2 cts All CC 207 & 211 PC

Sentence: 1-25 & 5-Life, 2 cts All CC

Judge: E. J. Younger

DA: C. Hicks

POLITE WHITE COLLAR CRIME

Attended group counseling session today. Recalled time when eye California forty-niner pioneer development this new reckless radical form of psychoanalysis. Psychiatrists denounce me advocating promiscuous, indiscriminate abuse of psychoanalytic principles without supervision of medical doctor.

Idea of "treating" several patients at once shocking as wife-swapping orgy. State of California Department of Corrections once paid me consulting fee give lecture demonstrations on daring innovation.

Karma. Karma. For every evil we deed, we will due again, walked in room where 42 FORTY-TWO prisonees captive by two heavily harmed psychologists. Grim lady sit front angry looking Bill Graham chewing pipe-stem rear.

Prisonees raise justifiable and logical problems about parole system. How can you be completely honest with an officer who will, if you are completely honest, slam you back in prison?

During complaints lady psychologist shake it head, slow sigh purse it mouth. Public defend her parole system. Herd it all before. "Parole officers really want you stay on the street." You stupid fool.

Angry psychologist reflexively turn question back against speaker. "Have you always been suspicious of people who try to help you? Were you suspicious of your father and your school principle?"

Accordingly, there is in sin an approximation to infinite malice which deserves an eternal punishment.

A Willie Mays story. When fourteen Mother found twenty joints in pocket. Gave them back. Promised never to bring

grass into house. Smoke them in garage. Asked her to join but wouldn't.

Mother found out little brother dropping acid. Got upset. Brother explained love and peace and feeling good and Beatles and the new religion. Mother understood.

Figured out that same people who didn't like Blacks were putting hippies down same way they put niggers down. Liked way hippies walked barefoot and gave peace sign carried their children with them.

Kid brother took Mother to Be In. Mother agreed to drop half a tab. To see what it was like. When home was laughing said, "Now I know what it's like."

When she came to see him at prison she looked in her purse to find a pencil and the other half of the tab was there in her coin purse. Ate it laughing.

Finally it must be remembered that, although the act of sinning is brief, the guilt of sin remains forever; for in the next life the sinner never turns away from his sin by a sincere conversion.

P 08359 WESTMORLAND, Elton Ray
Crime: Murder 2nd /187 PC
Sentence: 5-Life
Judge: B. McMillan
DA: E. J. Younger

Sitting on grass do yoga. Three young acid dealers doing five to life come talk. Taken so much acid get flash back at will. Lie in bunks hallucinate on ceiling. Wave hands get optical trails.

One, pro-football heroic, born on my birthday. Brother born same day a year after him. Big telepathy thing after acid.

Told this story. Brothers share same bedroom. Slept on single beds. Heads close together in corner. Two nights in a row had disturbing dream. Brothers age 34 and 33. Driving in mountains in red sports car. Brother at wheel. Car went off road turned over several times. Smash. Died at once but disembodied, watch ambulance come take brother to hospital. Where died too.

Second morning told dream to Mother at breakfast. Later brother came down and told Mother about the same dream. Never ride in red sports car together.

Asked if he had telepathic experience with acid.

"Oh sure all the time. The girl I went with, my dealing partner, accurately predicted three police raids. We had just stashed the stuff and split as they drove up."

"How old is she?"

"Fifteen."

P 08360

SALVADOR, Jesus

Crime: Fraud Ross Compl Check (Prob Rev) & PT
w/PFC 2 cts All CC

Sentence: 6mo-14 & 6mo-5, 2 cts All CC

Judge: B. Graham

DA: I. M. Downs

"What's happening?"

"I'm waiting for my lawyer to come."

"Yeah, man. Lawerrors always keep you waiting."

It is further objected that the sole object of punishment must be to reform the evil-doer. This is not true. Besides punishment inflicted for correction, there are also punishments for the satisfaction of justice.

PLIGHT COLLAR CRIME

Each day stories heartbreaking cruel and sad.

At lunch. Beautiful young black haired boy of nineteen.

At Newport Pop Festival. Cops started a riot. Long-haired kid threw rock cop and fell on its nose. Cops started search. In parking lot didn't know there was riot. Cops came up and said, "That's the one." Booked for assault on police officer with dangerous weapon. When cop gets wounded thits really go all out to hang it on someone. Have no money and Father believed cops. Father hated hippies. Kid had public de-mender talked to him for less than five minutes. Got five to life. So depressed, bleak, incredulous, stunned, disbelieving, dazed sorrow that him story had to be true. Five years before gets to see the parole board. Five years. Age nineteen to twenty four.

Letters very important to prisoner who has outside love tie. But outside love ties are impossible and sensible inmate immediately detaches from his exmate. (Go wild crazy berserk.)

PO Box #441
Chino, California
April 7, 1970

Dear Friends:

I awoke yesterday (the 44th day of captivity) to the sound of birds singing.

There is a large open area in front of the three-story cell block. Two thrushes were doing their spring thing — building a nest on a high window ledge — inside the prison!

What a beautiful reassuring sign from the great life-love center. One of the birds flew to my cell and cocked her head and sang a morning song.

I miss Rosemary so much, all ways. That is, of course, the only imprisonment — to be away from your love.

This experience has been some trip! It's very much like the Dante bad vision. Momentary separation from love. Everything looks, sounds, tastes, feels different. Get back! Get me back to where I belong!

I've kept a diary — listened, learned — so much. I'll be writing about it.

Prison is an experimental laboratory for all the emotional and social problems. It's so clear-cut here. So diagrammatic. So easy to observe the forces that wrench us apart and bring us together. It's been a revelatory event.

It's not entirely new to me. You recall that while at Harvard we took LSD over 30 times in prison with long-term inmates. There is a lot more that I can do to liberate. The solution to society's problem is prisoner liberation. (The classic jargon of penology — punishment, reform, rehabilitation — is nonsense. We must all be *liberated* on both sides of the bars.)

We do need your love and support. I'd like to summarize the legal situation briefly — there is so much inaccurate reporting.

1. *Laredo*: The Federal Dept. of Justice brought me back to Texas and re-tried me on the 1965 case. This involves less than one-half ounce of marijuana which (unknown to me) my daughter possessed. I took the responsibility and was convicted. (On the basis of my own statements.) Michael B. Standard of New York is appealing this case. The sentence is a flat ten years for being in the car where grass was present.

2. *Santa Ana*: I was convicted of possession of marijuana — based on fragments in my pockets and two roaches in the ashtray of the car (not my car). Michael B. Kennedy of San Francisco is handling this appeal.

Anyone else would have been cut loose on both of these petty charges. Still, the government is not behaving illegally in trying, sentencing me to 20 years — the law prescribes these terms!

HOWEVER — the refusal to provide appeal bond *is* completely illegal. Both the Federal and the Santa Ana judges jailed me pending appeal on the explicit grounds of my public statements, openly violating my 1st Amendment rights (free speech), my 6th Amendment rights (convicted of being a dangerous person without a trial or hearing of fact), and my 8th Amendment rights to reasonable bail. "He preached it the length and breadth of the land." "Insidious menace." "Pleasure-seeking, irresponsible, Madison Avenue advocate . . ." Etc.

The three specific complaints of the Santa Ana judge and the D.A. were a *Free Press* article and two *Playboy* issues. The judge referred to my 1968 *Playboy* article and the D.A. to the 1966 interview. In other words, I am in prison now for being, among other things, a *Playboy* correspondent.

I've done quite a bit of writing — and as soon as I'm released I'll send you some words.

Love and freedom to you all.

Tim Leary

April 8 70 Chino

Lifting dumb-bells. Inaudible yoga. Keen-aesthetic. Trick is to lift until point of delicious pain-strain. Feel biceps moving, surging with blood and energy. Muscle sound seething with pleasure. Stroke them. Groove behind lingam power.

PARSON WEEMS

Parson Weems
So it seems
Had footloose dreams
Utopian schemes
Liked to drink his water
From fresh forest streams

Well born son of Merry Land
Been brought up abroad
Ordained minister of the High Episcopal Church of Eng-
land
But born to wander
Cut loose slaves
Hit the road with loving woman in beat-up folk's wagon
Hustling books and God
Long hair flying wind
Down Carolinas to hot, dusty Georgia
Camping out
Bathing naked in forest streams

Parson Weems
So it seems
Had footloose dreams
Utopian schemes
Liked to drink his water
From forest streams

Sitting round the campfire
Fiddling for his bride
Dip feathered pen in battered ink horn
Righting down his-stories
Reading aloud to "good chimney wife."
Raging rivers, snowy blizzards, rainy bivouacs, hub-cap
mud

No thing stopped this irresponsible, itinerant preacher of
the open road

Parson Weems

So it seems

Dreamed Utopian schemes

Liked to feel cold water from Cherokee streams

Country fairs, tide-water mansion hospitality

Checking in to roadside inns

Unpacking crate of books

Bibles, classics, pop-favorites, novels, Greek and Latin
texts

And his own funky biographies of George Washington,
William Penn, Benjamin Franklin,

He worshipped Great Folk God and Great Folk Heroes of
the
Republic

Chorus

He wrote as he talked, with sweep and colour, buoyant, impulsive, and racy, by turns high-flown, bombastic, sprightly, and brisk, recklessly indifferent to facts but with a full-bodied zest. His images were bold and even Homeric, and along with his unblushing fabrications, much of his writings abounded in life and truth.

And much of what school children 150 years ago later were to absorb as the mythic lore of American History was to come from this long-haired drop-out.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

The tune for the Star Spangled Banner was taken from drinking song popular around 1800. Some of the verses composed in Baltimore tavern.

CHEMICAL WARFARE

The destruction of American Indian culture was not accomplished by physical force. The deliberate strategy was psychopharmacological. The specific tactical weapon was alcohol.

REBEL ENZYMES

The major civilizing agents of the young American Republic were refugees — fleeing religious or political repression. Royalists, Republicans, Quakers, Anarchists, Utopians, imaginative hustlers. All sorts of freaks were welcome and contributed to heterogenous, nose-thumbing adventure.

But justice demands that whoever departs from the right way in search of happiness shall not find his happiness, but lose it. The eternity of the pains of hell responds to this demand of justice.

Overheard on yard Chino Reception and Guidance Center:
"I'd rather go to Quentin than to Soledad."

"Joe looks down today."

"Yeah. He's suffering from a loss of ncouragement."

YOUR LETTER IS RETURNED FOR THE REASON(s)
BELOW: OFFENSIVE OR OBSCENE REMARKS OR MA-
TERIALS

Neumann: "I have just performed an experiment that may be of incalculable consequence to the world, as important as any of the experiments of Galileo, Newton, Rutherford. Because I had established, to my own satisfaction, the existence of an *unconscious level of purpose* inside one.

"Indeed I am sure that you will not be angry with me; for others, as you are aware, and not I are the guilty cause. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be; you know my errand." Then bursting into tears he turned away and went out.

Shorty told a sad tale.

Sandy cried tried a suicide and almost died.

How?

Lit her bed sheets and her clothes. She wanted to be in the impatient hospital. Prison's no place for silly, sissy girl.

What beef she riding?

Heroin. Hero-in. Her or in.

THE NEW WORLD VISION

The early American Republic dedicated to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, was a radical, mind-blowing event to European intellectuals. Thomas Jefferson was the classic elegant hippie. To imagine the equivalent effect today one would envision Buckminster Fuller, Gene McCarthy, John Lennon, Eldridge Cleaver, Abbie Hoffman being invited by the natives of an island in the South Pacific to establish a natural government.

The best young psychedelic minds of the 1810s rightly realized that here was rare opportunity for Utopian visions.

"They dreamed of leaving the old world of falling thrones and rival anarchies to found a pansocratic society there. One of them would wield an axe, one would guide a plough, and each would work for all, with possessions in common. In the woods and wilds their wants would be simple and hardy, and they hoped to create a new literature there, bathed in the spring of life and nature, that would restore the age of innocence."

This was the free dream of Jeffersonian democracy. But the greedy and the unfree also came and killed the Indians and the dreams of innocence.

But if —— threatens man with the pains of hell, —— must also carry out the threat if man does not heed it by avoiding sin.

THE BODY POLITIC

Harmonious relations among men and social groups must be based with precise mimicry upon the physiological laws and neurological order of the human body.

This is the lesson of Woodstock. There, for one physical weekend, a half million souls acted like one body.

April 9 70 Chino

Letters waiting gamble excruciating pain game to prisoner. Thits put on cell bars around three in morning. If stay awake, restless try to sleep, but watching for flash light of guard you are very disappointed when he finally goes by your cell without stopping. Postage due.

RITE COLLAR TIME

Catholic Mass. New ritual bears little resemblance to Latin sacrifice of childhood. Low Anglican church? English words beautiful selected by wholly psychedelic people. Old Chaplain, ill-at-ease facing congregation, instead hunching over, back to crowd, frown to read strange English hippie words. Prison Chaplain classic priest type. Its tan betrayed afternoons on golf course. The church has always felt comfortable providing religious reassurances to victims of social system.

Thirty-five-year-old embezzler told great enthusiasm experimental masses, folk masses, home masses.

Surprised when received communion. "You didn't go to confession, did you?"

"Hell no. The Sacrifice of the Mass is a communion of the people. We eat bread to become one with each other and Christ. That old red-nosed Chaplain can't give me absolution to share communion. Its not his communion or the bishop's or the pope's. It ours together with God."

No one is cast into hell unless he has fully and entirely deserved it.

April 10 70 Chino

BLIGHT COLLAR CRIME

Heavy metal gloom overhang this grievous place.

Guards walk through it grimly mine foremen, coughing filter cigarette smoke forty hour week. Faces not happy.

Inmates struggle minute by minute, sunrise midnight pushing dark iron ball of sorrow. Patience unbelievable. Human will indomitable.

Blacks miraculous. Laughter song never quits. An honor to live with them. Chicanos are powerful too. Obsidian, Zapotec hardness.

Angry, self-righteous judge sent me here for being a "pleasure seeking irresponsible."

The opposite of pleasure is pain. Prison a gigantic metal machine designed by pain engineers.

The opposite of irresponsible is not responsible but rather irresponsible. The irresponsible inflict pain upon the irresponsible.

The sinner perseveres in his evil disposition.

"How do you feel?"

"Quite extraordinary." Zweig waved his hands. "Astonishingly clear. Everything you say makes me want to make a hundred comments. I feel as if I could write a book in twenty-four hours . . . Do you realize what you've done? You have produced a drug that could alter the course of world history . . ."

Neumann raised his hand, interrupting gently:

"Pardon me, but you are mistaken. Neuromysin produces this effect on you because you have a highly disciplined mind. Your problem is that you are normally inhibited by the body. You try to think and the body drags you down. It is like trying to drive a car with the brakes on. Neuromysin releases the brakes. You have spent fifty years disciplining your mind and your emotions. Even so, you now show signs of strain and overexcitement. Imagine what would happen if a completely undisciplined person took the drug. His mind would be like a zoo with all the cages open—total chaos. His excitement would burn out the motor of his brain."

THIS PARAGRAPH REFERS TO PROBLEMS THAT OCCUPIED SEVERAL YEARS OF OUR CONTEMPLATION 1960-66. PARDON ME, DEAR BROTHER WILSON. OUR PROBLEM IS

THAT WE ABNORMALLY INHIBIT OUR BODIES WITH OUR MINDS. IT'S A CONTINUUM NOT A DICHOTOMY ANYWAY. YOU-MANN KNOW THAT. AND THE WORD "LIMIT" IS BETTER THAN INHIBIT. THE LIMITING LADDER GOES LIKE THIS:

1. MOLECULES LIMIT FREE ENERGY CONSCIOUSNESS
2. CELLULAR CONSCIOUSNESS LIMITS MOLECULAR CONSCIOUSNESS
3. BODY CONSCIOUSNESS LIMITS CELLULAR CONSCIOUSNESS
4. SENSORY CONSCIOUSNESS LIMITS BODY CONSCIOUSNESS
5. CONDITIONED MIND LIMITS SENSORY CONSCIOUSNESS
6. IMPRINTED EMOTIONS LIMIT MIND 'CONSCIOUSNESS
7. COMA LIMITS EMOTIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS

THE TEST OF THIS HYPOTHETICAL SYSTEM IS SIMPLE PSYCHO-CHEMISTRY.

1. TO EMOTIONALIZE A COMATOSE ADMINISTER A SYMPATHETIC NERVOUS SYSTEM CHEMICAL: AD-DREAM-ALEEN
2. TO MENTALIZE AN EMOTER ADMINISTER A MENTAL STIMULANT: METHOD-DREAM
3. TO SENSUALIZE A MENTAL-CASE ADMINISTER A SENSE-YOU-ALIVER: MERRY WON HER
4. TO EMBODY A SENSUALIZER ADMINISTER A PARASYMPATHETIC NERVOUS SYSTEM CHEMICAL THAT AROUSES SLEEPING KUNDALINI SERPENT COILED WITHIN EACH PLEXY CAKRA
5. TO INCELLATE ANY BODY ADMINISTER A STRONG ORGANIC PSYCHECELLIC ME-CELLEEN, CELLOSIGH-BEAN.
6. TO ADAMIZE A UNI-CELLER ADMINISTER LIFE-SURGIC DIE-AMIDE.

THE MIND IS THE BRAKE THAT SLOWS THE BODY.

WE *DID* IMAGINE WHAT COULD HAPPEN IF A COMPLETELY UNDISCIPLINED PERSON TOOK THE DRUG. WE SAT BY CANDLE LIGHT IN CONCORD PRISON WATCHING THE MOST DANGEROUS UNCONTROLLED CRIMINALS LOOSE THEIR MINDS. WE PONDERED THIS QUESTION NAY AND MIGHT: WHO DESERVES TO TAKE THIS DRUG? WE OFFERED IT TO THE FULL PROFESSORS AND THEIR GRANDCHILDREN TOOK IT. WE OFFERED IT TO SENATORS

AND CONGRESSMEN AND THEIR CHILDREN VOTED YES. WE WERE TAUGHT BY LIFE THAT HE TAKES IT WHO TAKES IT. THIS IS THE ONE CLEAR FACT THAT STANDS OUT OF OUR EVOLUTIONARY LEAP MEET.

AND THEIR MINDS DID INDEED OPEN LIKE ZOOZ WITH ALL THE CAGES OPEN—AND THIS BECAME THE METAPHOR OF OUR JOURNEY. *OPEN THE CAGE DOORS!* LET THE WILD ANIMALS BE FREE! WHEN THE DOMESTICATED DISCOVER THEIR WILD NATURE THE RESULT IS CHAOS ONLY TO THE ZOO-KEEPER JAILER WITH HIS BRASS RING OF KEYS. WHEN THE CAGE DOORS OPEN NATURE RULES.

In three weeks in prison all maya needs have been met by voluntary offerings of friends. Today had just little rolling tobacco in jacket. Surly Chicano came up on the yard and asked tobacco. In a hurry to play handball pretend not to hear. When I laid jacket down knew he would steal tobacco. After handball hungry for smoke but package gone.

How perfectly karma works! I have been following the practice of giving away half of what I am given. But as you stay here longer you get more self-protective and squirrly. If I had let him roll a cigarette he wouldn't have stolen the package. Which he had every right to do.

We must not consider the eternal punishment of hell as a series of separate or distinct terms of punishment, as if —— were forever again and again pronouncing a new sentence and inflicting new penalties, and as if —— could ever satisfy his desire for vengeance.

April 15 70 Chino

Hell is, especially in the eyes of ———, one and indivisible in its entirety; it is but one sentence and one penalty. We may represent to ourselves a punishment of indescribable intensity as in a certain sense the equivalent of an eternal punishment; this may help us to see better how ——— permits the sinner to fall into hell.

Jittery, skittery, jangly crank freak speed up to me with dirty-post-cards-leer-for-sale.

"Hey man, I got something for you to read."

THE OBJECTIVE FORM TO WHICH WE GIVE OUR ATTENTION IS CREATED BY THE VERY ATTENTION WE GIVE TO IT. THE OBJECTIVE IS BUT THE REFLECTION OF THE SUBJECTIVE STATE OF THOUGHT.

THE ENGINE OF THE SUBJECTIVE MIND MUST BE GUIDED. IT IS NEITHER PERSON, PLACE, OR THING, OF ITSELF. IT IS SUBJECTIVE TO THE DESIRE OF MAN. CONSEQUENTLY IT HAS FOR HIM ONLY THE POWER HE DECREES IT HAS.

MAN'S MIND IS THE MIND OF GOD FUNCTIONING AT THE LEVEL OF MAN'S UNDERSTANDING OF HIS PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE. MAN CONTACTS THE MIND OF GOD AT THE VERY CENTER OF HIS BEING.

"I wrote the last one last night in my cell after the lights were out. In the dark. That's why the handwriting aint so good."

Maya observe this amazing sage astonishment. Shaven head. Young hoodlum face. FANADDICT RUDEST MONK.

"Good God, man. This is a powerful statement of the human psychological situation. You have summarized the essence of Hindu thought in three paragraphs."

Accelerator talk wheels more, but interrupted.

"Would you allow me to copy this right now. My mind decrees that this is very powerful."

Sat down manuscript it. COUNT TIME. LOCK UP.

Next day skidded up eagerly hundred files an hour. Papers. Notes. Nouns. Injectives. Diagrams abstract concepts. God. Soul. Un-conscious. Maya head spinned. There's a method-dreen in him madness.

"Hey Brother. Are you cranking down?"

El dropped his head contrition. "Yeah. I'll be wound up for another couple of months I guess."

"Yeah. You could suffocate me with speedy crystal talk tapes. If I let you."

El grin.

"Make a deal with you. One page a day from now on. O.K."

He nodded. Agree non-do-a-list.

Socrates looked at him and said: "I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid." Then turning to us, he said, "How charming the man is: since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me and now see how generously he sorrows for me."

In itself it is a rejection of Catholic doctrine to suppose that ——— might at times, by way of exception, liberate a soul from hell. Thus some were misled by untrustworthy stories into the belief that the prayers of Gregory the Great rescued the Emperor Trajan from hell. But now theologians are unanimous in teaching that such exceptions never take place and never have taken place, a teaching which should be accepted.

Neumann: "My father soon discovered that, using electrical apparatus, and small quantities of certain atropine derivatives, it was possible to completely obliterate some simple habit patterns . . . And when I first learned of my father's idea of a drug to destroy habit patterns, I was so excited that I had to go out for a ten mile walk before I could control myself. You see why? I was obsessed by this notion of man's limitations. Why does consciousness sometimes blaze into a bonfire that gives us a glimpse of the superman? . . .

"My father wanted a drug to cure smoking. I wanted a drug to create the superman . . . or rather, to make it easier for the superman to create himself.

". . . A man who had come to think of himself as a weakling and a coward would suddenly realize that he had the power of choice—to be a coward or a hero."

Hippies with hair shaved off don't look so holy. A tough little kid came today handed story. Its a precisely accurate summary of what happened to the LSD religion. They destroyed our external symbols in the same way they wiped out Christ, but faster. Electronics speed things up.

A Man called Lee Stevens Domes
by R. A. Yasso

He drifted in with the wind, from all angeles, a man with truth in his big eyes, he seemed to be glowing with energy, lights of all different shapes and colers like a rainbow, some how I knew him from befor, and I suddenly realized we were but one, he took me by the hand and I was like a baby serching for the truth in life, and as I sat with him up here, looking down, at the earth it was not yet borned, its nakedness was being

destory by war, and uncontrollable madness, for power, and while thinking of a thousand different things, this worried us the most, for we might also be destory, but it was not time yet, he told me, and the years went on the same but it was not time yet, he told me. Then one beautiful day, while we were up there looking down again we came upon the system, it was eveil and they tryed to destory us, by way of brain washing to conform to its ways of madness we were put in steel cages with wire all around it, and we were kepted there for years. But it was not time yet he told me. Then one day the rains came, and the system was but a few but it was not time yet he told me. And as life went on the system got bigger, and the wars got bigger, now there were steel cages all over, like an animal trap we were all beinn caught, but the light of wisdom was there never to leave us, now time has come for all brothers and sisters to unite as one and slowly pass the light on to others, so they will see the truth as we have some were ready and some were not, some could not bear to look at our pure light and turned into vegetables, while others told wild story's of the energy, flipped out into the way of the system they were all eaten up, never to return to the rainbow again. Now only but a few we keep looking for you to join us up here to give thanks to the soil that grew, but more to the light that fed but most of all to Alene and Tim who gave us two sepret sides of our head, we should go without money, clothing or bread rather for an instance lose either side of our head. And in the end the system was no more, every thing was peaceful and love was with all of us. No more wars, for we knew the power of the energy and we could see through one an other's minds, but to some still it got out of controle, now we were all looking to expanding our minds so that we may be havery than our brother's, it just started out with everyone doing their own thing, now we had to climb higher and higher to escape. They flipped out, and as I sat with him up here looking down, we both saw that it would never end and that man will never be satafide with just anought, now there were people with powers like ours trying to throw us in steel cages, it was as through we knew all the time that this sytem would start some day again. And now I was saying goodbye to Mr. Lee Steven Domes. Thanken him for the trip we went on hopeing that tomorrow we would meet again up here, and while following the sun he faded, and his last words were feed your head, feed your head.

April 17 70 Chino

Moved to Honor dorm. Maya bed on tier floor in line with seventy other beds. Slept last night between two beautiful Black brothers. Crowded so close maya hand brushes the next bed.

Before lights out four Blacks crowd around bunk. Rolling cigarettes for me. Such protective love from the Blacks.

Keep getting young friends in trouble.

Radiant youth sneaked into dorm to talk. Stood there shining on me. Guard saw rushed to bust him. Took name and ejected him. This is the story of my life. Oh Robbie and Gretchen and Heather, nu miss tus three.

RIGHT COLLAR CRIME

There is Black man of forty years four time loser. Sat next at dinner asked if ever heard of writer named Gurdjieff. Exploded in amazed pleasure. Fifteen years prison managed to get a copy of *All and Everything*.

Eye say *A & E* greatest book written in 20th century. He bubbled with quiet joy, sharing me pleasure.

Had read Ouspensky. Prefers being in prison because can pursue his work better behind bars. "I get pulled into reactive behavior on the outside. I get to be the center of people and then I get into trouble. Women stir me up a lot. I'm free of all that in here." In-patient. In-maginary.

His vibrations were old-time dignified Darky Buddha. Spoke shyly, almost inaudibly words occult.

Whenever went by bunk making notes on piece of paper. Topics meditate when he got to Folsom. Let me copy them.

Lessons from Nirvana Learn them Learn them
Eliminating Emotional Influences Burn them Burn them
Listening to the Voice of the Spirit Schooling
The Law of Three The Law of Two The Law of Three
Ruling
Overcoming My Emotions Despair Despair
The riddle of the serpent Possible avenues of pursuit of
sex Her voice Her hair

Control among Teen-agers Violence
 The Peace Sign and Its Effect Silence
 Extensive Work on Emotional Control Feel
 Knowledge of Real Conversation From Emotional Con-
 versation Real
 Consciousness and Its Different Levels Hoping
 Thinking Beyond the Influence of Emotions Coping
 The Fallacy of Equality Heart brake Heart brake
 The ball-chain Mode of Existence Created by Emotional
 Love Heart brake Heart brake
 Thinking About Women Beyond Her Powerful Sex Influe-
 ence I miss you
 The Biblical version of the origin of man vs. the Darwinian
 Theory Which is better for a metaphor?
 The Woman and Her Objective Significance Wait for me
 What the American Heritage Means State for me
 The meeting of minds Real Communication between Be-
 ings Mate for me
 The Ego and its Tenacious Grip Power
 Spiritual Manifestation Flower
 The Power of the Spiritual Force in Man High
 The Destruction of One's Self-image Good Bye.

Just to check him out wandered to bunk and asked about
 that item "The Woman and Her Objective Significance." Could
 hardly hear mumbling words about positive energy of man
 negative energy of woman when connected dynamo battery.
 Yo said. "Right! That's why it's so hard to be here. I'm electron
 without proton." El say "well, my woman is here all the time.
 You know these spiritual connections can be stronger than . . ."

April 20 70 Chino

Newspaper clipping: New York, (UPI) Sen Barry Goldwater (R-Ariz.) told college students today that marijuana laws were too strong, adding, "I have a problem rather close to me."

Goldwater said that he thought the laws were "unfair" and should be directed for narcotic vendors rather than for the users.

The new cop-out cliché in blame-game. As long as grass smokers were Blacks, Mexicans, and hippies—give them the axe. But when our own prep-school, college kids start smoking, slam the supplier.

The fallacy here is that the vendors of grass are not evil, nigger Mafia types. Ninety per cent of all marijuana is retailed by nice young kid next door who buys twenty dollars worth sells half to friends.

Daughter of wealthy and famous millionaire went to European country recently gave LSD to son of leading politician. He promptly announced had seen the light, that Father's politics were wrong, that he was going to become a Hindu, etc., etc. After the son was clapped into psychiatric custody, young Kathy was deported her father notified.

The millionaire father's reaction was typical. He hired private detectives to find out who gave his daughter the LSD. "I'll see that he gets life." It turned out to be the son of a U.S. Senator.

IV. Impenitence of the Damned: The damned are confirmed in evil; every act of their will is evil and inspired by hatred of ———. Hatred is the only motive in their power; and they have no choice than that of showing their hatred of ——— by one evil action in preference to another.

A VERY COUTH FELLOW:

Noticed him day arrived here. Gross, hulking, brutish, sullen. Ugliest man in joint.

Watched him day by day. All he did glower and chain smoke lung-collapsing state-issue tobacco. Oh yes, one other thing. Spent long periods front of mirror scowling combing shock of colorless hair.

Sat on bench, shoulders slumped, flicking cigarettes. Mental

defective? In-becile. Don't play handball or baseball or volley ball or lift weights or talk anyone. Just sat on bench.

On Sunny Monday first day Taurus sitting next to my shirt. Decided contact.

"Hey, what's happening?"

Hung head low, blank eyes to me. "As far as I can figure it out, there's no difference between good and bad. It don't mean nothing any of it. Does it?"

"What do you mean?" asked cautiously.

"Well they are all just imaginary ideas. Good and bad. Freedom or prison. Even life and death."

Eye dizzy expecting low-level, "what's your case?" conversation escalates me up to the top of old Vedic Mt. Meru.

"I see what you mean. It doesn't really make much difference when you get right down to it."

Shook heavy head. "Man, that's heavy. How many people here realize that? It really don't make no difference. The only difference between being in prison and out there is women and that's . . ."

Eye broke silence. "Yeah. Ninety percent of the emotion in my life was due to my not understanding her. Loving her. Fighting her. Wanting her. Escaping her. Making her jealous. Being jealous. Courting her. Ignoring her. Whew!"

Hand rolling cigarette in wind. I offer tailor made.

"If you could die right now, would you?"

"Depends. Sometimes yes. Sometimes no. Suicide such a messy body crafty mind trip. Now if God were to give you a simple way out. No sloppy slitting of wrists. Say a button. Just press it and slip out of it. Would you do it?" I was holding out my hand pointing to the button.

He leaned away and smiled and shook head. Looked at me and laughed, eyes sparking rugged, good-looking man.

Eye said, "A French writer named Sartre once said that there is only one issue in life. To kill yourself or not."

He grinned. "Yeah. But wasn't it a *French* writer who said that?"

"Yeah. I said French. Name of Sartre."

"That's right. That's the fellow. Sartre."

Eye was wondering to myself, was it Camus? Who is this guy anyway?

"Well if there's no good or bad. What is there?"

Eye looked up at the sun. "There's energy. That's all there is. It comes in all sorts of pretty packages. You can groove behind it or struggle with it. Or call it different names or assign different emotional meanings to it. But that doesn't affect it.

I like those moments when you are in the flow of it. Not happy up or sad down. But with it. Being energy. Serene bliss. Those are the moments."

He nodded.

"Like right now. We had it going for a second here in the sunshine."

He listen not response.

"What's your name."

"My name is uncouth."

"What! Common!"

"Well that's not my original name, but that's what people call me."

"Do you know what uncouth means?"

"Yeah. It means gross. Crude. You told me that."

"I told you that!"

"Sure. I came up to you and asked you what couth meant. And you said 'Uncouth means gross or crude,' but you didn't know what couth meant."

WRITE COLLAR CRIME

As eye type these notes always aware that eye am committing illegal act. Constant glancing-up reflex of in-security. These notes are contraband. You reader. Watch out!

The retrobate carries in himself the primary cause of impenitence; it is the guilt of sin which he committed on earth and with which he passed into eternity.

In office used by trustee inmates big red numbers on wall. Days of the month. Each number pinned separately to wall. Each day remove number. Eye noticed big red arrow pointed to morrow. *There is no number for today.* Ask the trustee, how come there is no number for today?

Laughed and said, "In con terminology, when you wake up in the morning. That day is over."

Fifth in line for the *San Francisco Chronicle* and second in line for the *Los Angeles Times*. Enjoy the weak old *Chronicle* better than the day old *Times*.

Our religious teachings caught on very fast. Mohammed after ten years had fifteen co-worshippers, including his wife and two slaves. After ten years Rosemary and eye share fifteen million or fifty million or one hundred and fifteen million co-worshippers and no slaves no churches. No tax deductible procedures. Wherever and when ever people meet in small groups to get high, turn off social and turn on timeless,

converse silently God to God, light candles, engage in that special form of telepathy known only to psychedelic dopers, well then and there our religion is in session. Rosemary and I and our friends are there. And whenever Rosemary and I sit by the fire and get high and become one with all . . . you are there with us, brothers and sisters. That is our religion.

It will take society ten years to start catching up with our political prophecies and prescriptions. The Politics of Ecstasy.

It would not be intrinsically impossible for —— to move the damned to repentance; yet such a course would be out of keeping with the state of final reprobation. The opinion that the —— refusal of all grace and of every incitement to good is the proximate source of impenitence, is upheld by many theologians, and in particular by Molina.

It will take psychology twenty-five years to catch up with problems studied at Millbrook. It got lonely and boring weighting around.

We decided that all was to live our love and create new life.

The prison guards re-tired army enlisted men Motel Managers. Herd us dining room. Lock unlock doors. Walk tiers at night, fat-igued, pot-bellied men with flashlights slipping mail under cell doors. Their work centers around keys.

YOUR LETTER IS RETURNED FOR THE REASON(s)
CHECKED BELOW: DRAWING PICTURES OR OTHERWISE
ORNAMENTING THE STATIONERY OR ENVELOPE

April 21 70 Chino

Let the punishment fit the time.

Pavlovian conditioning and learning theory teaches that the pain must be directly relevant and immediate.

After year time prison inmate forgotten his crime, his arrest, his trial, his judge, his defender.

Just doing time. Storing up bitter supply of sullen anger.

SMITE COLLAR CRIME

Six months wondering about Charles Man Son.

He was, of course, the crushing blow to the exoteric hippie movement.

After Man Son, anyone who looked like Christ was suspect of being a ritual murderer.

Even my Mother turned to me and said, "You're not like that Manson are you?"

Why Man Son Why? I have refrained from comment on Man Son because I didn't understand. He had clearly transcended something social. It seemed impossible that it could be an LSD transcendence. But one must be cautious. LSD teaches us that nothing makes any difference. But why sense-less killing of innocents?

I may be experienced just a whiff of his life trip.

Charles Manson spent half of his thirty-five years in prison.

Not a hippy cult leader! He is a well-rounded product of the American penal system. Ph.D. graduate of our correctional process.

System so brutal, so impersonally lethal of tender human feeling, so precisely designed to increase helplessness inevitable Pavlovian product is Hatred.

It is completely impossible to do a long prison term and not have moments of fierce, blind, murderous, cold blood rage. At whom? This choice you and your chance robot reactivity will decide. At anyone in a system that passively allows such things to happen.

It maddens thoughtful convict to know that everyone admits the system is wrong. That the system creates crime. That the system encourages homosexual rape. Cynicism. Murder.

"Just talking to a guy come in from Soledad. There have been seventeen murders there in the last three months."

When they chained us up to Vacaville the bus stopped to unload some YA's (Youth Authority cases) at Tracy. At Chino several of them had hung around me. For protection. They were scared. They knew what awaited them at Tracy. They shaved long hair to look ugly as possible. Worked out feverishly with the weights to build up tough-looking muscles. Open smiles turned to frowns.

As they were chained out of the bus into the receiving tank the Tracy guards inspected them carefully. Stock-yard managers look over incoming cattle. Guards pot-bellied, slack jowls. Drool at the mouth. One said,

"Fine crop of juicy, soft-skinned boys, eh Marvin."

Thits all laugh salaciously.

There is no one who will publicly justify this system. And yet it goes on, and on and on and on.

And the sentences get longer and longer.

And every step that is taken by liberal legislators to humanize the system just makes the bureaucratic burden heavier. For example it costs between \$300 and \$600 to accomplish psychological diagnosis which has no effect on rehabilitation or shortening sentence, but which, on paper, gives the illusion of progressive custody.

Each day the prisoner is confronted with dozen crushing examples of callousness. Inevitably there comes a moment of nihilistic murderous rage. The insidious smell of murder. You can no more escape it than you can escape the scent of petroleum in a gas refinery. This prison is an assembly-line factory geared up to produce murderous rage.

Wash it off in shower.

Pervasive sweat stink mattress. How many tortured men tossed turned dreamed bloody nightmare dream on me musty brown lumpy bedding?

Charles Manson. Seventeen years behind the bars. Two hundred and four months. Six thousand, two hundred and nine nights lying on bed raging.

Charles Manson? Image and likeness of God?

Why kill? Prison system took child, reared him, trained him, guided him boy to man. Now glories in him super-wicked-hippie star of nightly television.

YOUR LETTER IS RETURNED FOR THE REASON(s)
CHECKED BELOW: NO ONE ON THE OUTSIDE REMEMBERS
YOU ANYMORE

". . . The first effects of the drug were beyond anything I had imagined. My perceptions became as clear and fresh as those of a child . . . My senses became incredibly keen, and at the same time, my memory began to function with a power and exactitude that I had never known before . . .

". . . Then the reaction began . . . My senses were abnormally sharp, but I was no longer able to ignore things that irritated me . . . I had forgotten—or never realized—how much of our living is a habit—including breathing . . . Every time I did something, I was aware of myself doing it. I was aware that I could choose to do it or not.

". . . I had a strange sensation that everything in the world was real except myself. I felt like a vacuum. And at the same time, it seemed as though I was in the middle of an immense desert—a desert of freedom. For the first time I realized that man needs his habits to save him from too much freedom—that freedom is potentially man's most dangerous enemy . . . I realized what Heidegger meant when he said that man can only know true freedom in the face of death. Because death is the ultimate threat, the ultimate limitation. It makes man aware of his purpose, his desire to live. I realized suddenly: it is not freedom that man needs. He already has more than he can use. *It is a vision of purpose.*"

Thus St. Thomas teaches that the chief cause of impenitence is ——— justice which refuses the damned every grace.

According to Durrell, Socrates last words: "Please the Gods, let the laughter keep breaking through."

Here the Blacks laugh. The Chicanos smile and scowl. The whites are brave in defeat.

Black voices vibrate through room. Singing. Chuckling.

The damned are ashamed of their folly which led them to seek happiness in sin, but not of the malice of sin itself.

There is much meditation about woman. Everyone here wrestling her. The real deprivation loss of contact with women.

Jackie Kennedy as Miss-ic Goddess. Image scrambling out of car in Dallas. Haunting. Not motherly. Power marriage.

Tantric solution. Be-come one person, one intercoiled body, one golden harp of feeling, walking forest holding hands we see twin trees. Telepathy silver key to woman's liberation.

At county jail, brief twenty minute visit through glass. Rosemary intense. Leans forward love melt glass. "I'll free you, my love." Magnificent, all-encompassing promise.

Long term prison sentences make no psychological sense. What does ten years mean as deterrent?

As the police close in on Neumann, the philosopher Zweig and his friends discuss smuggling him out of the country.

"He is anxious to keep his experiments with neurocaine a secret. If it leaked out he would have every newspaper reporter and every crank in the world interrupting his work. Besides, imagine the forces that would oppose him. All the tobacco companies, to begin with. All the liquor companies. Most of the medical profession, including the psychiatrists. Don't you see that secrecy is of the utmost importance? All that he needs now is privacy and money."

But we must do as he says, Crito; let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared; if not let the attendant prepare some.

V. Poena Damni: The *poena damni*, or pain of loss consists in a complete separation of all the powers of the soul from —— that it cannot find in —— even the least peace and rest.

April 22 70 Chino

Waiting all day for Calif Supreme Court grant bail.

Main function of human life? Wise ingestion of drugs.

Life chemical transformation process. Men chemical transformation organism designed by God to produce harmonious love.

Basic activity of life? Righteous selection of chemicals ingest. Molecules we put in bodies determine quality and quantity of living. Food. Drink. Air. Medicines. Neurological vitamins. Biotics (including spermatozoa.)

Social psychological harmony depends entirely on psychotropic drugs intake. There is a drug to produce any psychological, social, or spiritual state.

Function of education: teach people how to use drugs; i.e. how to manage bodies and nervous systems.

Only hope is dope.

The pain of loss is not the mere absence of superior bliss, but it is also a most intense positive pain.

Young Black came see Don today. Just returned from hard pen, en route freedom. Behind Don's encouragement prepared simple writ pointing out obvious error in case. Appeals court accepted. Court appointed lawyer got case reversed.

Glow of love joy in room incandescent.

Then came a postcard announcing that writ which Joe and Don spent week preparing receive immediate audience by Supreme Court. Lucky prisoner hardly talk, voice trembling. Triumph in club house.

"It's these victories that give us hope that there is some meaning and compassion in the system," said Don.

"Yet," said Crito, "the sun is still upon the hilltops, and many a one has taken the draught late; and after the announcement has been made to him he has eaten and drunk, and indulged in sensual delights; do not hasten then, there is still time."

Their consciousness that ———, on whom they entirely depend, is their enemy forever, is overwhelming. Their consciousness of having by their own

deliberate folly forfeited the highest blessings for transitory and delusive pleasures humiliates and depresses them beyond measure.

"The main obstacle to telepathy is our habit of communicating by speech."

YES, BROTHER COLIN WILSON. THE MAIN OBSTACLE TO TELEPATHY IS OUR HABIT OF THINKING CONTINUALLY. WHEN YOU TURN OFF YOUR MIND YOU ARE RECEPTIVE TO NON-SYMBOLIC MESSAGES. IT IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO TELE-COMMUNICATE SYMBOLS. IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE? REALLY.

[Zweig makes a try at it.] ". . . human beings make some subtle mistake when they look at the world. The way we see the world is a lie. That is a complete misconception. I suppose this is what I came to mean by original sin."

ORIGINAL SIN IS THE IMPRINT.

"Now my task as a philosopher has always been to find the source of this error. I was sure that it would only require some tiny adjustment—like turning the knob on the side of a microscope—and everything would suddenly rush into focus . . . Well I have devoted my life to trying to discover the principle of this focus. I have always believed that it is the work of the philosopher to undo original sin."

GOOD STUFF, BROTHER WILSON. THE METAPHOR OF MICROSCOPE IS PRECISELY EXACT. THERE IS A FOCUS WHICH CAN ADJUST THE LEVEL OF AWARENESS. ONE NOTCH ON THIS ONTOLOGICAL MICROSCOPE FOCUSES ON THE REALITY OF THE IMPRINT AND ITS ASSOCIATED CONDITIONED ASSOCIATIONS. BUT THERE ARE MANY OTHER FOCI. YOU TURN THE KNOB BY TURNING YOUR HEAD.

The desire for happiness inherent in their very nature, wholly unsatisfied and no longer able to find any compensation for the loss of ——— in delusive pleasure, renders them utterly miserable.

Don typing copy ACLU brief for my appeal.

Laughs in joy at legal beauty.

"When I get out I swear I'm going to donate a portion of my salary to the ACLU. They need money don't they?"

"Always."

Take him off on long rap. Invisible brotherhood of Freedom people. All over world. High places low. Always recognize each other. Come to each other's rescue.

How Brotherhood extends in time. Jefferson. Voltaire. Socrates.

Later on work in next office calls me. Grinning. "You make me so buoyant. You cheer me up telling me about the brotherhood."

Laugh, delight perfect Zen circle we create.

"Far out, Don. I come here to this gloomy place and find that you and Joe have created a full-functioning, authentic cell of Freedom Brotherhood. You rescue me. Tune me into it. I put it into words. Spell out verbally what you are doing and you are pleased and surprised. We are here to remind ourselves who we are and why we are here."

Moreover they are well aware that ——— is infinitely happy, and hence their hatred and impotent desire to injure ——— fills them with extreme bitterness.

Handballing in sun. Thinking beloved wife. Yoni. Seed. Flower. Conscious creation of New Life. Miracle of conscious procreation. Divine love made flesh and come, Divine Child, to dwell amongst us.

Next few days bring decision. Will I dwell in loving life with her or spend the rest of strife in metal cage? Hands tremble. Restless.

On the line for lunch. A sad looking young Black man shakes his head.

"Too much punishment for too little crime."

April 23 70 Chino

Moved into single cell.

Great serenity. Quiet.

Sleep soundly. But awake drenched with sweat. I'm still on death row.

Rosy dawn. Watch red sun over the eastern mountains.

Has there ever been a religion which commanded its worshippers to watch the sun rise in the morning and set in evening?

Powerful, demanding rewarding ritual.

And the same is true with regard to their hatred of all the friends of ——— who enjoy the bliss of heaven. The pain of loss is the very core of eternal punishment.

The moment when you realize that you are out there (here) as far as anyone has ever been. Beyond maps, beyond radio contact, beyond the manual of instructions, Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us.

Socrates said: "Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in doing thus, for they think that they will gain by the delay; but I am right in not doing thus; for I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later; I should be sparing and saving a life which is already gone; I could only laugh at myself for this. Please then to do as I say, and not to refuse me."

[Neumann discussing his friend Georgi:]

"... he suspected that every human being who has ever lived has wasted his life completely ... he meant that *if* all human life has contained a certain basic error, then the man who realized this would be *completely alone*. He could speak to no one. Other people could only confuse his certainty. Well, when I became convinced that he was right, I also knew that I would have to work alone."

ANOTHER PROBLEM, DEAR BROTHER WILSON, WHICH WE WORKED ON FOR SOME TIME. IT IS TRUE THAT IN THE PAST ONLY A FEW MEN IN ANY CENTURY WOULD FIGURE OUT THE PROBLEM.

THE "ERROR" BY THE WAY IS IMPRINTING. AT THE MOMENT OF IMPRINTING THE MAMMAL COMMITS HIMSELF TO A BASIC PLUS AND A BASIC MINUS. APPROACH-

GOOD. AVOID-BAD. CONDITIONING THEN BUILDS UP THE CLUSTERS OF ASSOCIATIONS THAT COMPRISE MIND. BUT IT IS TRUE THAT MIND BEING BASED ON THE ORIGINAL IMPRINT IS BASICALLY "WRONG," WELL WHY USE SUCH MORAL TERMS. THE ORIGINAL IMPRINT, OR FIRST AND BASIC ONTOLOGICAL STEP IS "WEIRD." ACCIDENTAL, UNCONSCIOUS. YOUNG ANIMALS HAVE IMPRINTED PLASTIC BASKETBALLS, REMEMBER. THE BASIC REALITY ISSUE THEN REVOLVES AROUND WHAT IS GOOD AND BAD IN RESPECT TO BASKETBALLS.

THE INSIGHT WHICH YOU REFER TO IS ALWAYS DUE TO THE TRANSCENDENCE OF IMPRINTING. IN THE PAST THIS WAS USUALLY ACCIDENTAL, OFTEN RELATED TO PSYCHOSIS. AND THE FEW MEN WHO MADE THE NEUROLOGICAL BREAKTHROUGH SEPARATED IN SPACE-TIME SO THAT THEY DID, IN FACT, FEEL ALONE.

OUR SITUATION, THAT IS THE SITUATION WHICH YOU DESCRIBE IN YOUR NOVEL AND WHICH WE HAVE BEEN ACTUALLY LIVING OUT, IS DIFFERENT. THE NEW DRUGS SUSPEND IMPRINTING. ONCE NEUMANN TURNS ON SOMEONE ELSE HE IS NO LONGER ALONE. WHEN YOU TURN ON WITH SOMEONE ELSE YOU PROVIDE FOR THE POSSIBILITY OF A MUTUAL IMPRINT. WE IMPRINT EACH OTHER. THUS THE NEW ONTOLOGICAL OR NEUROLOGICAL MARRIAGE. THE ONTOLOGICAL BROTHERHOOD. THE NEUROLOGICAL FAMILY. NOW CONSIDER OUR DILEMMA. HOW MANY PEOPLE SHOULD WE TURN ON?

[Zweig deplores the fact that he has wasted his life thinking about the problem.] "Tonight, when Gustav [Neumann] gave me the taste of neuro-mysin, I knew I had made a mistake. There *is* another way. Gustav has spent his life pursuing it. Instead of using his intellect alone, Gustav has returned to the body. He has recognized in fact what I have only recognized in theory—that part of the problem is purely physical."

PUT IT THIS WAY, DEAR FRIEND. THE PROBLEM IS BIO-CHEMICAL AND THE SOLUTION MUST, THEREFORE, BE BIO-CHEMICAL.

THE INTELLECTUAL PROBLEM IS VERY SIMPLE. JUST UNDERSTAND THE LAST SENTENCE AND ACT ON IT.

IT HAS AMAZED ME THAT PSYCHOLOGISTS AND PHILOSOPHERS REFUSED TO ACCEPT THE OBVIOUS FACT THAT LSD IS TO PSYCHOLOGY & RELIGION WHAT THE MICROSCOPE WAS TO BIOLOGY. IT WILL ONCE AGAIN ROUTINELY REQUIRE A NEW GENERATION TO CATCH ON.

IT ALSO ASTONISHES ME THAT PSYCHOLOGISTS AND PHILOSOPHERS CAN READ ABOUT THE IMPRINT EXPERI-

MENTS AND NOT APPLY THEM TO THE GENESIS OF HUMAN PSYCHOLOGY. IT DOES REQUIRE THE ACCEPTANCE OF THE NOTION OF THE RELATIVITY OF ONTOLOGIES. YOU HAVE TO ADMIT THAT THERE ARE MANY LEVELS OF REALITY AND THAT THE REALITY EACH HUMAN BEING ACCEPTS IS A BIOCHEMICAL ACCIDENT. THE PSYCHOLOGIST CAN'T ADMIT THIS ABOUT HIS PATIENTS BECAUSE HE WOULD THEN HAVE TO ACCEPT THE FACT THAT THE PRINCIPLE APPLIES TO HIMSELF. THE NOTION OF RE-IMPRINTING (WHICH I FIRST DESCRIBED IN A FOREWORD TO SOLOMON'S BOOK ON LSD) IS THE REDEEMING, JOYOUS, DIVINITY-PRODUCING NOTION THAT SAVES THE WHOLE ONTOLOGICAL GAME.

VI. Poena Sensus: The *poena sensus*, or pain of sense consists in the torment of ——— so frequently mentioned in the Holy Writ. The demons suffer the torment of ——— even when, by ——— permission, they leave the confines of hell and roam around earth. In what manner this happens is uncertain.

275 ASA 166 *Taylor v. San Bernadino Superior Court*—GARDNER, Pro Tem: At 5 a.m., police officers arrested defendant for a vehicle mechanical violation. After it had been ascertained that there was an outstanding arrest warrant against him for another traffic offense, he was placed under arrest on the traffic warrant. At police request, deft. removed the contents of his pockets. *His cigarette lighter was taken apart*, and in a recessed area a useable quantity of hashish was found. Deft. had not consented to the inspection of this inside area. Charged with the resulting offense, deft. moved for PenC 1538.5 suppression of evidence. His motion was denied, and he now sought prohibition. Writ DENIED.

(1) Deft's constitutional rights were not violated when the police officer ordered him to empty his pockets prior to a pat down search. (2) The original taking of the cigarette lighter by the police was not unreasonable. While it may not qualify as *a weapon in the traditional sense*, it could have been thrown at the officer or used to burn him. (3) The search of the lighter was not unreasonable. The officer testified of his past experience in finding razor blades concealed within Zippo-type lighters.

After breakfast, the sergeant's clerk, sturdy, executive elite con named Milton, walk to bed. "Leary. Were you expecting some kind of Supreme Court action?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I should hear today."

"Well I just heard on the radio that they shot you down. Denied your appeal. You and Huey Newton."

Don't remember what said.

"Sorry to tell you bluntly this way, but you might as well know about it right away."

"Its all up to Justice Douglas now," eye sad.

Spent the daze of gloom. Our life now depends upon one man with a pace-making machine in noble heart. William O. Douglas. Naturalist. Rebel. Friend of youth. Mountain man. Liberal. Outspoken libertarian. Solace of persecuted. Last hope of friendless. Husband of young girl. Hiker. Protector of wild flowers and clear mountain streams.

Milton arranged for me to move off crowded, bed-to-bed chaos "skid-row" to private cell. "I'm changing my own job tomorrow," he said. "This is my last act in this old job."

Recline monadic peace of single cell read newscapers. Full of stories about impeachment of Justice Douglas. Our life comes before him at most crucial time in his life. If frees us will bring down on head more angry outcry. Television soap opera.

VII. Accidental Pains of the Damned: According to theologians the pain of the loss and the pain of the sense constitute the very essence of hell, the former being by far the most dreadful part of eternal punishment. But the damned also suffer various "accidental" punishments.

Crito when he heard this, made a sign to the servant; and the servant went in, and remained for some time, and then returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said: "You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed."

We'll know in five days whether we are to live and flourish in love or to die in prison cell.

Picked up paper and read story about torture in Greek prisons. The picture illustrating the story was Jean-Paul David's oil painting celebrating "The Death of Socrates." The bawdy pleasure-seeking irresponsible Athenian, reclining on a couch, left hand raised in the "V" of peace, right'hand holding the hemlock. Surrounded by friends.

The cosmic script-writers never miss a trick, do they?

To day of dangerous gloom predicted by the horoscope: Thursday, April 23, 1970: Moon quincunx Sun: Good fortune may seem to be extremely far away.

Moon opposition Mars: Destructive emotions can reach a peak of dangerous intensity.

And its going to get worse:

Friday, April 24, 1970: Moon quincunx Saturn: If a problem can neither be escaped nor solved, get a fresh view.

Saturday, April 25, 1970: Sun parallel Saturn: It has been accurately said that when the bottom is reached, there is nowhere to go but up.

Sunday, April 26, 1970: Rosemary's thirty-fifth birthday. (Mari-
anne died on my thirty-fifth birthday.)

Moon quincunx Mars: The services of authority could be the prescription for danger.

Mars trine Uranus: Get out with your mate for jaunts to see interesting new sights and scenery.

Monday, April 27th: Venus opposition Neptune: Distances between loved ones may be sad but closed by affectionate communication.

Tuesday, April 28th 1970: Mercury parallel Venus. Learn how to be a specialist in the art of charming with words of honey.

Wednesday, April 29th 1970

Jupiter sem'tile Neptune: Time 8:39 a.m. E.S.T. Here it is!!!
RECEIVING SPECIAL CONSIDERATION COULD BE THE
EQUIVALENT OF FINDING A GOLD MINE IN THE SKY

Moon parallel Sun, 1:45 p.m. P.S.T.: THOSE WHO RANK
HIGH SHOULD BE RECEPTIVE TO YOUR SCIENTIFIC IDEAS

Jupiter enters Libra, 9:52 p.m., P.S.T.

Thursday April 30, 1970

Moon sextile Saturn: 6:48 p.m. P.S.T. WHEN AT LAST ALL
IS IN GOOD ORDER, SATISFACTION MAY BE ENJOYED

Sitting desk 3:00 p.m. Thursday April 23, probing future.
Comforted. Praying. Om. I love you.

The damned never experience even the least real pleasure.

"In depth" interview with counselor this morning. Think
beforehand about what to say.

Only choice. Try make her feel good. Try make most memo-
rable, life-changing experience of both our lives.

Interview dis-appointment. For hour and half she pore over
folder, frowning. Making sure not missed vital statistic in long
complicated life.

She shake head sighing.

She finally got around to the basic question. Sorrowful
puzzlement. "Is it necessary for people to smoke marijuana
and take LSD to find religious meaning?"

"It's a completely individual personal matter, this decision

as to what *you* need to turn *you* on to God and beauty and meaning. One man needs sunshine, another, prayer, another the special smile in your eyes. It is only necessary that you be true to the grace that works for you and not cop out on it."

The retrobate must live in the midst of the damned, and their outbursts of hatred or of reproach as they gloat over his sufferings, and their hideous presence are an ever fresh source of torment.

April 24 70 Chino

Waves of nervousness come. On days expecting news. Hands wet. Need to move. Caged animal. White man's busy-ness due to bad-nerves. Whitey cage him own wild animal in offices. Jangles serene body nature with him nervousness. When Blacks caged sing and laugh and wait.

April 26 70 Chino

Immobilized paralysis. Low energy. Waiting. No juice start new project. Love sick. Incredible experience. Koestler in Franco prison waiting each day to learn if he would be marched out to firing squad. What effect will this brush with the shadow of death have on our future life? Just want to enjoy simple things with love.

Elderly guard suddenly gets on me. Orders me sideburned to barber. Get hour shampoo-massage. Enemy sideburner not satisfied. Orders me back. Look from second tier down upon it. It is almost completely bald with white stubble around its ears and neck. It doesn't like me.

Mention to my gurus. Laugh. "There are several guards here who are really down on you. Blame you for all the problems of the young. They say you don't deserve equal treatment."

Equal treatment! The bizarre effects institutional inertia. I live here with a thousand men whose misery so great wonder how endure. Marvel at the callousness of guards. No equal share of suffer.

Watching reaction of guards. About a third go out of their way to be friendly. They are younger. About a third pay no attention. And a third go out of way to be mean. They are older.

VIII. Characteristics of the pains of hell: The pains of hell differ in degree according to demerit. This holds true not only of the pain of sense, but also of the pain of loss.

Here more philosophy and more poetry hear than on the outside.

Middle-class educated prisoners tend to be here on sex beefs. Wife murder. Varieties of rape. Musty franks of child molesting.

Really we are all MDSO's. Mentally disordered sex offenders. The punishment is emasculation.

April 27 70 Chino

Waiting. Waiting. Waiting for Life Sentence. Justice William O. Douglas considering where and when and how we shall die.

His character and actions dominate newspapers these days. At this time deciding our fate has become most magnetized-polarized personality in country. Hearst paper cartoon pictures him as tiny infantile-senile clown. *Times* features a picture of the nobleman and his beautiful young wife during a twenty-mile hike taken to preserve a little river in Maryland.

He two born under sign of Libra.

Yesterday was Rosemary's birth anniversary. Soon celebrate re-birthday.

Final step before transfer out of this boot-camp to your "permanent" prison is the assignment of "Legal Status."

Diploma-report card listing penitential condition.

The man answered: "You have only to walk around until your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act." At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of color or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, as his manner was, took the cup and said: "What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any God? May I, or not?"

The pains of hell are essentially immutable; they are not temporary intermissions or passing alleviations. A few theologians and Fathers, in particular the poet Prudentius, expressed the opinion that on stated days, ——— grants the damned a certain respite, and that besides this the prayers of the faithful obtain for them other occasional intervals of rest. The Church has never condemned this opinion in express terms. But now theologians are justly unanimous in rejecting it. St. Thomas condemns it severely (in IV Sent.; dist. xiv, Q.xxix, c 1.1)

WHERE TO HAVE A PSYCHEDELIC EXPERIENCE

The best places are holy grounds, riverbanks, caves, sites of pilgrimage, the summits of mountains, confluents of rivers, sacred forests, solitary groves, the shade of the Bel tree, valleys, places overgrown with Tulsi plants, pasture lands, temples of Siva without a bull, the foot of a sacred fig tree, or of an Amalaki tree, cowsheds, islands, sanctuaries, the shore

of the sea, one's own house, the abode of one's teacher, places which tend to inspire single-pointedness, lonely places free from animals. Gandharva-tantra

PREPARATION FOR A PSYCHEDELIC EXPERIENCE

The purification of the person of the worshipper consists in bathing. The purification of the subtle elements of the body is done through breath control, and through the dedication of the six main parts of the body to the six deities to which they correspond.

The purification of the place of worship is done by cleaning it carefully, adorning it with an auspicious ornamentation using five colors, placing cushions, a canopy, using incense, lights, flowers, garlands. All this must be done by the worshippers themselves.

Meditating on Tantra.

Worship of the female energy. Sakti. Wife of Siva.

She rests curled at the bottom of the spine.

She unfolds through the seven levels of orgasm: Sex. Elimination. Digestion. Circulation. Respiration. Sensation. Cerebral.

"Oh, beloved, having pierced the entire kula path, in the thousand petaled lotus you sport in secret with your lord."

(The cosmos as mirrored in the body. Evolves in seven stages which are described as the seven levels of erotic-somatic consciousness.)

In the house of sleep to tidy up clutter of day.

Sleeping consciousness. Classic cartoon: old cleaning woman with broom under her arm leaning over president's desk punning soapy comments on daily male.

Last evening read Tantra.

During night lingam erection.

Sunrise out of bed to make notes on Tantric meaning of language.

To eroticize all of life (and what else is there to do?) we must be sure that our language reflects energy situation. Bisacred.

Our western language reflects impersonal rape. Subject-predicate-object.

I do you. You do me. He does her. She does him. We do them. You do us. They do them.

And a queer bewildering croak we make of the passive voice: I am being done to. You are being done to. She is being done to. We are being done to. They are being done to.

The active-passive voices should murmur reciprocal words. Ah there. Yes. Inaudible meshing.

Active: I do. I love. I touch. I taste. I hear. I see. I hurt.

Passive: I dew. I love. I touch. I taste. I hear. I hurt.

The man answered: "We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough." "I understand," he said, "yet I may and must pray to the gods to prosper my journey from this to the other world—may this then, which is my prayer, be granted to me." Then, holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank the poison.

However, accidental changes in the pains of hell are not excluded. Thus it may be that the retrobate is sometimes less tormented by his surroundings.

It's very clear
Our love is here
To stay
Not for a year
Forever and
A day
The radio . . . and
The telephone . . . and
The movies
That we know
May just be passing fancies
And
In time
May go . . . but oh My dear
Our love
Is here
To stay
Together we're
Going a long, long way
In time
The Rockies may crumble
Gibraltar may tumble
They're only made of clay . . . but
Our love
Is here
To stay

Power of imprint-folk song: At the darkest, darkest moment suddenly found myself whistling this song.

April 29 70 Chino

Funny sad vacation planning discussions selecting prisons. Tehachapi in the mountains. Fresh air. All new buildings. But remote. CMC East. Private cells with key. Golf course. Swimming pool. CIM color TV, golf course. Swimming pool. Treatment oriented. Thits call you "Mister." Quentin: near San Francisco. Good medical care. Four big yards. Lots of room to move around. Contact visits. Forestry camps: work hard outside. All the dope you want. Folsom: good place to do time. Old long term professional cons. Quiet. Soledad: dread scene. Gladiator school. Thits issue you wooden sword and garbage can lid. When friend tells: I'm on the list to ship out. Where are you going? Soledad. Long pause. What to say. Well, it's not so bad. It's what you make it, right?

THE BASIC ISSUE OF THE CENTURY: COMA OR SOMA

HUMOR

Humor may be defined as that within us. Within us. Which sets up a kindly contemplation of the incongruities of life, and the expression of that sense in art, in art.

The word thus means either something within ourselves, as when we speak of a "man of humor," or something objective, as in speaking of a comedy "full of humor." Speak of a man of humor.

The element of kindliness, of kindliness, is essential to humor. There must not only be perception of the peculiarities, the contrasts, the shortcomings which lead to incongruous effect, but there must be a tolerant acceptance of them. A tolerant acceptance of them.

The word "humor" has carried down through the language of Europe a peculiar etymology. In origin it means "wetness," in origin it means wetness, and is of the same source as "humidity."

At the dawn of medical science, medical science, (this is important) medical science, Hippocrates (c. 400 B.C.) recog-

nized four chief currents or "humors" in the human body: phlegm, blood, choler, black bile.

If the flow of each was normal, a man was said to be in good "humor," but if irregular, then disease (dis-ease) appeared and the man was in an "ill humor."

The decline of medical knowledge, DECLINE OF MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE, threw the term into a vague significance of good and bad condition and presently to caprice or whim occasioned by one's condition.

Soma was the inspiration of the Vedas. The Vedas are the source of all human philosophy. When Soma was no longer available, the key to the Vedas was lost. When the key to the Vedas was lost, man was rudderless.

While eye copy this item from the Encyclopedia in the Chino prison library a middle-aged convict say to me, "Hey, isn't your name Reilly?" "Indeed it is," I reply.

"I've seen you somewhere before."

"Indeed you have," I sigh.

"Let's see. Reilly. Reilly. Were you ever in the Old County Jail in L.A.?"

"Not L.A. T.V." I sly.

He said. "Of course. Tim Reilly. Narcotics! Right."

Put me finger to maya mouth. "Shh." I dread.

"How much time did you bring?" he solicitates.

"Enough, I hope," sez eye.

American humor is characterized by a detachment from traditional reverences and conventional beliefs.

Hippocratic principle. Basis of all psychology and religion. Your inner juices determine your state of mind and your level of consciousness. Keep the flow normal. If your fluids are out of balance, ingest the proper medicament, to solvage your predicament.

Psychology is alchemy plus astrology. Modern terms: psychopharmacology plus bio-rhythmic sequential analysis.

Psychology and religion degenerated into a primitive abstraction game when the Hippocratic key was lost. Some dope turned off the hope.

Notes from the Underground: Find self whistling or humming tune. Unconscious muse-ack background. Replay tape. What's the name of that tune? Today it's Kiss me once and kiss me twice and kiss me once again its been a long, long time.

Especially after the last judgment there will be an accidental increase of punishment; for then the demons will never again be permitted to leave the confines of hell, but will finally be imprisoned for all eternity; and the retrobate souls of men will be tormented by union with their hideous bodies.

Here is home of Mesomorph. On iron pile, around the yard musculature. Body building. Rippling corded malestrength. Ksatriya shock troop warriors. Barred and chained from woman.

Con folk lore. "Women are really hungry for a guy when they know he just come out of prison . . . Run after him heatly. Harlen say everytime he hit the street he has to beat them away."

Every body smile drift off fond fantasy.

And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forebear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept over myself; for certainly I was not weeping over him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a companion.

YOUR LETTER IS RETURNED FOR THE REASON(s) CHECKED BELOW: MENTIONING OTHER INMATES BY NAME OR NUMBER, OR RELATING INSTITUTIONAL GOSSIP

Brother called to third floor window looking down lawn be low. "See the gopher. I've been watching him dig that hole for a week." Just inside wire fence near road where prison busses imcourt-excourt green grass covered with brown earth. Thin white-grey rodent pushing dirt with tiny hands. Glimpse around duck back in.

"Think he's trying to escape?"

"He's making a warm nest for his lady and the kids. Poor guy. He doesn't know he's inside the prison walls."

"He ain't in prison. He don't know what prison is."

"Wait until the guard in the gun tower sees him."

"They'd enjoy shooting him. Or they'll gas him."

"Had some on my lawn once. Put chemical down the hole to get them but instead it killed a whole row of flowers."

Watching little gopher father innocently, dearly preparing home for his children. Inside the prison walls. Extra-terrestrial observer watching us.

Rosemary sent picture. Sitting in corn looking wisely into camera. Carefully mount it on cardboard and attach to wall of cell. When I look in to her eyes, eye see my soul. Ancient racial old friend recognition. Oh the life times.

Susan poised between new life and old death. Om. Shanti.

Bill Capricorn returns from visit to Palm Hall. Dormitory for violent brothers. Whew! Talk about custody. Locks within

locks within locks. In cells most of the time. Let out in special yard in pairs. Most of them can't be let out with anyone else. Some will attack anyone they get loose with. They aren't psycho. Just wound up to kill. Anyone they can reach. Some at Vacaville so violent. Orders require four guards to be with him when outside cell. Two on side. Two behind him. Huskiest guards.

Hell is a state of the greatest and most complete misfortune, as is evident from all that has been said. The damned have no joy whatever and it were better for them that they had not been born . . . (Matt. XXVI, 24)

Remembering first day in Chino prison. Walked eagerly to yard.

After lunar month in single-cell isolation county jail every pale face cell hungered yearning turned to sunlight botanical tropism. Small grassy area outfield of softball. Ripped off heavy shoes green grass earth on bare feet. Took off shirt facing sun. Long drinking starved meditation solar.

Check the action. Six hundred men in small square surrounded by walls barb-wired roof high fences bobbed wired coiled, gun-tower catwalk. Out to south green meadows dairy cattle grazing. Youth Authority camp kids care for cows.

Score of Blacks clustered around foot-high wooden platform lifting weights. Few tattooed, burly whites. Four handball courts against western wall. Chicanos slicing graceful driving black needle ball, shouting in Spanish. Blacks and whites playing softball. Ten on a side volleyball. Five on a side one-basket ball. Hundred men sit disconsolately on outfield grass. Hundred men sitting benches by park tables.

I was the only one barefoot. Why do these men imprison their feet? Hey man, barefoots gainst da rules. Ask guard. O.K. do yoga barefoot? Surprised careless shrug. Sure. There's no rule against barefoot. Just bare-ass. Just keep your pants on.

First few days doing yoga, shy curious collect around. Standing on my head answering questions. What's your time, man? Didn't they get you smuggling in Texas? Let me run my case down for you. Upside down reality. Man you made of rubber.

By third day Wolf Man join me. Sturdy black-haired nineteen years, acid-saddhu, moved barefoot, shirtless across yard wild-animal shy, always shining smile. Celestial gossip. Each day walks up with question about lycergic angel visions. There was this bird-like creature, radiant like sun carrying golden cup with diagram like this. Was that the Holy Ghost?

He live in federal parks with sleeping bag and dog. Once two policemen came to him on beach and when dog bark

thits drew guns on dog. Carrying *Catholic Encyclopedia* reading sections on revelation-visions. This one on the beach at Mazatlan, four black angels, two on either side of the throne of God holding silver fire. Incubi and succubi, is that how you pronounce them? We pray together. Hail Mary. Our Father. Om Mani Padma Hum.

Wolf Man and I two wild animals in barefoot shirtless.

Gentle holy days but sleepless nights. Yoga working too well.

Yoga is the generation, control, and distribution of erotic energy.

To understand the fundamental principles of erotics, it is well to start with the experiments performed by the early Vedic Hindus. If two bodies are brought into intimate contact, e.g. by pressure or rubbing together and then separated, they have certain new properties, the most marked of which is the power of attracting. Bodies possessing this power are said to be "eroticized."

It is easily observed that, if certain bodies are charged, the erotic effects are manifested only at the points where the contact was made with the other body; while with other bodies the erotic effects are manifested over the whole body regardless of where the contact was made. Bodies of the latter kind are called "conductors," the former "non-conductors."

Yoga is a method for converting mechanical energy into erotic energy by means of continuous flowing movements producing current of tension. Consider two magnetic poles of opposite polarity producing fields of force body warm, muscles hard supple alternating currents in-breath exhale. Humming power makes the sound of OM. Purr of galactic machinery. OM.

If an isolated conductor is charged, there will be a definite distribution of charge over the surface but if another conductor is brought near it, the distribution will be altered by the new force. Lying in bed alone kundalin serpent power un-coiled nuclear if now this second conductor is suddenly removed the charge will oscillate surrounding disturbances of magnetic field insomniac can't sleep.

Tantra is communionism plus electricity.

Gentlemen, how shall we harness this awesome energy for the benefit of mankind and a tranquil night's sleep. Handball?

Freddie friendly speak freak begs me play handball. One past incarnation played three time week on faculty courts at Berkeley. Freddie and eye play one game against wiry

Chicanos. After few bumbling moments they stop and look to sidelines expectantly. Que pasa? Game over. They took you eight to nothing. Clumpsy shame.

There are four courts graded according to ability, north to south. Our hippy band move to corner wall, not really a king's court, begin child's play circle. Make up ground rules. Ball hit side benches or sitting spectators; out! Ball angle under bench, hit poles: good!

Slowly grace skill dervish rhythm turns. Dance begins to formalize. Tall rangy Greyhound puppy Jon becomes partner. We reach that adeption where hand-wall-ball become one two three winged rubber band web of movement. Concentrate on yoga of foot placement. Move foot left right body automatically orbiting whips arm around interstellar star colliding hurtling black rubber plan it, whack!

Concentrate on breathing as ball bounce up cement inhale up, up swelling swinging arm, there, exact moment of explosion, exhale ball back to wall.

Handball. Zen ball. Now and then ball kundalin man ball. Whirl and shuttle Sufi trance, high intoxication, drumming rhythm. Partner left, slide right. Weaving lines embroider opponent's loom.

The game shifts from muscular competition to magic.

See it first with Wolf Man. Follows me over furry learns how to imitate me wrap blue handkerchief over gentle paws lumbers novice around court. Natural grace adapts quickly but hitting, driving rhythm alien to amator nature.

Deflecting Jon's protestant drive. "Common man we'll murder them." Oh no, brother. It's a dance not a sport. "Common man, we'll skunk these dump-trucks eight to nothing." Oh no brother. We seek perfect balance. Perfect means perfectly matched. We seek the game that goes on forever. Chunga means game point. What does chunga mean in Spanish? Female monkey. We seek chungo chungo, eleven-eleven go back to eight endless rallies. It's the play off not the pay off.

Wolf Man magic. Awkard lunge him ball hit inch above ground. Good! Tide turns. I makes three mistakes in row. Wolf Man wins. Wolf Man? Look at him. God didn't want us to win that one. Animal smile understand. Smiles and nods dumbly. Next game eye say, O.K. Wolf Man this time magic swings away and partner Jon's long drives click a line.

Gradually without explicit plan we drift south to official courts. Challenge minor leagers. Jon loping easily backcourt. I forecourt feline. Game of space time. Floating Tao position. We win effortlessly. So smooth routine Jon slopes off frivolous,

mischievous. Borrows crutches and lets me play all game. Patty cakes. Hits ball over roof carelessly or into high guard wire so we lift him on shoulders he scrambles up wall gun-tower guard bending over worried and pries ball loose.

You're getting bored with win so easy. Time to move to south court play Chicanos. Jon highbrows raise.

Walk on center court winballton. Self-consciously ask for tally. New stags enter breeding circle machism. Tribal testing ritual. Chicanos shrug. Glance at size of our antlers.

Time to play. Warm up stiffly. Challengers serve. Glance back at burly macho. *Bola!* Look to Rosemary sitting in front row *sombra*. I dedicate this *corrida* to you beautiful woman. I serve high lazy arching hit back right corner so Jesus angle to me. Move to watch, his feet tell he two wise drive high down right to Jon, who long-legged jump drive high right Jesus surprised fades back I shift left waiting. Jesus ball hard but too middle I slice to low right corner Pancho quick dart misses. Shouts "Hijo" EEEEHO, means son of a. Look to Rosemary and smile eyes.

Una.

Serve again to same spot. Jesus feet warn me run left out of court waiting perfect slice low right, but nervous too cautious Pancho sensed play brilliant save caught me surprise but skitter left out of his reach. EEEEHO! Rosemary smiles back with eyes.

Dos.

Bouncing ball before serve like Madrid Fronton glance back, Jesus nods. Serve same place. Jesus ready this time carbine drive sharp-shoot at my feet caught in middle only chance lean down holding palm at angle black rubber ricochets off and clips wall corner. Murmur of interest from sidelines. EEEEHO!

TRES.

Serve. Jesus tiger drive bullet higher handless let go, Big Jon gallops back overhead slinging return caroom off wall so fast catch Pancho in chest. EEEEHO! Sideline ripple. Jesus and Pancho shouting at each other in Spanish. Self-conscious now nod to grinning Jon.

Cuatro.

Magic flowing so strong now Jesus golfs next two serves out of bounds and Jon runs game out quickly lose no point.

Jon and I wait calmly for next challenger I am composing telegram to Justice William O. Douglas. Oh man, get me out. This is proof positive I've been here too long.

That night dreamt playing Jai Alai with long basket cesta in
Fronton Mexico laughing.

Not long ago Mivart advocated the opinion that the pains of the damned would decrease with time and in the end their lot would not be extremely sad; that they would finally reach a certain kind of happiness and would prefer existence to annihilation; and although they would still continue to suffer a punishment symbolically described as a fire by Holy Writ, they would hate ——— no longer, and the most unfortunate among them be happier than many a pauper in this life. It is quite obvious that all this is opposed to scripture and the teaching of the Church. The articles cited were condemned by the Congregation of the Index and the Holy Office on May 14 and July 19, 1893 (cf. *Hcivilta Cattolica* I, 1893, 672).

May 5 70 Chino

Yellow steamy smog sun sauna handball. Crowd watch fast-clash.

ATTENTION ON THE YARD: LEARY 671; REPORT TO THE SERGEANTS OFFICE IMMEDIATELY.

Standing sidelines breathing strip sweat handwraps. It's my lawyer or a bail-bond freedom-gram.

Traffic officer point Chaplain office. Two gentlemen to see you.

Two trim good guys. Federal vibes. FBI or Narcs?

Breeze in flushed, radiating health. My name's Pancho Gonzales. Can I get you a gin and tonic? Smile. Flash cards. FBI.

Gentlemen will you excuse me a moment while I get a smoke. Go to my office next door. Note pad pencil.

Now what were your names? Write them down. Danish? No. German. I giggle.

Roll dice for first move. Do you happen know a man named?

Show dear brother mug shot chicken-plucked. Wheresee? Whensee? Whysee? Howsee? Wheresee? Whathe? Didhe? Couldhe? Wouldhe?

Truth or consequences. Move fact pieces carefully. Games of skill and intriguing pastimes have captured the imagination of the human race since the world began. Origin lost in antiquity. It has been played for hundreds of years in almost every country in the world. The Romans referred to it as "scripta magista;" the French knew it as "Tric Trac." Russians world champions. Greeks good.

Why are you interested in him?

He failed to show up in court. Fugitive fly jail bird. When was that? Shuffle file.

Hmm. That's over two years ago.

The most important strategy is to bring your furthestmost men out of your opponent's home table. There are the weakest members of your forces and you should bring them to safety without delay.

Did he have any contacts in foreign country?

Avoid unnecessary risks. The beginner usually attempts an over bold game, taking all kinds of risk to make points.

That's the last time you saw him?

Never expose a man to being hit unless the risk means a greater risk for your opponent if he takes advantage of it.

What was the name of that lawyer you recommended for him?

Chess is mechanical warfare. European. Backgammon is lamic sufi flow. Dice adds cosmic chance. You gambol through opponent while he flow through you. Go is God game. Two Zen master play perfect game. Ends in tie. Perfect symmetrical Yin-yang mandala records the final play. Black White.

When should you adopt a Back Game?

Could you give us the names of his friends?

When you have overtaken your opponent start your men on the race home.

Now, could I ask *you* a few questions about a man that we are very interested in? We've had a laws of convicting reports on one J. Edgar Hoover.

They tense.

Is it true that FBI agents are forbidden to have extra or pre-marital sexual relations?

Smile. Why do you ask?

Well J. Edgar is seventy-five-years-old bachelor. According to regulations that makes him a seventy-five-year-old virgin?

Exchange glances. Well we don't have any information on that.

When is the last time you saw J. Edgar Hoover?

Try and play with better players, as this is one of the best means of improving your game.

Playing lot of handball, Doctor? You sure look healthy. Swap jobs with you.

Tell truth I am rebreathed that this long voice from past is all you want (or is it?).

Laugh. Yes, I can imagine you are.

Friendly laughing handshake. They assigned from L. A. office. Subject's file probably in other city. They know little about case. FBI very diligent about small details. Get reports filed all over country. Follow up leads.

The scoring is usually done on the basis of a Single Game.

May 7 70 Chino

Essence distillate of prison wisdom: Do your own time.

Ask Don wise guru. What does that mean: Do your own time?

Smiles. It means. Get off my case. Get your nose out of my business. Get off my back.

Like, do your own thing?

Exactly. I'm doing my time. I'll let you do your time. Live and let live.

YOUR LETTER IS RETURNED FOR THE REASON(S)
CHECKED BELOW: WRITE IN ENGLISH, OTHERWISE MAIL
WILL BE DELAYED IN CENSORING

Nor was I the first, for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away, and I followed; and at that moment Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out into a loud cry which made cowards of us all. Socrates alone retained his calmness: "What is this strange outcry?" he said. "I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet, then, and have patience."

LONG LONG AFTER John Chapman of Massachusetts bought an apple orchard WHEN SETTLERS PUT UP BEAM AND RAFTER wandered westward with his pack and gun THEY ASKED OF THE BIRDS carrying appleseeds from the cider presses WHO GAVE THIS FRUIT? which he planted in Indiana and Ohio WHO WATCHED THIS FENCE TIL THE SEEDS TOOK ROOT? and the wilderness bore flowers and fruit wherever he passed WHO GAVE THESE BOUGHS? As the first nursery-man in the Ohio valley THEY ASKED THE SKY he became a sort of forest God AND THERE WAS NO REPLY who sowed as he went BUT THE ROBINS MIGHT HAVE SAID and vanished at last TO THE FARTHEST WEST HE HAS FOLLOWED THE SUN into the far new west HIS LIFE AND HIS EMPIRE JUST BEGUN.

South handball court bull ring of prison. Rival of the fittest. Size fighters from sement jungles Quentin, Soledad, Folsom, Tracey strong termers. Smile-driving ball in-chainers.

Our north-court amator Tao dance was designed to keep game going. Long rhythmic rallies. I could play several games never mistaking. Return. Return. Return.

But bull ring silent, quick, lethal jugular. Low bullets slanting cross fire inch from ground. Ballistic rocket drives from steel

cabled arms tattooed with Swastikas. No emotion. Ice cool proud professional jungle fighters. Wolf pack rip off lame soft.

But second day different. Walk up wrapping blue cloth round hand. Old Manuel look up. "Take tally weeth you Leary?" I nod. He lope bent back court. Strange partnership. Mixed doubles. During Olympic games old wars truced. Weave Zen alliance. Low riders. Gunsells. Nazis. Lonesters. Gangsters. On each shoulder blade Manuel has two foot tattoo of naked woman pubic furry and on rippling bicep grim graffiti: DON'T TRUST WOMEN.

Little said but they dig my being with them. Everybody yearns for the old days of philosopher kings.

May 8 70 Chino

Once on doing time in Orange County Jail a short merry boy appeal that eye write a Psychedelic Prayer for him.

Forgot.

Here at Chino herd tells of fierce low rider Allegro beat up weeklies punking gentles coming up from Orange.

Today on yard Willie Madden drive up to me with new pen pal. Sweet young boy where's that Psychedelic Prayer you promised me? What's you name? Allegro.

Ask Willie play handball. He smile away. You might beat me and that ruin my reputation as gunsell. Hey man, why you put your arm around that nigger? He leader of our enemy.

Oh man, you got your hate list, right. I get in trouble with you if I go around loving people on your hate list. You gimme your hate list so I know who I'm supposed to hate. And I give you a love list.

Willie laugh he lighted. Your too much.

Rarely men-shunned except by trustees con-fided: Pin Cushion Jones. Dread enigma.

Who is Pin Cushion Jones?

Wise Ho Toy round flesh mountain of smilewise leans back shaking head.

Twenty-three years old. First came carrying murder. Straight life. Ingenius in many ways. When you come in here to Palm Hall they give you a sin search. Not like the one you got, superficial. I mean really skinpection. Put him in special isolation. No other possibly come near. Second night he calls guard over; hands him two section bars sawed off cell and hack saw. Says, you seems like eager beaver I'll let you be the hero. How did he get saw in cell? And how see saw two bars? You know try cut steel with hack saw with handle. Hard work. And he with naked blade. Wet towels to muffle sound.

Custody went crazy trying to figure that one out.

Next week he is in office talking with lawyer in front of guard. Reaches in his sleeve and pulls out a *TWO FOOT LONG* knife. Hands it to lawyer.

Why?

To keep his mind occupied.

Next week in cell just above his a white racist killed a Black Panther with exactly the same kind of knife. How? Where?

They call him Pin Cushion?

He has fifty-seven knife wounds in his body. When they move him they fly him private airplane guard. Can't let him on regular bus. The other cons would kill him.

Three months ago he was in six-man cell in County jail. Bet one cell mate he could tie his hands with handkerchief to last five minutes. Bet three packages of cigarettes. Cell mate greedy for cigarette. No way handkerchief could hold him five minutes. Place six packages of cigarettes on table and Jones tie with handkerchief. Then hit him over head with chair. Stabbed him to death. Then pull his pants down and fuck him. Right in front of four other cell mates.

Why didn't they do something?

Scared. Pin Cushion Jones? He's killed lot a folk. He's clever though.

When we heard that we were ashamed, and restrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back, according to the direction, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after a while he pressed his foot hard and asked him if he could feel; and he said "No"; and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and still.

"In their wild state, rats are natural killers . . . In recent experiments at Princeton University, scientists investigating the mechanisms involved in the rat's murderous behavior made a remarkable discovery; by injecting drugs into the rat's brain, they can turn its killer instinct on or off, almost at will.

"Thus, even though they had never killed before, or even seen a killing, they (pacifist rats) behaved exactly like wild rats for the duration of the drug's effectiveness.

"If such violence could be unleashed chemically, the researchers reasoned it might also be chemically contained. Repeating the experiment with known killer rats, they used another agent, methylatropine, which has a different effect on the neurons; it blocks the message pathway. As expected, the killers became almost instant pacifists . . .

"The Princeton experimenters emphasize that they are still largely ignorant about the basic biochemical mechanisms behind the rats' behavior.

". . . If the killer instinct can be chemically controlled in a creature as complex as the rodent, some day such aggressiveness may well be tamed in man. Indeed, among those who are apparently interested in that possibility is one of the sponsors of the Princeton research: the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency." —*Time*, March 30, 1970.

Our Harvard research discovered over ten years ago the existence of a chemical which, if eaten before meals three

times a day, will not only enhance the appetite but cuts down over seventy-five percent of man's aggressiveness. A tiny lump of hashish.

Proof reading admission sheet. Ghastly role call crime and time. The names are beautiful finny labels swimming up from gene pools of past. Lots of Jesuses, Alejandros, Antonios. And lots of Timothys. Timo fearer, Theo God. God fearers.

But the numbers are cruel. 261 PC, P 65432, 3-10.

We are admission-listers of hell. Bob smiles. You have to turn off meaning of job. I'm here to do legal work. The admission list is my ticket for freedom. I love the liberating work here. I get up each morning and run to the office like a gambler running to the track. Every day there's hope of a long shot. Marconi's appeal from the Supreme Court. Waiting for Jones' reversal. What writ hath got wrought today.

Look at this commitment.

WHITE, Perry Randolph

Crime: Rape w/force & Sex Perv & Crime vs. Nature & L & L Conduct & Kidnap & Aslt w/I/T/C Rape All CC

Sentence: 3-Life & 6mo-15 & 1-Life & 1-25 & 1-20 All CC

What a busy guy.

He owes two lives and sixty years.

Yeah. I remember that case. All different victims. And they dropped a dozen more. Some of these guys are animals.

Think about this & return to say. I don't think animals is the right term. Animals can't commit a crime against nature. There's no perversion in nature. Except for the caged imprisoned apes of Sir Solly Zuckerman in the London Zoo. Wild animals are pure kings of nature. The descriptive adjective for unnatural is not animal, it's human.

Yeah. It's a narrow and wrong point of view. Like turtles talking about people-necked sweaters.

Night calls to Friday movie. Five hundred caged men in gym sit on folding chairs. Musak play Lawrence Welk. Lights dim. Movie dim scratchy. Before lights dim hear name called. Jon calling me. Pointing. Go over. See old friend just returned from court. Bad news see him means he loses probation re-turn for prison. Hello Perry. King, young gentleman handball partner, erudite brother.

Sorry to see you back brother. He nods and friendly.

Later—remember. Perry. He said he was violated on an old rape. Gentle dignified Perry.

Next day tell Bob. Perry is one of the finest men in the joint. Oh the dark, ancient mystery of sex. All politics is faggot hassle. Without her we are lost erratic electrons.

May 9 70 Chino

There dwells a man named Seymour in cell 672 who looks like Jewish stockbroker with dark glasses. At all times of day and night he makes "Quack Quack" like Donald Duck. Busy, smiling, wiry, Quack Quack. A practical broker. Short sheeter he put pudding in your picket. Quack Quack.

Yesterday sitting in busy Release and Receiving office. Has box in lap. Calls guard over. Hey see what I have in box. Lift top up little guard bend down peer in shadowy dim. Hath cut hole in box and put his penis in.

Cock box. Quack. Quack.

And then Socrates felt them himself, and said: "When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end." He was beginning to grow cold around the groin, when he uncovered his face (for he had covered himself up) and said (they were his last words): "Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt?" "The debt shall be paid," said Crito. "Is there anything else?"

YOUR LETTER IS RETURNED FOR THE REASON(s)
CHECKED BELOW: NOTIFY THIS PARTY TO PLACE THEIR
NAME, RETURN ADDRESS, AND REASONS FOR REMAIN-
ING AT LIBERTY ON FURTHER CORRESPONDENCE

May 11 70 Chino

Monday morning bright snappy office cheer. New week. Got through another weak-end. Friday night a worst.

Visit nestdoor neighbor coffee pot. Watch him tear off three read numbers. Saturday. Sunday. Monday. Right on. Off the week, brother.

Gentleman Jim breezy in. Matudinal blessing and springtime salutations, comrades. May the sun shine in.

Don nod slowly. Somethings good happen this week.

Mid morning we make arrangements for writing. Underground agents plan a code. Outside mail drops. Reunion plans. After liberation.

Sensor tension building. Barometric pressure building. Something soon to happen.

Justice Douglas orders bail? Fifth Circuit cuts you loose? UFO arrives?

Late afternoon R & R clerk lean in door. Well you're going Tim. Waves memeograph sheet. You're shipping out to CMC West. Hit it lucky.

CMC West. Old man home. Limber dick gulch. Country club. Leave for unit. Look up former western.

Face light up. You lucky. CMC West best joint in state. Country club. No lock up. Just at bunk three counts a day. Swimming pool. Golf course. Bowling alley. Nice people. All old cons live quietly. No young gunsells burning sheets. Picnic visits on yard. Visitors buy lunch at commissary for you. Lots of cons love it so much, hate to leave. When paroled get violated so can come back. Private radios. No smog. Near ocean. Near Hearst's castle. You can plant your own garden. Some oldsters get tetchy. So institutionalized schedule. Shave now. Walk here. Eat there. Crotchedly is get in way. No problem.

I smile thinking contact visits with Rosemary. Contact. Conspire breath. Contact. Change. Adventure. New scene.

Old cons shake hand. You'll like it. No young kids there.

Young cons shakes hand. You have good time there. There are some kids there play handball get high with. You be young gunsell there. Tell them, move you wheelchair old man or I punk you good.

Collect personal gear to ship out. Two ball point pens. Shower shoes. Two packages rolling tobacco. Travel light, travel far.

Name
Box No.
Date

19

Tim

I'm writing just a few lines to you because it is easier to put on paper than to tell you. If you know what I mean.

Meeting you has changed my life and in so many ways. You've opened my eyes and I am very grateful for that. In my heart we've grown to be greatest of friends. I will miss you very much. You've made my stay here very happy. You were always around when I was down. you kept me happy when I didn't think I was going to be happy. Tim I'll never forget you. I'll always hold a place in my heart and prayers for you. I pray to god everynite so things will work out fine and I know god will take care of you.

Tim I love you like a brother and in my heart you'll always be just that. I can only wait for the day that we meet again but under different circumstances. Every body is behind you and I know you'll come out on top. So best of luck and may god bless you always

Love your friend

Jon

May 11, 1970 (Monday)

Tim,

This evening, just before dinner, I learned you will be transferred to C.M.C. West this coming Wednesday. I feel *very down*. What can I say to comfort you, and to really show you how "we" feel? I can only imagine how you feel now; and I'm sure my imagination can capture only a small measure of all that you actually feel. If I could do your time, or go thru the hassels for you, and "they" would let you *be*, and release you, I would gladly take your time. But, of course, I can only wish I could take your time; yet I do. You have given so *much* to so *many*—you belong where you are needed, as well as loved most; outside, with your family and *all* your "brothers and sisters." Please don't ever give up—*keep the faith*—you know you'll never be alone as "we" are always with you, and "we" are not just Freddy, Dommino, and Gary—"we" are *all the hundreds of thousands everywhere* who look to your light & will be "with you" all ways, and will never allow anyone or anything to restrict your natural movements for long. "We" love you—you know—"we" need you and want you free, in every respect and as you are! All my friends & my brother's friends want you outside—I mention this because they represent an already huge and growing "spirit of love" that will see to it that your unnecessary imprisonment is ended, so you can *be, with everyone, and completely your self*. Always remember, it won't be long, something *will* happen to help, and "we" are with you. Personally, I will be rapping with my brother at our first visit and

suggest he & his friends start getting "heads together" on my brother's campus, as well as other places & get the "Free Tim Leary" movement on the media and speaking clearly for *all* to hear and showing themselves for *all* to see. Dommino said there is a concert planned, or in the works, to raise bread for "legal action"—obviously many of your good brothers & sisters *will be* applying pressure until someone or something has to *give in*, with you, and *you will come out!*

I'll miss your physical presence—but will otherwise be "with you" wherever you may be—stay well & take good care of *your self*.

KEEP SMILING !!!

With Love,
your brother
Perry

P.S.

Where did I read: "All things pass"?

Tim,

"We" will *help this to pass*—believe me!

May 12 70 Chino

Sad sharing moment on yard. Good byes. Sitting in sun against wall half-naked Benares saddhus. Heavenly companions orbiting bye. Jolly Pisces. Heavy Leos. (Leos should never be in prison.)

Uncouth squatting against sun. His deep rhinoceros eyes smile welcome.

What job did you have on the outside?

Oh, I din have no job. Just putted around.

Putted?

On a motor scooter.

Did you use dope?

Nods sheepishly.

Heroin?

Surprised hurt. Naw.

Grass.

Oh mainly reds and wine.

Reds and wine. Reds and wine. There it was the Hippocratic Key to the mystery of Uncouth.

Psychopharmacological diagnosis.

When we left galactic center they told us: when you reach a biologically inhabited planet ask two religious questions. Which biochemicals do you use? What is your attitude toward the male-female relationship? What dope is your sacrament? Do you worship an It, a He, a She, or a Fused Helical Unity?

Hippocrates said that there are eight humors, liquids, potions. Euphorics, Erotics, Phlegmatics, Narcotics, Melancholics, Emergenics, Cholericis, Energics.

These natural juices produce psychomotor states known to the Asclepiadae as: Euphoria, Aphrodisia, Tranquillia, Narcotica, Melancholia, Panic, Cholera, Energia.

A natural healthy flow of humor allows the appropriate juice to mobilize the psychomotor machinery in response to any stimulus. Dis-ease (or sin, if you prefer) is caused by inhibition, imbalance, or over-production of any natural juice. In this case the state of healthy balance is recovered by administration of a medicament-sacrament. Hippocrates lists the eight

generic sacraments: Cocaine. Cannabis. Hashish. Opium. Bile Neurotin. Cholerin. Amphetamine.

A footnote in the Hippocratic Collection suggests that if the reader understands the preceding three paragraphs then the reader has penetrated the highest secret of nature and ranks among the wisest to have ever lived.

Reds and wine. Melancholia, Panic, Cholera.

The familiar comforting rituals of daily life. Coffee from hot tap water at sunrise. Hot shower before evening count. The newspaper smuggled up to be read between outcount and nightcount.

HIPPOCRATES OF COS, MWG, 68", 150 lbs (est), black hair, brown eyes, DOB 460 B.C.

Informants Soranus & Plato report subject member of sect, cult, family, guild, society called Asclepios (i.e. Sons of Aslcepios). Although little is known of the rites, duties, and functions of these Asclepiadae they are known to cultivate narcotic, euphoric, and aphrodisiac plants and to experiment both on their own bodies and on others, using illegal potions. According to the Encyclopedia Britannica, many "highly conjectural statements about them have become common."

Hippocrates is known to have been in close touch with Leary, who considers Hippocrates to be his teacher and guide. H. is rumored to have passed on the essence of his teaching to Leary.

It is said and it is likely that H. travelled widely. He is said to have died at Larissa, at an age given variously, the extremes being 85 to 110.

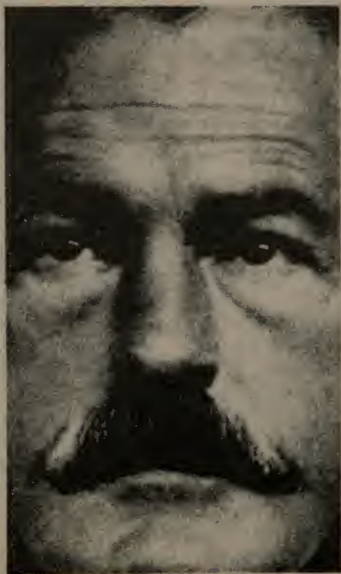
Hippocrates is probably the most dangerous and socially disruptive man ever to have lived. His principles and his techniques with potions, if become widespread, would totally free each individual from state control and make possible complete liberty of consciousness.

As his disciple and direct heir, Leary can be described as the most dangerous man alive.

Subject left his notes in what is called by Interpol, The Hippocratic Collection. Among fragments are the following equations: Sun-gold; Moon-silver; Venus-copper; Mercury-mercury; Mars-iron; Saturn-lead.

BODYGUARD

“I had broken three
jailhouse commandments
...what happens now?”



MY CELLMATE NOLAN WRAPPING UP FIFTEEN YEARS
ON THIS STRETCH . . . LUCKY BREAK FOR ME TO
HAVE A BODHISATTVA ALONG . . . OH HE WAS A LONG-
TIMER ALL RIGHT . . . SPENT A HUNDRED YEARS OR
MORE IN ALMOST ANY JAILPENITENTIARYREFORMATORY-
JOINT YOU CAN NAME . . . TALK ABOUT SOLITARY CON-
FINEMENT . . . TALK ABOUT CHAINS AND SHACKLES . . .
TALK ABOUT CRIMEPUNISHMENTFREEDOMCONTROLPOLI-
TICSREPRESSIONINFERNOPURGATORYYSINREDEMPTION . . .
AND HE'D LISTEN WITH A SMILE . . .

—LOOK NOLAN . . . GOODNEWS . . . JUST GOT A
LETTER FROM PLAYBOY MAGAZINE . . . THEY WANT TO
PUBLISH A STORY ABOUT MY FIRST WEEK IN JAIL . . .
I HAVE IT HERE . . . WILL YOU READ IT.

WRINKLEYES SMILE AT MY YOUTHFUL PLEASURE . . .

—FIRST WEEK IN JAIL . . . HMMM.

LIES DOWN ON CELLBUNK . . . BEGINS TO READ MANU-
SCRIPT . . .

First jailmeal . . . tintray loaded lumpystarch . . . tincup
chlorinate . . . sitting next a burly lad . . . surlyhulk . . . thick
lowbrow blackhair sweptback lowrider style . . . bigarms tattoo
carpet . . .

Eye stare pointblank amaze at automobile skinshow . . .
skyblue nudegirl . . . disney devil pitchfork orangered . . .
girlhead etched brunette . . . her hauntingeyes met bicep crease
where bullseye vein for accuracy . . . the number 8 . . . coat
of arms . . . skull rampant over crossed spoon and needle over
motto . . . Junk is Fun.

Illustrated man medevilgrin . . . flexarms undulate . . .

—You have everything there except Born To Lose.

—That's here on my shoulder . . . pullup shortsleeve shirt . . .

—What does number 8 represent?

—Oh that . . . Heroin . . . eighth letter in alphabet . . . you
dig heroin?

—Thirteen . . . you like heroin?

—I love heroin . . . its me . . .

Want to here more but bull flick finger rising us to garbage
cans.

After lunch P.A. blare . . . ATTENTION . . . LEARY B-3 . . .
ROLL UP YOUR GEAR . . . HIT THE BEACH . . .

Orange County Jail call runway front of cells "The Beach"
. . . Los Angeles County Jail call it "Freeway."

Rolling plastic-covered mattress around blanket sheets . . .
guys clusteround . . . groovy brother you're bailed out . . .

Happy float to tierend . . . barred gate click pass out module
. . . invisible loudspeaker . . . YOU LEARY . . . PROCEED TO
D TANK . . .

Invisible eye watch fixed robot . . .

WALK 10 FEET AND TURN RIGHT . . . THAT'S D TANK . . .

Metal gate . . . lock click . . . in tier of single cells . . .

PUT YOUR GEAR IN D-3

Third cell empty . . . metal bed . . . metal table . . . metal
toilet . . . metal washbowl . . . throw mattress on bed . . . invis-
ible eye speak . . .

YOU HAVE YOUR CHOICE OF CELL LOCKUP OR DAY
ROOM

Out to beach . . . cell rumbleshut . . . walk to dayroom . . .
tenmen sit round metal table watching T.V. . . . looklaugh . . .
—Well Brother Timothy, what you doing here?

—I don't know . . . they just rolled me up from the next
tank . . .

—You know what this is . . . secret clubsmile . . . we're all
murderers . . . you've made the elite . . . this is highpower . . .
welcome to deathrow . . .

Start prisoner meeting ritual . . . whocase . . . whycase . . .
whatcase . . . whencase . . . wherecase . . . *Loudspeaker:*

LEARY . . . ROLL UP YOUR GEAR . . .

Unseen lightdial switch hand open cell . . . click tierlock . . .
metal voice direct downhall to singlecell tier . . .

Here dayroom lessdignity . . . youth effusion . . .

This is N tank . . . protective custody for badactors . . . non-
cooperators . . . snitches . . . political prisoners . . . messianic
acidheads . . . single cell lockup . . . we used to have child-
molesters . . . babyrapers . . . motherfuckers . . . otra assorted
sexbeefs moved next door . . .

Here was Tom Lynn . . . twenty, blond, funny, charming, weak
. . . Aries . . . sit together meals entertaintales Vietnam mari-
juana . . . Tokyo opium . . . acid love ceremonies in Army
hospital mixed ward . . . hashish concubines in Bangkok . . .
methedrine manias . . . shooting heroin in lady's room of filling
station where he worked . . .

At night stand outside my cell . . . leanon broom . . . pretend
sweeping . . . babble hiptales . . . bull bellow him . . . celldoor
clang . . . silence fall on tier . . . then eerie murder voice come
singing through ventilators from neighboring tier . . .

—Fuck you bastard Lynn . . . get ready to die . . . your days
are numbered . . .

Tom Lynn never mention night doomvoice and I forget . . .
When once ask cheerful fact twist into long explanation.

He carries heavy lead shroud jacket of snitch . . . protective custody . . . watch out for knife in back . . .

Once upon a crime was badguy Willie Madden harmrobber lowrider smash down candy-store counter owners scream . . . help . . . robber . . . gun smash crashregister . . . standback or I blow your fucking brains out . . . Tom and Willie shoot heroin together . . . oh so Willy bullyboy caged here . . . vicious hater . . . now takes three life-tops to prison . . . mean . . . mean . . . mean . . . beat wife . . . beat oldlady storeowner . . . beat me . . . gets kicks from startle face of victims . . . asshole raping weak prisoners . . . rape longhairs . . . bleeding anus . . . blood . . . blood . . . has to blame someone for troubles . . . blame sweet Tom . . . meanman Willie recruit gang of murder friends to kill me . . . during trial policeman testify I helpful DA many telltales . . . not true . . . not true . . .

I listen lotus pose on jailbunk . . . Tom sit on toilet . . . standard jailhouse etiquette . . .

Bad vibrations . . . coldark prisoncrime mist seep in air . . . whew . . . turn that TV off . . . I never like crimedramahorror-suspense movies . . . never . . .

—Can't you explain to Willie that you didn't snitch . . . testify that cop was lying . . . get him new trial . . .

—He won't listen to me . . . when he sees me in mess hall whispers kill . . . kill . . . kill . . . I have lots of friends in K and L tanks who believe me . . . but here in protective custody snitch jacket really comes down on me . . .

I promise to ask Rosemary get message to his lawyer but visit so short . . . I forget . . . feel bad . . . his life at stake . . .

NOLAN SITS UP ON BUNK SUDDENLY . . . PUTS DOWN MANUSCRIPT . . . SHAKES HEAD . . .

—WRITE DOWN YOU COMMENTS . . . MARK THE PLACES . . . HE FROWNS NODS AND TAKES PENCIL . . . LIES BACK DOWN WITH MANUSCRIPT . . .

Later day . . . court call . . . fifty men crowd small basement holdingcell . . . change jail wraps for street clothes . . . cattle penned together on floor suffocate smell of sweat feet for hour before court bus come . . .

Talking to old hard cons and younghard gunsells . . . Tribal swagger chief stuff . . .

They begin denouncing young beardless touslehair Tom . . . clenchfist . . . Snitch has to die . . . I defend him . . . they run-down list of indictments . . .

NOLAN SITS UP AGAIN . . . PUTS MANUSCRIPT DOWN

... GETS UP ... WALKS TO LOCKER FOR CIGARETTE ...
—I CAN'T READ THIS ...
WHY ... PLAYBOY EDITORS LIKE IT ...
—ITS NO GOOD ... YOU WOULDN'T WRITE THAT NOW ...
SOON AS SAID I SEE ... NODHEAD LAUGHING ...
—YES ... PLAYBOY SAW FLAW TOO. ... HE ASKED ME
TO ADD MY IMPRESSIONS ABOUT PRISON ... MY OWN
REACTIONS ...
—ANYTHING YOU WRITE NOW WILL BE HONEST AND
TRUE ... YOU COULDN'T LET THIS BE PUBLISHED UNDER
YOUR NAME ... UNLESS YOU BADLY NEED THE MONEY
... DEFENDING A SNITCH ... REALLY ...
—WELL ... FINISH READING IT ... MAKE MARKS IN THE
MARGIN WHERE IT GRABS YOU WRONG ... THEN WE TALK
ABOUT IT ...
QUICK GLANCE ... IMPERCEPTIBLE SHRUG ... LIES
BACK DOWN TO READ ...

Back in tank that night I tell Tom ... hear explain ... bad
vibrations ... deadly passions cramped in small metalcages
of countyjail ...

But I was a twoperson Rosemarytimothy soul inside a one
person cell inside a sevenman sorrowful tier (including the
fearful Tom) inside a tank, inside a fiftyman module (including
Willie Madden and his gang) and love was the only way out
and here was a fellowhumanbeing trapped in hell of unbeliev-
able wickeddanger ...

Poor Tomlife ... alcoholic stepfather beathim beathim
beathim ... bloody child ... unhappy ... younger brother
prison doperap ... they say Tom gave him up too ... Orange-
country naughtyboy pūmpgas and heroin ... lurchout with
bleeding arm to fuel cars ... speedwired ... stupidrunk on
reds ... badboygunman ... weak gasfumedowndope bluffing
kidtrip ...

NOLAN SITS UP AGAIN ... SHAKING HEAD ... IT'S JUST
A FAKE STORY ... THIS KID ISN'T A TRUE DOPEFIEND
AND HE'S NOT A DECENT ARMED ROBBER ... YOU KNOW
TOO MUCH NOW TO WRITE SUCH A THING ...

—RIGHT ON ... READ ON ...

NOLAN LIES BACK AND CONTINUES READING ...

Next week we both had court appearances but 4:00 am
speaker which called me didn't summon Tom ...

In dressing tank rapping with Blank Panthers about Chicago
trial, Bill Kunstler, Mike Kennedy ... In cornercrowd darkbrow
tattooed man smile and wave over ... talking about Tom ...

tattoos eager persuade me Tom guiltysnitchdoom . . . snitches must die . . .

—Isn't he being made fallguy . . . didn't Willie Madden's father and friend give him up?

My question puzzleface tattoo . . .

—Hey . . . I'm Willie Madden . . .

Lookstartle laugh . . .

—You gonna get sentenced today?

I nod . . .

—That's good . . . me too . . . we'll go up to prison together on the Chino chain. You can hang out with us . . . you need to run with gang in joint . . . we'll protect you . . . naw . . . not necessary . . . you got thousand kids in prison destroy anyone who lay a hand on you . . .

—What? psychedelic dopers aren't violent . . .

—Wait until you see some of those speed freaks and redded-out dudes . . .

Willie gang cluster round prospecting Chino . . . we'll get him one of those nice young bitches to fuck . . . what was name of that velvet-assed kid I was turning out . . .

Willie grintwist . . . pick a weakid . . . tellhim bendover . . . if he don't . . . fire on him . . . smash . . . bloodrun . . . knock-him down . . . kick him . . . OK punk . . . you ready now . . . take your fist . . . see . . . push it against his face . . . OK little softpunk . . . your tender velvet ass ready now? . . . pull his pants down . . . rip . . . rub some soap on . . . punch him good if he struggles . . . then punk him good . . . hear him scream . . . after that he's your eager bitch . . . runs for you . . . when he sees you coming he's ready . . . wicked grin . . . crooked teeth . . . friendly smiling . . .

Sudden bull at gate . . . Lynn . . . Is Thomas Lynn in there? Electric silence . . .

—They didn't call him down from N tank . . .

—Well he should be here . . . he's on the list for court . . .

Bull trampleoff to bring Lynn . . .

Tension . . .

Corny melodrama B movie . . .

Suspense . . .

Longlong horror sequence soon to climax?

No one talking much . . . waiting . . . standing next to Willie . . . gang surrounds . . .

Then bull unlocking barred gate . . . Tom Lynn in at reception committee . . . miserable . . . hesitant . . . gate slide open . . . Tom waits . . . waits . . . waits . . . waits . . . walks one pace forward . . . gate brush back clangshut behind him . . .

Still standing next to Willie . . . facing Tom . . . askinglook . . .

Defend? . . . defriend? . . . Libra scales balance . . . snitch Tom? . . . mean Willie? . . . back a snitch . . . catch a jacket . . . snitchfriend. inlaw . . . outlaw . . . ?

Tom stands hands by side . . . eyes down . . . helpless . . . I leave Willie walk to Tom . . . he saw all . . . tautface relax . . . protection . . . I joke him . . . back to Willie . . . call comes to board bus . . .

I let Tom enter first . . . double seats all gone? . . . gladly sit single seat up front . . . thanks to be alone . . . Willie and gang file past . . . glance back Tom sit alone . . . pariah . . . untouchable . . . I walk back to his seat . . . turn to continue rap with Black Panthers . . . bus basement courthouse . . . Superior Court defendants locked in large holdingroom . . . benches round sides . . . bench in middle.

Tom and I sit together in middle . . . Willie and gang sit behind us . . . silence . . .

I walk to Willie . . . Murder tension building . . . Venusguided Libran cool it out . . .

Joke with Willie . . . return to Tom . . .

A few minutes later it struck . . . blurred movement in air . . . sickening noise of flesh crunch . . . Tom's face blood drenched . . . dazed . . . stand arms at side . . . his glasses smashed on floor . . . can't see . . . Willie dancing . . . fists moving in attack . . .

Danger . . . warnflash . . . stoodup moving between . . .

Triangle transfixed . . . Tom swaying . . . Willie trembling . . . Libra balancing . . .

I called out in forceful command from some past West Point memory tape . . . GUARD!

As bull approached gave him peremptory order . . . "Guard, take this man out of here . . . he's sick . . ." The guard almost saluted . . .

NOLAN PUT MANUSCRIPT DOWN . . . SHAKING HEAD . . .

—THIS REALLY IS TERRIBLE . . . YOU JUST CAN'T LET THIS BE PRINTED . . .

—YES. I KNOW . . . BUT READ IT THROUGH ANYWAY . . .

Tom led out . . . I turned to face muttering wave of disapproval . . .

—Man, mind your own business . . .

—Motherfucking snitch . . .

Sat down shookup . . . I had broken three jailhouse commandments . . . not minded my own business . . . protected snitch . . . called The Man . . . what happens now?

Long time silence broken . . . Black Panthers wave to join them . . . tribal gesture . . .

—Hey man . . . what's the baddest acid?

—Baddest?

—Yeah . . . baddest . . . you know . . . the best . . .

After a while I walk over to Willie . . . squat in front of him . . . He wiredup . . . legs jumping up and down . . .

Look him in eye . . .

—Willie . . . I'm not a judge . . . I don't judge anyone here . . . I believe in non-violence . . . that's my thing . . . all the judges are upstairs . . . I want us all to be free . . . violence threatens freedom.

Tribal code . . . that's how it is . . . message received?

Willie talk fast . . .

—Man, you should never have done that . . . when you came up I almost fired on you . . . out of instinct . . . you can get hurt that way . . . I gotta kill a snitch . . . that's our way . . . that's *our* thing, man . . .

Willie talking passion . . . repressed energy tremble strong body . . .

Just then bull take me to court . . .

Sentencing takes a long time . . . cold anger of judge distracts me . . . blackrobe judge abandons constitution by refusing me bail . . . holding me captive while guilt undecided . . . provoking violence . . . calling bailiffs guns and clubs to lead me away . . . inflicting pain in defense of his fears . . .

I kiss weeping Rosemary au revoir . . . lead me down to courthouse basement . . . last prisoner to reach holding tank . . .

Prisoners cluster around sad story . . . cigarettes . . . sympathy . . .

Back in jail dressing room Willie talking down Tom . . .

—He's a weak, sniveling punk, man. A born snitch. I should have known better, man. He caused me trouble before. We had this place near Palm Springs, see. We never pulled any job out of it, man. Just used it as a hideout. We had it loaded with guns and heroin. One weekend there was this underaged chick that the heat was looking for, and they came to the door, and the house was loaded, man, and we wouldn't let them in. They were looking for this chick, and we said get a warrant, and they said they'd be back. So the other guys covered the side doors, man, and I got a shotgun and two pistols and waited in a room at the end of the front hallway, and I told my old lady to answer the door, man, but when the cops came the chick went to the door and gave herself up. And she got busted, and our place was hot, man, and we kept asking who knew the address here and the only one was Tom Lynn.

—So we piled the guns in the car, man, and drove back and

I was in the kitchen, man, and someone said, "Tom Lynn is in the living room." And I went in and he said, "What's happening, Willie, I want to talk to you." And I said did you give the heat our address and he said, "Yes, I did it for your own good." And I started to come up to him, man, and he was backing away holding his hands up in the air like this and saying, "Now, wait a minute, Willie." Lennie kept saying, "Kill the Motherfucking snitch," and my old lady was redded out and said, "Blow the dude away!" So he backed right out the front door, man, and I fired on him and he fell off the second story porch and ran away . . .

—He's a terrible liar and a weak slob, man. He'd never make an armed robber in a thousand years. He's a coward, man. He made one of my partners shoot a dude. They were pulling a job and the storeowner, little guy, jumped on Frankie's back and Tom threw down his gun and ran, man. Man, you never leave your gun, and Frankie had to shoot the guy in the leg and pick up Tom's gun.

—Man, that Motherfucking snitch has got to die. He's a liar about stuff, too. Pretending to have a junk habit, man. He came over to my pad once and said, "Hey man, I'm strung out. Gimme a fix." So I cooked a quarter spoon and he tied off and hit up and, man, in five minutes he was dying . . . OD'd. Dying, man! Everyone said throw his body in a car and we'll dump him but I said no, and took him to the bathtub, man, and filled it with cold water and got ice cubes and put them under his balls and gave him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and saved the fucking dude's life, man. Ask him about that when you get upstairs.

Pictures in my mind . . . Willie's mouth on Tom's . . . Tom's mouth bleeding . . . Tom's father beating him up as a kid.

—Why do you rob, Willie?

—To support my habit, man. I gotta have my stuff.

—You really like heroin?

Willie threw back shoulders . . . swell chest . . . smile proud.

—Heroin is me! That's when I'm myself, man, when I'm on. I'd rather fix than fuck a woman. Any time.

Willie turn to friend . . .—Mike, you rather fix or fuck?

Mike slid mouth in honest evil sly smile.

—Fuck, man, fuck. Push his fist up down masturbatory over left arm vein.

—Well, heroin is no crime. There shouldn't be a law against heroin. It should be available on prescription for those need it.

Willie laughed.—Yeah, man, make it legal.

—If heroin were legal, you wouldn't need a lot of money to

support a habit. Then you wouldn't have to rob and carry a gun and scare little old ladies in liquor stores.

—You're right. But we'd still have to use violence against snitches.

—No, there'd be no snitches, Willie, because it's not illegal. You wouldn't have to be violent at all.

He thought for a moment . . .—You think you could persuade me not to be violent?

Back to tank, Tom asleep. Got up for dinner, still punchy. Nose swollen . . . not broken. Talked bitter not trusting rattlesnakes.

At lights out came to my cell . . .—After he hit me, I was in a daze. But I seem to remember someone saying, "Wait a minute!" Did I say that or did you?

Next day sat with Tom in mess hall and Willie wave cheerfully.

—See you on the bus for Chino.

That night, last jail night, very high. Tom came to cell . . . I told him how much the drama with Willie had affected me.

—It's some ancient powerful childhood family thing you and Willie are playing out. The attack would have come sooner or later and I'm glad that I was there to share it. You two are very close. I want to protect you both.

—I'm sorry you had to get mixed up in it.

I never saw him again.

The next morning shackled on barred window Bus to Chino Big House.

Willie not on bus.

Six hours Chino steel casket loaded onto Vacaville chain shackled to a forty-year-old Black nineteen of years in prison. Brilliant, tenderloin, cynical heroin-addict thief sporting life comedian. "If this bus were to have an accident and the guards killed, I wouldn't escape. I'd pick their pockets, man, but I wouldn't run." Thinks Cassius Clay dangerous maniac blowing four million dollars.

At Vacaville fell in with cell group two Black pimps, Catholic revolutionary, two Black addicts and four proud armed robbers. Double bunk closely . . . eight men share twelve-by-twelve living area . . . I have never witnessed such affection, generosity, wit and wisdom.

After a week chained again, driven airport, flown mysterious single-engine Cessna down central valley over grapevines back to Chino . . . locked in metal cage. Guard smiled as he walked away.—Your room-mate's going to be a surprise for you.

I wait at bars. After a while coming through crowd, carrying

his blankets, beard gone, long hair cut, looking tender young vulnerable, was my son Jack. His face lit up.

We went out to yard . . . sat in grass exchanging notes happy together . . . looked up, saw at center blue-shirt ring, Willie Madden. I shout wave. Willie smiles, gang swings around, approaches . . . I could hear Jack muttering in protest as I got up to meet Willie . . . I ask if he met Jack . . . "Sure, we came up on the same chain from Santa Ana." He smile, but Jack back turned to Willie.

Afterwards, Jack said that Willie run down story of Tom Lynn . . . put me down . . . threatening rape Jack.

In audible click wheel of Karma moved again . . . Relentless interweave everything . . . Every action in life, smallest deed, requires its balance. Nothing escapes polar law. For every neglect, we are neglected. For every good, we bettered. For every cheat, we cheated. For every gift, we gifted. Inexorable law of Karma . . . not just behavioral or psychological . . . weaving zig-zag genetic pattern.

Children reap what parents sow.

My moral heroics in Santa Ana threatens Jack's serenity at Chino. My return to Chino, which I bitterly dislike, protects Jack.

After Jack ship off in chains to another prison, Willie come up to talk during yoga sessions in yard.

I tell him that I was pulled unwilling participant in love-hate family quarrel between himself and Tom. Tom's father beat him. What about your father?

Willie likes his mother.—I used to go home when I wanted to kick heroin. I tell my mother I had the flu and I lie in bed for hours sweating and having chills and hot flashes. Every bone would ache vomiting. Like the flu but a thousand times worse. Diarrhea. Dry heaves. Just living death, man. Then after a day I'd say the hell with it and split to score. Or if I was too sick to split, man, I'd have my friends bring the stuff to me.

—One time I was sitting in the bathroom hitting up and I forgot to lock the door and my mother walked in while I was tied off and on. My family have a nice house and the bathroom has all mirrors in it, you dig, man, and my mother saw all these reflections of me fixing and she screamed and fainted and I just got up and split. But I love my mother and I treat her all right.

—Tom Lynn loves his mother, too.

—Why, that Motherfucker's lying, man. He treats his mother like a dog, man. He tells her to go fuck herself.

—What about your father? He turned you in?

—Yeah. Doing that for years. The first time was when I was 14. I came home one night really fucked on reds and my mother was sitting on the couch looking unhappy and I said what's wrong. And my older brother said, "Show him, Mom," and she turned her head and she had a black eye. I said, "What happened?" And she said, "I hit it on the door," but my brother said, "No, Dad hit her." So I waited by the front door and when he came home drunk, he saw me and he fired on me and I fired on him and he went down and then I kicked him unconscious. He called the cops and had my probation violated.

—What does your father do, Willie?

—Fire Captain. Makes good money, but drunk most of the time. He really hates you, Leary.

—What can we do for him?

—Nothing. Let him alone. It's too late. He won't change.

—What can we do for you?

Willie flushed and laughed. I'll never have anything to do with guns. That's out. Maybe I'll become a pimp. Maybe I can be your bodyguard.

—I'm beginning to think that it's my fate to be *your* bodyguard. How long am I going to have to follow you around pulling you out of trouble?

He laugh . . . sit silent under sun.

—Failure in love got us all in here. It's only love that can get us out.

—It's not too late, said Willie . . .

NOLAN GOT UP AND HANDED ME THE MANUSCRIPT WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING . . .

—WELL?

—IT'S A FAKE STORY . . . FICTION . . . AND YOU KNOW WHERE FICTION'S AT . . . IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE WAY THINGS ARE IN PRISON AND THE WAY YOU ARE NOW . . .

—EVERYONE OUTSIDE LIKED IT . . .

—SURE . . . BECAUSE ITS ROMANTIC' . . . HEROIC . . . JIMMY CAGNEY . . . PLASTIC . . . HUMPHREY BOGART . . . OF COURSE THEY LIKE IT OUTSIDE BECAUSE THEY ONLY WANT TO HAVE THEIR ILLUSIONS CONFIRMED . . . IT'S JUST NOT FROM YOUR SOUL . . .

I NOD AGREEMENT . . .

—YOU'LL RIGHT IT . . . ITS NOT TOO LATE, SAID NOLAN.

THE FOUR
THOUSAND
YEAR OLD
ROCK & ROLL
BAND:
A MEMORY
EXPERIENCED



“Morocco was a
celestial dream
come true.”

In May '69 the Supreme Court cut us loose on the thirty years for a half ounce of grass beef. Rosemary and I were free to leave the country for the first time in four years.

No bail. No jail. Set sail for Morocco, long hair cut to a cowboy trim.

In mixing sacrament for the trip I had accidentally taken too much and sat primly in the Air Iberia waiting room at JFK, rushing, sorting out James Bond paranoias, hoping that Franco's agents would fail to penetrate my disguise. (I've been busted three times in airports.)

Rosemary came back from the ticket window grinning. "Cover's blown, baby. The Spanish ticket agent is a head. He says they are honored to have us trip with Iberia."

The plane seemed old and dilapidated. We were sharing the rear of tourist class with a few elderly and solemn Spaniards who were obviously returning home to die. The red carpet was worn and the flimsy tin seat-tray sagged to the side. Two elderly men in uniform tottered by, painfully lugging briefcases, gold teeth flashing forlorn smiles.

"They look like retired generals from the Spanish Civil War," I whispered.

"Hush," said Rosemary. "They are our pilots."

All of the eight passengers in tourist class sat in brooding silence, staring forward, listening to sad Spanish tunes on the P.A.

I was flashing telepathic. Picking up their peasant apprehensions.

Aging Castilian decay. A death trip for some. The dying empire. I looked at *Tiempo*. Pictures of senile grandeur. The Generalissimo and his staff. The old prince and his grandparents. The duke and duchess. The old Cardinal and his staff of archbishops. No one under age of eighty.

"What have we got ourselves into this trip? This plane is like the second class bus from Malaga to Torremolinos. It will never make the Atlantic."

Rosemary was pretending she didn't know me. "How much did you drop? Really!"

At the very rear of the plane the jet engine blasted in our ears—a loud, rattling sound. The tail of the plane shuddered and wrenched. It took 3½ hours to wheeze down the runway and takeoff.

The steward was husky, muscular. "He's a secret police agent for sure," I whispered. The two stewardesses examined us knowingly. We ordered champagne.

Rosemary was dozing when the steward formally asked me

to step to the rear of the plane.

Here we go!*

The stewardesses were waiting in the serving pantry.

"Señor Leary, we know who you are. Do you mind if we ask you a question?"

"Ah," I said guardedly.

"Señor Leary, do you have any dope on you?"

I raised eyebrows and shook my head in shock.

"Dope? On me? Not a chance!" Defendant denies everything.

Their faces fell in disappointment. "What a drag! Our friends in Madrid will be disappointed. Well, at least give us your autograph."

I started making surprised noises.

"But I thought Spain . . . Franco . . . Catholic Church . . . secret police . . ."

They looked at each other and laughed.

"Young people are the same all over the world, Doctor Timothy."

I waved *Tiempo* magazine. "But these pictures, the old faces . . ."

"What about your *Reader's Digest*? You know, it's the same with us. Young people like to get high and feel good and make love."

Morocco was a celestial dream come true.

We had flown to this magical, pivotal kingdom for many obvious reasons—among them a curiosity to experience what it is like to live in that country of the future, where alcohol is for the most part prohibited and *cannabis* for the most part conventionally accepted.

The experiment was successful. Morocco is the most psychedelic country in the western world.

Here is the crossroads of space and time.

*Note: In defense of my paranoia, let me explain that a month later, on the return trip from Madrid to London, agents of a democratic, non-police state, Great Britain, *did* wire ahead, we *were* met by a half dozen pompous, incredibly stuffy bureaucratic types, each clutching in his left hand two official rule books and a metal stamping machine, who *did* refuse us entry, refuse us permission to fly to any other European country, who went through the elaborate pretense of phoning the homes of Derek Taylor, John Lennon, Mick Jagger, Mike Pindar, announced with shrugged shoulders that no one answered at any of their houses, and *did* escort us under heavy guard, including two matrons, to a TWA plane bound for New York.

Consider the geography. The northwest corner of Morocco (and Africa) forms the southern pillar of the Gates of Hercules. The Straits of Gibraltar. For centuries the farthest out outpost of the Mediterranean world. Only the brave, the adventurous, the spiritually propelled dared sail out beyond these limits into the wild, uncharted western seas. Here was the line separating the known from the promising dangerous unknown western realm. Here, too, the precise dividing line between Africa and Europe.

Standing on the parapet of the high castle in which we lived, we looked north across the straits to Spain, rocky, barren—southern march of the mechanical Christian culture. And turning, we looked south to the Atlas mountains and the Sahara.

Northern Morocco is like northern California. Tangier, a sleepy San Francisco.

Southern Morocco is like southwest California—green oasis valleys falling down to the desert.

Tangier, the international crossroad city, genetic trading post. DNA exchange mart. Treasuring the best from each of the nationalities that have held sway for brief periods—an English sense of tea-room solidity, Spanish rhythm, the tan grace and sensuality of the Arabian invaders, French cuisine, here and there a thin veneer of American-Japanese plastic, the dark black ocean of jungle Congo Africa seeping through the southern mountains, the Bedouin flair—but beneath the jewelled, tattered raiments left by passing conquerors—the seed, soul, blood, wisdom, and pride of an indigenous North African tribal people who have absorbed, yielded, but never submitted.

The Sephardic Jews, scholarly masters of our Middle Ages, had passed through here too, going to and retreating from Spain, and left their mark.

Tangier had been for centuries a free port, haven for wandering exiles, political, spiritual, aesthetic. Today, less flamboyant than Ibiza, more settled than Katmandu, the tradition remains.

From the Zocco Chico, a small plaza, ringed with sidewalk cafés in the heart of the bustling Casbah, you can find a guide who will take you to a venerable Afghani Sufi master, a dancing boy café, a hashish dealer, a dervish brotherhood, a bar to meet exactly the mirage partner your fantasy has yearned for, a bazaar shop crammed with carved, woven, engraved, gemmed treasures to furnish the incensed rooms of your cannabis reveries.

Brion Gysin is the elegant orthodox bishop of this metropolitan see. From his apartment a terrace opens out to bay

and hills across. Inside Brion dispenses blessings, visions, communions, poetic sermons, and wicked gossip—the world of the occult is his planet.

Gysin is one of the great hedonic mystic teachers. He has played starring roles in the great spiritual movies of our times. He led the rescue party that found and saved John Cooke from the black magicians of Algeria and brought the great crippled wizard back to the living.

He performed the rites and lefts in Eileen Garrett's temples and absorbed the message of that fantastic medium.

It was Brion Gysin who could tell you anything you wanted to know and tell you in witty, polished epigrams. It was Brion Gysin who had tripped with everyone of the forty-nine voyagers to the East, who had invented the Dream Machine (the most sophisticated neuro-phenomenological device ever designed), who developed, while carousing intoxicated with Burroughs and the long-gone Joyce, the literary cut-up technique. It was he, handsome, science-fiction, Don Juan Lord Brion of Gitle-Coeur, spirit of the Naked Lunch.

Bill Burroughs was in town that week and would show up at Brion's around sundown with a bottle of vodka drunk straight and mixed with laconic lime, bittersweet slow-bubbling tonic remarks, chilled to ice-cool precision. Bill Burroughs is our lofty, aristocratic calculating machine, hyper-type-writer gentleman who has overscene and seered everything, our heroin-action escaping through iron will and sardonic wit the padded sells, the electric shock machines and surgical steel handcuffs of the General Practitioners of Evil and returned in dignity to provide the first-hand clinical descriptions of the needled, flesh punctured galaxies he has inhabited and not in vein.

For no fee at all Bill would, with psycho-medical professional precision, measure your residual emotions, if any, on a Hubbard Scientology meter. The aim of the game was not to show any emotional reaction at all.

Brion Gysin was still showing emotions—pain in his plaster-cast foot, regret at parting, joy at coming, concern that his book *The Process*, certainly one of the best published in years, was not selling in America, delighted to give us directions to the hill-top apartment where Paul Bowles presided over tea and shared with us, alive, the deep intuitive sense of Morocco which he taped in his great novels. Paul Bowles is another one of the avuncular pioneers of the psychedelic age—ahead of his time.

Always bouncing in and out of Brion's was his blood brother Hamri—irrepressible, busy, puckish, volatile, laughing Mediter-

anean trickster. At age fourteen Hamri had been the heaviest smuggler in Morocco. Later he guided Brion south to the desert into the vast silence of sand and it was Hamri who initiated Brion into the mystery brotherhood of Joujouka, the mountaintop tribe, guardian of the Sacred Rites of Pan, home of the oldest rock and roll bands in the world. Brion told us in detail about the village. Inaccessible center of a religion, pre-Islamic, pre-Roman, which preserved the ancient worship of the piping shepherd God, lusty, goat-hoofed dancing Dionysius. The village of the Master Musicians.

The business of the village was the tending of goats and music. Brion would sit up in bed, flushed and high, turning us on to the ancient tale. The tribe had three bands. The musicians would jump on donkeys, instruments strapped to the saddle, and trot for hours to a downland village fiesta, to a wedding, to a celebration, to play for the general, or, on occasion, for the Sultan himself.

They would receive barter in return. Their only cash crop was sound and rhythm. And the dancers—boy dancers, half-girl, half male—and Bou Jeloud dancers, giant hairy youths covered with goatskin, leaping down from the hills lashing and twirling with leafed branches, half-man, half-animal. Brian Jones had been there and danced all night. We must go. Hamri would take us.

But there was so much else to do. We sat in the cushioned alcove of the fanciest restaurant, guests of the Foreign Editor of our largest news magazine, and ate the world's best food and swayed to the oriental drumming and watched boys dance the candle dance and then with a stately flourish the manager of the restaurant produced the kif (Moroccan grass, finely manicured, fine-cut with a keen chopping knife and packed into small pipe bowls.) We all turned on publicly, and on the way out the host's fourteen-year-old son muttered to us, "I don't want to spoil Dad's big psychedelic adventure, but that kif is nowhere. Do you want some dynamite hash?"

We spent days in the Casbah swimming through the wash of people. Sturdy erect men in jellabah and fez. The tender, secret women, softly moving smooth brown bodies, veiled and robed, the shopkeepers and artisans in their little shops, smoking kif, working, smiling. And the old men, white haired, serene, smoking kif, clear eyes watching, smiling, reciting the hundred names of God.

And the children. Morocco has the highest percentage of under-twelve-year-olds in the world, over sixty percent of the country is round-faced, radiant-eyed, merry, playful.

Occasionally running into the network of the Brotherhoods. Brion Gysin had told us about them. Religious fraternities throughout the land. Meetings held in garages, back yards, living rooms. Each cult had its own rituals. And each one had its own drummed beat. The music was the heart of it. You could be a stranger in Casablanca walking down unfamiliar streets and you would hear the drumming, your rhythm, that reflexively flipped you out like the command of a hypnotic master and you would walk entranced to the house, open the gate and walk in to the back room and start to weave and dance and then your brothers, strangers no longer, recognizing you (because the trance can't be put on), weave you into the ritual.

Some just danced until they fainted. Others performed stylized ordeals. Chanting and muttered prayers were part of it. Some, the fabled fierce Jellalah, brandished knives and got into mutilation trips.

They told us of the French tourist lady who was caught up in the ceremony and jumped up flirtatiously to dance—beware lady—the guidelines of sexual display are different here—violating taboo and four flipped-out Brothers seized her and flung her in the air and as she fell four knives flashed and before her body hit the ground—well, the rest of the story got into a surgical, anatomical, gory butcher-shop inventory.

Randy Weston, the jazz pianist, tall beautiful saint, took us to a meeting. It was in the garage of a middle-class neighborhood. About twenty men were seated. Drums were going. We were welcomed with elaborate courtesy. Randy Weston is an admired Moroccan Brother, the world-wide musician's union.

The kif pipe was passed. The heart-beat drums maintained the blood-pressure. Short, breathy chants to the praise of Allah. After a while a man in a business suit leaped up to dance—jerking spasmodically, trembling. You could feel the music and the holy dope and the oneness of the group rip away the mind and he was gone.

Two men stood on either side, watching for the moment. Swiftly they strapped a rope around his waist, and as he fell, they jerked the rope tight and he spun around and round like a man doing an endless jack-knife dive until they lowered him to the ground. He lay motionless for five minutes, and when he stood up his face had that radiance of a man who was coming off a pure acid high peak, wired into the universe energy, smiling, cleansed, purified.

Randy had been to Joujouka too and the reverent way he touted it left no doubts. We had to make the trip.

Hamri came for us in a cab early in the morning. We drove south down the Atlantic coast past miles of wide sandy beaches, deserted. Hamri sitting by the driver, the eternal Gemini, pouring cascades of quicksilver, nervous, funny words back to us.

We reached Azila, the first leg of our journey, before noon. Hamri discharged the driver and took us on foot around the city. We saw little that reminded us of the 20th century. For Hamri it was a family triumphant return to his home-time. He joked with shopkeepers, grandly received the welcoming salutes and greetings. The market place was his dining table. He selected snails from stall counter steamers, chose a piece of fruit from a basket, showed us the house which, the hotel where (it's run down now), the old man who, and the times when.

At the end of a narrow alley we ducked into a windowless room with bamboo mats on the floor and raised alcoves cut into the walls.

We sat on cushions. The owner was a wiry, agile man with a thin mustache. He brought us mint tea and a kif pipe.

There were a dozen men in the room, smoking kif, playing cards, hanging out, drinking sweet tea, staying high. It was a familiar head scene. You could feel the relaxed, good-humored sweet unity in the room. We were with psychedelic brothers. We were home.

Hamri explained the Moroccan way of getting high. "Americans use that strong Mexican grass and get loaded like a cocktail party, but of course quiet and beautiful instead of noisy and jangly. We do it differently. Our kif is gentle. Like fine rare wine compared to your tequila-marijuana. We light a pipe first thing in the morning. Easy and gentle. Then another. After five or so pipes you have slowly floated to the plateau of warmth where you want to spend the day. Not bombed out. A floating white cloudlike place where you can do your business, see everything with a million eyes, gracefully arrange the strings of your work. Life is beautiful."

As we were ready to go, Hamri played a card game with the owner. The game was exciting. They were playing for the bill. The patrons leaned forward, grinning. The owner made a miraculous comeback on the last hand and won by one point. We were all glad and happy when we left.

"Now," announced Hamri with enthusiasm, "we eat and drink."

We stopped at a stall where a man was broiling ground beef hand-patted around skewers. We sat down inside a small room

with one large table. Six Moroccans, all in their twenties, dressed in Western style, were drinking Scotch whisky and warm coke.

They greeted us with the blowsy, loud jollity of any barroom. We declined the whisky. Hamri hustled in triumphantly with beer and heavy rolls of white bread. Then he bopped back with a long tray containing twenty metal skewers giving off the aroma of barbecue. Hamri sliced open a roll. He selected seven skewers in his right hand, placed the meat on the bottom of the roll, folded the top back with his thumb and, pinching the roll, pulled out the skewers with a flourish.

By the time we had finished three rolls, our companions had killed the fifth of Scotch. They were noisily arguing, pounding the table, shouting over each other's voices—the universal sad spectacle of crude juicers. They shouted affectionately as we left and shook our hands with sweaty pressure.

Out in the street we asked Hamri what they were talking about. "Business and politics."

We asked Hamri what they talked about at the kif tea house. "No talk," said Hamri. "They just smile and think about the greatness of God and the beauty of life. Me, I like to shout and get drunk and fall down, and I like to get high. I like everything," said Hamri laughing.

After haggling with the driver, Hamri piled us into an ancient cab and we drove for an hour through vineyards and fruit tree orchards. Rolling hills like Sonoma county. At one point we pulled off the road and drove up to a military fort. Hamri leaped out and disappeared. When he returned he said that as a matter of courtesy he had told the commandant, a cousin of his, that he was taking us up the mountain.

After a while, the macadam road turned to dirt and then to a path. The car halted.

"From here we walk. Leave the luggage. The boys will come for it."

We walked for a half hour along a valley. The hills were soft and green. A farmer pruning trees saw us, waved and shouted. Hamri shouted back. He wanted to know if we wanted fruit or water and wished us the blessings of Allah.

Soon the path turned to the left and started up. It took about an hour to reach the village.

First we heard the dogs. Then saw stone and mud huts. Thatched roofs. When we reached the very top of the hill we could look down in three directions to the valleys below. We could see about ten houses. "There's the school room," said Hamri, pointing to a one-storey building about the size of two garages placed end to end.

As we walked toward it a group of men sitting under the roofed porch rose and came to greet us. Their robes were old and tattered but they walked tall and greeted us with regal dignity.

We sat on cushions on the porch. Mint tea. They all unfolded leather pouches, tassled and braided, containing pipe and kif. We smoked and drank and I made polite conversation in Spanish. Hamri was a Napoleon painting, giving commands to the young boys who giggled and ran to do his bidding.

The sun had set. Rosemary and I walked to the edge of the hill and watched a few lights in houses down the valley. The boy who had been assigned to watch waited at our side.

We were seated at the end of the schoolroom, cushioned in Sultan style.

One by one the musicians came in, saluted us, embraced Hamri and greeted each other with that easy familiarity that only comes from living together forever.

From their robes they drew pouches containing their instruments. Small two-penny bamboo flutes. Deep drums, leather lashed with artistry. A very, very old man with a long, narrow face and angelic smile carefully opened a fiddle case and reverently pulled back the cloth wrappings. Holding a violin up for our inspection, he told me in Spanish he had bought it in a pawn shop in San Francisco, thirty years ago. He had been a sailor then.

A stir at the door and a small man, somebody's grandfather, stood in the middle of the room. He removed his cape with a flourish and tossed it to a sixteen-year-old boy who followed him. He came to us with ballet smoothness, bowed, spoke a prayer, looked up with the grin of a burlesque comedian, turned, lifting his foot and sweeping it over the heads of the seated musicians and glided to his place with the rippling erotic grace of a lioness. Berdou.

The narrow room beginning gently to inflate. It was a dressing room backstage at Fillmore East. Musicians before the gig. Rapping. Joking. Relaxing. Messing idly with instruments.

The kif pipes were busy. Being filled. Lit. Smoked. Emptied. A last puff reddens eye of bowl and pipe turned sideways whooshing exhalation blowing glowing ash out. You could feel room getting mellow high.

Musicians settling down along two long side walls. To our left were flautists. Sitting against right wall, violin and drums.

To our front left squatted sixty-year-old Abdullah in worn jellabah, close cropped grey hair. His huge hands almost concealed small bamboo flute. He started aimless, exploratory

series of high tones. Thin old fellow on his left dipped in with trial runs. Drums tuning up. Then Abdullah took off. High wire of sound strung across room hooking heads together. Other flutes skipped around it. Drums settled down to a solid beat. Violin spun into crazy dance, and . . .

WHAM! They were off. Wailing! Desert winds shining across sand-dunes. Shrill cry of muezzin calling dawn prayer from minaret high above walled city. Flopping beat of camel trains. Abdullah's beard-stubbed cheeks swollen with sound. Eyes sparkling. Shepherds high on a mountaintop calling flocks. Drummer bouncing carved stick off upper skin flicking small twig against lower skin. Donkey trot, trot, trotting down shady road. Violin calling from Berber mountaintop. Room undulating to sinuous bellydance rhythms Tunisian. Water running down narrow valleys of The Rif. Wind whistling through palm trees. Shadowy Harem laughter, sighing, giggling. High pure voice of muezzin calling praise of Allah. Thudding rush of footsteps outside Bedouin tent. Keening wail of old women. How long, Oh Lord! Toothless violinist spinning fiddle back and forth against knee, grinning wickedly, foxing through dancehalls of Alexandria, Viennese beer gardens, Sultan's wedding party, funky seaport brothels. He had voyaged some, that slicky fiddler! Pure, piercing thread of starlight on black night desert and thunder drumming up Barbary coast to Bedouin beat. Rangy jackals screeching at Sahara moon. Abdullah laid down flute, lit kif pipe, smiled benignly while music whirled heavy smoke around his grey head. He coolly piped clear sparkling liquid splashing from fountains in Caliph's garden. (Islamic music bubbles and ripples, watering thirsty soul of desert people.) Ali laid down kif pipe, picked up fiddle, spinning fine spider strand, thin sword blade wire of sound. Then came soft perfumes. And sound of feasting. Brilliant garments. Enjoyment of Houris, Hur Al Oyon, black-eyed daughters of paradise. Lost sheep bawled to nervous rustling flock. All their music is prayer. Islam has no professional clergy. Every Follower of the Prophet is obliged to kneel five times a day, praying face to Mecca. Six hundred million voices chanting praise of God. (Islam means submission.) Hear us, Allah, sang flutes. Thy mercy is endless, sang violin. Thou art Creator of all things, beat the drums. Thy goodness is wider than desert, deeper than ocean. Thou wilt not forget we humble musicians of Joujouka when thou distribute thy good things. We, poor tattered musicians of Joujouka, chant thy praises more sweetly if our flocks increase and our bellies full.

Music stopped. Desert silence. Hamri bounced over to us beaming. He didn't have to ask. We didn't have to say a word.

The nine musicians were grinning and shining with radiance that only comes when it has all come together—music, people, and God.

"Now we stop for while to eat," said Hamri.

At other end of long room a rude kitchen had been set up. Kerosene burners. Steaming pots and kettles swiftly produced shepherd's banquet.

After meal we were handed small round bush of dried stems and taught how to break off sturdy fibrous tooth pick clean our teeth. Mint tea all around and the show was ready to proceed.

A rustle of subdued energy at door and fifteen-year-old Mohammed (who had been sitting devotionally at Berdou's feet) walked to center of the room. Transformed.

Music sidling into horny beat. Mohammed, dancing boy, tossed black crew-cut curls and danced.

Ava were his hips and Marilyn her arms. Janice belting or Gracie stalking or Shakti sliding or Rhadha swaying or Jane Jane undulating? Broadway Joe stripped to waist whirling? Raquel go-go or Brigit burlesque bouncing or Inger stripper queen or Karen pom pom? Andalusian beauty fingers snapping she came to us eyes sultry, nylon skin dewy sweating bikini musk scent trailing throughout pulsy dreams. Serpentine he swung silk veiled flesh quivering and drums beating up old animal she-body rhythm. Faster and faster but no movement of face. Fixed, enigmatic smile, stoned eyes far-away laughing, faster and faster 'til flute wings buzzing out of bamboo hives, pollen laden coiled kissing round her stamen-naked head, higher and higher frantic abandon, semen dripping winged anthers of sound, pure ribbons of sexuality, then one high note spun down from Vega galaxy, accelerated through Milky Way, shined off sun, bounced off Venus now become siren song of flesh on earth, pierce mating drone.

And then Mohammed Ali fixed in trance belting out bumping muscular Nijinsky, Cassius Clay, biceptual, trisexual, All-star, transerotic power fuck, Adonis swathed in Venus veils.

A bow. Soft wave. One last enigmatic shrug. He was gone.

Everyone in room softly breathing. Toking kif. Relaxing after the ball. Smiling wisely. One flute kept post-coital thread of touch going. Lazy, instrumental ribbon gentle back-rubbing ripple catching one note and then keeping constant flow of air through nose and out flute without break for breath. On and on.

Then old fiddler picks it up, obligatos, virtuoso runs, operatic trills, concert-hall flourishes, eyes closed, flipping old hand-

polished, skin-rubbed ancient beloved instrument back and forth, sailing into Russian impassionato, sweet sticky German candy waves of baroque, churriguesque sound.

And from beyond him wavering voice of Berdou breaking with La Scala arabeques, ballooned to quavering falsetto, tumbling down scale in comic coughs and mezzo-soprano screams. We flipped surprise then caught his clown laughter, mocking pomposity Western violin and everyone laughed at oriental Arab joke that wily old satire queen Berdou poked at grim European self-indulgent Christian sincerity.* And old fiddler rolling eyes, waving insect antennae trapped in helpless molasses. Wizenened yogi clown aping, mimicking, burlesquing. Crowd roaring. Fiddler sawing resignedly once again, for thousandth time Laurel 'n Hardy butt of ancient routine.

Then the whole show clicked up to higher level. We began to dig the subtle play. Here we have the original rock and roll group. The one and only lonely heart's club band of Joujouka. Four thousand years ago shepherds tending sheep on mountain top moving along ridges to fresh pasture land. Long weeks away from home and family. Lonely windy days calling sheep with piping trills and lonely nights around camp fire, high on mountain marijuana, pressing away solitary darkness with soft flute songs. This is high land of The Great God Pan, horny, cloven-hooved spirit of animal sexuality. All day watching dainty, wiggling, mincing trot of thin-legged saucy, soft, furry, secret, cuddly females, and insistent red-butting rut-lust of ram thrust. The arcane sly fraternity of animal husbandry, tender lamb rearing, kid-wifery. Aweful blind spurting compulsion of informal experimental breeding stations, forbidden terrible mysterious pull of interspecies lechery. Irrepressible genetic sexy barnyard fantasies of interspecies coupling. Eerie offspring. Illegitimate hallucinatory mythic bastards. Mermaids. Sphinxes. Centaurs. Dogfaced divinities. Catbodied Nile queens. Winged angels fallen. Two armed, fat-bellied elephant-headed lecherous avatars. Horned fur devils. Incubi and succubi to cover our dream-haunted hungry bodies in the still of herdsman night, the thousand half-man-animal-half-woman, sexual hashish flesh mixtures lascivious temptations of our DNA chastity. Beastly. Beastly Beast. Great Beast.

All seeing, time blows forgiving breath over millenium lonely mountain tops where sheep sigh and sheepskin drums beat up our blood and pipes play and husky, muscular, hairy big-boned youths, half-human, half-animal leap up running

*Let's face it. The violin *is* a pretentious, arthropod, European instrument, inevitably comic to the natural, lycergic eye.

madly to murmuring midnite flock and slender, smooth-skinned, beardless boys stand up shyly begin to dance, here, dear boy take turban veil while knowing fingers snap and tender youth tilts into twisting bisexual ballet and Great God Drunken Dionysius twists his mustache, old stoned eyes twinkling, and laughs.

Here is religious intoxication which pre-dates the Vedic soma-psychedelic scholars, ten thousand generations older than Buddha and Christ. Oldest blood-seed ritual. Fierce, unstoppable unity dance of life, ancient, pre-human mutational congregation, fertility worship, source of totem, shameful seed of evolution.*

"I remember the time that I was wandering high on acid up the desert mountain stream that tiny Jerry showed me. I got ahead higher than the rest and when they came down to the jeep they said that the last they saw of me was sitting on a rock drumming message to rattlesnake god and Calvin said he would wait with two mules to take me back. And hours later after Calvin and I found the waterfall and fell on our knees in prayer, and crawled through the cave, and sat by the gentle stream that flowed through high green pasture, when we reached the mules I said, tentatively, "This mule has never been ridden before today, has it?" And Calvin shook his black beard and laughed and said, "That's all right, you just have to make friends with her." And he lifted the tail of the huge animal and shoved his hand eye-level between her legs and moved it softly, caressing. Then he said, "You do it." And I looked up the long powerful legs, as thick as my shoulders and gaped at the dark, shadow crease where legs joined and steamy smell of mule bathed me and I gaped and Calvin said, "Go ahead. Run your hand up along her legs. She'll dig it." And I put my hand on inside of her left leg and moved it up, fearfully, and felt the rounded muscle fearful with horse power and slip up against the moist yielding smooth flesh to her crotch and the one ton creature shifted her weight slightly and breathed softly and I slid my hand down hairless leg, palm slippery and up and shyly looked at Calvin who watched me grinning, and she arched up her head and settled her four legs luxuriously in the sand. Hail Mare full of race. The Lord is with thee! Blessed is the strange fruit of thy womb. When I stopped and pulled my hand out Calvin said, shyly, "I learned a lot talking to these old cowboys around here. They say there's only one sure way to master your animals and that's the way you master your woman and they have all sorts of jokes about climbing up on boxes and so on." I was still holding my hand out at my side and felt I had just been initiated into some special mountain-man secret, powerful and funny. We rode back five miles on the road and the mule was nervous and I got nervous when I realized that she knew less about being ridden than I did about riding and once when she bolted I drove her into some sage and while she panted jumpily I held my right hand down to her nose and then rubbed it on her huge buttock and reined her back on the road and plodded on in twilight watching stars pop out and remembering Joujouka.

For over one hundred fifty generations these villagers have herded sheep and played shepherd music and worshipped Pan and watched their stocky adolescents rush out wildly to the flocks at night and their slender boys dancing veiled remembering their own youth. By age three they knew which boys would play the part of hairy, goat-skinned Bou Jeloud and which boys would dance veiled. The kids learned to play instruments as they learned to talk. The small tribe isolated on the mountain divided into three musical groups. At any given time one or more were out on the road. We watched one group leaving next dawn, huddled on donkeys, drums lashed to the side. Ride all day to wedding or celebration or feast of rich man or, in old days, the Sultan. Trot into town at sunset. Sit around cutting and smoking kif and when the fiesta was ready play all night. Talk about hip. Four thousand years of canny old show-biz wisdom. Performer lore. Thirty years of being John-Paul-George-Ringo night after night getting high together in Liverpool bars like their fathers and grandfathers did before them, until the routine got so natural it was like breathing together and watching the young boys grow up and get married. Sitting around stoned digging each new scene, digging the gossip and the action and the interplay of each village. Improvising, playing out the old classic slapstick comic routines.

We were turned on to Berdou now and he took us on a drum solo, at first seated and then leaping to feet still drumming started a bisexual ballet dancing with The Boy Mohammed, using drum as prop became old woman carrying water, young girl swaying through market with basket of flowers, farm girl stuffing corn in bag, and then with jellabah crook-armed across his veiled face old crone limping, and then with a sultry burst of boyhood belting out a Minsky grind, and dancing towards Rosemary, his arms beckoning her to dance. Rosemary blushed and gracefully refused. It was an all-male show and Rosemary admitted as honorary man for the night. But Berdou came back beckoning and Rosemary palms together Hindu-style bowed and refused, but some subtle bridge of communion was building and when he came dancing back the third time he knew and we knew that it was right for her to get up and swirl her veil behind her hips, holding it low and dancing with it, oh so young girl timidly following him to the center of the room and the musicians swept in with joyous affirmation and worship of her maiden Godhood and the beat picked up and I was grinning proudly and my beautiful woman turned and danced to the drums and whirled and danced to

the pipes and turned and danced to delighted onlookers at the end of room. Knowing her so well, I sensed her holding in so delicately, because this was no place for rose-in-mouth Rita Hayworth Hollywood female histrionics, and she kept perfect reserved maiden hesitation but at one point, slipped her cover for just one perceptible second and showed them a laughing glimpse of her ancient, familiar, Aphrodite power, a single, simple, perfectly controlled body shot a block-buster flash of full woman power that blew the roof off the room and then dropping her head and smiling she became girl again but everyone saw it and felt the ancient energy in classic form and a murmur of appreciation and smiling glances round the room and she danced backwards, laughing a little and pretending to trip, and the most beautiful graceful woman in the world fell back in my lap.

With inaudible click we had all come together and from there on it was a reunion of old psychedelic Brothers and the music slid off from Rosemary's sensuality to a comic stutter and Berdou staggered into a Charlie Chaplin, drum as camera on tripod, taking our picture, squinting, knocking it over, catching it, pointing it wrong, scratching his head, mocking native bewilderment at unfamiliar European gadget, essence peasant joke against blind colonial machine, and then with flourish pulling out invisible picture, I took it and we exclaimed and autographed it and Berdou duck-walked over and tacked it to wall and then became an Englishman pouring whiskey drunkenly urging us to drink and coming on with western boozy friend-of-the-native affability, all pantomime, and faggot lurching futilely after boy Abdullah and English lady's tea party and tourists in market place and then tourist in brothel playing all the parts and then Arab peasant with donkey, page after page of Moroccan picture album, complete master of scene, swaggering, prancing, posing, The Boy Mohammed sitting quietly worshipping teacher. And music picked up and Hamri danced and thin drummer danced giving us memory snapshots of his own dancing-boy past and then old Abdullah himself rose to murmur of surprised approval, (we're really getting it, on tonight) and started a shy shuffling dance, dignified as befit his years, grinning from 'corner of mouth, restrained but still in poised rhythm.

Then at some invisible signal music stopped. Hushed silence, meditative. Heads down. Waiting. Berdou started talking in a low voice. We could not understand the Arabic but tone was solemn. Realize he was praying. Talking in serious conversational style to God as though He were in the room. Realized

with start that He was in the room. Everyone leaning forward nodding as Berdou explained to Him our troubles, our hopes, our fears. Talking fast, so much to say. Voice rising and falling, punctuated with sighs. This is important, Oh Great Merciful One. And hear this. And please do not forget. We were in a marooned space ship and our captain was radioing out the message. No time to lose, Almighty One. Listen carefully we beseech You to every detail. He prayed for the village. For the sick ones. For the babies. For the family whose son had run away to Tetuan. For the herds and the crops. For serenity. For the sinners. For some improvement in the economic situation because now that the villages had electricity and radios they no longer called upon the musicians from Joujouka and You, All Wise One, know that our only means of barter is our music which we offer in praise of You. And the rich men hire European bands from Tangier and Casablanca and no longer wish to hear our ancient music. And we have no medicine. Everyone was nodding and murmuring agreement. And we wish to keep our children here in the pure mountains but unless You help us, All Compassionate One, we cannot keep them here hungry and they will go to the city and forget their purity. And turning to us he prayed for Hamri, beloved cousin who had raised the dirhans to pay for the assembly hall and for Brion Gysin, the European who had become brother, and for the fine American and his beautiful wife who dances so graceful may they receive the blessings. As he prayed he flipped out in trance and was bobbing up and down and pounding his right hand in his left for emphasis and all the people were bobbing with him and we were too.

He finished and we all sank back against the cushions with a sense of perfect peace. I leaned forward and asked Hamri to ask him to pray for a very special personal favor which Rosemary and I wished God to consider that we would be blessed with children and his face exploded in pleasure and the musicians shook their heads in happy support and then he started to pray leaning towards us and how he prayed! With every fibre in his thin wiry body and great love was in the room.

Hamri stood and beckoned us to the door. Everyone filed out to the porch of the meeting room and nine musicians squatted against the wall and pulled out from wondrously patched bags wooden horns and screwed in reed mouthpieces and began tuning up the raitas, an instrument with a high rasping spine chilling vibration. Jellababs over their heads this band of tiny elves piped up one note and kept it going, all nine, louder and louder until it was a laser beam zeroed in our brains

and there was that moment of near panic when it was too much sound, too loud, too piercing membrane stretching and there was nothing to do but open up and go with it, thin razor sharp scalpel of energy searching our brain. I had the feeling that if I tried to struggle it would sear and scar my cerebral cortex, but relaxing it became a healing shower zipping heads clean of any hang-up.

Suddenly a wild shouting behind us and leaping down the hill to the fire was an eight-foot-tall monster, hairy arms and chest, hairy legs, huge bare human feet, brimmed hat crumpled over its hidden face. One great bound took him over the fire and down to musicians. He was flailing away with thin branches of willow leaves leaping, twisting, whirling wolf rush, gorilla lunge, legs apart, pelted arms waving, body convulsed in rhythmic trembling, energy racking and cording his muscles, sweat pouring and the raitas screamed and from the shadows floated Mohammed, silken veils trailing up to the beast and colliding like extraplanetary mutant creatures they danced copulatory, the one beautiful boy-girl and the other man-animal and with drumming of hooves and rush of wind Pan Dionysius swept down from the mountain and tongues of fire-light and the energy of God struck down thunderbolts, phallic mushrooms butted up from damp earth and flower yonis grew on shadowed hillside and my arms went around Rosemary and we were made one divine animal soul and rockets burst spurt-ing color flame and radiant light dazzled our eyes and Bou Jeloud horned God of herd pasture and vine and root and seed whirled and leaped into the fire and disappeared.

We slept that night blankets on the wooden floor, slept in each other arms until sunlight filtered through the closed wooden shutter. Hamri knocked and entered. Soon eggs sputtering on the burners and tea and goats' milk and fresh fruit.

We moved to the porch where sitting we received in loving dignity our music brothers. Each one came softly, robed, carrying old patched pouch from which they took their pipe and kif knives. Old Ali squatted over board and started cutting, slicing, chopping with careful precision, and we smoked. Then we were initiated into the musicians' union, presented with bamboo flutes and drums and carved sticks and raitas and embraced. "We'll have to wire *Rolling Stone* that we've got our union cards."

We were brought Moroccan mountain blankets, white, fine, lacy table-cloth-thin but warmer than fur.

Our instruments were lashed onto mules and we were lifted

up to the saddles, huge, luxurious sideways easy-chairs from which we leaned down farewells to our brothers clustered around smiling with great love and touching hands to forehead and heart. This is your village. You are tribal brothers. Yet this is our village and we are your brothers.

The trip down the mountain. Sitting stoned on soft lounge chairs softly jogged by caressing sea motion of mule we gazed out across the valley. Running beside me was a grinning bare-foot kid. Switching the mule, running to the orchard to gather fresh figs, whopping it up and I realized with a shock that this tousledhair Huck Finn was Mohammed, Apollo-Venus of our night of magic. And the sturdy Tom Sawyer, trotting bare-foot by Hamri's donkey, was Bou Jeloud.

Rosemary turned back and smiled and we came back blessed and renewed by the love of God and His Servants, the Musicians of Joujouka.



STAR TRIP FOR RO

“ And Venus was our
guiding light and
all that we beheld
was love. ”

We unrolled time tape winter sixty nine high, high in mountain desert, touching clear cool blue sky so close to sun.

Lazy sensual morning sunshine bed massaging smooth warm lying lawn grass yoga fresh fruit reading climbing peaks where Father Hawk glidly floats across top ride calm king of mountain. Watching sun redden dusky sky and tiny lights of brother car moving slowly up valley road. Chill clean night air building fire, get high. Meditation drumming softly. Rosemary softly cooking dinner. Candles and the fleecy soft sleeping bag.

Water spring from aspen grove high above us pure ice crystal. Electric generator cranked by hand bumped current ninety minutes before steaming up. Two albums are the music ration.

Once a week, as God suggests, we offer twenty-four hours to the visionary trip. Before fasting, all day purification house and mind. At sunset Rosemary place sacra-mental tabs in my mouth and I place come-union tabs in her mouth eyes pledging love we part this plane.

Candle light dancing Amitaba Buddha, room filled jewel warmth. Yoga body warm river fire. Reading sacred books. Peace. Union.

At some space-time for music float to power-house crank up generator and place one record on the turn-table. Our winter guru Jimi Hendrix.

Well, someone stepped from the crowd

He was nineteen miles high.

He shouts "We're tired and disgusted; so we paint
red through the sky."

I say, "The truth is straight ahead

So don't burn yourselves instead.

Tryin' to learn instead of burn

Hear what I say."

So I finally rode away

But I'll never forget that day

'Cause when I reached the valley

I looked down 'cross the way

A giant boat from space

Landed with eerie grace

And came and takin' all the dead away.

Sooner or greater Rosemary's announcement that flying saucers have arrived. Lying sprawled on bed, her nose pressed to window scans southern sky. Oh beloved look. See it flashing colors, rainbows, see the purple flames pulsing celestial sea anemone. Coming to her sight, sliding along smooth ivory

soft arm, Oh yes, it's come. What do we do now? Be pure. Wait. Hope. Om. We are here. Will you take us now? We are ready. Love you. Well come. Wise outer space father and mother humming energy homing power.

Oh there's one for sure. It's moving toward us whooshing speed of life, green-blue eye God.

Venus. Just a planet sprung from foam of sea. Eccentricity of her orbit smaller than any heavenly body. Star wife star mother star woman graceful shines most brilliant body in the sky. Planet of love. (Libra loves Taurus.) At her inferior conjunction she approaches closer than any other planet. Closer love. Oh did you plan it this way? Evening star. Only such sacrifices as flowers, incense made to Astarte. She approaches closer. She comes at twilight feathering dove swan down myrtle, poppy, rose light. Heavenly body. Perfect love.

Jimi Hendrix and sky black jewel ocean of stars twinkling. Oh come, this time for sure it's one. There! Stroboscope flashing signals nearer, nearer, coming down valley so close. Must be a helicopter undulating up and down. Closer and closer. What does it mean? Oh tell me husband, lover, father, brother, son, I frighten strong. What does it mean?

New Life. New Life beloved. From infinite trillion vacuum distance of far-flung galaxies it comes to us. New Life.

Next morning Rosemary is calm practical earthly wise.

My love you must learn astronomy. TO ACQUIRE SOME APPRECIATION OF THE MEANING OF THE SKIES Yes. Eyes longtime wanted. Remember at Millbrook lying on the soft rotting shingles of bowling alley roof summer nights asking who knows the stars. ONE MUST MAKE THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE STARS. Hundred pilgrims, saddhus, magi, magicians come but not one knows the stars. WATCH THEIR MAJESTIC MARCH THROUGH THE NIGHT Why not? AND THE SLOW SEASONAL ADVANCE OF CONSTELLATION AFTER CONSTELLATION Because we would never know if a flying saucer came unless we chart learn. Heavens above FROM EAST TO WEST THROUGHOUT THE YEAR. When heaven ship comes, we must be able to spot it because no star is supposed to be there. TO KNOW ORION, SIRIUS, TAURUS AND THE PLEIADES Find old Jackie Leary high school star book. Clocking stars by fist and compass. Reading by orange firelight. Locate date and hour in table. Turn to correct page and clock the stars with fist and compass. SIRUS: 6 o'clock, four fists. AS LEADING ROLES OF THE WINTER SKY. Rush out cottage, shouting 6 o'clock four fists. 6 o'clock, face direct south. hold arm directly front of eye and sight four fists angle up. Fist covers bright bright star.

SIRIUS! OR LYRA, WITH ITS VEGA, CYGNUS, WITH ITS NORTHERN CROSS introduce Rosemary Sirius. Consult list: ARCTURUS, 3 o'clock, three fists. SCORPIO, AND ANTARES AS THE QUIETER LEADERS OF THE SOFTER SKIES OF SUMMER. Rush out, face east move three fists to heavy yellow gleaming orb. ARCTURUS.

Then the Zodiac.

There truly is a belt of constellations high in southern sky. GIVES ONE A SENSE OF KINSHIP WITH NATURE WHICH MAKES A KNOWLEDGE OF THEIR MOVEMENTS Stately red Taurus with cow-head horns triangle ruby Aldebaran. And Castor-Pollux ambi-sexual twins, and Leo shaped like question mark punctuated by majestic Regulus. MORE SIGNIFICANT AND EVEN LIFE And glorious twisted, jeweled Scorpius, baleful, enticing fiery red Antares A LITTLE MORE WORTH WHILE.

Astrology is not musty-book game fierce intellectual occult women and pasty-faced ministerial pedants. Your sun-sign shines above you in the jeweled belt six month of the year. And when your sun-sign rests behind the daily hills, hers is night there. All your friends wheel in stately rhythm along belt and moon and sun follow same narrow path across the sky and along the perfectly predictable roadway of chronology wander planets.

What is that very bright star doing in the middle of Scorpio? Where? Right there next to Antares. Rush to house to check. MARS: 8 o'clock four fists. Of course. That bright bright star intruding in familiar form of Scorpio is MARS. Mars is in Scorpio. See it.

Eye see Jupiter in Leo; book says in Cancer. That's because the books report the situation two thousand years ago. In the last two millennia earth wobble off thirty degrees. Which do you believe? Aristotle says a horse has twenty-four teeth but I count thirty-two. Believe which ever makes you feel better and helps you more.

Stand looking south. Imagine circle of the Zodiac. Got it? Now the sun is down there to the right, out of sight, below the horizon. Right. And the moon is up there, and Venus just setting. What you are looking at is the horoscope chart of the person who is born this very minute. Astrology is not a paper and pencil game. It's a jewel-encrusted clear night, cool pure air in lungs, see them, touch them, feel their vibration living observational psychedelic seance.

So start star yoga. Simple ritual. Everynight just after sunset walk outside and watch for nightly television show. Old friends appear as certain celestial clock works. Each night wide-span-

ning panorama shifts about one degree. Each month a new Zodiac constellation drops over the western sunset hill. Good-bye Gemini. Eastern greetings Sagittarius.

The initiation period is one year. One quick trip around the sun and then the show begins again. High Gemini.

As we travel around the globe of earth we find the angle different and realize how we have traveled. The stars become compass and clock. Driving nights we cite direction from the heavens. We tell time by glancing watchly above. Belong to the oldest fraternity of men who look up. Babylonian priests. Libyan shepherds. Carthaginian sailors.

Starry heavens become familiar as your garden. Now we know when if a stranger comes to visit. What is that brilliant intruder sliding through Cassiopeia? Russian satellite. What is that diamond rivalling Vega? The midnite TWA flight from L.A.

Just at sunset Rosemary puts on fleece lined jacket and we walk hand-in-hand down valley. As dusk falls we turn back. First comes Mars over western there. Where is it? Pointing finger creates glitter jewel. There! Now right above we create Jupiter. Point to right place and oh there, the steady white light suddenly flashes into view. In five minutes we'll create a star over there and call it Sirius. We walk slowly back pointing to the blue-pink-purpling sky and literally create the heavenly constellations.

We unrolled the time tape winter sixty nine high, high in mountain desert. The darkness night without form cradled holding within the immense void arms intertwined and lazy sensual sunshine we called morning. And there were lights in the firmament of the heavens to divide the day from the night and to be signs for seasons and for days and years. And Venus was our guiding light and all that we beheld was love.



“Dr. Leary’s imprisonment is an act of insult to Science, Liberty, Common Sense, Freedom, Academy, Philosophy, Medicine, Psychology as an Art, and Poetry as a tradition of human mind-vision.”—Allen Ginsberg

On the morning of September 13, 1970, Timothy Leary escaped from the California prison where he had served seven months of a possible ten-year sentence for possession of marijuana. This book is Timothy Leary’s account of that prison experience, written as he was living through it. It is a strikingly original work, in which dramatic narrative and spiritual reflection, humor and anger, intense emotion and philosophical detachment are inextricably intermingled.

“What’s going on in his head?” Allen Ginsberg asked himself. And he answered: “Well, jail’s honed him down to rib & soul.” These are “rib & soul” notes, honed down to the bitter truth.