

There's a science fiction story, that I heard about, that takes place in some future time and in this time the world economy is set up in such a way that in order for it to keep functioning and operating smoothly the poor people are given unlimited funds and forced to spend and consume huge quantities of manufactured material and goods so that the rich people can escape and live lives of sparse zen-like simplicity.

I was talking with Ron Newsome about the concepts behind *Rootdrinker*, and if you ever get a chance to check out his house at Birdsfoot Farm you ought to because it's a work of art the way it includes so many different angles and yet still fits together tight and neatly, and after I related my little parable, he remarked, "Yeah, but of course, cause we're the only people who have enough time to really be involved in our lives and what could be more important than that — to have the time to spend with just living."

Leaning back and looking up at the stars. This isn't reaching what I'm after to say. Poor or rich, how stupid these distinctions are!

All beings, whether weak or strong—omitting none—in high, middle, or low realms of existence, small or great, visible or invisible, near or far away, born or to be born—may all beings be happy and at their ease!

Still, right, having to ignore the black lines of the four wires strung directly overhead. This is really where modern art started to promote total acceptance because otherwise, if your consciousness self-limits itself away from anything made by man, such as the black lines disturbing the naked sky, and focuses on what is left of undisturbed nature, it ignores the actual ugliness of landscape and lifestyle that lack of placement with intent creates. I reject such passive acceptance. The commercial sprawl that is eating away the natural beauty is a mindless creature and much of our close packed society seems to have been created to facilitate the practices of running and trying to get away from any responsibility towards the state we're in, the feeling of hopelessly observing that creature's growth. What could be more absurd, I ask you, then building roads to get into the wilderness, when every road passing into the remaining acres of woods removes that much more of what was wild. There is a broad analogy here, if the solution oriented thinking of our evolutionary designers could learn only one thing, and you and I on this also, it would be that in order to aid others in finding the beauty so many of us spend our lives searching for; any new system requires the conscious abandonment of some of the roads we already have, not the building of new ones. Some of the old ways may be smooth and well kept but when examined closely it becomes rather obvious that they don't lead anywhere.

You must sharpen more than the metal  
I tell myself, your wits as well,  
the axe has no options,  
think the next time before you swing.  
the future is prepared and already  
fits, but each of us falters and misses,  
because of unsteady hands.

Correction, correct for that.  
Which I suppose you have to do while  
you are learning the control that  
would let you do it each time right.

Alan Casline Aug. 9/Crary Mills/1975



●  
It's the question  
of how  
and with whom to

as binary planets  
circle the sun, a part

being, the answer for the whole.

●  
What's brought to mouth's the heart

where, most suffused with blood,  
the soul

compounds, the reason,  
strength's another's life combined.

●  
Apple pomum poto I  
drink ap p'hala  
the fruit of water

areus  
dare auris  
aura

as in the promise  
rainbow

●  
Become as we are  
a fester on the face of her with fission  
the sky's blue  
diffused

ozone  
no ozone ultra violet to  
the phi of life  
no zoetrope

●  
Death's a metaphor  
that breath's the power to possess.  
One's possibilities.

●  
Finding the point's refinement  
generating from itself implication's  
part's defining pattern's of

●  
Given omissions  
the problems we presently contract  
between men ununited with is

●  
HOW TO  
REPRODUCE



The stars point past  
the moon's reflected light  
from one

Bob Noreault

In March 1973 I took part in a "research seminar" with Jean Houston, founder of the Foundation for Mind Research — an experience which lasted four days and involved the learning and practice of a technique for entering a deep trance state. There were about thirty people involved in the intensive (experiential) parts of this seminar, and together we explored the different kinds of "altered states of consciousness" which could be induced through the use of this trance, exercises, guided imagery, music, etc.

One of the experiences that was possible under the deep trance was the distortion or acceleration of (subjective) time. For several of the exercises we did, we were in the trance state for only a few minutes of "real" or clock-time, but subjectively lived through a much longer period, perhaps many hours or a full day. I recorded the following experience in my journal — the Visit to the Wise Old Man. We all lay on the floor and followed the steps to put ourselves into deep trance, and then Jean gave us the minimal guiding instructions: you will walk for quite a distance, going deeper into trance as you walk uphill, and you will meet at some point the Wise Old Man (or Woman), of whom you will inquire regarding the deepest and most important questions you have about your life at this time. He will answer you and you will spend as long as you like with him, questioning and being answered. Then I will call you, and you will leave the Wise one, knowing that you can return at any time in the future. The Wise Old Man is a symbolic person in your own unconscious depths, and everything that he says to you is truly your own wisdom speaking to you.

Here is what I recorded:

Walking up a very long turning road through thick woods, no houses or any sign of civilization . . . just very lovely trees, mostly pines, as far as I can see. Looking at the rocks in my way and along the sides of the road climbing higher as it gets steeper and harder to walk . . . thinking what a long road it is. I see up ahead at the end of the road, to my right, a little log cabin with smoke coming out of the chimney. Walk up to it and knock on the heavy wood door. It swings open and there is this old black dude . . . very old, Ozark type, very black leathery skin, about as tall as me . . . with this incredible white bush of beard and hair. Very old, but very clear and steady of voice and gesture. He acts as though he has been expecting me and steps aside to let me in. The inside of the cabin is really dark, and all I can see is this big fireplace with a strong bright fire throwing shadows all over the interior of the cabin. I sit in front of the fire, and he brings me a hot cup of tea in a metal mug. I know I am here to have an important conversation with this old man, but I realize that up to this point we have not said one word to each other. We sit half-turned to each other on opposite sides of the fire, gazing into it for a long time . . . just hanging out. Nothing is said for what seems a long time, maybe ½ hour. I feel very strongly that for the things we want to say, we should be conversing by some means other than verbal . . . and then I feel that we are in fact "telepathing" back and forth as we sit in silence. Finally he looks at me and says, "what is there that you need to ask me?" I don't answer . . . trying to think what are the vital questions about my life that I want him to answer. He says, "you don't really have to ask me anything, because you already know anything I would be able to tell you." I protest that I *don't* know . . . after all, HE is the Wise old Man. He smiles and says, "yes you do know . . . but you just don't always remember all that you know." I ask how I can make myself remember. "That is very simple. You just tap yourself on the shoulder and say, 'Hey! You're forgetting again!' And then look all around you and see very clearly that you DO know all of it." "What else should I do to keep myself from forgetting?" "You must stay very close to the ground as much as you can . . . you must touch things more, and listen and smell and taste. You rely too much on your eyes all the time to tell you about your world. You must use your other senses . . . go around blind for a day. Also you should walk barefoot on the earth as often as you can, feel the shape of the earth, and the changes all around. "What else do I need to do to move further along the Path . . . sometimes I really feel stuck . . . ?" "You are stuck because you are afraid of something. The only thing that holds you back is that you are afraid of breaking through something and pushing out into a new way of being you. There isn't anything important that you can risk or lose by pushing yourself out further . . . all you will lose is just another piece of your shell."

We continued talking for awhile longer . . . and then from far away I hear Jean's voice saying it's time to go. I tell the Wise Old Man (reluctantly) that I have to go now, but that I will come back again. I just transport directly out at this point, without walking out of the cabin or back down the road. All of this took place in 4 minutes.

Sue Durant

MAELSTROM

i

in ivory's eye waits, a semblance of  
mutilated memory  
peels charred off the sweating  
spindel ladder, shocked by the need  
to disengage, trembling with the  
fear of holding on  
relieved, fearful and ashamed  
blackened wisps of mind fog  
scatter floating downward and outward  
casually composing,  
ebony shrouds in batlike gyrations  
tentatively touching, uniting, unreeling  
the once linear ladder now  
withered and curved, upon and outside  
of itself  
a configuration of petals tinged  
now with death, leans beckoning and  
invitingly cryptic; insinuatingly  
proper  
with a crackling rustle, in a  
rising snapping catch, the burning  
hook impales the seared eye  
barbs immediately grabbing desperately  
a new wave of trembling; convulsive  
spinnings shaking flouderings found  
anew.

ii

lazily soft, tenderly beautiful;  
shimmering rings of gold spread silently  
all possessed by a slower than slow  
motion of purpose  
solely the surface breeze, scattering light.  
pervading quietude, the rising of  
veil sounds:  
ear trinkets, tinkling of small bells  
the wash of sparkles  
the web of tidings  
completely composed effortlessly . . .  
unconcernedly beyond the doorway of sound  
the rustling, sighing, embracing  
tremble continues.

iii

Ladies and gentlemen, I present you  
the jury  
composed of braless bouncing breasts  
in the wind freely unfurled, two  
to a person as is customary  
meanwhile on the Nile, sturdy  
crocodiles smile, flashing teeth with  
cunning guile  
the torpid waters flow against the  
ankles and knees of mindless tapeworm  
infested toilers  
far from blazing boilers  
sweating undersides, red light leaping  
out and falling back, steaming images  
glimpsed and forgotten in their complex  
dance  
all making free in their fall through  
the chambered nautilus  
a scenario of sand drifting amorphously  
although intricately; scorched nothingness  
in everflow,  
land of dead pharaohs sitting in  
wraps amongst bones of slaves and sundry  
possessions  
out here where there are no stars  
a slithering eye revolves slowly  
backdoor abyss, plunging concentrically  
to shadows, tilting windmills